From the collection of the

Prelinger
Library

San Francisco, California
2007

1845 1847 1853
LAWRENCE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
ESTABLISHED 1872
LAWRENCE, MASS.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/nationalmagazine31brayrich

THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

Illustrated American Monthly

Public Library
Lawrence, Mass.

Volume XXXI: October, 1909—March, 1910

* * *

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.
944 DORCHESTER AVENUE

60806
Ref-V07.31

INDEX

TO

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Volume XXXI: October, 1909—March, 1910

FRONTISPIECES

OCTOBER—"I clearly saw that it was the body of a man."
  "In six seconds this ice jammed in on port side."
NOVEMBER—The Kick-off.
  Miss Helen Taft.
DECEMBER—West Point Military Academy.
  Administration Building, West Point Military Academy.
JANUARY—America's First Railway.
  "Uncle Joe" Cannon.
FEBRUARY—Interior of Pohick Church, near Mount Vernon, Virginia.
  The "Dorothy Q" House, Quincy, Massachusetts.
MARCH—President William Howard Taft.
  The Alma Mater of the First Co-Ed.

DEPARTMENTS

Affairs at Washington .... Joe Mitchell Chapple..1-125-229-353 457-577
OCTOBER—Let's Talk it Over .... Publisher's Department.
  The Home:
    Sir Robert White, Poem .... Austin Arnold McCausland.
    Little Helps for Home-makers ... Contributed.
NOVEMBER—In the Cosy Corner
  Let's Talk it Over .... Publisher's Department.
  The Home:
    Just Supposin'! .... Dr. H. Y. Ostrander.
    Little Helps for Home-makers . Contributed.
DECEMBER—In the Cosy Corner. Illustrated. 341
  Let's Talk it Over .... Publisher's Department.
  The Home:
    A Musical Wedding and Romance From "Heart Songs."
    Little Helps for Home-makers.. Contributed.
JANUARY—Let's Talk it Over .... Publisher's Department.
    Illustrated
  The Home:
    "Ask Papa" .... F. W., New York City.
    Little Helps for Home-makers ... Contributed.
  In the Cosy Corner. Illustrated 451
FEBRUARY—Let's Talk it Over. Illustrated ..... Publisher's Department.
  The Home:
    Her Letter to Papa .... Dr. H. Y. Ostrander.
    Little Helps for Home-makers ... Contributed.
  In the Cosy Corner. Illustrated 505

INDEX

MARCH—In the Cosy Corner 667
Let's Talk it Over. Illustrated .... Bennett Chapple 680
The Home:
Up Pike's Peak .... Bertha MacCormac
Little Helps for Home-makers ..... Contributed.

ESSAYS AND ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES

Abraham Lincoln in 1848 .... James Sidney Allen 523
A Business Science and its Founder. Illustrated 624
A Cuban Plantation .... Flynn Wayne 320
A Modern Colossus. Illustrated .... Joe Mitchell Chapple 59
America's Garden of Eden. Illustrated .... Frank P. Fogg 101
An "Adopted" Farm. Illustrated .... Flynn Wayne 395
An Epoch in Advertising. Illustrated .... Mitchell Mannering 271
Army of the Tennessee .... Mitchell Mannering 657
Blazing the Polar Pathway. Illustrated .... Captain C. W. Hall 34
Boston's Street Railway System. Illustrated ..... Mitchell Mannering 220
Brigadier-General Sharpe. Illustrated .... Emmet Hamilton 383
Canada and Conservation .... William Whyte 293
Clipping Coupons by the Million. Illustrated ... Mitchell Mannering 502
Common Sense—Just Common Sense. Illustrated Joe Mitchell Chapple 195
Diamonds—The Ensigns of Prosperity. Illustrated 344
Elihu Root: Constructor .... Mitchell Mannering 248
Government Financial Problems .... B. F. McMillan 393
Historian of the Cherry Tree. Illustrated ...... Walter B. Norris 495
Lincoln at Fort Stevens .... P. H. Kaiser 525
Lincoln of the Stage," "The: ....
Will Hodge, "The Man from Home" 203
Man With Two Countries, The. Illustrated ..... Arthur Hawkes 386
Medical Organization .... E. J. Spratling, M.D. 298
Memories of General Grant .... Major-General F. D. Grant 375
Mid-Continent Oil Fields, The. Illustrated ..... W. C. Jenkins 331
Milk from the Mountains. Illustrated .... Flynn Wayne 199
Musical Records for the Month .... Frederick Hulzmann 117-206-317-456-564
New Pacific Steel Trail, The. Illustrated 187
Nerve Centers of a Great City. Illustrated ...... Bennett Chapple 97
One-Price System, The .... C. C. Hanch 378
Power of Public Confidence, The .... Mitchell Mannering 75
Problems in Municipal Economics. Illustrated ... William S. Jenson 103
Puyallup Valley, The. Illustrated .... W. H. Paulhamus 447
Records of a Polar Expedition. Illustrated ...... Edwin Coffin 511, 659
Story of a Great Nation: ....
Chief of Staff of the Army, The. Illustrated .. Flynn Wayne 264
Commerce and Labor .... Hon. Oscar S. Straus 210
United States Naval Academy—Historical Sketch Furnished by Naval Academy ... 81
West Point and Military Education. Illus. .... Colonel Charles W. Larned 256
Sidelights on the Census .... Whitman Osgood 251
Sky-Gallivanting for Science and Sport. Illus. .... Charles T. Fairfield 267
Story of "Heart Songs," The. Illustrated ..... Editor 323
Story of "Little Helps," The .... The Editor 559
Street Car University, The .... Joe Mitchell Chapple 216
Telephone in New England, The. Illustrated ... W. C. Jenkins 91
Twenty Years in the Arctics. Illustrated ..... Captain Edwin Coffin 14
Waste in American Roads .... Robert J. Thompson 487

INDEX

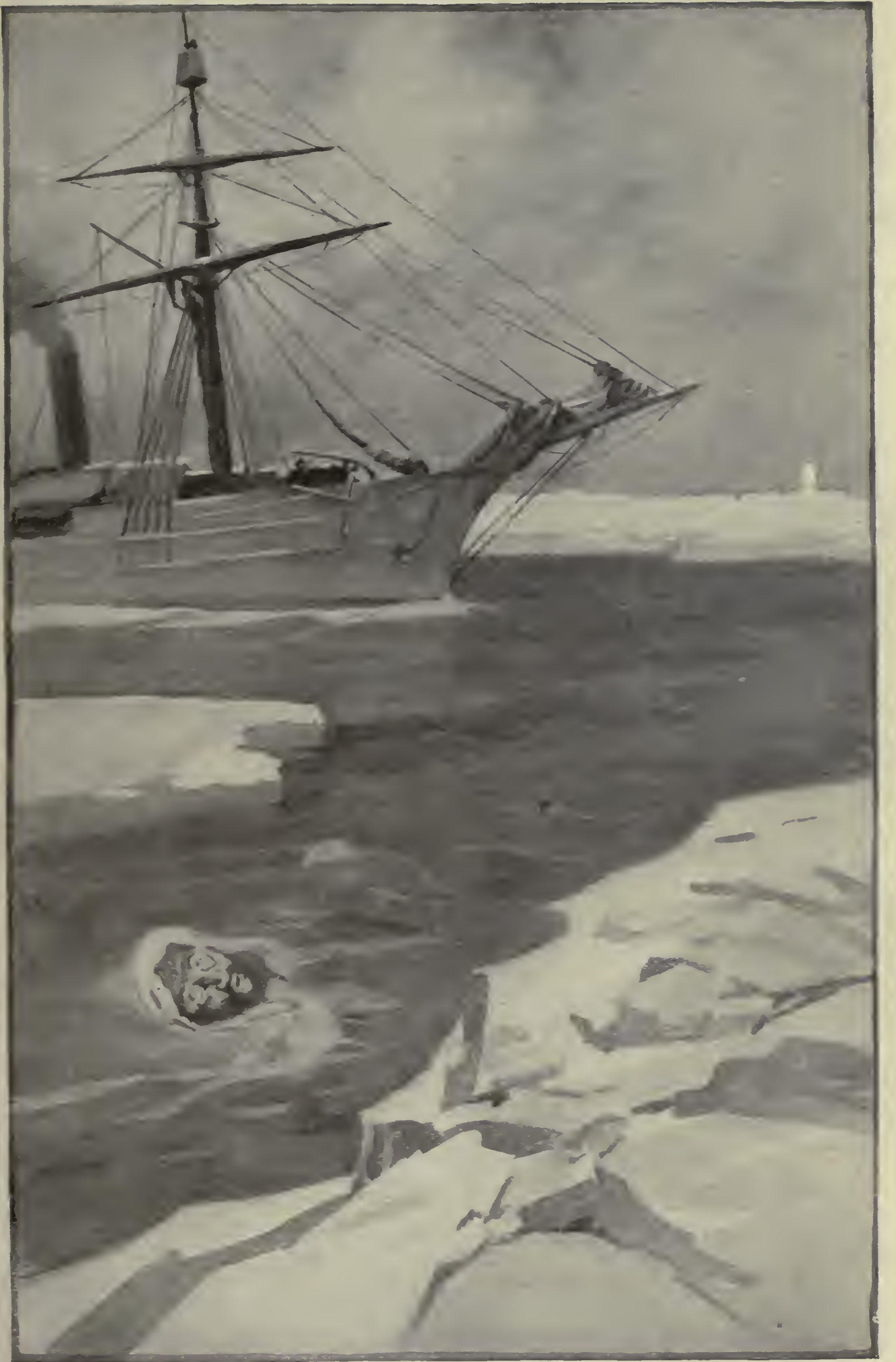
West Virginia's Great Resources	Nathan Bay Scott	79
When Minnesota Bled, Story. Illustrated	Inez De Jarnatt Cooper	603
World's Greatest Auto Town, The. Illustrated	W. C. Jenkins	611

FICTION

A Railroad for Rubyville. Illustrated	Harry Lee Snyder	43
A Revelation of Hearts. Illustrated	Susan Hubbard Martin	49
A Short Cut	Translation by Robert D. Benedict	442
At the Sign of the Tobacco Jar. Illustrated	George Ethelbert Walsh	307
Bridge Builders, The. Illustrated	Hartley French	303
Bucko Mate, The. Illustrated	Allen Chase	182
"Come Back to Erin." Illustrated	Catherine Frances Cavanagh	646
Fidelity Club, The. Illustrated	Mrs. E. E. Hornibrook	289
Fight for the Island, The. Illustrated	Edward C. Dickenson	431
Gossip of Valley View, The. Illustrated	L. M. Montgomery	534
Governor's Last Pardon, The. Illustrated	Fannie C. Griffing	313
"Hum," Serial. Illustrated	Frank Hatfield	159, 407, 545, 627
It's an Ill Wind. Illustrated	Jean Carmichael	539
Little Red Hood, The. Illustrated	Gertrude B. Millard	175
Man with the Broken Arm, The. Illustrated	Andrew Sibbald	55
Rockhill Rooster, The. Illustrated	Charles Edward Hewitt	155
Scene Shifters, The	Florence Miriam Chapin	489
Soup for the Pigs, The. Illustrated	Maud C. Keator	527
Strenuosity in Virtuoso. Illustrated	Grace Agnes Thompson and Harriet Mabel Provan	426
Tale of a Shirt, The. Illustrated	L. B. Kinder	399
Too Much for Beecher	From the Book "Heart Throbs"	90
Well-Shod Conspiracy, A. Illustrated	L. B. Kinder	653
White Turkey Truce, The,	Catherine Frances Cavanagh	147

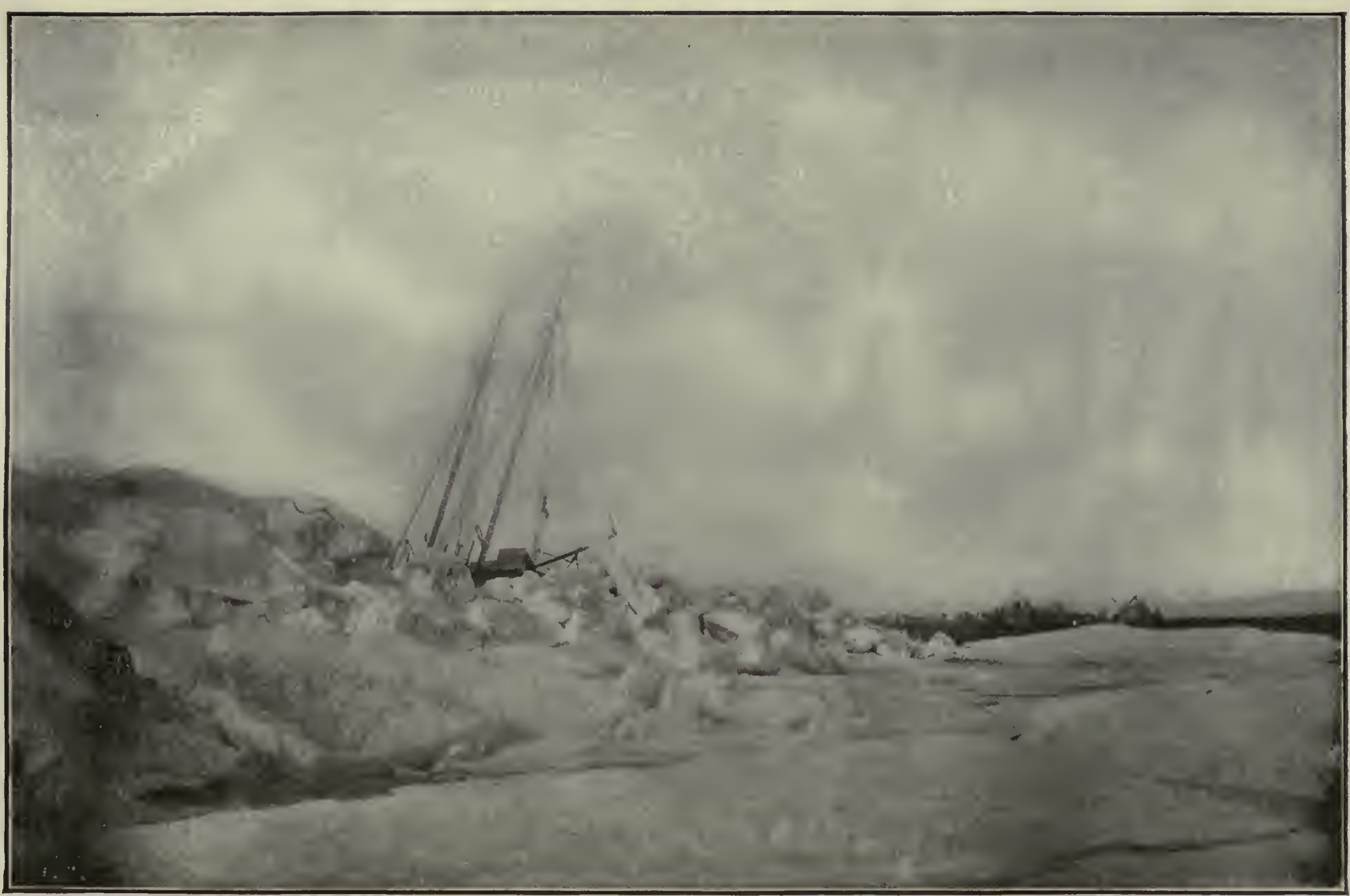
VERSE

Afterglow, The	Dora M. Hepner	458
Artist, The	Edward Wilbur Mason	425
Babe of Bethlehem, The	Henry Young Ostrander	288
Be Radiant	Alice Baker	538
Bright Side, The	From the Book "Heart Throbs"	377
Elegies at Eventide	Henry Young Ostrander	58
Glaubens Wunderlied	Henry Young Ostrander	446
I Am Your Wife	From the Book "Heart Throbs"	501
If You've Anything Good to Say	From the Book "Heart Throbs"	430
Let Us Smile	From the Book "Heart Throbs"	488
Life and Time	Henry Dumont	526
Marriage	From the Book "Heart Throbs"	53
Master Builder, The	Edward Wilbur Mason	297
May it be Ever Thus	From the Book "Heart Throbs"	181
Miner, The	Henry Dumont	563
Non Omnis Moriar!	Henry Young Ostrander	382
Poetry	Henry Young Ostrander	174
Remember The Natal Day to Keep It Holy	Henry Young Ostrander	441
Resolve	Edward Wilbur Mason	302
Somebody	From the Book "Heart Throbs"	116
Spanish Proverb	From the Book "Heart Throbs"	610
Swan Song	Edward Wilbur Mason	405
Thanksgiving	Henry Young Ostrander	154
To Henry Hudson	Oliver Opp Dyke	186
To the Goldenrod	Edward Wilbur Mason	215
Two Viewpoints	Henry Dumont	645



"I clearly saw that it was the body of a man . . . it might be Andree who had been lost in the Arctic about two years before."

—See "Twenty Years in the Arctics."



"In six seconds this ice jammed in on port side of the Rosario, threw even the dogs over the deck rail, and crushed the great white oak timbers of the ship, grinding them to splinters."—See "Twenty Years in the Arctics."

Pub. Lib.
1/2 cow. P.D.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXI OCTOBER, 1909 NUMBER ONE

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

OLD GLORY floats—figuratively and possibly literally—over the North Pole, and all the world stands agog, hearkening to the frigid remarks exchanged between explorers and discoverers. Washington and the geodetic survey will have another opportunity to choose sides while history is in the making.

Dr. Cook's first announcement set the entire world aglow with interest, and thrilled even the most indifferent with the thought that at last the North Pole had been discovered. For centuries past this has been the dream of explorers and scientists, and that frozen land has been the winding sheet of of many a brave, heroic pioneer associated with some one of the numerous expeditions. The date of the discovery, as fixed by Dr. Cook's announcement, is April 21, 1908. Commander Peary followed close upon his heels with the information that the pole was discovered by him on April 6, 1909. Then came the passage at arms with wireless telegraphy, when Commander Peary from the far North disputed the claims of Dr. Cook, who was meantime enjoying the plaudits of the kings and courts of Europe, while he related the simple story of finding the pole covered with an area of glare ice, which explodes the theories of a great funnel-shaped opening that might conduct the explorer to the Garden of Eden long lost to mankind.

In every home, in every club, over the counter of every country grocery store, the people have discussed the expressions of the two explorers. Many years have elapsed since any announcement made over the telegraph wires has created such universal interest. The story of the finding of the North Pole has submerged all other sensations for the time—at the moment even baseball was overlooked and the public were absorbed in the warfare between the newspapers for the original and exclusive right to the authentic story of the explorers. Injunctions and counter-injunctions were issued thick and fast among the newspapers, and finally some erudite judges decided that news of such import to the scientific world could not be made exclusive under the copyright law. While the excitement was at full height even the doings on the aeroplane grounds at Fort Meyer scarcely created a ripple of interest.

What stirring events are recorded for the year 1909! In the realization of the dreams of explorers and the ambitions of aeronauts the mysteries of earth and heaven are unfolding. What will be the next thing to attract the attention of scientists and explorers? The good old world cannot conveniently increase its size, though happily it has two poles and part of the Southland still remains unseen by human eye. Without the picturesque polar bears, inhabited only by stray polar birds, possibly the South Pole will never prove quite so attractive to adventurous spirits as the North. The leaden and purple skies, the white outlines of the frozen Arctics have always had a curious fascination for a sturdy class of men, who differ much from those who sail the warm waters of the Southern seas, or dream away long hours beneath the radiance of the tropic moon.

The North seems more in harmony with the craving for vigorous effort that bespeaks the ambition of our age. For modern ardent spirits there still remain the wonders of the skies, and men who would have been polar explorers in earlier times may sail the seas of space in fluttering aeroplanes or dirigible balloons, in search of a good landing on Mars, wafting out of sight with scarcely the faint hope of return that has upheld the friends of Arctic explorers when the sturdy ships sailed away toward the cheerless darkness of the icy North.

Courtesy Chicago Tribune

PRESIDENT TAFT PASSING THE THRONGS OF ENTHUSIASTIC SCHOOL CHILDREN ON JACKSON BOULEVARD, CHICAGO

* * *

IN the crisp autumn weather, when vacation days are past, the embassies are opened and the wheels of government at Washington go round and round without even a creak, despite the thrilling news wafted over the wires. From nine to four-thirty o'clock is the time allotted for work as usual; in the play hours in the park, in the avenues and streets and at the Capitol, visitors are more numerous than ever, meditating, reading and "viewing" while the "seeing Washington" automobile caravans pass by, increasing in number every year. More than ever it is felt that a trip to Washington is the one thing to which every American is predestined as his birthright.

* * *

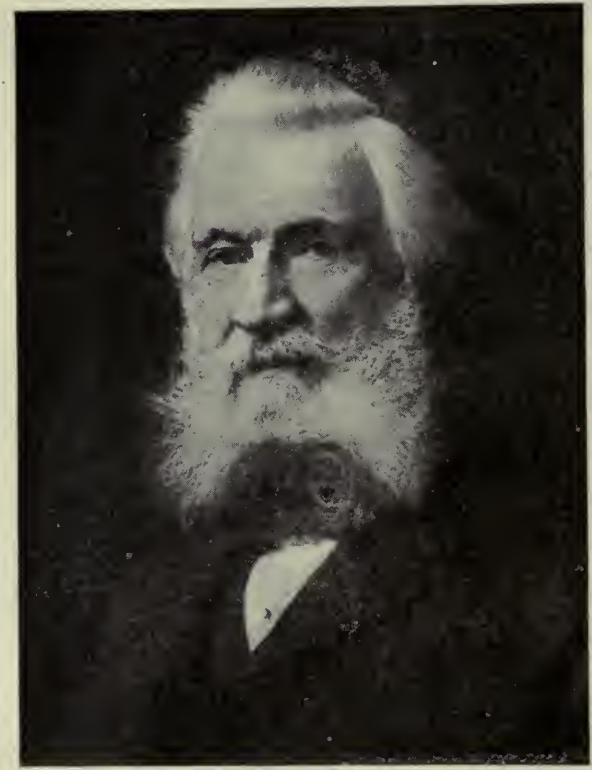
EVEN the staid old government is affected by the giddy whirl of events, and for two months the White House will whisk over the country on wheels. From the snug and comfortable retreat at Beverly, the summer capitol, President Taft started on his great continent-encircling tour on September 15th—after he had an elaborate Godspeed banquet in Boston. Two special cars were provided; in the first was the President and his personal party, and in the second were the newspaper and secret service men. Stationery, typewriters and all the appurtenances necessary for the work of the chief executive were to be found in the gipsy-like caravan moving over the country, and covering nearly 13,000 miles in sixty days and

Courtesy Chicago Tribune

PRESIDENT TAFT ON THE STAND GREETING ONE OF THE BATTALIONS OF 165,000 SCHOOL CHILDREN IN CHICAGO
THEY WERE ALL "JUST KIDS" THAT DAY

traversing over thirty of the forty-six states.

No one thing in national life has been so effective in bringing people together as these presidential tours, which are in strong contrast to the elaborate jaunts of royalty in other lands. Fortified for scores of banquets and primed for seventy-five set speeches, besides numerous extemporaneous talks, President Taft will be immersed in work that may well recall old campaign days when he insisted that not only should a candidate keep in touch with his constituents while running for office, but that he should be even more careful to do so when actually installed and engaged in the work of serving his country.



GENERAL SAMUEL CROCKER LAWRENCE
Medford, Mass.

The new Grand Commander in Scottish Freemasonry. He succeeds Henry L. Palmer, who for thirty years was Sovereign Grand Commander of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, 33rd Degree, Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States, one of the highest positions in Masonry in the United States, the Northern Jurisdiction being the largest numerically in the world

What a panorama of American activities and development the presidential tour brings before the eye of the chief executive, who has the faculty of seeing things that might escape the attention of average tourists with abundant leisure to "see." An intrepid and tireless traveler, he never seems so happy as when in the midst of the people, observing by psycho-contact.

The impressive overture for the tour was at Chicago. The school children, 165,000 strong, with unfurled flags in their hands, extending for miles and miles along the curb of Michigan Avenue, made a picture that brought tears of patriotic pride to the eyes of those in line. It was a thrilling moment as the President's automobile whirled noiselessly down the avenue; with his handkerchief aloft, he spoke to the children in smiles—a language that will be well understood by the sturdy little patriots in review. Their bright faces and lusty cheers were plaudits that the President will never forget. Then there was the ball game—with its fly in the ointment when the Cubs lost—the visit to the Art Institute; the Hamilton Club lunch; the bankers ball and the labor meeting. Every member of the Chicago family—children, father and mother — had shared the pleasure of entertaining the President. It was a memorable ovation not only to the chief executive, but to the great republic which he represents. When he returned to his car, "The Mayflower," landing in a Plymouth Rock switch in the Northwestern Station that night, an itinerary of the day's visit looked more like a week's work,and trulyreflected the hustling, active spirit of Chicago.

Traveling in the car with President Taft are Secretary Mischler and his typewriter battery, busily engaged transcribing speeches as they are delivered at the various stations. Mr. Mischler has been with the President for a number of years and was close at hand in the thick of his political campaign.

The president's itinerary is taking him direct to the Northwest, then down the Pacific

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK
As he appears at home talking over his Arctic experiences

Coast to El Paso, where the party will be joined by President Diaz of Mexico, this being the first time that the presidents of the two republics have met, and the first time that a President of the United States has made an excursion to a foreign land. Swinging through the great state of Texas, the presidential party will spend a few days on a ranch, thence to St. Louis, a voyage of four days down the Mississippi next breaking the monotony of railroad travel preceding a quick return to Washington.

Sixty days of sight-seeing and effort, sixty days of banquets and speech-making, would wear out any ordinary man, but President Taft will reach the White House fresh and ruddy as though returning from a pleasure outing rather than a governmental function of great import to the nation.

* * *

THE new Grand Commander in Scottish Freemasonry, General Samuel C. Lawrence, was born at Medford, Massachusetts, in 1832. A graduate of Harvard in 1855, he received his degree as Master of Arts in 1858. He was engaged in the banking business in Chicago, 1856-1857, but joined his father and brother of the widely known firm of Daniel Lawrence & Sons, Medford, in 1858 and in 1867 became sole proprietor, retiring from business in 1906.

From 1875 to 1884 he was president of the Eastern Railroad Company, that road being leased in 1884 to the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, of which he became a director; in 1893 he was made a director and member of the executive committee of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, holding like positions in the Maine Central Railroad Company since 1877. For some years he was a director of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, and is a trustee of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a position he has had over twenty years.

Having joined the Massachusetts militia in 1855, he became Colonel of the Fifth Massachusetts Regiment of Infantry in 1860 and was wounded at the first battle of Bull Run in July, 1861. He was appointed Brigadier-General of the Massachusetts Militia, 1862-1864, and was commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in 1869. The honor was conferred upon him of being

CHARLES G. DAWES

HON. NATHAN BAY SCOTT, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM WEST VIRGINIA
Senator Scott's article on West Virginia's Resources appears in this issue of the NATIONAL

HON. SERENO E. PAYNE

elected first mayor of the city of Medford, serving from 1892 to 1894.

He became Grand Master Mason of Massachusetts, December, 1880-1883; Grand Commander of Knight Templars of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, 1894-1895, and is Sovereign Grand Commander of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, 33d degree, he having been an active member and officer of the Supreme Council, 33d degree, for many years.

General Lawrence is a man of broad mind, generous impulses and is a typical American in all his ways. Whether it be at his home in Massachusetts, on his plantation in Florida, or elsewhere, his forceful and earnest personality is always apparent. To his native city he has made many benefactions, including one of the finest militia company armories in Massachusetts.

* * *

SINCE his induction as president of the New York Central, long accounted America's greatest railroad, Mr. W. C. Brown has done much to bring the public into closer harmony and a truer appreciation of railroad corporations. His addresses at different banquets, delivered during the past two years, seem almost prophetic in the way he has foretold conditions.

Mr. Brown is a long-time friend and admirer of Mr. Roosevelt, looking beyond the immediate to the ultimate effect of the things the ex-president has done. An intense believer in civic honesty and in the strictest code of honor in corporate as well as in individual relations, the New York Central executive has not only impressed the traveling public in he territory which his system covers, but his policy has effected a marked note of improvement in relations between the public and railroads all over the country. So, while accepting his grave public responsibility, he has in no way compromised the interests of stockholders and investors, but has rather enhanced values that were looked upon with some doubt a few years ago.

The New York Central, by the electrification of its road into the Grand Central Station of New York, was the first railway to adopt this means of locomotion, in place of steam—on any large scale. The smoke and fumes of the ordinary railway station are happily missing at the Grand Central. This is merely an instance of the progressive policy, always liberal and just, with which the public is met.

During the present year, the low excursion rates from Chicago to the East stimulated heavy traffic, much larger than ever before, though with no special events or circumstances

COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY
Last portrait taken of Peary before he started on his successful Polar trip

to attract travel. The service of the Twentieth Century Limited, between Boston and Chicago, and New York to Chicago, is an instance of how railroads place at the public disposal many improved and costly conveniences with very little hope of securing adequate returns for some years to come. President Brown's policy, from the start, has been to sell to the people the best possible transportation at the lowest possible price consistent with ample provision for safety and comfort, and a regard for the best interests of the great machinery represented in this railroad.

W. C. BROWN
President of the New York Central Lines

The time has come when a large portion of the money laid aside for educative purposes is being expended on travel study, recognition of the educational value of this method being a very significant movement of the present day. Formerly, a young man plowed his way through acres of dry-as-dust learning at school and college, and if the family finances allowed, was sent to "make the grand tour" of Europe, that he might broaden his knowledge "and acquire polish."

At the best, this course of travel often came too late in life to revive jaded interest and impress the intellect as would have been possible had such delightful scenes been visited in youth, when impressions are deep and bear fruit in beneficent memories and associations.

Of late years numerous expositions, excursions, conventions and celebrations in the United States have gathered together millions of people, and these have included a much greater proportion of children than was usual in the last century. Suburban transit has also largely annihilated the fear of "distance from home." Thousands of children daily traverse from twenty to sixty miles to attend school or reach some desired destination.

The "travel-study" system of teaching is being ably expounded and splendidly encouraged by all of the leading railroads. No writer could recount New York history of the last twenty-five years without including some references to the growth and development of the New York Central, whose Four Track series forms a "Seeing America" library that has opened the eyes of teachers and parents everywhere to the necessity of giving children the benefit of more outdoor study and a wider personal knowledge of their own state and nation and the practical resources of the people. History, botany, geology, zo-ology are all more vividly interesting and more easily understood when one has seen the places, or gathered specimens, in person. Now that the sections where such

Photo by Bell

HON. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, EX-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
President of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York City

See page 706

THE LATE E. H. HARRIMAN

lessons may be learned can be reached in a ride of half a day or less, and at greatly reduced prices for the round-trip excursion, this mode of teaching is becoming increasingly popular.

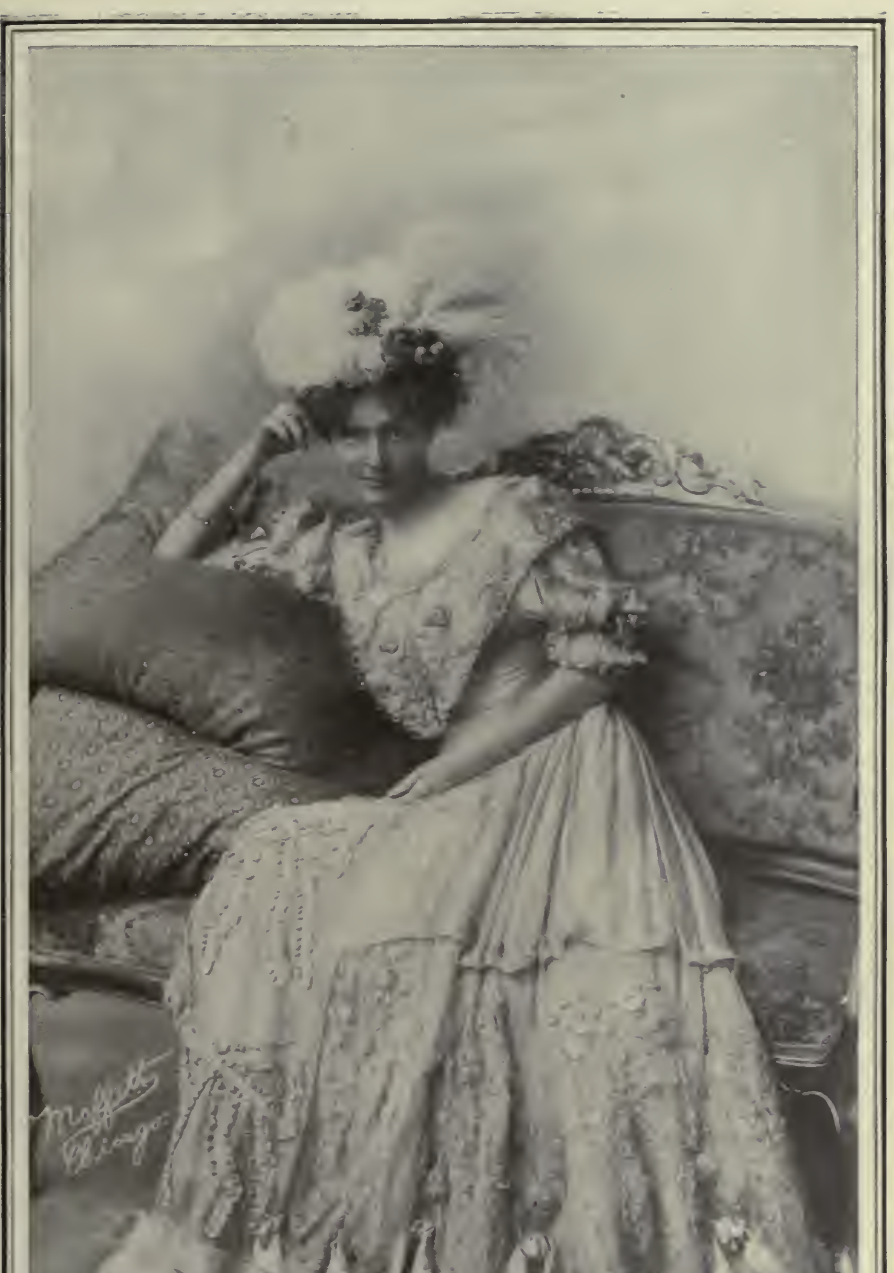
* * *

THE other day, when Senator Stone was deliberately taking off his rubbers, one of his friends asked him if those were the real "gum shoes" which had given him his soubriquet of "Gum Shoe Bill." His answer is not on record. The Senator from Missouri has now been elected for another term, and his campaign has been singularly successful. That droll Missouri manner conceals a forceful determination which helps him successfully over .obstacles without making much concussion. Although a native of Kentucky, he has spent the greater part of his life in Missouri, and so acquired the Missouri habit of having "to be shown" before he jumps to any hasty conclusions.

* * *

THE location of the government's new forestry laboratory, in connection with the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, is a matter of congratulation, and is looked upon as an important step forward in the development of the forestry bureau. In this laboratory experiments will be made looking toward the better utilization of timber and lessening wood waste; it is believed that a solution for many vexations will be found. A force of engineers and experts on all kinds of timber tests, wood production, wood pulp manufacture and wood distillation will have charge of the work.

The site for the new laboratory was chosen by Gifford Pinchot, chief of the United States Forest Service, after a full consideration of many generous propositions from other institutions throughout the country. He was probably influenced in his decision by the fact that the location offered is close to the centre of the great wooded area which has furnished an immense harvest of white pine. This laboratory will be one of the most important institutions of its kind, and will give the students of the university many valuable lessons in scientific forestry, hitherto unobtainable.


Moffett
Chicago

MISS MABEL TALIAFERRO, THE ORIGINAL "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"

ROUGH ICE, DEEP SNOW AND OPEN LEADS. THE HIGH ICE SHOWN

TWENTY YEARS IN THE ARCTICS

By EDWIN COFFIN

Captain of Steamer "America," Ziegler Polar Expedition

WHEN fifteen years old my first trip to the Arctic regions was made, as a cabin boy on the good ship "Champion." We sailed from Edgartown, Mass., in the middle of August, 1866, rounded Cape Horn and cruised over the whaling grounds of the North Pacific, up through the Behring Sea and straits. We were blessed with the finest kind of weather, and covered many thousand miles of ocean hunting the great "Bowhead" whales, but had no idea of looking for the North Pole.

We remained in Arctic waters for two years, and returned by way of Honolulu about March, 1869. We were very successful on the trip, and brought back a full cargo of bone and oil. On this trip I first met the Eskimos. A party of them came alongside in a canoe, and one climbed on deck, only to be promptly thrown overboard, because these fellows were then considered treacherous, and kept at a distance.

* * * *

My next journey to the far North was in 1881, as third officer of the whaler "Gazelle." We pushed into the Behring Sea through the ice in April. Here we were beset from the 15th of April to the 15th of June—just two months. Well supplied with coal and food, we were comfortable during this time, as there was no dangerous movement of the ice, and our vessel was very strongly built and braced to resist pressure. All this time, we centered our efforts on catching whales,

IN THE PHOTOGRAPH IS IN MOTION SURROUNDED BY WATER

and gave the North Pole no thought; but we learned by experience what it meant to sail among floating ice, to take advantage of the constant opening and closing of the floes, and to foresee, almost instinctively, when some distant but immense force was about to disturb the apparently solid field of ice around us.

During each succeeding year until 1887 I went on one whaling cruise after another. My experiences varied little, for on each cruise we spent much time working through the ice, hunting whales, and meeting with polar conditions among the heavy ice packs, but with no thought of polar exploration.

During the long evenings after supper, three or four sea captains and mates used to get together and gossip on experiences and observations in the northern seas, and of the much-talked-of North Pole, for at that time such men as Kane, Greely, and De Long were drawing the interest of the world in general to the point where all lines of longitude meet.

The last-named explorer was then embarked on a polar expedition, and was spending the winter just north of Herald Island, in the latitude of 71° 25′. His choice of this point as a base was very much criticized, for the ice there was in a most unfavorable condition, and afforded no chance of progress. For twenty-one months he drifted with the ice pack northwesterly six hundred miles by a course covering twice that distance, reaching 77° 15′ north, 155° east, where the Jeannette was crushed by the ice on June 13, 1881.

After reaching Thaddeus Island, August 20, his party was divided into three boat crews, one of which was lost in a gale, and De Long himself later starved to death within twenty-five miles of a Siberian settlement.

As we perused the accounts of different expeditions, there was naturally a good deal of discussion on the methods employed by the men who led them, and we all aired our own ideas on the subject. Some thought the trip could be made by sledge, while others held that the glaciers would make a land trip impossible, and that when the Pole was finally reached, it must be by means of a flying machine.

In 1889 I took command of the "Rosario," a whaling steamer, and made voyages to the Arctic Sea every subsequent year until 1897. On this last expedition, while in the vicinity of Point Barrow, we attempted to rescue the crew of a steamer that had become wedged in the solid pack ice, and in doing so, we, too, were frozen in. After nineteen days, we worked our way through heavy pack and ground ice that surrounded us, and arrived at our winter quarters on September twenty-second, after sawing through one mile of five-inch ice which had formed between the pack ice and land ice. There were five other vessels near us, and two of these were crushed by the pack and wrecked shortly after the fleet had been frozen in; the remaining three got out safely the next July; but the "Rosario" was farthest north, and during the breaking up of the ice in a terrific southwest gale, we were set upon by an advancing field of ice, and after a shock of exactly six seconds' duration, hardly time enough to think of it, the "Rosario" also suffered complete shipwreck. The stress that was brought to bear upon the ice was six miles away from where the ship lay, but near the ship was the weakest ice so that without warning the ice around us doubled up, telescoping or overriding one cake upon the other until the ship was crushed, and parts of her staunch oak hull ground to the consistency of chaff.

We lived in tents on the shore until, later in the season, the United States Revenue Cutter "Bear" was sent for our relief. Four hundred reindeer were also driven overland from Port Clarence by Lieutenant Jarvis, arriving in March after a four months' trip.

CAPTAIN EDWIN COFFIN
Master of Steamer America of the Ziegler Polar Expedition
Author of "Twenty Years in the Arctics"

It seems to me that the zone of very rough ice that has been encountered by explorers between 82° and 86° north latitude on almost all sides of the Pole, and the much smoother ice found by both Cook and Peary farther north, may be explained by the now well-confirmed fact that little or no land exists north of 83°. The laws of inertia and friction would naturally cause the ice-covered sea about the North Pole to "drag"; that is, causing a current to move about the Pole from east to west, whose southern limits create a zone of very uneven pack ice between the parallels of 82° and 86°. The islands and shoal waters below the eighty-third parallel tend to check this westward current, and with the thicker ice existing northward cause almost continual grinding and breaking up of the great ice floes. The soundings off Point Barrow, as well as north of Asia, reveal a shallow sea, while east of Greenland the soundings show very deep bottoms. This sloping off across the polar seas may have something to do with the movement of ice and currents in the same general direction.

When north of Point Barrow we noticed the velocity of the current, which is often as high as eight knots an hour. The water here is fifty to seventy fathoms deep, and when the grinding and breaking of the ice is going on, the scene is strange and impressive, and the noise almost deafening.

The rise and fall of the tides on Point Barrow is generally supposed to be very great, but in fact in an ordinary way it is scarcely perceptible, being only measurable by inches. These conditions are, however, greatly changed by the southwest wind, which causes a rise and fall of three feet. At Franz Josef Land, in latitude 82° north, the greatest rise and fall of the tide is about two feet, and that would occur only at the full of the moon.

* * * *

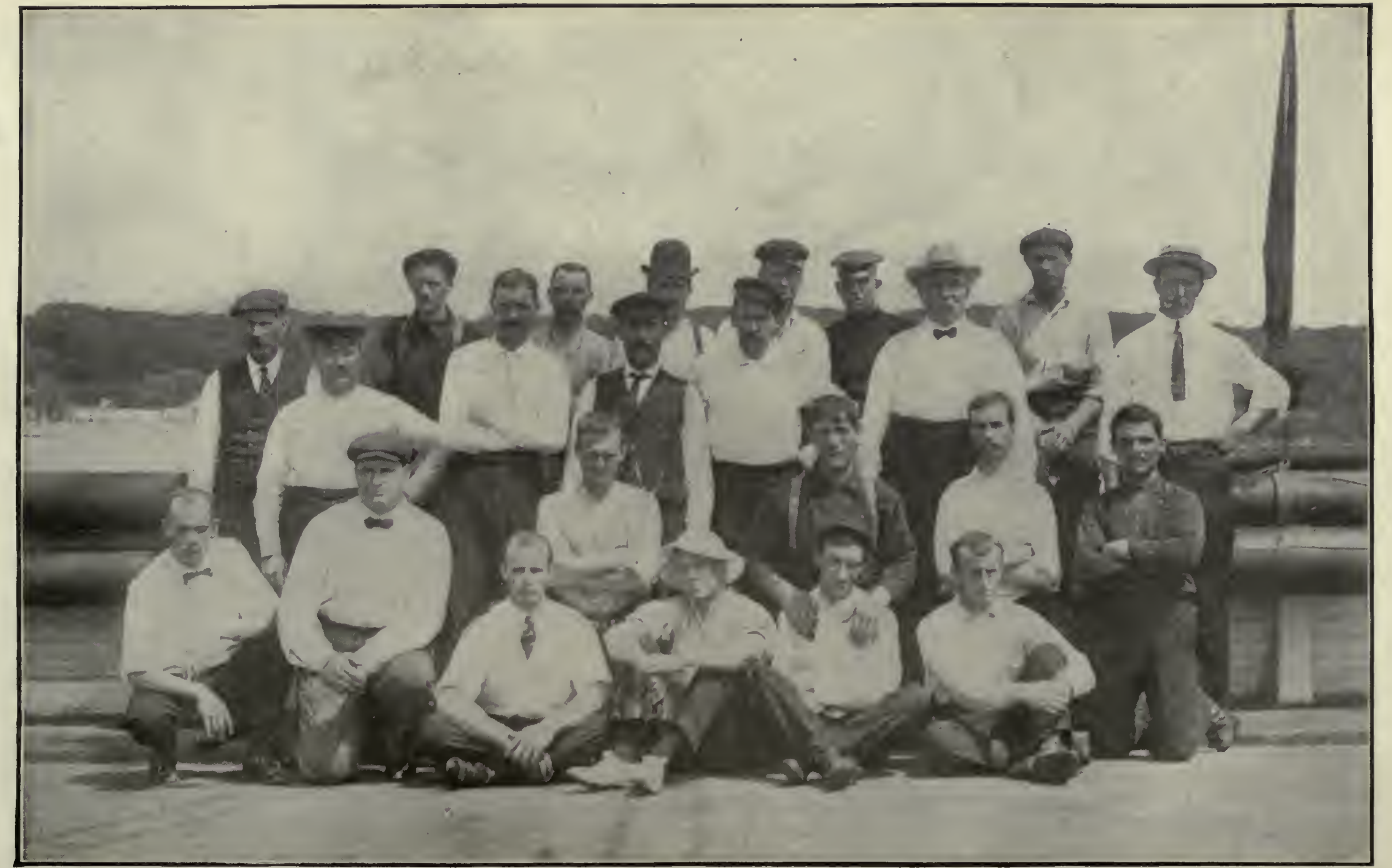
In the spring of 1900 I changed over to the steamer "Corwin," and sailed for the Arctic Ocean to establish a trading station somewhere on the northern shores of Alaska. Although we went on a purely commercial venture, there was a good deal of talk about the Pole during the seven months we spent in the almost continuous sunlight.

Dr. Cook relates instances of seeing mirage above the ice fields — mountains passing in solemn review and sometimes inverted and standing on their peaks—but he goes on to say that there were no forms of life. Mirage is a common sight even in lower latitudes than those mentioned by Dr. Cook. I have seen the spires and domes of well-defined buildings,—whole cities, in fact,—appear above the horizon, sometimes lingering for several minutes; or again, with their towers reaching up higher and higher attenuating apparently to a mere thread. The "Mock Sun" is a common phenomenon in the Behring Sea. On June 2, 1900, perhaps one hundred miles south of St. Lawrence Island, about 9:30 o'clock, and past sunset, the sun was visible as though half an hour high, but appearing as a much flattened oval. Then another sun more nearly round emerged from the horizon beneath the "Goose Egg," rising quite rapidly until it blended with the descending orb. Thereupon, instead of settling below the horizon, the light was quickly dissipated in the air. This phenomenon was probably due to the unequal density of several superimposed stratas of air producing refraction of the sun's rays from below the horizon.

Dr. Cook and Commander Peary both refer to the "purple snows" in the vicinity of the Pole, and the "black vapors" that seem to burst forth like pent-up steam when the fields of ice are rifted. The air is so many degrees colder than the water that it forms a sort of steam, which, in contrast to the clear sky, looks like the smoke of forest fires.

LIEUTENANT ANTHONY FIALA
Who organized the famous Ziegler Expedition; a photographer by trade, he proved an intrepid Polar explorer

The mirage, or refraction of the rays of light, is well known to whalers. I have



CAPTAIN AND CREW OF THE STEAMER "ROOSEVELT." DR. MARVIN, WHO LOST HIS LIFE, IS THIRD FROM LEFT IN BOTTOM ROW plainly seen ships, which were far away below the horizon, lower their boats, proceed after a whale, and move up to within striking distance of the victim; and I have seen in this phantom way the rush of the whale when wounded, though the ship was "mizzen top down" beyond the horizon. Once, when off Point Leigh we dropped anchor apparently a mile off shore. Lowering a boat, we pulled shoreward for an hour and a half, and then returned to the ship, feeling it useless to seek a shore probably still miles away. This refraction of the rays of light in northern latitudes is likely to cause errors in taking polar observations.

UNITED STATES LIFE SAVING STATION, OR REFUGE, AT CAPE SMYTH
The farthest north of any station in the world—Point Barrow

* * * *

In 1902 the financier Ziegler promoted an expedition in search of the North Pole, and I was employed to go as master of the steamer. I assembled the crew in New York from New England ports, sailing thence to Hamburg, from which point we proceeded to Tromso, Norway, where our ship, the "America," was being fitted out most lavishly for the expedition. Not having all the necessary facilities in Tromso, we were obliged to steam to Trondhjem, where we lay until June 20, loading the vessel, and making preparations. We set sail for Archangel, stopping on the way at Trano Island to take on 120 dogs and several ponies that had been kept there since the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition. At Archangel we loaded the ship with food supplies and many more ponies. The latter were a new experiment in Arctic travel, having never been extensively used before; we expected to kill them when no longer available for transportation, and use them as food for the dogs.

Lieutenant Anthony Fiala joined us as commander of the expedition, and we returned to Vardoe, Norway, to land Mr. Ziegler's private representative and take on more coal. We sailed directly north, and were surrounded by pack ice in latitude seventy-five degrees. We moved eastward from Spitzbergen to Nova Zembla looking for a lead in the ice, or for thin ice that it would be possible to buck through. Being unsuccessful, we steamed back to the most favorable spot we had passed and com-

A SLEDGING PARTY EN ROUTE

menced again to drive the ship northwest through the ice, pushing direct for Franz Josef Land, which was to be our destination. On our way, we were told by the Norwegian sailors in the vicinity that the ice this year was the worst ever known. It seemed impossible to get up farther than seventy-five degrees north, and the temperature kept to the freezing point all through the summer. There was a continuous opening and shutting of the immense ice floes, and it was no small task to choose places through which the ship might pass before the pressure of ice closed in. After forty-three days, we arrived at Cape Flora, the only point in the vicinity of Northbrook Island where we found open water. Here we were continually harassed by breaking ice, and were obliged to wait weeks at a time for floes to separate which would enable us to buck through the ice. The season was cold and backward, and the weather unusually severe, every day being below freezing point.

On August thirtieth we arrived at Rudolf Island, the most northern of the Franz Josef group, and simply a mass of ice and high glaciers where we had planned to spend the winter. While cruising near Northbrooke Island I saw one day from the "crow's-nest," a singular dark body just awash on the surface of the water. As we came nearer and nearer, I was possessed by a rather unusual desire to know what this dark mass was; putting up my glasses, I gave the order for "dead slow," and we passed the object closely on the starboard side. I saw clearly that it was the body of a man clothed in a great skin coat, with the usual hood, and with mittens on the hands. The face was not discernible, but it dawned on me suddenly that this might be the remains of the Swedish balloonist, Andrée, who had been lost in the Arctic about two years before; or, perhaps, one of the men who had been lost in the Abruzzi expedition. I was about to stop the steamer and secure the body when it occurred to me that to take a corpse on board would destroy the good spirit and courage of the members of the polar party; for there is a general superstition among sailors that a ship is doomed when a dead body is on board. The first officer and myself were the only ones who witnessed this ghastly spectacle, and neither mentioned the fact, fearing that the

ON THE ICE OF THE POLAR SEAS

discovery would cast a shadow over the entire party. We have both always believed that this was the body of Andrée, and I have often regretted that it had not been in my power to give him decent burial.

When we reached Rudolf Island, latitude 81°, 46′, some of the party desired that we go farther north to see how the ice "looked," and we steamed through until we reached latitude 82°, 35′. Conditions seemed favorable enough to warrant our going further, but we thought it better to come back to our winter quarters. For fourteen days we were unloading the dogs and the ponies, suffering intensely from the force of the terrific wind. Its velocity reached sixty-two miles an hour, and four of our dogs were carried far to the North on a block of ice that had been broken off from a pack by the force of the wind; they were never recovered.

We built tents for the live stock, and a house from lumber we had brought with us, in which the expedition party was to live through the winter, while the crew and I remained on the ship. This was about the middle of September; we tied up the "America" about a mile from the camp, and in a few days she had frozen in at the edge of the bay ice, which extended from the cape to the southern point of the island. Outside of this point passed the drifting ice fields, interspersed with a few great and many small icebergs.

On October twelfth we saw the last of the sun, and after that devoted most of our time to study and conversation; on the 21st the "America" was blown from her moorings, and went adrift. At this time of year in those latitudes, there is only an hour or so of twilight in which one can see for any distance, and when the ship went adrift, the force of the wind was so terrific that we found it difficult to watch from shipboard. By keeping under half speed, we were able to work back, sometimes amid pack and sometimes "mush" ice, about a foot or two in depth. For three days we drifted, but on the fourth better weather came, and I set the course for the Island. We could not tell—for I was working by "dead reckoning"—whether or not we were going in the right direction; but steaming ahead at full speed—alternating between hope and despair, at about five o'clock in the morning—I sighted

Cape Saulin on Rudolf Island, a short distance north of the expedition camp; we reached the point from which we had drifted without difficulty. The steamer resembled an iceberg, with three masts uplifted, as though protesting against the bitter cold. The party on shore had begun to fear that we were lost, and there was a joyful reunion of all hands when we reached the camp. Those three nights that we were adrift had been a period of awful suspense for those in the camp; for, cut off from the electric wires which ran from shipboard to shore, furnishing them with light, the party would have been in total darkness but for a few candles that they possessed. They knew, of course, that some accident had befallen the ship on account of this connection being broken; while we on board did not realize that we were drifting until we discovered the broken wires and the dynamo racing faster than usual.

The "America" was once more made fast, and lay in the same place until November 23, 1903, when the floes drove in upon that side of the Island and crushed the steamer like an eggshell. Things looked very black for us, for we were of course forced to abandon the ship and live in the house which had been erected for the expedition party. Here we remained during the winter, helping to complete the preparations of the men who were to make the dash to the Pole.

The winter, on the whole, was very comfortable, although we suffered from several minor annoyances. The ponies caused us much anxiety and labor. Their appetites increased as the cold became more intense, and they supplemented their regular meals by eating the posts of the tent in which they were kept, the tin sheathing which covered the woodwork on the sides of their stalls, and made short work of any skins left near them—they devoured everything within reach. We had intended them to be food for the dogs, but they seemed determined to do things *vice versa.*

POINT BELCHER
Showing site of winter houses and a station of "caches"

During a spell of rather favorable weather about the first of March, the selected men started on their dash for the Pole with dogs, ponies and sledges. Before they got out of sight of the Island, it was discovered that several changes would have to be made, and the party turned back. We fitted them out as they wished, making the number smaller, and on the twenty-seventh, arrangements had been completed. After they had journeyed north some distance, they found that they had started too late in the season, and that the icebergs prevented further progress. Half of the sledges were smashed by rough ice work, and, very much discouraged, the expedition returned.

The attempted "dash" had no especial results, except dearly bought information as to the best season for such an effort.

Their experience is strangely out of accord with the recent discovery of the Pole by Cook and Peary. We learned also that ponies may be made almost as useful as dogs on sledges.

In May, 1904, the ship's company made a sledge journey of over 165 miles to Northbrooke Island to meet the relief ship, according to agreement. We left five of the expedition at Rudolf Island; were thirteen days on the trip, and our party of twenty-five remained at Cape Flora until August thirtieth, 1905, living on half rations. Eight of the party belonged to the expedition and lived in a portable house which Abruzzi had left on Cape Flora, to hold his stores; the remaining seventeen, constituting the ship's crew and myself, lived in the log house which, with a small log hut for stores, we also found there on our arrival.

VILLAGE OF POINT BARROW
Farthest north town in North America. Photograph taken during a snowstorm

On our way to Cape Flora we passed the hut where Nansen wintered; he also used the log hut that we occupied for sixteen months. I used the chair which had been his when he lived on Northbrook Island, and often read his initials cut in it. While in Tromso, Norway, I had the pleasure of twice meeting with Nansen's mate, Johansen.

The house we occupied on Cape Flora had been double roofed with inch boards, lapped over each other, the joints being carefully matched. These boards had since been blown together in such a way that they looked as though piled up by a human hand, though we knew that no mortal had been there. This was the work of the high winds—in fact, a heavy gale was blowing when we arrived on Cape Flora. On the floor inside were about eight inches of ice, packed solid and frozen in. The three windows were all out, but the storm porch still protected the door. A large quantity of snow had blown in through the open window spaces, and with the leaking of the roof had produced the ice on the floor, the atmosphere inside the house never being warm enough to produce a thaw. Had we reached there a few years later, we probably could not have cleared out the ice, as it would have completely filled the hut; but now we set to, dug it out and repaired the roof as quickly as possible. While this was being done we lived in tents for about two weeks; the house then being fairly dry, the men moved in, but several of us remained in the tents until they blew down, when I concluded it was time for us all to get under a roof of a more solid description.

A HAPPY SUMMER GROUP OF ESKIMOS
In full American garb

Just after we lost the sun, I resorted to a little pond in front of the house. Here the ice had frozen to a thickness of about six inches, and I had it cut out in blocks which exactly fitted our windows, so if we had not an ice palace for the winter, we had excellent ice shutters. Then we took snow and mixed it with water to plaster up all crevices, thus keeping out the air and wind. It would have been impossible to live in the house if this had not been done, as the warmth inside would have counteracted the effects of frost outside, producing apertures permitting the frosty air to enter freely. Then we pursued the well-known Arctic plan of banking up our house thoroughly with snow, level with the roof, and about six feet thick. The roof was like that of a shed and had a very slight pitch. The house was built on the plan common in the severe climate of northern Russia. Not even a blizzard going at a rate of eighty or a hundred miles an hour could penetrate that snow wall. It also acted as a sound barrier, and soon we were buried in a silence like that of the grave. The portable house occupied by the eight members of the expedition party, was never so comfortable as ours.

Knowing that air would be essential once we got all banked up, I inserted a 20-inch-square ventilator through the roof. With our two stoves, one for heating and the other for cooking purposes, the temperature of our house during the day was about fifty degrees, and even in the coldest weather seldom dropped to anything lower than twenty degrees above zero. The house was built for six, our party was seventeen, therefore our quarters were rather narrow.

A snow house with only a small ventilator and no artificial heat, will not go more than two or three degrees below freezing point, which accounts for the fact that the Eskimos are able to preserve life without such means of heating as those we use.

On reaching the winter quarters, the first thing to look after was a supply of fuel, and in this we were very fortunate, discovering a coal vein about 600 feet up the side of a steep hill. It was very difficult of access, but its position prevented its being covered with ice and snow, as it would if located on the level. We cut the coal out with our axes

A QUARTETTE OF ESKIMO GIRLS

and ice shovels, and were glad to find the coal very good. A climb of fifteen or twenty minutes was necessary to reach the place where digging was possible, but we managed to secure in all about twenty tons. Of course, it was all frozen and the digging was hard work, but it gave us occupation during the summer months, and we made all the speed possible, knowing that later the snow would cover the coal faster than we could take it out. We had also found some driftwood which served as kindling and proved useful, but alone would have been a poor defence against the Arctic cold. We were lucky in finding a layer of clay, the best I have ever seen in any land. It proved useful in fixing our stoves. In these northern countries, all the minerals are well represented, but it is difficult to get at them and the wealth of those lands has remained hidden for thousands of years.

Later on when the daylight came back,

we made excursions up the hill in search of fossils, which were quite abundant; I have given away many of those I collected, but still have twenty-five or thirty good specimens. One of the things which I secured was a large nautilus shell, such as is supposed to exist only in tropical countries; I found it 600 feet above the water level. Such specimens clearly prove the volcanic upheaval of this soil, and further show that the climate must at one time have been very different from what it now is. In some of the shells the petrified organisms can be discerned, as though the process took place very rapidly. During the summer, I also found the skeleton of a Right whale, a species that rarely goes higher than sixty degrees; but I found it at eighty-two degrees and on land. It was in a sort of ravine where the water and ice had passed over it, and the whalebone was worn to long threads and strings, showing that it must have been there many years; the traces of friction showed plainly on the whole skeleton.

A "CACHE" ON POLES, AND REGULAR ESKIMO SLEDGE

* * * *

During the months of light, we had hunted all we could,—walrus, seal and bear chiefly; having at the time we left Rudolf Island only two and a half months rations. We made every effort to provide for the long night which we knew would soon be upon us. I had spent many such nights in those latitudes and knew what to expect.

We took in all, eleven walrus and a number of seal, and removing the greater part of the fat, we tried it out, taking such parts as we could spare from what we needed for the support of our fifteen dogs, which we felt obliged to keep. In this way we got oil for lighting purposes, and the wicks we made as best we could from cotton or anything else that we could use. Our Norwegian engineer proved the most useful man in camp at this time, helping to get the stoves into good order and making lamps with some solder that we had with us. The lamp chimneys were made from glass bottles; I had two or three real chimneys but they soon got broken. We also had some wood alcohol and a little kerosene, enough for one small lamp that I had reserved for my own use. These lights did little more than produce a faint illumination, not possible to work by at a distance of three or four feet.

After the darkness shut us in, we began to find the time hang heavy. Some of the men played cards, some mended their clothes, soled or otherwise repaired their shoes, for we had all sorts of supplies with us, and found a good many more among the Abruzzi stores. On one pair of shoes I put three different pair of soles. On an old ash heap I found a pair of new soles with no trace of the uppers, and I seized upon them as a treasure, transferring the uppers of my own shoes to them from the wornout soles that had become almost useless. We suffered from the lack of footwear, though we manufactured it as well as we could from sealskin, which we had dried and tanned to the best of our ability; we never produced anything very satisfactory in this line, and it prevented our taking exercise as we otherwise might have done.

There was no special observance of Sunday by our party, except in the fact that it was the day I selected for distribution of rations, which I carefully weighed and gave out in equal portions. The food consisted of hard tack, sugar, butter, tinned meats and condensed milk at first, though later we were reduced from this comparative luxury to hard tack and butter, and even of those, I felt obliged to be careful, for there was no knowing that we might not yet have to face another winter on that deserted, ice-covered island. Although we all hoped for a relief ship the next summer—1904, as promised, I felt sure that it would not come, chiefly owing to conditions of the ice when we came in. Had we remained the third year, the party would have been very small, as it is difficult to show a good health bill, tucked into small quarters and on short rations, and with little or no exercise. We did not depend entirely on our stores, but used some seal and

THE "ROSARIO" NORTH OF POINT BARROW, IN 1898
Taken in the spring, after wintering in good shape

walrus meat. It has been commonly supposed that scurvy results from a diet of salt meat, but fresh meat is equally dangerous, and some vegetable substance must be added to sustain health. Some weeks we had, including the meat, about three-quarters fare for our men; on the whole, our health bill was fairly good, considering the many drawbacks.

We did not hesitate to take advantage of the cache made by Abruzzi on Cape Flora, knowing that the Duke was safe in warmer climes; for it is polar etiquette that the first hungry party that finds a cache, is at liberty to take the supplies. Such action has always been regarded as perfectly lawful and proper, because the food is taken to sustain life,and, as in our own case, they are ready to make good if they ever get out alive. In addition to the canned meats left by the Abruzzi expedition, there was some which an English party had cached.

Photo by Brown Brothers, New York

LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. FREDERICK A. COOK AND HER DAUGHTERS, RUTH AND HELEN

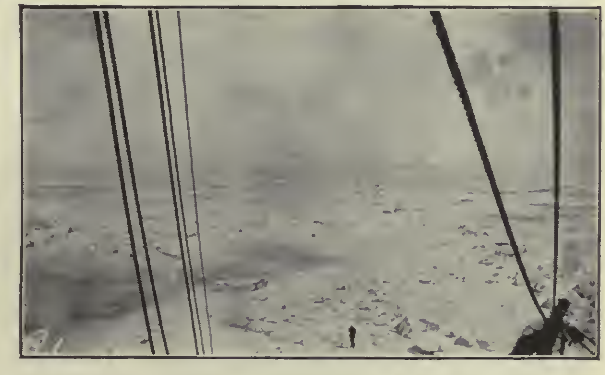
We soon ran out of coffee, but the tea hung on; it was unlike any tea we had ever tasted, and was not regarded with favor. Then the sugar and canned milk gave out, and the only rations were four pounds of hard tack and thirteen ounces of butter per week to each man. Everything was kept locked in the storehouse, the men being always hungry. We were all the time on short rations and no one ever had a square meal; self-preservation being a strong instinct in human nature, there was some danger that a few might quickly eat up all that we had, leaving the entire party to starve. The chief officer had charge, but I had the supervision and saw that no one man got more food than another, and supplies were securely always guarded.

Perhaps where our lack of rations pressed hardest, was in July, 1904, when our tobacco was used up. We all loved to smoke, and the men would try any substitute. A man named Smith had come to the island at one time in a yacht, which had been wrecked close to the place where our house stood. Some of his life preservers remained; they were filled with a substance which I believe to be corn silk, and some of the men tried to smoke this; it would not work, though they mixed with it all kinds of wood. One of the party, a Norwegian, took a sort of tarry substance, cut up bits of oakum and mixed the two together with wood alcohol; allowing it to burn about two-thirds, he tried to smoke his improvised cigar; he was a sick and sorry man that day.

I had a dog skin robe large enough to double over four times; it made a good bed, warm and soft. We removed all partitions from the middle of the house, substituting our berths to avoid the frosty walls. It was my habit to smoke in my comfortable berth and naturally scraps of tobacco became scattered through the robe, sticking in the long hair. It was rather amusing to see one of my men spend hours picking away at the dog skin to secure enough of the coveted "weed" to make two or three cigarettes. If I had been possessed of sufficient business enterprise to take advantage of his necessity, I might have accepted his offer and become owner of all he possessed in return for granting him the privilege of searching my fur robe for these morsels of tobacco.

One of the sailors, a new arrival at our camp, made a trade with a young fellow who gave up his whole allowance of butter for enough tobacco to make one cigarette a day; when a man has only hard tack and butter to eat, he has to be pretty fond of tobacco to willingly part with the best part of his rations for it.

Before the long night came on I had owned several pounds of tobacco and when the supply gave out, and the men began to be hungry for tobacco I was tempted to hide mine and keep quiet about it. Having been a confirmed smoker for thirty-seven years I rather wondered how I should get along without my smoke. It was a fine opportunity to test one's will power. After I had made up my mind to do without tobacco and had parted with my private supply, I occasionally had a curious sensation of having mislaid something—I would feel a sudden lack without knowing what I missed—then it would occur to me, "I want a smoke." I might not feel the impulse again for half a day, and this continued for a short time but at last the desire for tobacco dropped entirely from me and I never craved for tobacco afterwards. In April the year following our first summer on the island we got some tobacco from another camp. The supply reached us about two o'clock in the afternoon, and there was much rejoicing among many of the men who would rather go hungry than miss their smoke. I felt rather strong-minded and said I did not know whether I cared to smoke again or not. Pipes were peacefully puffing all around me; the odor of the tobacco filled the air, and at last I said,



VIEW OF ARCTIC ICE FIELDS FROM CROW'S NEST OF STEAMER "CORWIN"

STEAMER "CORWIN" GETTING READY TO "BUCK" ICE

"Well, I guess I will smoke," and filling my pipe I started. To my surprise when I had smoked about a quarter of it I felt as though I had enough. We had a little parade ground, about five or six hundred yards, where we could walk. I stepped out into the air where the cliff comes down with a drop of about 1,200 feet. I was as dizzy as a boy with his "very first cigar" and could not walk straight. That quarter pipe had gone to my head as no tobacco has ever done.

* * * *

I shall never forget the radiance of those polar moons; owing to the previous darkness and the masses of snow, the moonlight seemed much brighter than at home; the regular rising and setting of the moon was an event eagerly looked for in the monotony of our polar life.

PICKING OUT A TRAIL WHILE THE MAIN COLUMN IS ON THE HALT

Copyright 1906 by A. Fiala

At last the darkness began to lift and the air grew warmer, but the thaw brought grave consequences to us; the house leaked badly where we had plastered it with ice and snow; we would have moved out and lived in tents but that the wetness of the ground would have made it worse outside than it was in.

At this time we thought to vary our diet a little. The birds returned, the loons and the little hawks; this was before the snow began to disappear; what a pleasure it was to look out and see the feathered creatures alighting on the cliffs. They come to these regions to lay and breed, as soon as the snow blows off. They make no effort at nest building but lay the eggs on the bare rocks, at heights varying from seventy-five, to six or seven hundred feet; they rarely lay more than two eggs. In May, at the risk of our lives, we got a few by hard climbing. One of the sailors mounted on a spliced rope ladder, and being tired with his exertions he sat down to have a smoke. He had just "lighted up" when a rock knocked the pipe from behind his teeth, and the blow stunned him for a few minutes; these masses of loosened rock were falling all the time, and egg gathering was a dangerous business. I got about a dozen and a half myself and in all, our party collected from one hundred and fifty to two hundred. While the eggs tasted good to us, I am not sure that an epicure would enjoy them. In order to work off the fishy flavor we had to boil them twenty minutes; if cooked four or five minutes like an ordinary egg they were leathery and peculiar in flavor. They are about half as large again as a hen egg. These loons have a bill like a crow and are the same as the black backed Arctic loon found in Alaska.

When possible I sent sailing parties out every day with rifles in search of bear. We had, of course, guarded our ammunition carefully, having it all in tins, but even with the addition of bear meat the men continued to feel the pangs of hunger, and I have seen them take walrus meat, condemned during the first year as unfit for our own use and apportioned to the dogs, and eat it raw. I found a cave which they had dug to bury the meat, that they might get out and devour just as it was. During those months of short rations I would cheerfully have paid one hundred dollars for a bowl of bread and milk; we had an opportunity to learn the worthlessness of gold, for while we had money in plenty it was of no use to us.

The dim lights in our house had merely made darkness visible, and the scarcity and lack of variety in food, and the peculiar mixtures that the men had smoked had told on their health. That was a strange experience when the light grew and grew, and we all went outside under the brightening sky and gazed into each other's faces; there were two or three of my men who looked to me like perfect strangers. Up there, in the solitude of the white North, qualities hidden in a man, and never suspected, come out as they never would in civilized life; there had been times when we seemed almost to hate each other in the deadly monotony of those dark months. Often I had looked around and wondered what thoughts occupied the minds of my companions; and when the light came the traces of those melancholy thoughts, and the lines of privation and hardship, the growth of beards, and the lack of exercise had so changed the expression of their faces that I doubt if the men's dearest friends would have known them; their voices alone were familiar.

I kept a regular diary all the time, and when the sun came back I took observations every day, recording the latitude and longitude and working out problems showing the Polar latitude to a date which I assumed. Our chief dependence was placed on our chronometer watches, and those faithful little instruments determined longitude. Many memories are bound up with the tiny wheels of my watch, for I still carry the one which went through the Arctic cruise with me and helped so often to determine the position of our party.

On March 10, 1905, I started on a sledge trip to travel seventy-six miles toward the north and east, where we knew provisions had been cached by the former Baldwin-Ziegler expedition. We had a fine dog team, fresh and in good condition. Our sledges were of the best and very light in weight; the men were picked, being our quarter master and first assistant engineer, and they knew that ahead of them was a supply of food they had craved for during the months of starvation. They had every inducement to make the best possible speed, yet they required seven days to make that seventy-six miles. Such records as this seem to contradict the remarkable speed registered by both Cook and Peary, and at variance with the experience of all other explorers.

Arriving at the cache, the men found there two members of the expedition, who had

THE ROOSEVELT STUCK IN THE ICE
Farthest point north reached by any ship in the history of Polar Expeditions

come from the North; they got what provisions they needed, including a little flour and some meal, and two cases of condensed milk. When these supplies came to our log house we had food that seemed to us fit for an emperor, and to this day I never have tasted anything quite so good as that first meal; we also had some dried prunes and apricots which we regarded as the height of luxury. The flour was not of much use, because we had nothing to raise it with and our butter being too valuable to use for cooking.

Very often during the months of daylight we stood on the cliff straining our eyes to see the longed for relief ship; as the summer of 1905 slipped on we almost despaired, but one day in July when hope had almost abandoned us, we saw one of the boys jumping up and down and supposed that at last his brain had given way under the strain. In fact, many of us were almost crazy with the monotony and anxiety that were upon us day after day; we watched a moment and wondered which of us would be the next to go off his balance. When we went to him and saw what he saw, the long-looked-for relief ship, I don't know whether we all jumped for joy or what we did, for we have no memory of our actions in that hour. Quickly each man gathered his little kit, ready to rush to the boats and leave forever that island where death had stared us in the face for sixteen months, and where we had almost given up all hope of ever again looking upon the face of our loved ones. In our frantic haste to be gone, many of us left behind relics and records which we prized and later regretted the loss of. At the end of sixteen months, the relief ship "Terra Nova" had arrived, and we steamed to Norway, where our party divided, some going to London, and others to Germany.

Photo by Brown Brothers, New York

MRS. PEARY AND HER TWO CHILDREN

The daughter was born at Etah, Greenland. She enjoys the distinction of being born farthest north of any white person now living

In March of that year, 1905, Lieutenant Fiala, at the expedition party's quarters, attempted another dash to the Pole. He cut through the ice to a distance of thirty miles north of Rudolf Island. It took sixteen days to traverse these thirty miles, and those who went ridiculed the idea that they could have cut through even a yard further, for the pressure ridges and rough ice so closed the way that every step was taken at the risk of the whole party.

* * *

Many people have asked me if observations brought home by Arctic explorers are perfectly reliable and are proof that they have really been where they claim. The fact is, that a man experienced in polar exploration could, in a few hours, make out observations apparently showing that he had traveled hundreds of miles by sledge over the ice, having all his incidents and his latitude and longitude so that even an expert might find it difficult to discover that these records had been prepared while the writer was seated in a comfortable chair at his own fireside.

Many questions are asked regarding those peculiar tribes, the Eskimo. Some of the tribes are unreliable in regard to property, stealing without hesitation, but many are so strictly honest that I have known them to bring to the camp a rusty nail which they happened to pick up nearby. But honest and dishonest Eskimos alike have absolutely no idea of the difference between truth and falsehood. It seems that in this particular their conscience is absolutely untrained, and one learns that they consider wrong doing only as it brings punishment, as in stealing, which would naturally be resented. They are a people who are always anxious to please and have an innate tendency to say the thing most likely to be satisfactory to the person who questions them. In polar expeditions the best guarantee of the truth is the personal character of the man who makes the statements. It seems to me that to secure satisfying evidence of the finding of the North Pole it would be necessary to have the corroboration of these reliable men, who would say that they had gone across the pole, toward the south until the compass turned, and checked in other directions. If one may judge by the latest accounts of Polar expeditions, it would seem that soon we shall be able to pile a few foot warmers and some fur robes into an automobile and reach the Pole in a real twentieth century dash, consuming only a few hours, enjoying all modern comforts and conveniences.

I shall never forget those apparently impassable fields of ice, and to me the discovery of the Pole is somewhat of a disappointment. It seems as though some greater secret must be hidden amid those swirling black waters and gleaming ice floes and bergs with their weird charm.

Polar life brings strange revelations; a man who is a model of amiability at home is a savage in those high latitudes, where Mother Nature and humanity seem bent on revealing their crudest characteristics. When a man goes to the Arctics first he dislikes it; if he is caught there one winter he vows to himself that he will never repeat the adventure. Yet when he gets back home, he discovers that the "white silence" has a compelling fascination. I have never known a man who could resist the chance to go again, even at a financial loss. After twenty years of experience, if another opportunity came to me, it is doubtful whether any consideration would prevent my taking up the work again.

Once the charm of those long months of daylight, the mysterious, deathly silence of those long nights, the white glare of that brilliant moonlight across trackless wastes of snow and ice, has been felt, a man is unable to resist the siren call of the North, that has become more to him than family, home, friends or money. Gladly he takes his life in his hands and fares forth again into those frozen seas.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The articles by Captain Edwin Coffin, commanding the steamer "America" in the Ziegler Arctic expedition, are the most interesting given to the world for some years, being the actual, personal experience of one of the best-known American Arctic navigators.

It was a great pleasure to hear Captain Coffin relate a story full of thrilling experiences, having the charm of a tale of personal adventure, which we have tried to transfer to the printed page. Almost a quarter century spent in sailing the northern seas, from boyhood to the prime of life, has given the narrator a knowledge of these frozen regions and their perils that makes the article an authoritative utterance on polar matters. Captain Coffin is one of that sturdy class of American whalemen whose seamanship is equalled by their knowledge of all that is necessary to sustain life and secure the greatest possible comfort for a party wrecked and frozen in amid the polar solitudes. His story is alive with graphic description of incidents that preluded a dash for the pole that was as historic as even the actual finding of that coveted point of the world's surface.

Copyright 1906 *by A. Fiala*

ROUGH ICE AND DEEP SNOW—HARD SLEDDING. THE PHOTOGRAPH CHARACTER OF THE TRAIL, WHICH

BLAZING THE POLAR PATHWAY

By CAPT. C. W. HALL

FOR many centuries, the boldest of earth's bold mariners have steered galley, ship and steamer into the ice-pack of the northern seas, to be overwhelmed by storms, crushed by irresistible, wind-driven ice-fields, smothered by blizzards, slain by wild beasts, frozen to death by the fireless hearth, killed by starvation in the long, dark winter, or rotted into the grave inch by inch with scurvy.

Between the days of Cabot, in 1496, to those of McClintock in 1858, no less than one hundred and thirty explorations into the Arctic solitudes are recorded, and since that date governmental and private enterprise have greatly increased the number. It is even claimed that Homer knew that the Northern solitudes, wherein the Cimmerians lived in gloomy darkness, were also illuminated for long periods by a sun that knew no daily rising and setting as in more temperate climes; and that through nightless day and dayless night, immense reefs and cliffs floated from place to place. The fabled voyage of the Argonauts, the reported sea journey of Pytheas, a Greek navigator, from Marseilles in 384 B. C., the writings of Aristotle 350 B. C., Pliny, A. D. 25, Tacitus and Ptolemy A. D. 20, all agree to show that men had penetrated into or nearly to the Arctic Circle, and that its peculiar phenomena were known to the ancients.

Othero, the Norse viking, related to King Alfred of England, in the ninth century, how he voyaged beyond the North Cape, crossing the White Sea to Bjarna-land, whence he and his companions returned with the spoils of threescore walruses.

GIVES BUT A FAINT IDEA OF THE STEEP SLOPES AND BROKEN
IMPEDES TRAVEL IN THE ARCTICS

The discovery of America by Columbus, and his delusion that he had reached large islands lying east of India, led to a general belief in a northwest passage around America to Asia; which even into the 19th century was the chief inducement to Arctic exploration. John Cabot (1496) followed the American shores to latitude 56° N. Gaspar Cortereal, a Portuguese (1500) ran up the Labrador coast to latitude 60° N. In 1527, under Henry VIII, the *Dominus Vobiscum* and another ship, under captains whose names are forever lost to the world, somewhat exceeded Cortereal's latitude; and one of these ships was lost southwest of Greenland. The *Trinitie* and *Minion* in 1536 sailed from London on this quest with sixty in company, thirty of them gentlemen; but these in Newfoundland became so short of food that one man killed another and ate part of his flesh, before the party were relieved by falling in with a French fisherman.

In 1553, Sir Hugh Willoughby, with the *Buona Esperanzo*, *Edward Bonadventure* and *Bona Confidentia*, one hundred and thirteen officers, men and passengers, set out to sail north of Europe and Asia to India. Willoughy, with all the people of the flagship and the *Bona Confidentia*, seventy persons in all, perished of cold and hunger in Eastern Lapland during the winter, but no record of the details of their last days was ever found. Captain Richard Chancelor, in the *Edward Buonaventura* reached the northern coast of Russia, "where he found no night at all," and was so honored by the Russian king, Juan Vasilovitch, that he visited Moscow and arranged for commercial relations of the greatest value to England. In 1556, Steven Burroughs, seeking the Northeast passage, in the pinnace Serchthrift, exceeded latitude 70° N., and saw Nova Zembla.

In 1576, Martin Frobisher, with the *Gabriel* of thirty-five, the *Michael* of thirty tons, and a ten ton pinnace, sailed in quest of the Northwest Passage, but barely reached 61° N. He was sent out in 1577 to load with ores, and in 1578 Frobisher with fifteen vessels sailed to establish a colony but lost a ship and forty men and so returned.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert in 1583 was turned

back by the ice in latitude 60° N., visited St. John's, Newfoundland, lost the *Delight* with nearly a hundred men off Sable Island and went down in the little ten-ton *Squirrel* on his return.

John Davis (1585) attained 66° 40′ N., discovered Cumberland Island and met the Esquimaux; he coasted West Greenland Island in 1586, to 66° 33′ N, and in 1587 broke all previous records, reaching latitude 73° N.

LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON
The English explorer, who reached farthest point South

William Barentz (1591) with three Dutch ships, seeking the northeast passage, reached Williams Island 75° 55′ N. A second voyage in 1595 made no farther progress and lost two men, taken out of a large group of voyagers and slain by two white bears. In 1596, he reached Hakluyt Head in latitude 76°15′ N, but in returning his ship was crushed by the ice and after a dreary winter the crew set out in boats, carrying Barentz and Claes Adriansen, both of whom died June 26, 1597. At Cola the survivors found Captain Cornelius Ryp, who had sailed to 80° N., having probably circumnavigated Nova Zembla. It is said that an English pilot, William Adams, afterwards wrecked on Japan, and not allowed to leave the country, informed an embassy that he was pilot on this voyage and that his calculations gave the highest latitude at 82° N.

During the last century the site of the winter quarters of Barentz was discovered, and many of the articles left behind recovered, including several depicted in the curious woodcuts which liberally illustrated the Dutch volume in which the voyages of Barentz were published. These relics, after the lapse of nearly three centuries, were presented to the Dutch government and are carefully preserved.

James Hall, an English pilot in the Danish service, under Admiral Lindeman, made Greenland voyages in 1605, 1606 and 1607, but beyond exploring a little, fighting with and carrying away some of the natives and looking for mines of gold and silver, accomplished nothing. In 1606 John Knight made the coast of Labrador about latitude 57° N. but lost his rudder and landing with four others never returned. The survivors were attacked by the natives and gave up the voyage.

Henry Hudson, with only ten men and a boy, sailed from England in 1607, made the east coast of Greenland, in latitude 73° N., sailed northeast and made Spitzbergen in latitude 78° N. and penetrated the ice to latitude 82° 23′ N. In 1608 he attempted the Northeast passage and passing the North Cape stood northeast to latitude 75° 29′ N. but was again stopped by the ice, and after landing in Nova Zembla returned to England. On a third voyage (1609) he was employed by the Dutch and visited America, discovering the Hudson River. In 1610, he again attempted the Northwest Passage in the *Discovery*, fitted sparsely by English gentlemen for a six months' voyage. It was nearly three months before she cleared the ice in Frobisher's Straits, and a month before she passed into Hudson Bay, where in November they were frozen in, but had for some time great supplies of game. In June, 1610, when very short of provisions, the crew mutinied and put Hudson, his son and seven others into a small boat, with a few articles and a little meal, and left them amid the floating ice to perish. Robert Ivet of the mutinous crew died of starvation on the passage home, but the others were rescued when almost dead.

In 1612, Sir Thomas Button, with the *Resolution* and *Discovery* wintered at Nelson's River, now Fort York, and surveyed Hudson Bay thoroughly. In 1612, James Hall made a second voyage to Greenland where, while visiting Ramelsfiord, some forty Esquimaux came down to barter, but on seeing Captain Hall one of them transfixed him with a dart through the liver, of which wound two days later he died. No violence being offered to anyone else, it was believed by Baffin that it was remembered that he had piloted the Danes who in 1607 had carried off five natives and killed a great number.

In 1615, Robert Bylot and William Baffin explored Resolution and other islands but found no thoroughfare to the northwest. In 1616, in the *Discovery* they reached Sanderson's Hope, between 72° and 73° N.; then cruised north to Cape Dudley Digges, latitude 76° 35′ N., and Hakluyt Island and Smith's Sound in 78° N. Standing southwest they charted and named Jones and Lancaster Sounds.

In 1603, Stephen Bennett, fitted out by Francis Cherie for Cola, Lapland, landed on the Bear Island of Barentz, which he renamed Cherie, or Cherry Island, where in 1604 he hunted walrus to great profit. The Muscovy Company, in 1610, sent Jonas Poole in the ship *Amitie*, seventy tons, to sail toward the North Pole. He visited and named Horn Sound in Spitzbergen, in 78° 37′, named an island Fair Foreland, and in 79° 50′, his farthest northing, found a headland, Gurnard's Nose. In 1611, in the *Elizabeth* he reached 80° N. and in 1612, at Spitzbergen, met Captain Thomas Marmaduke of Hull in the ship *Hopewell*, which afterward sailed north—it was said—to 82°, the highest latitude then reached.

In 1619 Christian IV. of Denmark sent Jens Munk to seek the Northwest Passage; he explored Hudson Bay, changing all the names to Dutch. He wintered in Chesterfield or Bowden's Inlet but appears to have taken no precautions against the intense cold in making his huts. Scurvy set in and of sixty-four souls only Jens Munk and two others survived in May, 1620. These finally gained strength enough to take the smaller vessel back to Europe.

GENERAL ADOLPHUS W. GREELY

In 1631, Captain Luke Fox sailed in the pinnace *Charles*, surveyed Hudson Bay, the northeastern coast of America beyond it and Southampton Island. Captain Thomas James, in the *Maria*, the same year, ran ashore in Hudson Bay, but got off again and reached Charlton Island, where they wintered. Here they suffered much with scurvy, and having lost three men, and found their way blocked with ice, returned to England. In 1652, Captain Danell was sent by Frederick III of Denmark to visit Eastern Greenland. Twice in that year and again in 1653, he cruised up and down the coast, covering it all the way from Cape Farewell to Herjolfsness in 64° N., but everywhere the ice blockaded the coast from twenty to fifty miles out to sea.

In 1668 Captain de Grosseliez set out from Quebec for Hudson Bay and near Nelson's Bay found a hut containing half a dozen Englishmen who had been put ashore by a Boston ship to look for a harbor for the winter. The French government would not aid Captain Grosseliez in exploring so savage a region, but Prince Rupert sent Captain Zachariah Gillam with him to Hudson Bay and he explored Davis Straits to 75° N. He wintered comfortably at Rupert's River, where he founded Fort Charles. On his return the charter of the Hudsons Bay Company was conferred on Prince Rupert and his associates, and for over half a century the fur trade gave a quietus to Arctic exploration in that quarter.

DR. MARVIN
Member of the Peary party who lost his life

In 1676 it was stated in London that a Dutch vessel had sailed several hundred leagues northeast from Nova Zembla between the parallels of 70° and 80° N., finding an open sea and a way to China so nearly certain, that an exclusive charter for its use had been solicited of the States General. Also that in 1655 a Dutch whaler had sailed within one degree of the North Pole, and that three separate journals kept in the same ship August 1, 1655, determined the latitude at 88° 56′ N., the ocean being absolutely clear of ice with a hollow rolling sea like the Bay of Biscay. In support of this claim one Joseph Moxon, F. R. S., told of overhearing a Dutch whaler detail to another how his ship had only gone out to bring home the lading of the others; but before returning had sailed to the North Pole and even beyond it, finding an open sea and no ice. As a result of the interest excited, Captain John Wood and William Flawes sailed in the ship *Speedwell* and pink *Prosperous* May 20, 1676, but on June 26 the *Speedwell* ran on the rocks and went to pieces, losing two of her crew. They saved plenty of provisions and built a hut, but after nine days were taken on board the *Prosperous.*

In 1722 the Hudsons Bay Company, despite their refusal, were actually compelled by Captain James Knight to fit out two vessels to discover a rich copper mine and incidentally to keep their charter agreement "to make discoveries." They placed under his command the ship *Albany* and sloop *Discovery,* Captains George Balow and David Vaughan; they sailed away and as neither was ever heard of again, the *Whalebone,* Captain John Scroggs, was sent on a relief expedition. Captain Scroggs sailed to latitude 64° 56′ N., but beyond naming Whalebone Point added nothing to former discoveries. In 1767 some boat crews of the company found in a harbor at the eastern end of Marble Island, guns, anchors, anvils, cables, etc., which had not been removed by the natives; the bottoms of two vessels lay under water, and the remains of a house stood near by. Some of the guns and the figurehead of one of the ships were sent to England. Later in 1769 an old Esquimau told that the largest vessel was badly damaged, and the English, about fifty in number, began to build their house. Many died during the winter and in 1770 the survivors seemed very feeble. At the beginning of the second winter only a score survived, and in the summer of 1721 only five remained alive, three of whom died of eating raw blubber and seal given them by the Esquimaux. Two were left who still looked seaward for help and would sit down and weep. At last one died, and the survivor expired while trying to bury his comrade. In 1741 Captain Christopher Middleton in the *Furnace*, bombketch, and William Moore in the *Discovery*, pink, passed the winter in Churchill River, but the summer went by uneventfully and Middleton was charged with having intentionally avoided any discoveries which might disturb the Hudsons Bay Company.

In the year 1742 the English government offered the large reward of twenty thousand pounds sterling "to the person or persons, subjects of his majesty, who should discover the Northwest Passage." In 1746, when Sir William Pepperell's Yankees were taking Louisburg, the *Dobbs Galley* and *California*, under Captains William Moor and Francis Smith, sailed for Hudson Bay and moored in a creek near Fort York, where they wintered comfortably; but their next year's explorations added little to geographical knowledge.

Samuel Hearne, sent overland by the Hudsons Bay Company to reach the Copper Mine River, made three attempts, first turning back at 64° N. latitude; in 1770 failed again; in 1771 he reached the Copper Mine River, July 13, and two days later commenced exploring it. His Indian escort massacred some twenty Esquimaux in one camp and destroyed the camp, food and supplies of another party. The latitude and longitude reached were not reported by Mr. Hearne, and his whole narrative is very unsatisfactory.

An attempt to reach the North Pole by Captains Constantine John Phipps of the *Racehorse* and Skiffington Lutwidge of the *Carcass*, both bomb ketches, R. N., was made in 1773. They visited Spitzbergen and skirted the ice up to 80° N., but after many futile attempts to pass the ice barrier, the ships were beset and escaped with difficulty.

Captains James Cook and Clerke in the *Resolution and Discovery*, sailed, in 1776, for Behring's Strait, which, after many discoveries in the South Pacific, they entered August 9, 1779, near Cape Prince of Wales. Certain other points and islets were viewed and named, but fearing the ice-stream and a winter in the polar regions, Cook sailed for the Sandwich Islands where he was killed by the natives. Captain Clerke, who suceeded him, in 1780, got as far north as 70° 33′ N., but after about three weeks cruising gave up the attempt and returned to England.

Captain Richard Pickersgill in the armed brig. *Lion*, in 1776, and Walter Young, who succeeded him in command in 1777, visited Hudson Bay but contributed nothing to the knowledge already acquired.

The Russian captains seem to have failed to pass from Archangel around Siberia to the Lena, but it is said that a Cossack named Deshneff succeeded in 1648. One, Shabanrof, a Yakutsk merchant, persistently attempted it in 1761, 1762 and 1764, but neither he nor his crew were ever heard from after sailing on the last voyage.

In 1820-24 Baron Ferdinand von Wrangel, made sledge journeys along the Siberian coast and sought as far north as 72° 2′ N. latitude for land reported to exist. This known as Wrangell Land was sighted by De Long in 1867; and Captain Hopper, who visited it in 1881, and named it New Columbia.

Sir John Ross and Captain Parry with the *Isabella* and *Alexandria* attempted the Northwest passage in 1818, skirted West Greenland to latitude 76°54′ and met the Cape York Esquimaux, calling them the "Arctic Highlanders." Going south he explored Lancaster Sound for fifty miles, but turned back. In 1829, he returned in the paddle-wheel steamer, *Victory*, the first used in Arctic navigation but it proved useless. His nephew, Sir James Clark Ross, made brilliant sledge journeys, discovering King William Land, and locating the northern magnetic pole west of Boothia Felix in 1831.

Sir John Ross spent three winters in the ice and at last abandoned his ship, and marched to Fury Beach, where supplies were cached; spent a fourth winter and was rescued by a whaler in 1837, having lost only three men.

Captain David Buchan in 1818, in the *Dorathea*, and Lieutenant John Franklin in the *Trent*, sailed to reach the North Pole by way of Spitzbergen, reaching latitude 81° 34′ N. During a second attempt Buchan's ship was lost at sea. Buchan died in 1837.

Captain William E. Parry, in 1819, set out for the Northwest Passage with the ships *Griper* and *Hecla*. He ascended Baffin's Bay, explored and named Barren Strait, Prince Regent's Inlet, Wellington Channel, and Melville Island, winning a prize of £5,000, sterling ($25,000) offered by the English government by crossing longitude 110° W. returning to England in 1820.

In 1821, with the *Fury* and *Hecla*, he reached Repulse Bay, wintered on Melville Peninsula, and in 1821 discovered Hecla and Fury Straits. In 1824 he returned, but, after a winter on the ice and losing the *Fury*, returned home. In 1827 he tried to reach the Pole from Spitzbergen with two boats on runners, twenty-eight men and supplies for seventy-one days, but the southward drift defeated him, although he reached 82° 25′ N., the highest latitude for forty-eight years.

(Sir) John Franklin (1819) was detailed to cross overland from Hudson Bay to Rupert Land and eastward from the Coppermine River. He spent three winters (1819–21) in the wilderness, traveling 5,500 miles. In 1825, he descended the Mackenzie River, wintered near its mouth and explored the Northwest Alaskan Coast to Point Beechey where he was met by Captain Frederick Beechey in H. M. S. *Blossom*, in longitude 149° 37′ W. In 1845 he sailed in command of the *Erebus* and *Terror*; one hundred and thirty-eight officers and men, intending to make Cape Walker and thence sail southwesterly toward Behring Strait. The ships were last seen by a Scotch whaler in Baffin's Bay, but were never again sighted.

After Franklin's disappearance in 1848, no less than thirty-nine relief and search expeditions were fitted out, up to 1857, involving an expenditure of over one million pounds sterling. In 1854, Dr. Rae with a Hudson Bay party came across some traces of the lost expedition, but in 1857, Lady Franklin's expedition, under Captain McClintock, found remains and records that had escaped destruction. Franklin had gone up Wellington Channel, returning west of Cornwallis Island, and wintered (1845–46) at Beechey Island, latitude 73° 43′ N., then sailed between Prince of Wales and North Somerset Islands to within twelve miles of King William's Land, where they wintered, and Sir John Franklin died on board his ship, June 11, 1847. In 1847 Captain Crozier abandoned the ships and with one hundred and five survivors started for the Great Fish River, but all perished.

In this search for Sir John Franklin the veteran Sir John Ross, then seventy-three years old, sailed in 1850 in the *Felix*, but failed. Sir James C. Ross had been no more successful in the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* in 1848–49, and Captain Collins succeeded him in 1850 with Sir Robert McClure in the *Investigator*, to prosecute the search by way of Behring Straits. McClure became fixed in the ice in Prince William Strait near the northern shore of Bank's Land, where four winters, 1851, 1852, 1853 and 1854 were passed. In 1854 McClure was relieved by McClintock, who under Sir Edward Belcher had penetrated from the Greenland side, and, although not in his ship, was first to make the Northwest Passage.

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane in 1850 sailed under Lieutenant E. J. De Haven, commanding the *Advance* and *Rescue*, sent by Mr. Henry Grinnell, a wealthy merchant of New York, to find Sir John Franklin. They became fast in the ice and returned in 1851. In 1853 he returned in the *Advance* and penetrated Smith's Sound to Van Renselaer Harbor, where they spent two winters, latitude 78° 43′ N.

In June, 1854, a sledge party reached Cape Constitution, latitude 80° 35′ N., from whence open water reaching far to the north was visible. In May, 1855, the *Advance* was abandoned and the crew having lost in all three men by death, reached Upernavik where Captain Hartstene, sent to relieve him, took the party on board.

Captain Isaac Israel Hayes, surgeon of the *Advance*, under Kane, sailed from Boston, Mass., in search of the open Polar Sea (1860) in the schooner *United States*. He spent the winter of 1860–61 at Littleton Island, latitude 78° 18′ N. but in 1861 reached latitude 81° 35′ N., at that time the highest point reached via Baffin Bay. He held that the North Pole could be reached by a powerful steamship from Cape Frazer.

Capt. Charles Francis Hall in 1860 sailed from New London in the whaler *George Henry* to find the Franklin survivors. The ship was beset and he landed and lived among the Esquimaux near Frobisher Bay until his return in 1862. In 1864 he returned with a whaleboat and some provisions, and in 1866 secured from the Esquimaux some silver bearing the Franklin crest and other mementoes. By 1869, he had penetrated to the South shore of King William Land and learned of the death there of seventy-nine men by starvation. In 1871, he was sent out in the little propellor *Polaris* and penetrated by Smith's Sound to latitude 82° 16′ N., the highest then reached by a vessel. Returning from a sledge journey to Cape Brevoort, he became suddenly ill and died November 8, 1871. The *Polaris* while on her return south was crushed by the ice and nineteen of the crew drifted south on the icefloes for five months, thirteen hundred miles, to Smith Sound, where April 30, 1872, they were rescued by a Scotch whaler. The remainder took to the boats after having wintered near the lost *Polaris*, and finally reached a vessel, June 3, 1873.

In 1872-74 Captain Weyprecht and Julius von Payer led the Austrian expedition which resulted in the discovery and exploration of Franz Josef Land.

In 1875-76 Sir George Strong Nares, R. N., with the *Alert* and *Discovery* ascended Smith Sound, to latitude 82° 27′ N., the best ship record then made. Lieutenant Markham with sledge parties increased this northing in 1876 to latitude 83° 20′ also the best record for ice travel.

Nils Adolf Eric Nordenskiold in 1878, after numerous minor expeditions to Spitzbergen, Greenland and the Arctic waters of the Kara Sea and Yenesei, sailed from Tromsoe in the *Vega*, July 21, 1878, and after being fast in the ice some months reached Behring Straits and Japan, having made the long sought Northeast Passage around Asia.

George Washington DeLong of the American Navy commanded, in 1879-81, the steam yacht *Jeannette*, sent out by James Gordon Bennett of the New York *Herald*, to reach the North Pole via Behring Strait, but the vessel was heavily freighted and unfit for ice navigation; was with difficulty kept afloat through the winter and finally was crushed by the ice June 13, 1881, in latitude 77° 15′ N. The crew manned three boats. Lieutenant Chipp's was lost with all on board. Engineer Melville's reached the Delta of the Lena, but De Long perished of cold and starvation, October 30, 1881, as did eleven of the fourteen men who landed with him.

Lieutenant Adolphus Washington Greely, of the Signal Corps of the American Army, was detailed in 1879 to establish one or more of thirteen circum-polar stations proposed by the Hamburg Internaional Geographical Congress. With twenty-four officers and men, he wintered (1881-83) at Discovery Bay, Grinnell Land, sending out sledge and boat parties, Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainard attaining latitude 83° 24′ N., the then farthest north. Reaching Cape Sabine in October, 1883, with great difficulty, they found that the supply ship *Proteus* had been lost in July, and all perished of starvation but Lieutenant Greely and six men, who were rescued by Commander W. S. Schley in June, 1884.

Robert Edwin Peary in 1891-92 crossed the great Greenland ice cap in latitude 81° 97′ and reached the northeastern coast of Greenland, proving its insularity, traversing some thirteen hundred miles, besides making most interesting researches in every branch of explorations. In 1893-95 he made a second expedition, again traversing Greenland, and discovered the huge meteorite at Melville Bay, one weighing ninety tons, which he finally removed to the United States.

After summer voyages in 1896 and 1897, he sailed in 1898, spent four years in sledge journeys and general explorations, and traversed the islets north of Greenland to latitude 83° 39′ N. In 1902 he set out from Grant Land on a dash for the North Pole, but was turned back by the rough ice after attaining latitude 84° 17′ N.

Fridjof Nansen, of Norway, in 1888, crossed the ice cap in southern Greenland from the west to the east coast. Having noticed that a pair of trousers left near Siberia by one of the Jeannette's crew as well as Siberian woods were picked up in Greenland, he started in the *Fram* from Norway in 1893, heading to the northeast, put into the ice pack off the Siberia Islands, and drifted northwest until March 14, 1895. With Lieutenant Johansen and dog sledges, he headed for the Pole reaching latitude 86° 25′ N., two hundred and seventy-two miles from the Pole, and one hundred and eighty-four miles nearer than any one had hitherto gone. Making for Franz Josef Land they spent the winter in a snow hut living on game. Reaching Spitzbergen he found the Harmsworth expedition with which he returned to Europe. The *Fram* released from the icepack, latitude 85° 57′, reached Norway in safety.

Louis, Duke of Abruzzi, in 1899-1900, penetrated north of Franz Josef Land to 86° 33′.

Captain Amundsen sailed in 1904 in a small vessel successfully passing through the Northwest Passage, without loss or damage.

In July, 1907, Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who had accompanied Peary as surgeon in 1891-92, and was a member of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition in 1897, sailed from Gloucester, Mass., with Mr. John R. Bradley in his schooner of the same name, to the East Greenland coast. Mr. Bradley's object was to enjoy the sport and adventure of a summer's cruise in those high latitudes. Dr. Cook's purpose of Polar exploration was a profound secret until its successful issue was announced to the world. It appears briefly that the schooner reached Etah, the favorite winter residence and hunting place of the Esquimaux, but found that the most of the natives were at Annootok, the "Annoatok" of Kane and Hayes, and called by Kane "the wind-loved spot," on account of its bleak and tempest-swept exposure in the winter months. Here there is no harbor, and former records depict it as deserted by the natives in the long Arctic night. About a day's drive northwest Kane's brig, the *Advance*, lay imbedded in the ice for two winters; and when seeking food of the Esquimaux, Annoatok's ruined igloo was a kind of half-way house for his sledge journeys. The distance from Annoatok to the North Pole is somewhere about six hundred and ninety miles in a direct line up Smith Sound, but the John R. Bradley was not fitted to pursue the ice leads through which Kane, Hayes, Greely and Peary had pressed seeking a base of operations nearer the Pole.

Here then at Annoatok, from the several statements made, it was decided about September 1, 1907, to commence a dash for the North Pole, and here the supplies and outfit of Dr. Cook were landed. From this point, leaving one man, Rudolph Francke, a cook, who assisted him in caring for his stores to await news at Annoatok, in December Dr. Cook set out on his long journey by way of Ellesmere Land to the Pole. His course was nearly west across the sound to Ellesmere Land and thence by land and sea ice to a point on the northern coast of Grant Land, some fifty or sixty miles west of Cape Columbia, afterwards the basic starting point for Peary's last attempt. He dates his arrival at the North Pole, April 21, 1908.

Dr. Cook's attempt covered besides the final dash to the Pole, the crossing of Smith Sound with his supplies and their conveyance over Ellesmere Land, increasing the distance to be traversed to about one thousand miles. With the aid of the Esquimaux, this was accomplished between December and March in the moonlit nights of the Arctic winter. That this was successfully done with the aid of the Esquimaux alone beggars all previous records of Polar discovery. The final dash across the Arctic Sea was quite within the limits of possibility, given smooth ice and fine weather. Dr. Cook's westing would to some extent lessen the loss by the eastward drift of the ice pack, and his speed, endurance and daring, will long stand alone in the annals of human achievement.

Lieutenant Peary in 1908 sailed in the steamer *Roosevelt* and pushed through Smith Sound to Cape Sheridan in Grant Land, latitude 82° 30′ N., September 1; prepared for the winter and sent supplies ahead all winter to Cape Columbia about 83° N. latitude—whence starting March 1, 1909, he finished the trip of seven degrees (four hundred and ninety miles in a direct line) on April 6, 1909. His success up to a certain point was due to superior resources and assistants, which enabled him to concentrate at Cape Columbia all that was necessary in the matters of shelter, food, fuel, transportation and assistance to penetrate that broken and often almost impassable barrier of jagged ice and open leads which almost always bar the way from the solid "icefoot" to the floating "pack." These almost inevitable difficulties appear to have lost Peary eight or nine days out of the first eleven of his final dash for the pole, and, undoubtedly, a good deal of work with shovel and axe. Starting with many sledges, dogs and men, sending back as he progressed injured sledges, failing dogs and men whom he could not afford to feed, and thus eliminating the chances of failure, and selecting the surest factors of success, Lieutenant Peary displayed in his last great journey qualities of which his countrymen may well be proud.

A RAILROAD for RUBYVILLE

By HARRY LEE SNYDER

RIPLEY CONVERS' physical attractions were inconsiderable, but he had kissed the Blarney stone. His mother had once said—strange as it may seem, his mother called him "Johnny"—that he could wheedle the harp out of the hands of a man-grown saint. But Ripley Convers had never been put to that test, and it may be that the maternal estimate of him was based upon prejudice.

He had met nearly every other test, however, and his success had been so pronounced that there must have been some uneasiness in the place where the saints dwell lest he should be unexpectedly projected among them. At the age of eighteen he had wheedled his father out of one hundred dollars which he had saved by the practice of strenuous self-denial. Thereupon he had put behind him the paternal domicile, cast aside the ties of family and the bonds of friendship, sloughed off the name he had theretofore borne, annexed a new one more in consonance with the part he had planned to play, and gone joyously forth to wrest—no, wheedle—a riotous living from a reluctant world.

And so, some ten years later, Ripley Convers drifted into Rubyville. He had gathered unto himself considerable money during those ten years, but he had parted with precisely the same sum, for when he scrawled his name upon the soiled register in the Eagle House he had exactly one hundred dollars secreted about his person. It was a point of honor with him never to permit the amount of his exchequer to fall below one hundred dollars, and it had never done so since Johnny Brown left home. If necessary to preserve that sum inviolate, he would work—though only as a last resort—and once or twice he had been driven to that dire extremity. At the time of his appearance in the village, he was just upon the verge of another crisis in his affairs and was seriously considering the possibility that he might be driven to the point of accepting a more or less lucrative position. With the utmost composure, however, he handed Jim Bellows, the clerk, his roll of bills.

"You just lock that in your safe," he suggested. "I never carry money with me if I can avoid it."

Having thus established his credit and having made sure that his sojourn at the Eagle House would not be disturbed for some time, he ate his supper and strolled out upon the street. Rubyville looked good to him; it looked easy. And there were reasons which went far to justify his opinion. Many years before, Rubyville had just missed a railroad—or the railroad had just missed Rubyville, suit yourself about that—and ever since that time it had been patiently waiting for something to happen. As Ripley Convers smoked his cigar and strolled about the village, he concluded that it was about time something happened. Ripley Convers slept peacefully that night. So did Rubyville. It had no premonition of the explosion that was to arouse it the next day.

Early in the morning he was busy. Until noon he was seen here and there about the village, but it was observed that he was exceedingly cautious and that he conferred with comparatively few men, and only with those, too, who were owners of village property. At noon he handed Jim Bellows a bulky package of papers tied with impressive red tape.

"Put these in your safe, Jim," he said. "They are very valuable."

Jim Bellows pulled down his vest importantly. It was not often that he was intrusted with the safe keeping of valuable papers, and it was not often that a mellow-voiced stranger addressed him by his Christian name.

Immediately after dinner, Convers called upon the president of Rubyville's one bank. Johnson Price was an important man himself and he habitually greeted strangers with reserved frigidity, but he melted under his caller's ingratiating smile like an ice-cream cone in the hands of a red-headed boy.

"Of course," said Ripley, "since my business is exceedingly weighty, I have felt that I must first see the leading citizen and only banker of your charming little town."

Price beamed genially. Even to an important man flattery is an unctuous balm.

"The question is," Convers' tone conveyed just the correct degree of hesitation, "can Rubyville absorb an allotment of bonds —say fifty thousand dollars worth?"

Absorb! Price repeated the word slowly, rolling it under his tongue like a sweet morsel. The flavor of Wall Street and the aroma of the marts of trade clung to it. Nevertheless, he replied with that cautious conservation which he felt was becoming to one occupying his position in the business world.

"That would depend, my dear sir, upon the character of the bonds."

"Oh, the bonds are all right," responded Convers carelessly. "I was concerned as to whether or not Rubyville could command so much available cash."

Price rose majestically, and theatrically threw open the steel doors of the bank's vaults.

"You see before you," he boasted, "nearly half a million in cold cash and the individual deposits of the bank run well over a million. Rubyville is located in a remarkably rich community, sir."

"Ah," responded Convers. "Then I may safely disclose to you my business. I am the confidential man of a group of financiers who are projecting a new railroad. The line as surveyed passes near your charming town and it is my business to ascertain whether or not your citizens would likely be willing to subscribe for first mortgage gold bonds in the sum of fifty thousand dollars, upon the condition, of course, that the road passes through here."

Price threw up his head with a question on his lips.

"Don't ask me, I implore you," begged Convers. "As a confidential man I cannot say who my superiors are or what the terminals of this road are to be."

"Of course," conceded Price, "as a banker, I realize that. All transactions of such magnitude must be handled with extreme care in the beginning."

"Exactly," agreed Convers. "Your observation offers eloquent testimony of your experience and business acumen. As an influential banker, one acquainted with the ways of men who handle great business projects, you fully appreciate the situation. And when the project involves millions—"

"Surely," interrupted Price, "surely. I realize that. But as for the bonds, Mr.—"

"Convers."

"As for the bonds, Mr. Convers, there will be no difficulty in subscribing that amount. I will gladly undertake to handle them for your people."

"In that case," responded Convers, "I can assure you that trains will run through Rubyville in less than a year. My superiors will be guided wholly by my judgment and I can readily see that it will be a grave error to pass by so thriving a little city as this is."

Thereupon Ripley Convers, having lighted the fuse, returned to the hotel to await the explosion.

It followed speedily, and, though he did not hear the detonation, he did observe the effect. He saw the banker pass hurriedly down the street, and men were soon rushing here and there, bustling with nervous energy, the eager, excited expression upon their faces proclaiming the possession of news that must be told. In less than half an hour the village shoemaker, pale, anaemic and emaciated, entered the hotel unobtrusively and sought the unprepossessing stranger who was able to work such uncanny magic.

"Mr.—ah—Convers," he hesitated, "you know I signed a contract a while ago to—to sell you my shop."

"Why, yes," said Convers, "so you did, Mr. Armstrong, so you did. I believe I have a bargain in that, too," he concluded with a pleasant laugh.

"But—but, Mr. Convers, a railroad is coming through Rubyville."

"Yes," admitted Convers, "it probably will."

"But you know it will," burst out Armstrong, "and you know that my property will double in value just as soon as it does."

"Of course, Mr. Armstrong, I presume that is true, if the road goes through," admitted Convers. "I hope to make some money on that little property."

Armstrong pushed his thin gray hair back from his forehead. Here was an authentic confirmation of the rumor, and here was a dead loss to himself because he had been in such a hurry to sell. He was an old man and a poor man. A little money meant much to him.

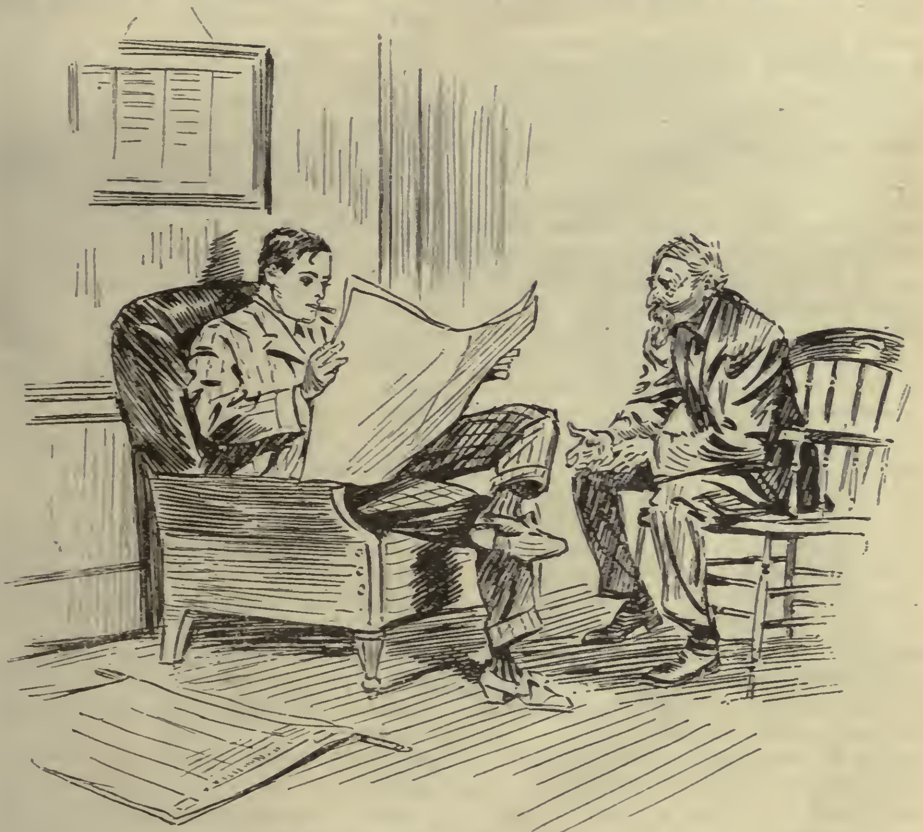
"Come, Mr. Convers," he pleaded, "tear up that there contract, and let me have my place back. Me and the old woman need all the money we can get, sir."

Convers appeared to consider the matter. "I wish to do what is right," he suggested, "but, as a just man yourself, you can hardly expect me to forego all my profit."

Armstrong grasped frantically at the straw. "I'll give you fifty dollars for your bargain," he declared eagerly.

"Make it one hundred and I'll take it," asserted the other.

And so it was done. And Ripley Convers smiled softly as he folded the crisp bills which Armstrong obtained from the bank. Ripley Convers did not know—it would likely have made no difference if he had—that those bills represented all of the old man's savings.



"'*Mr. Convers, tear up that contract.*'"

During the next two days he held a score of similar interviews, and at the end of them five thousand dollars had been intrusted to the custody of Jim Bellows. Ripley Convers had little use for banks as depositories—and he intended to leave town the next day, anyway.

* * * * * * *

As Ripley Convers sat in front of the hotel that evening, he was entirely at peace with himself and had no quarrel with the world. He had no uneasiness in regard to the five thousand dollars. Jim Bellows' innocence was the insurance of his honesty, and, besides, he was to depart the next morning to have a fanciful interview with his unknown and mysterious sponsors. While in that contented frame of mind, a swirling gust of wind lodged a girl's dainty hat at his feet. As he glanced up, he found himself looking into a pair of deep blue eyes which caught and held his wavering glance for just the fraction of a second.

Now Jennie Price had not walked by the hotel that evening for the purpose of meeting the mysterious Ripley Convers. Not by any means. It is true that she had heard much about the unattractive stranger whose manner was so persuasive and whose influence with men of wealth was so limitless. It is also true that her hat was very insecurely fastened and that she had held it with one hand until just as she reached the corner by the hotel—but those are merely incidental items, and cannot be seriously considered in the determination of a young girl's purposes and methods.

Convers returned her hat with a respectful bow. "I am most fortunate," he smiled, "to be of even small service to you. I could not have hoped for a greater pleasure."

But now that Jennie Price was face to face with the celebrity, she was greatly annoyed to find herself blushing. She had not anticipated so courtly a manner, and she had not expected to look into hazel eyes that were so luminous and expressive. She had not supposed, either, that Ripley Convers would walk home with her, or that he would meet with such a hearty welcome from her father.

"I'm glad you have met my daughter," said Mr. Price genially. "I was thinking only today that I had been very thoughtless in not inviting you to our home."

Mrs. Price, placid and fat, gave her husband's words the approval of a perfunctory smile. She was not any too well satisfied that Ripley Convers was as guileless as he seemed, but she had not acquired the habit of contradicting either her husband or her daughter.

When Ripley Convers rose to go, the whole family went to the door with him, and, as it was a moonlight evening, Jennie, after the fashion of Rubyville, strolled with him down the walk to the street. Leaning over the little picket gate, he asked:

"And when shall I see you again?"

"Oh," she responded lightly, "when you come to build your railroad, perhaps—if you care to."

"No," he looked straight into her eyes, "I shall see you tomorrow afternoon—and then again tomorrow evening."

Jennie again blushed in the moonlight, but she did not contradict him. Who could contradict so masterful a man?

For Ripley Convers had suddenly decided to stay in Rubyville for a few days. It would be embarrassing, he thought, to go away and leave any part of his anatomy behind, and he knew that Jennie Price had his heart in her keeping. He slept dreamlessly in his bed in the Eagle House, but he would not have done so had he known that a letter had fallen from his pocket at the little picket gate, and that Jennie had picked it up and read it.

He entered the office of the hotel the next morning to find everything in a turmoil and Jim Bellows rushing here and there in a frenzy of excitement.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Matter!" roared Jim. "Haven't you heard?"

"Never heard a sound," he declared. "I slept like an infant."

"Burglars got in here last night," explained Jim, "and busted open the safe."

Convers looked at the clerk with a question in his eyes.

"Darn it. Yes!" declared Jim. "They got every cent of your money."

Ripley Convers sat down tranquilly. He drew a pencil from his pocket and sharpened it abstractedly with a pearl-handled pocketknife. "I suppose the proprietor is responsible to me," he suggested at length.

"Won't do you much good if he is," grumbled Jim. "He ain't got a cent, and the blamed hotel has got mortgages sticking all over it like porous plasters."

Convers sighed. It wasn't the first time he had seen money slip noiselessly away from him, but it was the first time that his initial capital of one hundred dollars had taken wings unto itself. Then he ate his breakfast and went to see Jennie. Afternoon seemed too far away.

Three days later two things happened. The first one was perhaps the more important of the two, though it made no impression upon the public, presumably because the public knew nothing about it—Jennie Price promised to marry Convers. The second one was another explosion—and it rocked Rubyville to its foundations. Convers first heard of it as he met Johnson Price upon the street.

"Your work has borne fruit, Mr. Convers," said the banker cordially. "Rubyville is to have a railroad."

"You don't tell me!" he exclaimed, startled out of his usual self-control.

"Exactly," replied Price. "The S. T. & V. has been flirting with Rubyville for a long time, and the news that another road will probably pass through here has brought affairs to a crisis. The directors yesterday passed a resolution to build a branch to the village at once. It will be the making of this town, for already several manufacturing plants are projected. Real estate will more than double in value."

"It's a fortunate circumstance for Rubyville," declared Convers.

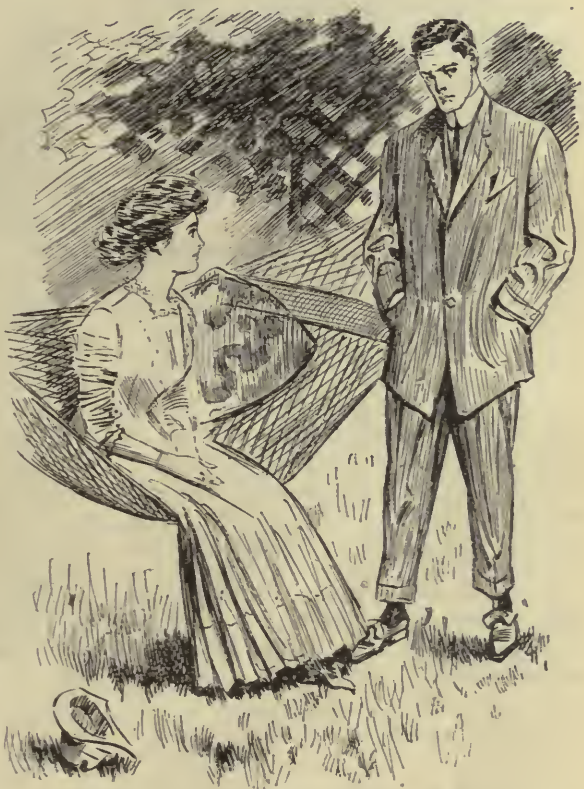
"Yes," said Price, "a very fortunate one. I presume this will make no difference with the plans of the people you represent."

"No," said the other slowly. "I am sure it will make no difference at all."

As Ripley Convers walked up the street, he could clearly discern the beginning of the end. There was no hope of his recovering the money which had been stolen from the hotel, and even had there been, its possession would have been embarrassing, for he had discovered that it was difficult to look into the honest blue eyes of Jennie Price while that money was in his possession. His conscience was fairly untroubled, however, for he knew that the accession of a railroad to Rubyville was entirely due to his own efforts, however misdirected those efforts had been. Ripley Convers was not at heart a bad man, and the advent of Jennie Price into his life had made him a better one.

"I am going away tomorrow," he said to her that evening. "I must see the financial men whom I represent, and—er—there is some business which demands my attention."

They were sitting in a hammock swung in her father's vine-covered porch, and at his words, she drew slightly away from him, though he would have seen a smile upon her lips had she not been in the shadow.



"'*Ripley Convers, you are a fraud,' she said.*"

"I should think you would stay," she suggested, "and try to recover the stolen money."

"It's no use, I'm afraid," he replied ruefully. "The money belonged to my employers, but perhaps they will not make me lose it."

Jennie Price laughed. "Ripley Convers, you are a fraud," she said.

Convers looked at the girl uncertainly. He did not know whether the charge was a girlish pleasantry or the well-considered opinion of a woman. Whichever might be the case, however, he armed himself with man's best weapon of defense.

"Maybe," he conceded, "but I love you."

"Your millionaires are purely the creatures of your imagination," she continued, ignoring his words, "and a railroad to the moon is about as likely to be built as is yours."

He stood up at her side, thrusting his hands into his pockets and looking down at her with a puzzled frown upon his forehead. He glanced at his well-shod feet, half expecting to see them entangled in a web of complications.

"Jennie," he said, "what are you talking about?"

From the bosom of her dress the girl took a letter and handed it to him.

"You boasted too freely when you wrote to your friend in New York," she said.

Ripley Convers sat down upon the steps and again began to sharpen his pencil with his pearl-handled pocket-knife. His coolness in an emergency had carried him safely through many a delicate situation, but he was obliged to confess to himself that he had never encountered a more delicate one, and that he had never had so much at stake. It would have comforted him, though, could he have seen the tender lovelight quivering in the eyes of Jennie Price. He had been a fool, he reflected, for writing that letter. He did not usually boast, but—

"You will have to advise me, Jennie," he said suddenly. "You know the whole story, and I will be guided by you. What am I to do now?"

During all of his curious career Ripley Convers had never framed more effective sentences, for by them he made Jennie Price his ally. It is, perhaps, fortunate that men do not know their power, but they can bind women to them absolutely by the simple device of investing them with all responsibility for conduct which may affect them both.

"You are going to my father," she said promptly, "and tell him all about it. He will offer you a position in his bank, and—"

"He never will," he interrupted.

"He will," she said. "Leave that to me. Then you are going to pay Mr. Armstrong and all the other men this money."

"I haven't a cent, Jennie," he gasped. "It will take me years to save so much from a salary."

"No matter—"

"Hello!" called Johnson Price as he came up the walk. "Good news for you, Convers. They've caught the thieves and the village marshal has your money."

After a few words of explanation, Mr. Price passed into the house. Ripley drew a long breath and again stood before the girl, vainly endeavoring to look into the blue eyes.

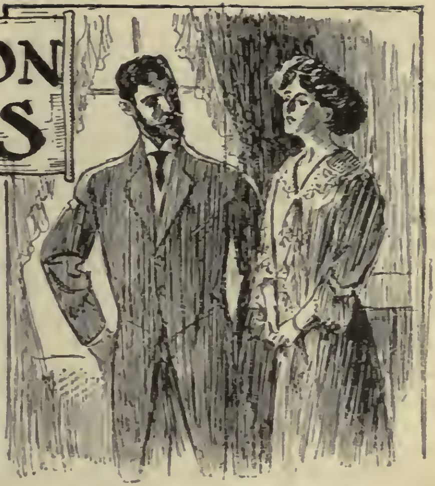
"And after I have returned the money, Jennie, and obtained a place in your father's bank, what am I to do then?" he asked.

"Then," she said softly, "I think you are going to marry me."

And that is exactly what Ripley Convers did.

A REVELATION of HEARTS

BY SUSAN HUBBARD MARTIN



THEIR estrangement seemed complete. For many days Winifred had seen him but rarely, and then never alone except in the carriage going to and from some function. Herndon spent a good deal of his time at the club, having renewed the ties with his former bachelor friends that his marriage had interrupted. His wife knew that he was not well. She had overheard him tell Sanford so a day or two before, and at the time it had occurred to her bitterly that she was the last person to whom he would think of mentioning it.

She had always made rather a point of being down to breakfast in time to serve his coffee, but of late she had yielded to self-indulgence enough not to rise until after he had gone to the city to his business. But this morning as she came languidly down in her dainty morning gown, she came face to face with him at the foot of the stairs.

Her "good-morning" was quite courteous, but studiedly indifferent. To her surprise he lingered in the hall, apparently with some thought of speaking to her.

"If you are not busy, I should like to talk with you a minute, Winifred," he finally said in a hurried, hesitant fashion.

There was a gleam of quiet sarcasm in her eyes that suggested he had not troubled her much that way of late, but she only said "Certainly!" and led the way to her sunny den.

She nodded casually at a chair and said: "Won't you sit down?"

But he had already walked to a window, his heart full of bitterness at her manner of airy indifference. His troubles were nothing to her. He was merely that part of her scheme of life that was necessary to supply the means to satisfy her needs, otherwise of no more importance than the butler or the cook. He hardened his heart to demand no sympathy from her.

She waited for him to begin, a slender, graceful figure of perfect poise with a reserved face of similar charm that expressed a self-containment which excluded him.

He turned from the window. "A beautiful morning. New York is at her best just now."

"Did you bring me here to tell me that?"

But something in his haggard eyes and worn face reproached her. "Is anything wrong? Are you having business troubles?" she asked, less impersonally.

A sardonic smile touched his lips. "Nothing so serious. It's merely my health. It's not quite up to par."

"Your health?" She watched him steadily, without moving, a film of anxiety in her eyes.

"The doctors think I had better go out West for a year or two and live outdoors."

"Why?"

"I have had one or two light hemorrhages lately, and yesterday I dropped in on old Morris to get a tonic. He insisted on an examination and decided that there was some incipient trouble in my right lung. I went to Parks, the specialist, and he confirmed what Morris had said."

"Did they think it—serious?"

He answered in a dry matter-of-fact voice. "If it is arrested at once it may prove of small moment, but if I stay here it will ultimately get the better of me."

She knew he was making light of it, and the undertug of pain at her heart belied her quiet manner and emotionless face.

"You must go at once."

"I suppose one had better," he answered listlessly. "One can't quit in the middle of the game."

Her eyes flashed a sharp, stealthy question toward him. Was it so bad as that? Was he so tired of their unhappy marriage that any escape, even death, was hardly to be avoided?

"It's going to be a bit of a nuisance for you, my going away. I would suggest you keep the house. I think your sister and Bob could be persuaded to live with you. That would help solve things and make an ideal arrangement."

"Quite ideal," she agreed, looking at him with a touch of scorn out of ironic eyes. "And where are you going? Did they indicate a place?"

"Parks seemed to think Colorado. He advised a ranch. I may as well follow his advice and do the thing thoroughly."

"Better," agreed Winifred. "When can you get off?"

"Next week, I think. It will take me a few days to arrange things."

"I shouldn't lose any time. They say the main thing is to arrest trouble of this kind before it has gone far."

He hurried to catch his train in a swelling tide of bitterness. She was so far from him in feeling that she had not given him one word of sympathy. Her whole concern had been to hurry him away as fast as she could.

He might have changed his mind if he had seen her, breakfast forgotten, stretched on a lounge in a stress of silent, tearless emotion. She was fighting both her terror of this dread disease that was stealing over him, and her poignant grief at her exclusion from his inner life.

"How can I help him when he doesn't want me to; when he deliberately shows me that he considers I have no interest in what he does? He treats me as if I were a piece of the house furniture. What a farce our marriage has become! And now it is to be a tragedy?"

It was three days later that she made an announcement at breakfast.

"The Temples will take the house off our hands for a year. They are very glad to get it."

He looked up quickly. "So you have decided not to keep the house."

"I am going to Colorado."

His heart leaped, but he answered with an even voice:

"Have you considered the matter very carefully? I am afraid you would find a ranch in Colorado very different from what you have been used to. It offers bare existence and not much more, I take it."

"I have quite made up my mind," she replied.

"I suppose you are going from a sense of duty. It really isn't necessary, Winifred."

"Still, I shall go," she answered coldly.

* * * * * * *

Life on a mountain ranch in Colorado! Who that has not tried it can imagine the reality? The rare untempered air with its stinging call to deep, clean breaths; the wonderful sunsets; the changing color of the circling mountain line, now blue, now violet, now purple; the large silences broken by the piping call of birds; the lambent sunshine on the brown hillside—all go to the making of an autumn day in the Rockies. Almost before she descended to the wooden platform at Sunset, Winifred knew they were going to be brought face to face with the simple verities of life for the first time since their marriage. The social conventions, the barriers built by the artificial life of a great city, had been taken down. There would be no resources of clubs and receptions to bridge their estrangement. They must come together as man and woman, one to one, just as in the primeval days of Eden, or they must drift further apart because they had not that in common which must make them as one.

A grizzled and unshaven pioneer who answered to the name of Wiggins met them at the depot with a dilapidated surrey. He glanced at Winifred dubiously, taking in her rich furs, the simple elegance of her slim lithe figure, with eyes which questioned the fitness of this hothouse exotic from New York to survive in the cold winds of the Rockies.

"There ain't but four rooms at the Baker place. I don't know as you can make out there," he said, surveying with wonder the trunks that were descending from the baggage car.

"We understood there were only four," she smiled.

"I've had the place cleaned up for you, but you'll have to do your own work, I reckon. Can't hire nobody round here for love or money."

Herndon looked at his wife. "That's a nuisance. I don't know what we'll do," he said in perplexity.

"I intend to do the cooking and the work myself," she told him promptly. "I'm going to have a chance to use that course of cooking lessons I took last winter. I shouldn't be surprised if I blossomed into a first-class cook."

"Nor I," he answered with a smile, for the three days on the train had brought them already to a more friendly working basis, without having broken the ice of their reserve that had been slowly gathering for years.

They had brought with them a few of their favorite pictures, two or three good rugs, some silver, linen and curtains. For the rest they depended on the ranch and Winifred's knack of homemaking. A good-hearted neighbor helped her at first to put things in order, but presently her husband's interest became aroused and he soon found himself busy hanging pictures and draping curtains.

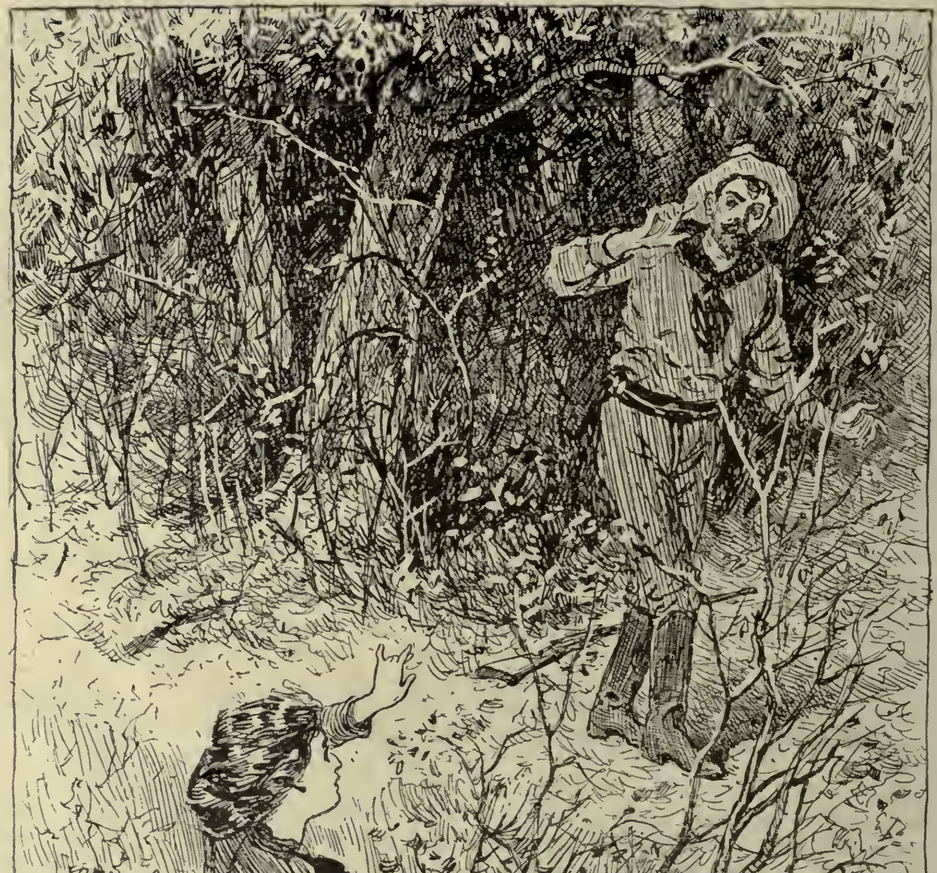
That evening was the first of many they spent in the comfortable living room of the ranchhouse. He had no club to which he could go, nor had she any theatre or social function. Perforce they must be together and alone. Each of them rose to the situation and made the best of it. Not since the early days of their marriage had she been so bright and witty for his sole benefit. Indeed he could hardly remember when they had had an evening together free from the presence of outsiders, not at least since his fortunes had taken a turn that put the material world at his feet. He had to go back to the early days of their married life, when they were poor and frankly in love with each other, to find a duplicate for this occasion.

He read to her while she did some embroidery, and after he had finished the magazine article sat looking into the glowing fire of pinon knots and speculated on what joy might have been theirs if the big callous world had not thrust itself between them. For her part, she almost dared to let herself bask in a soft glow of happiness. Here in the primeval world of the empty mountains all things seemed possible, even that she might win back the love she had lost. Perhaps this was the chance God had given her. Herndon was already more companionable, the light in his eyes not so studiously courteous and wary.

It was impossible to resist wholly the sweet intimate familiarity of their lives, though each of them kept locked the inner citadel of their hearts lest the door should be open in an invitation not desired. They laughed over the failures of her cooking and applauded its successes. He helped her wipe the dishes after dining, that the long evening might by so many minutes be longer. For he had come to prize the least of them and to regret the hour when the clock indicated that they must say "good-night." He was in truth a lover again, but without the ardor and the confidence of the untried lover. He had had his chance and failed. That was the bitter rub, and now that it was gone he had awakened to discover himself more hopelessly enamored of her than ever. She was somehow recovering the light-hearted girlishness that the city had stolen from her. There was a new spring to her elastic step, a fresher color in her cheek. Her beauty lost its sharpness and glowed more warmly in this lissom mountain nymph than in the metropolitan dame he had known, or rather not known, a few months before. The change that informed her he knew to be of the spirit. She was like the princess who had been roused from sleep by the kiss of the fairy prince. She walked on the hilltops both literally and spiritually, and the new birth of her soul found its reflection in a body grown subtly more expressive of the graces within.

Daily Herndon improved. The simpler food, the purer air, a mind at ease and a body at rest—these all counted. He slept out of doors, with the blue sky for a roof and the stars for lamps. The sap of life flowed slowly back into his wornout body.

It fell on a day that news came to Herndon of the death of his only sister. They had been very close to each other, and as Winifred read the letter her husband had handed her without a word, there swept over her a wave of tenderness and compassion for him. Her heart went out with a rush. But



"He dropped his gun . . . and came hurrying across the rockslide."

Public Library
Lawrence, Mass.

she was not a creature of impulse, and the habit of years is not easily broken.

"O Robert!" was all she said, but sympathy was softly vibrant in her voice.

He nodded his thanks, his jaw tightly clamped in the fashion of a man deeply moved.

"Think I'll take a walk up the canyon, if you'll excuse me," he said gently.

She respected his desire to be alone, but as she went about her household duties she tramped with him in spirit. It was baking day, but as soon as her bread was out of the oven she flew to her room and put on her walking skirts and boots.

The afternoon was well along and she followed the sun into the canyon cleft that pierced the mountain range. No lovelier pass could have been imagined. In season rich with blossoming anemone and columbine, it gave to the eye now the variegated browns and yellows of declining autumn.

Slowly she went into the intimate beauty of the hills, toward the cold purple silhouette of the distant continental divide. Something in it all spoke eloquently to her soul of the peace that broods above all the sandstings and bickerings of life. The very harmony smote with acute reproach upon her senses.

Before she was aware of it the descending sun had slipped over the jagged mountain edge and left her in darkness. She was startled to a sudden unease. Why had she not met her husband? And where was she? Walking lightly and strongly with the new power the hills had brought her limbs, she had followed a trail that led out of the canyon to the hilltops above. From one to another she had gone, breathing a deep response to the appeal of blue sky and wide spaces.

She turned to retrace her steps, following a gulch that seemed to offer a short cut to the big earth rift she had left. It was after this had led her to a blind draw terminating in a timber fringe that she acknowledged she was lost.

Blindly she wandered, for hours it seemed to her. Not without courage—it needed all she possessed to meet the great emptiness of the black hill night. They were so great and unpitying. With all the ages behind them, they had no care for her small terror.

With a great desire she longed for her husband—to comfort him in his trouble; to be comforted in hers. He meant to her now not only safety and comfort, but the love that wrapped her about. In a flash of insight she knew that there were no differences between them except those of their own making.

A rifle shot echoed in the still night, rolling from hill to hill and back again. She ran toward it, calling her husband's name as she hurried over sharp rocks and through brush that caught at her skirt. Miraculously all her fears were gone. She was as sure of her welcome as a lost child hurrying to its mother.

He dropped his gun when he saw her, and came hurrying across the rockslide that separated them.

His voice was tense with emotion as he cried: "O my love, I thought—you don't know what I have been dreading," he cried, and took her swiftly in his arms.

Her eyes glowed happily and she held up her lips to him.

"We have been wandering for five years, but we are home again at last, dear," she cried.

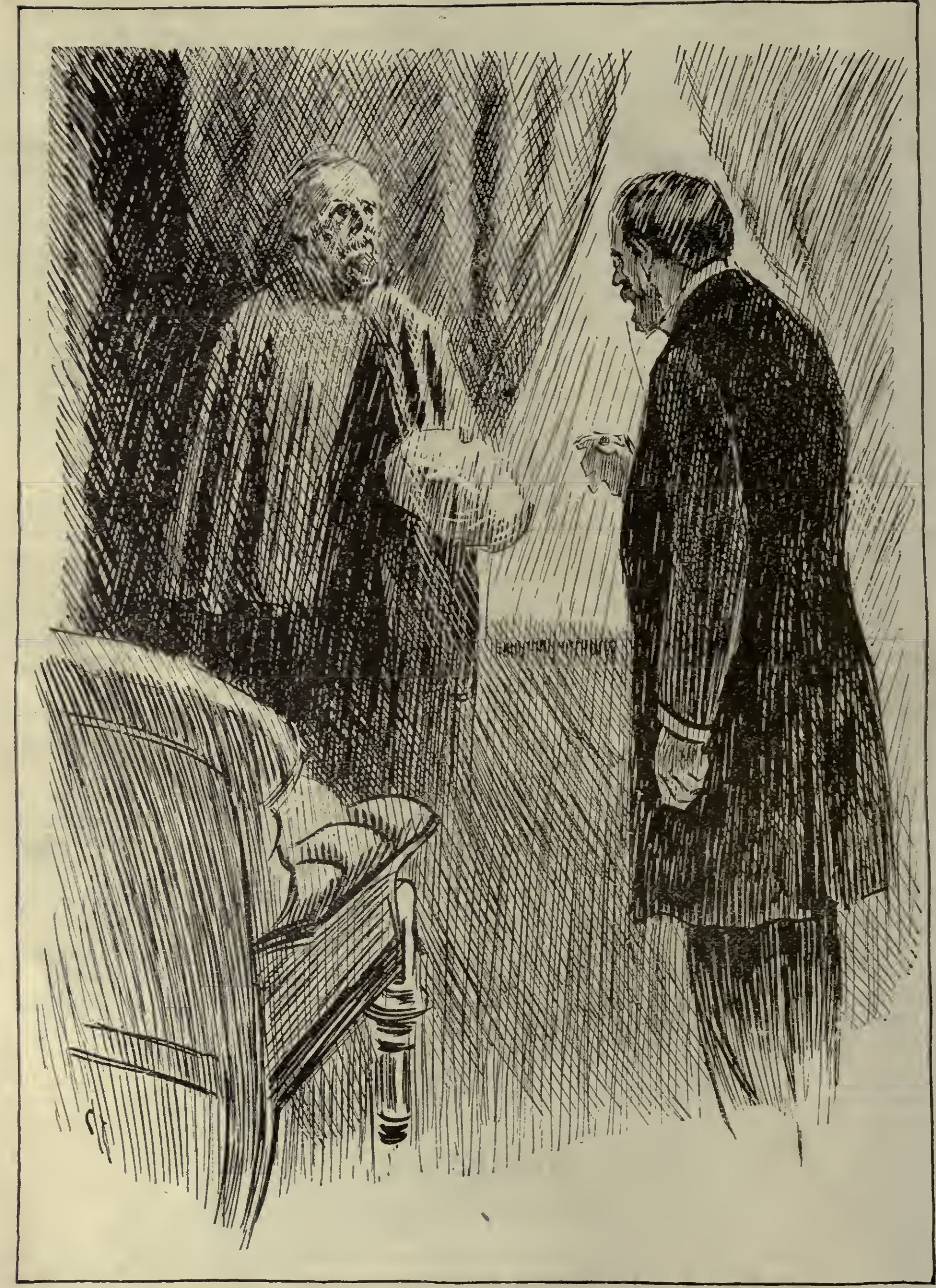
"Yes, at last," he answered, looking into the dear surrendered face he loved.

MARRIAGE

From the book, "Heart Throbs."

Two volumes bound in one complete
With thrilling story old but sweet;
No title needs the cover fair,
Two golden hearts are blended there.

—*Mildred Merle.*

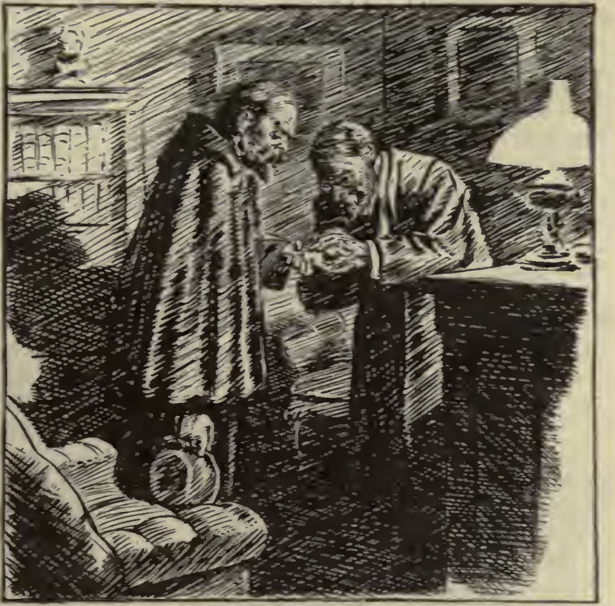


"*In the dim light only a white arm and, if possible, a whiter face were visible.*"

Ap 8 '10

The MAN WITH THE BROKEN ARM

By Andrew Sibbald



THERE are few things more terrible to witness than the spectacle of one whom we have known strong and healthy in the last extremity of a mortal illness, the approaching end clouding the brain and choking the speech, the curtain of death descending swiftly like a pall between him and the world, shutting him off forever.

From such a scene—the sufferer having dropped at last, exhausted, first into incoherent mutterings, and thence into the stillness of deep sleep—I stepped one night into the street, to walk the short distance that divided my house from that of my dying friend.

It was a fearful night: the wind wailed along the deserted pavement. As I neared my own door, a terrific squall came sweeping down, and as I stood still a moment and leant against it as though it was an invisible wall, I heard a door shut with a deep thundering bang in the cellar of some house far up the street. I bent my head to the storm and pushed on. "God have mercy upon the houseless!" said I, as I entered my house and pushed the door against the wind to shut it. I crossed the hall and passed into my library; there stood the lamp where I had left it when I was summoned, and the clock pointing at half-past one seemed to be saying in its tickings: "What a night to die in, what a night to die in!"

I fell into a reverie of another and fairer passing away in the summer light of other days, of a sofa wheeled to a western window, whence dying eyes could look out over the waves of the everlasting sea where the sun had gone down in glory of stillness and darkness and peace, coming down slowly, surely, over the world and over those eyes that looked then their last; and, thought I, as the wind wailed without and the clock kept up its pitiless repetition: "Truly, it is a fearful night for a man to die in, and the deaths of men are as different as their lives."

I was startled from my thoughts by someone ringing an imperious summons at my door. I rose and determined to see for myself who was there. I crossed the hall to the door. There was a lull in the storm when I opened it. A man was there under the portico, who at once addressed me: "Are you a surgeon?" I replied that I was. He stepped in, and I closed the door after him and led him into the library. "I wish you," he said, throwing off his loose cloak with one hand, "to doctor my arm." I now saw that his left arm had nothing upon it but the shirt-sleeve, and hung at his side, obviously broken; the rest of his person was dressed in sombre garments, indistinguishable from the books against which he stood, and in the dim light only a white arm and, if possible, a whiter face were visible.

I opened my mouth to request him to approach the light, but either voice failed me or he did not hear me for the wind and rain that rattled the windows in their sockets, and the white arm and face remained where they were.

I took the lamp and brought it to the string-course of the bookcase close to him, and rolling up the sleeve, found the arm broken a few inches above the wrist. After a careful examination, I explained that it had better be set at once, to which he merely replied, "Very good"; and for half an hour nothing was said on either side as I went at my task with professional promptitude. I could not but admire the perfect composure with which the stranger endured what I knew must have been at certain moments exquisite torture.

When all was completed, the arm fixed immovable, and the cloak thrown over him once more, he passed into the hall. I opened the door and said: "It will require looking at," referring to his arm. "When will you come again?"

"I will come again," he replied, "when our friend is buried."

"What friend?" I gasped.

The light over my door illumined the immovable white features; the lips never stirred, but the eyes looked at me and said: "He whom you had left when I came."

"In the name of God," said I, "who and what are you?"

The stranger made no answer, but throwing his cloak over his mouth, strode away in the darkness.

How long I stood holding the door I do not know; my first conscious act was to hurry up the now quiet street to the house of my dying friend. The wind had now gone down, and the moon seemed to be careering through loose fragments of cloud that the storm had left scattered in its wake. When I reached the house, I found that death had been there before me; my friend had breathed his last about half an hour after I had left him. I asked whether he had been conscious at all before the end, and those about him replied that he had talked with emphasis about some matter that they could not understand, and that he had frequently mentioned some gauntlet about which, as far as they could comprehend, he seemed in great distress. This I attributed at the time to delirium, and after a last sad look at the peaceful face, I returned home sorrowful.

A few days after, the gloomy procession of hearse and carriages started from my friend's house to the cemetery. Chill and cold seemed the chapel as we rose to follow the coffin to the grave, while the white bare walls echoed again to the horrid tramp and scuffle of those who bent under their ghastly burden. As we passed out, a figure stepped from the side of the portico and joined the slow procession. In an instant I recognized the stranger whose arm I had set; he bowed gravely to me, and I returned his salutation. When we reached the grave, he took up a position opposite to myself, and I had leisure to observe, in spite of the ample cloak he wore, that he carried a parcel of some size in his right hand. When all was over, one by one the others departed, till the stranger and myself were left gazing down in silence upon the coffin. He came slowly round and stood by my side, but as I remained motionless and silent, he at last addressed me.

"I wish," he said, "to accompany you to your house; have you your carriage?"

I replied that it was waiting for me at the chapel, and we moved away together in that direction. It was dusk when we reached the carriage and got in.

The horses started for home; and, as it seemed to me in a very few moments, at a very unusual pace. I noticed, however, that rain had begun to fall, and supposed that the coachman was urging them on that account. My attention was quickly absorbed by the conversation of the stranger, who displayed a marvellous power of discourse. Starting, as was natural, upon the subject of death, he spoke of its solitude, in that a man, though followed through life by troops of friends, though caressed and beloved by many or by few, must at the last, when he comes to the gateway of the grave, leave all behind him and pass down in silence, unattended and alone—and I sat and answered him nothing. And as we went on faster and faster through the dark streets, the glimmering lamps threw flying gleams over the white face of the stranger while he talked on with increasing power of the solitude of life; how that, did we but know it, a man was as alone in life as in death, and that none knows, nor ever can know, his neighbor's thoughts, nor his friend's heart of hearts; and I thanked God for that and answered him nothing. And the horses sped on till the steam from them enveloped and bleared the windows so that the lamps, whirling by, sent in no light; and his voice came from the darkness at my side, speaking of the solitude from which we come and to which we return, before and after this life; and because of the power of his words, I was afraid and answered him nothing.

And at my house door I would have bid him be gone in God's name, but that a nameless fear of him prevented me. Coldly I invited him to enter, and we passed together into the house.

In the library, at his request, I examined his arm and did what was necessary to it. When I finished this task, I asked him as politely as I could whether he had any further business with me, to which he replied that he would ask this single favor of me: that, inasmuch as he was leaving the country that night, it would be a kindness to him were I to take charge of a certain parcel which perhaps I had seen he carried, until his return.

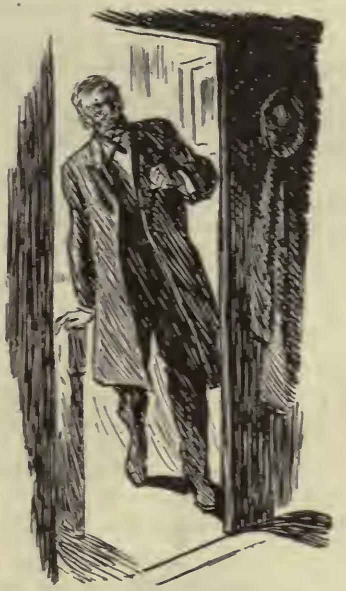
I replied that I should have no objection; and, saying he had left it in the hall, he went out.

In a few moments he returned, saying: "Here it is; it is a gauntlet, for which I shall come to you again." This mention of a gauntlet brought some unformed recollection into my mind as I took it. When I faced him I saw a sight to freeze the blood! The man was holding out toward me the parcel he had carried at the grave side, but—with his broken arm!

I put out my hand in dumb horror to take it; I felt a sudden immense weight that my one hand could not support, and the bundle fell upon the floor between us with a crash. I glanced down at it for a bare moment, looked up and found myself *alone!*

I staggered round, caught sight of my features livid in the mirror, and knew no more till hours later my servants found me stretched at full length upon the rug, slowly recovering from a deep trance.

Before doing anything else, I sent everyone away and examined the bundle that still lay upon the floor of my room. It proved to contain, as he said, an iron gauntlet, but one of such enormous proportions that it was impossible to conceive a human hand gigantic enough to wear it. Where most safely to bestow it was my first thought, for, although the custody of so strange a thing was not of my seeking, I determined faithfully to fulfil my promise to keep it safe. I remember that there was an unused cupboard in the wall behind the head of my own bed upstairs, where it might forever be in perfect safety. I ascended to my bedroom, pulled out the bed, locked the great gauntlet into the cupboard and put the key on my bunch.



"*The closet was absolutely empty.*"

Summer came and went, and the man with the broken arm never came to fetch away his strange possession; time went on, and seasons passed away, till what I have recorded was fading from my memory, when, on the same day of the year, seven years later, after a terrible day's work at the bedside of suffering, I reached my house after midnight, spent and weary. I gave the coachman instructions for the morning, and then, as he drove away, turned to open the door.

Upon the steps, the light over the door falling upon his ashy features, stood a man whom I instantly recognized. I stood where I was in silence.

"I have come," he said quietly, "for that gauntlet"; and I said nothing, but opened the door, and led him, as I had done on the same day seven years before, into my library.

There stood the lamp as before it had stood, the clock pointing to the very hour and minute at which it had pointed before, and the interval of time seemed to have vanished at a stroke.

"Tonight," thought I, as I rang the bell loud and long; "tonight I will not be alone."

"I will fetch it," I said to the stranger, and going out, locked the study door behind me, and waited in the hall for my servant. In a few moments he came hurrying up.

"Now," said I, "stay you at this door and see that the man I have locked in there does not come out." I mounted to my bedroom, and pulled out the bed from the wall, exposing the door of the cupboard. I took the candle and put it on the bed where it would throw its light into the place when opened, unlocked the door, and looked in. It was absolutely empty! With a cry I fled downstairs, and hardly knowing what I did, called on my servant as he valued his life not to let the man escape, turned the key and burst into the library. There was no one there! Shutters barred—door locked—lamp quietly burning—the room—empty.

"You look ill, sir," said my servant.

"Ay," I answered, "I am."

I left the house next day, never to return. But one windy night, not long ago, driving past it, there, on the doorstep under the flickering light, I saw the stranger in his cloak.

"Ah, ah!" said I to myself, laughing, "they will want another tenant there soon."

As we passed on down the street, I lifted the flap behind me in the back of the carriage to take another look at the figure under the lamp, and saw, flat against the glass, close against my own, that terrible face, white and fixed!

ELEGIES AT EVENTIDE

By HENRY YOUNG OSTRANDER

LILAC and mauve and a lavender purple,
  Gleam-lit by a glory of sunset gold;
While afar o'er the hills hangs the violet curtain
  Aflame with the fire that's caught in its fold.

Fond Memory dreams in this twilight hour
  Of the joys so dear that it used to know;
And Hearts love again with their old, sweet power,
  As they live once more in the Long-Ago.

Lilac and mauve and the Soul's mourning purple,
  Softly agleam with the evening gold;
In the dusk of the gloaming, 'neath cypress and myrtle,
  The Spirit's sad Story must ever be told:—
    Love's longing and burning,
    Grief's mourning and yearning,
  Where the gloom and the Glory together enfold!

A Modern Colossus

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHEN entering a modern American city, the features that appeal most strongly to an observer are its big office buildings, its varied industries and its banks, in contradistinction to the European idea of seeking first the handsome cathedral, guided thereto by its towering spires, or perhaps wandering through the mazy aisles of some celebrated picture gallery. However we may repel the thought, there is no denying that the American ideal of achievement today is closely allied with the genius of business. The age of cathedral building has passed, and now human effort is chiefly directed toward the erection of the walls and towers of magnificent temples of industry, and the inherent desire of the race for achievement revels in the splendor of industrial development; therefore, the eye of the modern artist finds wonderful effects of light and shade among the city sky scrapers.

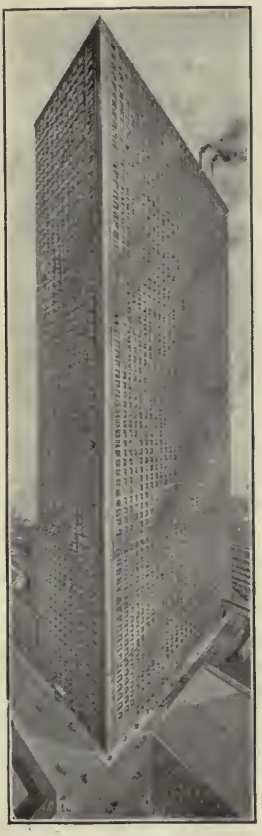
Even in the attire of mankind changed ideals are apparent; the warrior no longer wears a gay uniform, glittering breastplate and helmet of the knight errant, nor even the light rapier of Washington's day. A khaki monotone has replaced "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," even as the business suit of plain tweed and the dark Derby hat have ousted the beautiful coat, with finest lace at the edges of the sleeves, the embroidered waistcoat and the plumed hat that were in vogue one hundred years ago.

* * * *

Absorbed in some such reflections I dropped off at St. Louis, and made straight for the sign of the "Keen Kutter," where, indeed, my theories seemed fully verified, for the battle axe of the medieval warrior remains only as incorporated in the heraldic trade-mark of a great modern business enterprise. Here the suggestion of the red man's tomahawk and the pioneer's axe, those small but especially practical weapons, was apropos. This trade-mark, today one of the best known in all lands, is stamped and imprinted upon goods that find a market in all parts of the world.

Looking down Ninth Street, I saw a group of buildings, on which the name "SIMMONS" stood out in bold relief, captioning the largest hardware stores in the world; for the Simmons Hardware Company has a trade development of such wonderful proportions that American literature would be incomplete if it did not record so great an industrial institution. Its founder and head, Mr. E. C.

Copyright 1909, *Simmons Hardware Co.*
E. C. SIMMONS
The founder of the greatest hardware sales organization in the world



An example of what the many buildings of the Simmons Hardware Co. would look like if combined in one—700 feet high and 190x225 feet ground area.

Simmons, has been more than a half century in the hardware trade, and is without doubt the best-known man in that branch of commerce today.

If the floor space occupied by all the buildings of the company should be incorporated into one and erected upon the site of their main offices it would look like the accompanying illustration and rise seventy stories high; or, if built in a one-story structure, it would spread over thirty-five acres.

* * *

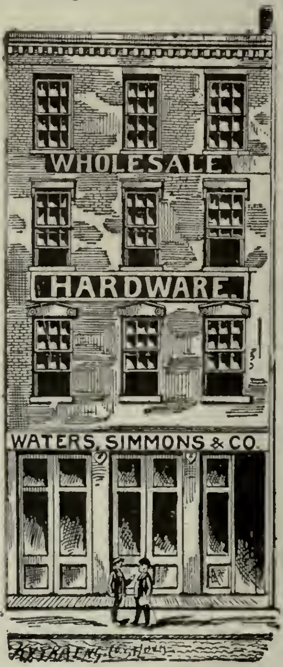
Whenever I see a hardware store, large or small, I think of dear old Ben Stanton's corner shop in the village of my youthful days, where the nail kegs under the counter held all sizes from threepenny to the most pretentious spikes; the shelves were covered with a heterogeneous variety of articles that were the wonder and delight of my boyish curiosity. Here the farmers habitually met and solemnly talked over the prospects of their crops, or the politics of the nation, incidentally buying tenpenny nails, axes, hammers and saws, and occasionally a new hinge for the barn door. No other trade, perhaps, is quite so essentially associated with the nation's growth; for neither house, gate, barn, fence or cradle can be made without hardware. Talk about the value of trifles—a hardware store is the place wherein this truism is exemplified. I have always thought that some hardware merchant must have suggested to Benjamin Franklin that impressive bit of verse:

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe the horse was lost;
For want of a horse the rider was lost;
For want of a rider the battle was lost;
For want of a battle the nation was lost—
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail."

Not even the modern application of stone, brick and concrete can do away with the need of hardware, while buildings of fireproof, steel-frame construction are a practical development of that same hardware trade on a gigantic scale.

* * * *

As he enters the Simmons Hardware Store in St. Louis the visitor is greeted by a pleasant-faced young man who seems glad to see him. On a stand confronting the doorway, the mammoth catalog of the company shows illustrations, descriptions and prices of all commodities carried by the Simmons Hardware Company. This, the largest book of its kind in the world, registers over 79,000 separate articles, all illustrated, some in beautiful colors. This book contains more words than Shakespeare ever penned. Even the largest dictionary would be hard pressed to equal its number of words. This catalog is the numerical exponent fitly representing the present development of the Simmons hardware trade. A single glance at the giant book carried me back to the days when a representative of the company called periodically on Ben Stanton, laid just such a volume on the counter and whisked the pages to and fro as Ben made selections to stock his shelves. Today nearly



Birthplace of "Keen Kutter" in 1863

four hundred traveling salesmen represent this company in all parts of the United States, as well as Europe, Asia, Africa, South America and Australasia. These great books are carried by them in addition to samples, each salesman's volume being made up with loose leaves so that new lines may be added to show improvements or changes in price, without making a reprint of the entire page necessary. The hardware trade is singularly complicated, for every price is based on a system of discounts; that is, the standard price usually remains the same, but the discounts vary.

KEEN KUTTER
KEEN KUTTER

Entrance to general offices

The Simmons catalog was the first one published that fully explained every detail of every article—not only the width, style and size, but an accurate illustration as well. Here indeed is the literature of trade; and it seemed to me that if every hardware dealer would keep that catalog on a conspicuous stand in his store, where it could be easily examined by his customers, there would be little likelihood of the farmers buying from mail order concerns. If assured of free reference to such an unabridged and trustworthy authority, farmers would habitually come to the hardware store, sit down and make selections at ease, enjoying the assurance of getting exactly what was wanted without substitution, and articles of guaranteed quality. The time is coming when there will be as great a demand for such a work of reference as there now is for the city directory, or the local telephone book; and I am convinced that the Simmons Hardware Catalog will soon be found in every hardware store as a matter of course. Illustrating all hardware from the smallest tack to the electric crane—capable of raising tons of material—this catalog is as representative of the hardware trade as a city directory is of "all sorts and conditions of men."

In this encyclopedia of hardware supplies everything is so exactly indexed that it can be found at once, and the man in search of carpenters' goods or any other specialty can see at a glance just what he wants by consulting "the silent salesman." I was not

E. C. SIMMONS
KEEN KUTTER
TOOLS AND CUTLERY OF AMERICA

The Big Book Authority—the standard in the hardware trade of America

surprised when I learned that many orders intended for mail-order houses are daily being cancelled after the intending purchasers have consulted the Simmons Big Book.

In one department of the store I noticed that prices on all goods were swiftly found by means of a new indexing device, which enables the deft-fingered young men to slip over the pages and find the desired place in an incredibly short time. This guide on the edges of the leaves holds them so that they can be handled in half the time needed to turn over those of an ordinary book.

A large printing establishment is operated by the company, and their bulletins are issued almost with the regularity of a daily newspaper. As changes in prices occur they are printed and forwarded to the salesmen to incorporate in their catalogs. A little red or blue mark in the corner of the page indicates whether or not to put an extra "push" on a certain line of goods.

* * * *

The "Keen Kutter" trade-mark came by process of evolution. Mr. Simmons was buying a line of well-known axes and could not obtain them at the price he thought he ought to pay, so he immediately decided on getting out a guaranteed brand for himself. One night the name "Keen Kutter," came to him; the combination of the two sharp "K" sounds, suggesting the cough and cut of the woodsman's axe, was a happy thought, and this unique use of the initial letters soon attracted attention. Interest was substantiated by the sterling quality of the goods, and now it is always understood that O. K. and Keen Kutter are synonymous expressions.

Starting with axes, the line has grown to include all edge tools, both mechanics' and carpenters' tools, and typifies the highest product in hardware. It tells a story of long, hard work; of many experiments; of much intelligent thought, of original ideas.

The line stands absolutely alone; nowhere else is such a line to be found; so well balanced, harmonizing thoroughly, and of uniform excellence. There has been but one thought in the manufacture of "Keen Kutters," that of merit; continual improvement and insistence on the best—nothing short of that is satisfactory.

All conventional ideas and conditions have been thrown aside, and always original ways

Axe-handling department—an innovation that revolutionized the business. The first idea in selling axes with handles was originated by Mr. E. C. Simmons.

and methods have been sought to still further improve the line in quality, in finish, appearance and design.

A most intelligent, systematic and continuous plan of advertising carries the story of desirability of "Keen Kutter" goods to everybody, everywhere. It is a continuous performance—no breaks, no intermissions, and there is always something attractive upon the stage.

The phrase—"The recollection of quality remains long after the price is forgotten"—also originated with this firm, and has become the Simmons slogan, far-reaching as any pibroch that ever thrilled along the purple heather of the Scotch Highlands, and as axiomatic as that other expression originated by Mr. E. C. Simmons—"The first duty of a jobber is to help his customer to prosper."

* * * *

In one department of the store the keen-eyed buyers of the firm were at work, looking over goods sent from their Eastern factories; when approved by these experts, the various articles are packed in neat wooden boxes, marked with the "Keen Kutter" trademark, and are forwarded to the various markets demanding these goods. The American people have come to recognize this mark as a standard of quality, and after the salesman has placed his first order with a dealer, the demand for the line is continuous—the best

1. The Walden factory; employs 535 skilled workmen, where "Keen Kutter" pocket knives are made. 2. Water pow Water power is used for both factories. 3. Location of "Keen Kutter" tool factory among New Hampshire Hills

Inspecting Room—where all goods short of perfection are rejected

assurance of re-orders being the superlative quality of these goods.

Its varied and enormous stock shows that the Simmons Hardware Company comprehends the needs and wishes of the people and anticipates them. It also seems to have the faculty of knowing when things are going out of date, or when they have had their day, and consequently drops them, saving space that would otherwise be taken on the shelves and in the pages of the catalog. In other words, their stock consists of "Is-ers" and "Going-to-bes" without the "Has-Beens."

Their fortunate location of headquarters in St. Louis, the center of the constructive area of the Middle West, enables them to keep in touch with the needs of the trade all over the country, and their output has practically no territorial limitations. Many branch houses are being placed in the principal distributing points throughout the country, and Mr. W. D. Simmons constantly keeps in touch with men and affairs of importance, and spends his entire time looking after the increasing possibilities of the trade, which already aggregates eighteen million dollars, or more.

"Keen Kutter"
hatchet used
31 years

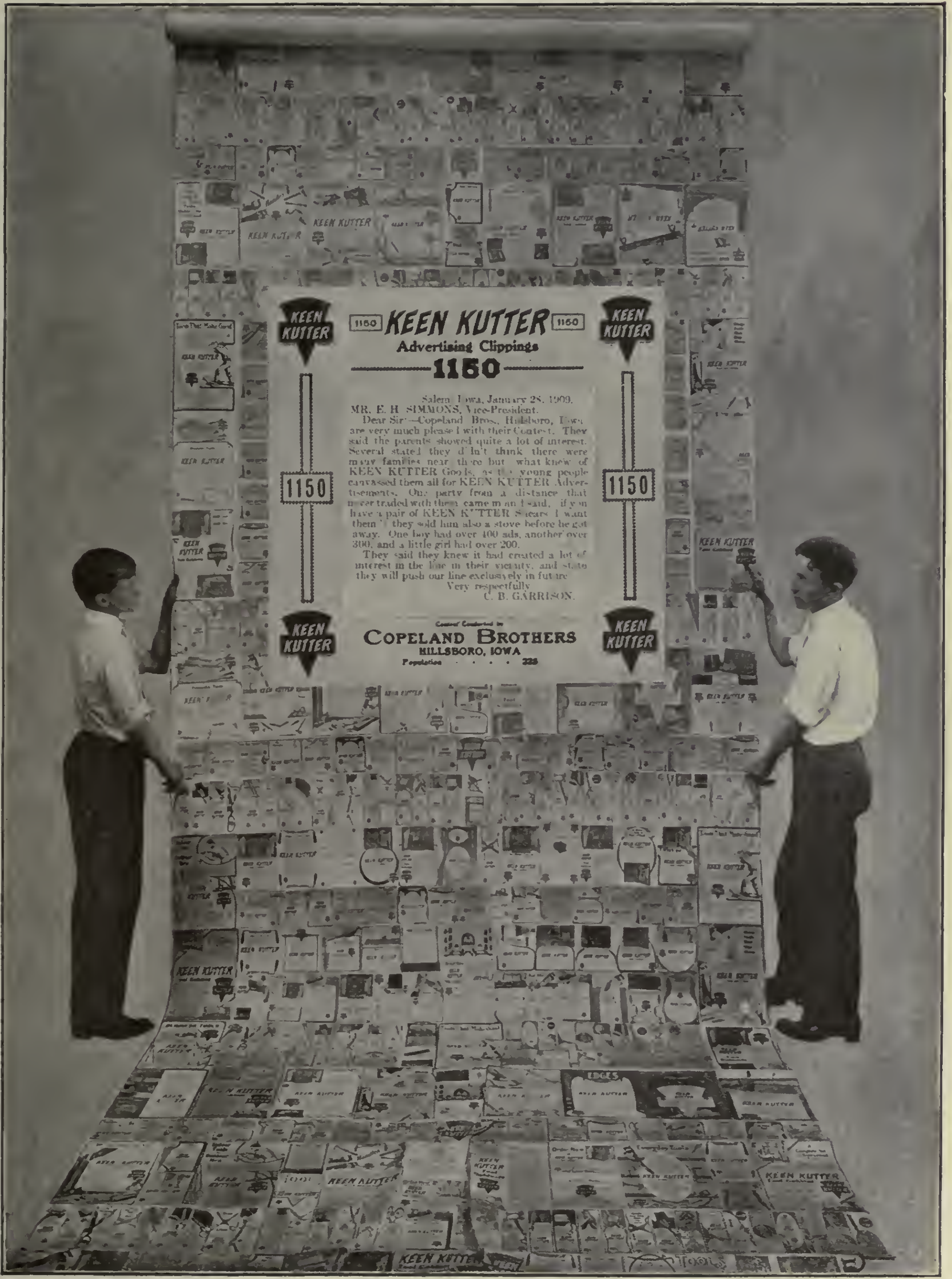
T. B. LONG HARDWARE COMPANY
27 and 29 East Washington Street
PHOENIX, ARIZ.

January 11, 1901.

MESSRS. SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: This hatchet was bought by J. B. Long of a Mr. Pierson (who ran a store in Breckenridge, Mo.) in 1872. In December of the same year it was taken to Grand Rapids, Mich., in 1878 it was carried to Manistee, Mich., in 1881 to Fresno, Cal.; in 1883 to Phoenix, Ariz., and again, in 1885 it was carried to Fresno, Cal.; in 1886 it was again taken to Phoenix, Ariz., and has been in constant use as a household tool for the entire time. The handle in the hatchet is the original one—it never having been broken, and the hatchet has been used by three generations.

Yours truly,
J. B. LONG.



1150 KEEN KUTTER 1150

Advertising Clippings

—1150—

Salem, Iowa, January 28, 1909.

MR. E. H. SIMMONS, Vice-President.

Dear Sir:—Copeland Bros., Hillsboro, Iowa are very much pleased with their Contest. They said the parents showed quite a lot of interest. Several stated they didn't think there were many families near there but what knew of KEEN KUTTER Goods, as the young people canvassed them all for KEEN KUTTER Advertisements. One party from a distance that never traded with them came in and said, "if you have a pair of KEEN KUTTER Shears I want them"; they sold him also a stove before he got away. One boy had over 400 ads, another over 300, and a little girl had over 200.

They said they knew it had created a lot of interest in the line in their vicinity, and state they will push our line exclusively in future.

Very respectfully

C. B. GARRISON.

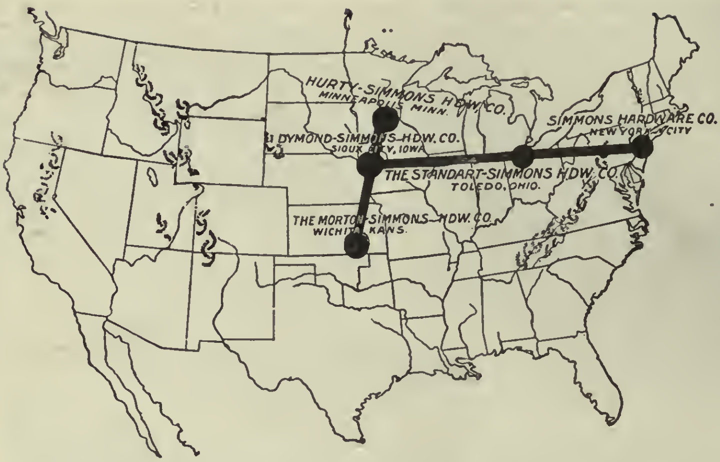
Contest Conducted by

COPELAND BROTHERS

HILLSBORO, IOWA

Population 325

In a little town of only 325 inhabitants these 1150 "Keen Kutter" advertisements were found and clipped from magazines, trade journals and newspapers. It is conclusive evidence that "a most systematic and continuous plan of advertising carries the story of desirability of Keen Kutter goods to everybody, everywhere."



Cross-cutting the area of distribution—local houses insure quick deliveries to dealers

An incident was related to me in Denver which may explain why the branch houses of the company came to be located. A dealer in North Dakota was called upon years ago by a Simmons representative, and while he preferred "Keen Kutter" goods, he explained that he was building a ten thousand dollar home and could not then afford to carry a large stock of goods in his store.

While the quality of the "Keen Kutter" was better and the prices quite as satisfactory, it seemed expedient to send frequent small orders to Sioux City because they could be procured in less time and at less expense for freight than from St. Louis.

There was logic in the dealer's arguments, and it was not long before several local houses of the company were centrally located at such points as Minneapolis, Sioux City, Wichita, Toledo and New York City, and these are now distributing warehouses for their respective territories. In this connection perhaps birth was given to two business maxims—one, which Mr. E. C. Simmons gave to his customers, "Buy often in small quantities;" and the other, "Promptness is the essence of good business," he posted in every part of his great establishment.

Perhaps no other rule are the employes urged to regard more strictly than immediate attention to all orders and inquiries. Fully ninety-five per cent. of all orders are filled the day they are received, and it is an invariable rule that every inquiry about prices on prospective orders must be answered by return mail. What is more, the invoices are priced and bills mailed to reach the buyers when, or before, the goods come in.

It means much to a country merchant, whose knowledge of finance must of necessity be limited, to have the personal interest and attention that is given him by this company, especially in times of doubt and business depression. In the dark days of the panics of '73, '93 and '07, many a retail merchant was saved from ruin by the kindly advice

"Lockesburg," Ark., September 7, 1905.

To Whom it May Concern:

This is to certify that with this "Little Keen Kutter" knife alone, four prisoners cut their way to Liberty at Lockesburg, Arkansas, on or about the first day of April, 1905. The said prisoners were confined in Pauley steel cells, and in order to accomplish their escape it was necessary for them to cut the shackles on two large jail locks, and this they did.

Said prisoners would have escaped, but just as they succeeded in cutting their way out the Deputy Sheriff arrived on the scene and apprehended them, taking from them their only weapon, "This Little Keen Kutter" with which they had cut their way out.

W. F. THOMAS,
Deputy Sheriff, —— County, Arkansas.

Bridge between storage warehouse and shipping station. Incoming and outgoing freight resembles a busy city street

and admonitions of the far-seeing business man at the helm of the Simmons Hardware Company, who had trimmed sail and made everything fast before the financial storm broke upon his ship.

It was a matter of comment many years ago, when the house was first coming into prominence, that its success, at which all wondered and some caviled, was due to organization and discipline. This was only half the truth, since it takes a master mind to perfect an organization and discipline such as has accomplished the substantial success of this company. Probably in no other organization in the world are the results of personality, knowledge of human nature and sentient forecast of coming conditions more conspicuous than in the last fifty years' history of Mr. E. C. Simmons at the head of the Simmons Hardware Company. And, as is the power that is sometimes seen in a great master of learning—the power to fire the spirit of emulation in his boys and girls—so have the precepts and example of their employer seemed to energize those connected with the house from office boy to chief clerk.

Seventh floor of warehouse—extending three city blocks

Everywhere is the spirit of enthusiasm—the spirit of belief in the honor of the house and its methods. It is the spirit which cannot be bought, cannot be imitated, but is the inoculation, or the inspiration, of the genius of one man.

Mr. Simmons' methods have not only been original, but most simple; so simple that some theorists have failed to recognize their value. He has inculcated upon his salesmen and office force alike the merits of early rising, of tact, good nature, of knowing how to deal with men—when to be aggressive, when to be patient—of setting a high standard and living up to it day by day, of getting the confidence of customers, and most of all, of keeping up good courage under discouraging circumstances, realizing that intelligent, systematic work will always win in the long run.

Every valuable suggestion or piece of information coming from the company's salesmen or other employes is utilized; the alertness and aggressiveness of the entire force is apparent in some of the specialties put out from time to time. Take the "Keen Kutter" Safety Razor; its excellence won popularity because it filled a long-felt want. The same is true of the Combination Tool Cabinets, which have done so much toward the industrial education of boys. The lads don't waste time now with discouraging toy tools, but are stimulated to make useful articles with "real" tools, "just like father's." Those little chests reminded me of how I struggled years ago to secure several subscribers for the *Youth's Companion* that I might get a toy tool chest. If I were a boy again, I would be ready to canvass the country for miles around, barefooted if necessary—to possess such an outfit as is now contained in one of these superb "Keen Kutter" tool cabinets.

Portion of Sales Department—where quotations are made and special inquiries answered the day received

* * * *

In every department of this establishment there was alert activity that inspired enthusiasm; it is quite evident that the president of the Prosperity League and founder of the Simmons Hardware Company is also dean of a university of salesmanship, for this modern art is highly developed in this firm. The letters and bulletins sent out by Mr. Simmons to his traveling men are veritable classics, wherein he outlines every detail necessary to the securing of an order or the holding of a customer. The two great principles of creating desire and satisfying it are thoroughly understood by him. In one little paragraph he says: "Keep your eyes open in listing long orders. Suggest to the dealers just what their stocks lack; put yourselves in their places; don't merely ask: 'Is there anything more?' but suggest articles they ought to have."

Mr. W. D. Simmons, the present head of this company, takes infinite pains to keep in touch with the personality of each traveling man, and through him with each customer. On the wall in his office is a large map of the United States of America and of Mexico, on which little round cards of different colors are placed, indicating the territory of the traveling men of the various departments. Thus, St. Louis and environment might be marked with blue, Toledo with red, Minneapolis with brown cards, New York with green. On each of these distinguishing marks is a portrait of the traveling man, and a little colored arrow pointing upward means that his sales are rising; should the arrow point downward, it tells a mournful tale of decreasing sales. The colors also have a significance as to the profits on the goods sold. An accurate account of all individual sales is kept. Every encouragement is given to the Simmons salesmen, whose revolutionary and active methods are proverbial throughout the country. They are salesmen, keen observers and scouts of industry; their reports on crop conditions and other matters of importance have been so accurate that it has been possible to forecast the future of various sections as accurately as though information had been obtained from a government expert. These returns are frequently revised and verified, especially on the wheat, corn and cotton crops, which are regarded as the barometers of prosperity. Upon the deductions drawn from these reports are based the company's orders for goods to be delivered for the following season. Last year a forecast was made, purely for business reasons, of political conditions months before election time; the prediction was remarkably accurate concerning every state.

No time for frivolity. The bills and dray tickets must be made out quickly

In some instances the salesmen are face-

Where goods are assembled and packed up for shipment

tiously classified as "long horns" and "short horns," and they are moved up and down the list from the "muley" to the "long horn," which latter title is coveted because it stands for big orders. One "long horn" has visited nearly every country in the world and has sold "Keen Kutter" goods even in Sheffield, England, and in Amsterdam; the Simmons standard of quality enabling the salesmen to dispose of their goods in any market.

The bulletins issued by the president only for the private perusal of his traveling men are unique literature; and it is a loss to the public that these will never be printed for general circulation. They are "heart to heart" talks between the head of the house and his salesmen. An opening paragraph starts somewhat like this: "Orders galore;

Cupples Station, the only one of its kind in the world—where shipments of goods are delivered to the railroad companies and their receipts taken

DL B man
Alb n
Bros.
Cherokee
Iowa
Rapids

One of many busy packing rooms—Lamp and Tinware Departments

morning after morning, coming thick and fast—sorry to say many are small, some bob-tailed, and too many are coming from short horns."

Another department maintains a correspondence with every retailer. It is known how he is situated in regard to business matters, and in just what condition he is financially; whether he has suffered by fire, or lost a member of his family. In any case he is made to feel that the company is interested in his welfare, and it is not surprising that many retail hardware dealers are identifying themselves more closely with the Simmons Hardware Company and are calling their places of business, "Keen Kutter Stores." It is understood that such a sign over a hardware store indicates a high grade of goods within.

Cupples Station—Loading Platform

KEEN
KUTTER

Panoramic view of Sales, Traffic

In the office of the vice-president, Mr. E. H. Simmons, I noted another evidence of this personal and kindly interest, when I was privileged to read a letter written to Mr. I. W. Morton—one of the early members of the firm, who died some years ago—by his partner, Mr. E. C. Simmons. Every line breathed that tender friendship which springs direct from the heart, and which is not often found to exist among business men. It was one of the sweetest, most sympathetic missives I ever saw in any commercial office, and exhibited another side of the character of Mr. E. C. Simmons, a man of high ideals, firm purpose and indomitable power.

Every department in that great store had something of peculiar interest. I paused to watch with delight the "Keen Kutter" mail opener, grinding off the edges of the envelopes with a sandpaper belt. It had opened 10,000 letters the day that I was there; having been opened by this rapid device, the mail matter is distributed into a circular sorting "post office" and then dispatched to the various departments, where each letter receives quick attention. It was equally interesting to watch the automatic machines sealing the letters for the outgoing mail. No time is lost in answering a letter when received, and the utmost celerity is shown in getting outgoing letters into Uncle Sam's mail bags.

Private telegraph wires run into the office; local and long distance telephone booths are conveniently located in all parts of the establishment, showing the modernity with which this business is conducted.

In another department I saw the carefully tabulated crop and trade information from each state; everything is classified in such a way that any desired item can be looked up in a few moments. In one corner were Ohio records; in another, New England; in another, Kansas—every state was represented—a veritable national institution. Salesmen seemed to vie with each other in sending in five and seven page orders for supplies of "Keen Kutter" hardware. I bethought me that some novelist is missing a glorious opportunity in not writing about the romance of such a great business house.

"GOOD SERVICE"
E.C. SIMMONS
KEEN KUTTER

The novel sanded belt mail opener—averaging 10,000 letters a day

and Billing Departments. Seventh floor

Like Columbus, the Simmons Hardware people are determined to "sail on" in every department. The forward movement is evidenced in the typewriting department by a sort of cyclometer fitted on every machine; it registers every line, and workers are paid by the quantity of work done, with due deductions for errors. Men stenographers don't pause to chew tobacco; the girls don't stop to arrange their hair—no plans for the evening are made, but there is an incessant *qui vive*, like contestants for the "hundred-yards dash," and fingers gallop unceasingly over the keyboards. "No room for shiftless trifling here," murmured I, as I watched.

* * * *

Since 1896 the active management of this great establishment has been taken upon themselves by the three sons. Mr. W. D.

KEEN KUTTER
GUNS
"GUNS"

Dressed window models—Illustrations mailed to all retail hardware dealers

Simmons, as president of the company, manages the financial affairs and has charge of all local branches. As vice-presidents, his brothers, E. H. Simmons, in charge of the mail order department, advertising, printing, etc., and George W. Simmons, giving his personal attention to the traffic end of the business, i.e., the incoming and outgoing merchandise, exemplify the adage that "in unity there is strength." Fully equal to the trust that their father has transferred to them, their most heartfelt wish is that complete rest, after so many years of successful activity, may prolong the life of their honored sire for many years to come.

G.W. SIMMONS, Vice Pres.
AND TRAFFIC MANAGER

COPYRIGHT · 1909.
SIMMONS HARDWARE CO.

W.D. SIMMONS, Pres.
SIMMONS HARDWARE CO.

E.H. SIMMONS, Vice Pres.
MANAGER MAIL ORDERS –
ADVERTISING, PRINTING, etc.

The great success of the Prosperity League of 1908 will always be associated with the name of Mr. E. C. Simmons. His courage in facing depression and fighting for prosperity in the teeth of the 1907–08 panic was a rare evidence of patriotism. There were obstacles to overcome, but Mr. E. C. Simmons called together the more optimistic and courageous of St. Louis' business men, with the result that in one day over 18,000 people were re-employed by St. Louis houses, and millions in wholesale orders were placed simultaneously with different firms. This did much to bring back confidence, and that was really all that was needed. No other one thing could have done so much to hasten the return of normal conditions, and the splendid, united efforts of the business men and manufacturers of St. Louis are an object lesson that will long be remembered by the nation.

On "Re-employment Day" the Simmons Hardware Company alone mailed orders to factories for $1,000,000 worth of goods, being chiefly small articles that would later be distributed over a wide area—and this was but a single act on the part of one American firm of patriots.

When the romance of commerce is written, it will be seen that the modern commercial republic is not less fruitful in proofs of patriotism than were those republics over whose history the flight of centuries has thrown the twilight glamour of the past. When the historian and the poet tell the story of these days, such lines will be penned that even the story of "How well Horatius held the bridge" will lose its time-honored place in the heart of the schoolboy, who will prefer, when he mounts the school rostrum, to tell "How brave St. Louis saved the day in the panic year nineteen-o-seven," and the patriotic merchants and manufacturers of that city will be regarded as national heroes.

THE POWER OF PUBLIC CONFIDENCE

By MITCHELL MANNERING

THE name of George Bruce Cortelyou is closely associated with those of four great men of the nation—Cleveland, McKinley, Hanna and Roosevelt; in his work connected with their distinguished careers, as in all his governmental service and business enterprise, the name Cortelyou has always inspired confidence in the hearts of his fellowmen—in fact, Cortelyou and confidence have become almost synonymous terms in the minds of the American people. Serving directly under three Presidents, his personality has always stood out in strong relief, and throughout all his activities, no matter how busy he might be, he never forgot to see that everyone was fairly treated, and that equal courtesy was meted out to all alike—he was the first to insist that business courtesy, urbanity and amenity should characterize public service at the Capitol.

Probably no man in the service of the government has been so sedulously careful to secure accuracy in every statement made under his supervision, and instances are known where he took pains to send, at his own expense, telegrams of a hundred words in length, in order to correct statements and avoid misunderstandings.

Unlike many of his predecessors in office, he adopted strictly business methods in all his work as the secretary of three Presidents—Cleveland, McKinley and Roosevelt. Mr. Cortelyou has also held three cabinet positions—Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Postmaster General, and Secretary of the Treasury—achieving distinction in each and reversing the usual course of a successful political career. Such men commonly begin in commercial life and then round out a successful business record by taking public office, but Mr. Cortelyou, beginning at the very bottom of the ladder in Washington, has relinquished his political prospects to become the head of a great business institution.

At Irving Place, near Fourteenth Street, New York City, near the old historic Academy of Music, I found the headquarters of the Consolidated Gas Company, in whose front office hundreds of people daily come and go, paying bills and receiving refunds. This is the largest gas company that has ever existed—in fact, it closely rivals in importance the giant steel corporation and other large enterprises handling millions of dollars; it includes all the gas companies in Manhattan—the New York Mutual, Standard Gas Light, Westchester Lighting, United Electric Light & Power, New Amsterdam Gas, East River Gas Company of Long Island City, Central Union Gas, Northern Union Gas, Astoria Heat, Light & Power and New York Edison Companies. It has a capital of $100,000,000.

President Cortelyou took over charge of these vast interests in the latter part of March last, assuming control just after the Supreme Court decision established an eighty-cent gas rate in New York; it has been under his incumbency that the larger part of the $12,000,000, which had been collected on gas bills at the dollar rate pending the decision, has been refunded. Over $9,000,000 of this money has already been returned to consumers, and the work is proceeding at the rate of $500,000 per week, the refunds being paid as promptly as the agents can verify and report on the rightful claimants.

The thing that most impresses the visitor making his way through the throngs crowding the threshold is that there appears to be a new relation established between the public and the corporation. Throughout the establishment such courtesy and consideration are shown to all comers as are tendered to customers by the salesmen in a first-class store, where goods are for sale, and the comfort and convenience of the public are considered as a pre-eminent business proposition, just as important as the acquisition of new patrons or the prompt collection of bills. Regardless of social standing or amount due on monthly bills for services, the most courteous consideration is shown to all comers at the offices of the Consolidated Gas Company.

The first purpose of Mr. Cortelyou was to establish good relations with the public—the patrons of his company; he felt it to be of the utmost importance that the confidence of the people should be gained in order that they might co-operate in the plans for the future. Mr. Cortelyou's plans are still in their infancy, and how well they are maturing only those who are familiar with all the details of the work know. His energies are concentrated on the improvement of all relations with the public, especially in regard to reducing unnecessary expenses and giving everyone the best possible value for money expended.

This largest gas company of the world produces fifteen billion cubic feet per year, being about 40,000,000 feet per day, and recent reports and investigations of the company show that gas is rapidly becoming a great, cheap and popular substitute for other fuels. For general purposes it is claimed as the most economical fuel at present known, and its popularity as fuel is proven by the fact that only about one-third of the gas consumed in twenty-four hours is used for lighting, indicating that fully two-thirds of the gas burned in New York is used in the day time. In a recent "gas census" it was found that out of 9,500 apartment houses visited ninety per cent. used gas exclusively for fuel. On the contrary, reports on electric light show an increase in night consumption, and also that it is being used more generally than ever as an illuminant. A goodly portion of the stock of the Consolidated Gas Company is held by trust estates, and Mr. Cortelyou feels that his responsibility to his employers is best fulfilled by making the company a popular and efficient institution of the Giant City of the world. A corporation should be organized fundamentally on a democratic basis, and his idea is to bring company and consumer into closer touch, eliminating by a more perfect understanding all waste and friction, and benefiting alike stockholder, company and consumer.

Coming directly from his work in Washington to become the head of this great business, Mr. Cortelyou is conducting a private corporation on the basis of a public-utility organization by methods that are truly characteristic. Already the spirit of friendliness and co-operation, uniting the Consolidated Gas Company with its patrons, offers an object lesson proving that when fair play is assured to company and clients alike all need for the old-time friction is at an end. Mr. Cortelyou believes in absolute candor, and tells the whole truth about assets and profits. He will have an efficient organization, through which the people can obtain the greatest possible value and most perfect service for their money in return for their confidence in and co-operation with the Consolidated Gas Company.

Such management of a large corporation opens up wonderful and unforeseen vistas. His methods are as far in advance of former business procedure as our modern system of lighting is ahead of the feeble ray of the tallow dip, with its little circle of light, barely enough to permit two people to read or sew. Even the good grandmother who refused to have gas in her house, declaring that she "would not tempt Providence by taking her life in her hand every hour, and incurring the constant risk of explosion," would have accepted and rejoiced in the better illumination of her rooms if she could have purchased gas from a company as reliable as one operated on Cortelyou's methods. Street car passengers may now ride as far for five cents as they did years ago for fifty; advantages enjoyed by gas users have increased in equal ratio but "the best is yet to be—the last for which the first was made." With a complete understanding between producer and consumer, every citizen will have the benefit of every improvement and every invention put forth by the brains of the nation. Modern business men regard these as national assets on which every individual ought to receive a dividend in some form.

The bright, well-lit home is now the rule, not the exception, and the workingman of today has better light to read or work by than the millionaires of half a century ago. The real object of organization is attained, for an invention that benefits only a few of the privileged class is hardly worth having; the more widely it is distributed, the more truly it is the possession of the nation.

* * *

In the same cool-headed, kindly way in which Mr. Cortelyou is today managing the Consolidated Gas Company, he took up, years ago, the organization of new governmental departments. One of the most interesting tasks ever assigned to him was the organization of the Department of Commerce and Labor, from foundation to rooftree, and that department will always be associated with the name of George Bruce Cortelyou.

Perhaps his greatest public record was made as Secretary of the Treasury, when his coolness and firmness averted one of the most disastrous panics that ever threatened the country. During those few days, Mr. Cortelyou lived years, never for a moment shirking the responsibility thrown upon him. The President was absent, the cabinet scattered, so that he was practically alone at Washington, grasping firmly the severed arteries of finance that threatened to drain the life blood of our national prosperity.

Though I have seen and known him in all phases of his career—when he was a clerk in the post office, when he served three Presidents and filled three of the most responsible cabinet positions, when as Chairman of the Republican National Committee he led his party to victory in 1904, and today as head of the largest public-utility corporation of New York—never have I more enjoyed being with him than when, on that memorable day at Exeter, together we watched the ball game in which his son participated as pitcher and manager of the team on the day of his graduation. Together we wandered over the old campus associated with the memory of Webster; together we noted the splendid young fellows there, brown-armed, bare-headed, active, wide-awake. Later at the station we saw the same lads toss their grips about like rubber balls, glad to be going home, but full of loyalty to "dear old Exeter." That day Mr. Cortelyou showed not only his keen interest in education, but his hearty, affectionate sympathy with the young men of America.

As executor of the McKinley estate, yet another side of his character is revealed. For years he has been gathering material for a McKinley Memorial Biography, to be published some years hence. He has aided greatly in raising the McKinley Memorial Fund, which now amounts to $675,000 for the memorial proper, in addition to a fund for its perpetual care and maintenance. Speaking of this work, he paid a hearty tribute to his associates, describing them as "the finest lot of business men who ever came together."

The career of President Cortelyou shows his marked ability to adapt himself to whatever conditions of work may come his way. Though still a young man, his career furnishes an interesting example of the possibilities of American life, and has proved an inspiration to a greater number of young men than will ever be known. His intimate association with the McKinley administration identifies his career with one of the most thrilling and pathetic periods of American history. If questioned, Mr. Cortelyou would say that there is nothing in his public life that he treasures more than his memories of his association with the beloved chief, and those who know him best realize that he regards it as a high privilege to have been permitted to serve, faithfully and well, so great a man as William McKinley.

BUILD A LITTLE FENCE

From the book "Heart Throbs."

Build a little fence of trust
Around today;
Fill the space with loving work
And therein stay;
Look not between the shelt'ring bars
Upon tomorrow,
But take whatever comes to thee
Of joy or sorrow.

What West Virginia is Doing!

Figures that show the remarkable growth and development of a great state, and the opportunities that it offers.

AREA (miles)	24,715
Longest line east to west	274
Longest line north to south	245
POPULATION	1,250,000
NAVIGABLE RIVERS (miles)	600
Ohio	300
Monongahela, Little Kanawha, Great Kanawha, and Big Sandy—Locks and dams —	300
RAILROAD MILEAGE	4,000
Three trunk lines from east to west. Two additional roads to Atlantic seaboard. Two additional lines to lakes. Four routes from south to north.	
COAL PRODUCED LAST YEAR (tons)	50,000,000
Transportation charges	$100,000,000
Wages paid miners	30,000,000
Number workers	60,000
Dependent on workers	300,000
OIL PRODUCED LAST YEAR (bbls.)	15,000,000
Value	$26,000,000
Workers	9,000
Wells	13,000
NATURAL GAS—Value last year	$8,000,000
MANUFACTORIES:	
Capital invested	$ 87,000,000
Value product	100,000,000
Number workmen	44,000
Glass factories	39
Iron and steel and rolling mills	12
Leather, tanneries, etc.	33

Largest pottery in the world. Cheap raw material and cheap fuel.

WEST VIRGINIA'S GREAT RESOURCES

By NATHAN BAY SCOTT

United States Senator

A WONDERFUL future is in store for West Virginia and the entire South. West Virginia became an individual state only forty-six years ago, and her development of manufacturing interests, during the last thirty years, has been more marked than that of any other part of the United States.

Nature has indeed been kind to the "Mountain State" and provided her with the two great essentials—cheap raw materials and an abundance of fuel wherewith to manufacture it. The mountains are stored with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of riches, and the green valleys stretch out before one, presenting the ideal pastures of an agricultural country.

The coal supply of West Virginia is almost inexhaustible, and the value can scarcely be estimated. It has been said that this state alone could supply the coal markets of the United States for nearly two hundred years. Her wealth in petroleum is unestimated. Last year the oil output was valued at over $26,000,000. The value of her natural gas production amounted to $8,000,000.

But these three items, while wonderful, show only part of the resources and wealth of the state.

New gas and oil wells are constantly being opened up, and new coal territory is being developed. The beautiful forests of the state are rich in hard woods, and by far the larger portion of the land of the state is in forests. While great demands have been and are being made on the supply of hard wood, still there is an abundant supply; some of the largest tanneries in the country are located here.

The pastures of the state are rich, and the stock raised on them brings very high values in the markets of the East. The sheep industry is flourishing, and West Virginia wool is considered of most excellent quality.

The protective tariff under which this country has prospered for many years is largely responsible for her development and that of the entire Southland. It has brought forth much wealth in minerals, oils, etc., which otherwise would have remained undiscovered. It is this development which is rapidly changing the sentiment of the South from free trade to protection.

West Virginia is inviting capital to come to the state and can offer it great returns. The population of the state today is over 1,250,000. Thirty years ago there were only about eleven millions of capital employed in manufacturing; now there are over 5,000 manufacturing establishments with upward of $87,000,000 of capital invested. Thirty years ago the annual wages of the miners was $800,000. Now, in round numbers, it amounts to $30,000,000. The value of farms has practically doubled in that time.

Coal is perhaps the largest industry. Six great railways, three of them being trunk lines, traverse the state at present. The last road, which was only recently opened up, runs through a section which has been declared by experts to be the richest bituminous coal field in the world. This new road was built and these new coal fields opened up with the understanding that the tariff now protecting the industry would remain. In the year 1907 West Virginia furnished about one-seventh of the coal output of the United States. At least 60,000 miners are employed in mining this amount of coal. The grade of the coals is very high. No better can be found in the world, and her steam coal is as fine as the finest and is used by the United States battle ships.

The abundance of fuel close at hand makes it possible for the state to engage in all manner of manufactures; the iron and steel industry is an important feature, requiring highly skilled workmen, and it is a notable fact that West Virginia employs a larger number of English-speaking workers than can be found in any other state. One of the steel manufactories dates as far back as 1852. There are located in Wheeling two of the largest independent steel manufacturing establishments in the United States, which are not controlled by the United States Steel Corporation, one of the manufactories being noted for its cut nails and similar products.

The wool industry is an important one to West Virginia. On a recent trip through the state the writer was struck with the number of sheep grazing on the hillsides and could not help but compare conditions, in this regard, with those that prevailed when Mr. Cleveland was President and the "Wilson Tariff" was in effect. In those days, on the hillsides and meadows there were no sheep. The state offers the emigrant coming into West Virginia great advantages in wool growing. The pastures are as good as the blue grass regions of Kentucky, and the hillsides are particularly adapted to sheep grazing.

For those who are looking for a locality in which to grow fruit, there is no better climate offered in the United States for apple-growing than in Berkeley, Jefferson, Hampshire and Hardy counties, West Virginia. The finest peaches that go to the markets come from Hampshire County and from a part of Hardy.

In the combined values of her several mineral products West Virginia ranks fourth, in the production of coal second, and her rank is first among the states of the Union in the supply of petroleum, gas and hard woods.

Taxable property of all kinds, valued a few years ago at a little over two hundred millions of dollars, is today valued at one billion of dollars. In the past decade more than one hundred new banks have been established and bank deposits have grown from one million five hundred thousand dollars to nine million dollars.

When the state was formed in 1863 there were few, if any, schoolhouses. In 1867 there were seven hundred and two schoolhouses; educational facilities today are six thousand, four hundred and ninety school buildings. The enrollment for the past year was in round numbers, two hundred and sixty thousand, with an average daily attendance of one hundred and seventy thousand. Last year West Virginia spent for educational purposes, four million three hundred thousand dollars.

Over one hundred thousand farms produce great quantities of cereals; the average fertility of the soil being as good as can be found in the Union. Eight hundred and forty-five thousand acres were planted in corn during the last year, twelve thousand four hundred acres in tobacco, and forty thousand acres in potatoes. One county alone sold one hundred thousand dollars worth of tomatoes; and the annual farm products were valued at seventy-five millions of dollars. In another county alone the farm products and fruit sold for over a million dollars. All showing that while West Virginia is hilly its soil is productive.

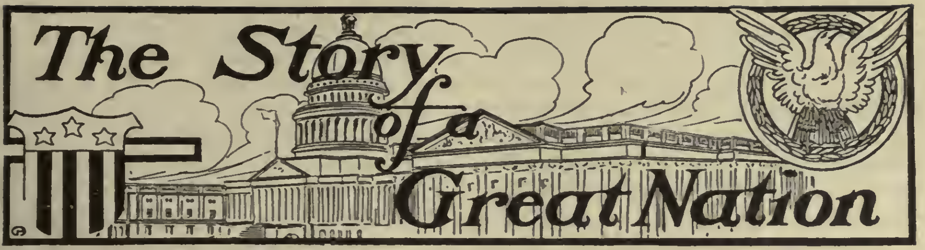
There is no state debt, and the tax levy is small. Should a tax be levied on the millions of cubic feet of natural gas annually exported from the state there will be no state tax.

This state has the largest axe and zinc factories and pumping station in the world. Water power is going to waste in abundance in every county in the state. Some use is being made of this power in the lower end, but it can almost be had for the asking.

To the tourist West Virginia presents scenery as grand and beautiful as can be found anywhere. The railroads passing through the state appreciate this and have advertised its grandeur far and wide. The great fashionable resort of the south, White Sulphur Springs, lies within her borders, and beautiful and fine summer resorts can be found on its mountain sides and in its valleys The famous Grave Creek Mound, one of the most remarkable memorials of the prehistoric mound builders, has been bought by the state and will be preserved in its present form.

Within its borders was fought the most desperate battle with Indians ever waged on the American Continent, really the first skirmish of the Revolution, and also within its borders the first battle of the great Civil War.

The homeseeker may choose both industry and location in West Virginia. If he desires to go into the coal business, the southern part of the state is open to him. It he wishes to engage in manufacturing where coal and natural gas are almost given for the asking, he should locate in the Ohio Valley, the western portion of the state. If he wants to engage in oil development, there are at least fifteen counties in the state now producing good results from oil wells. The state holds out the "olive branch," and the latchstring is always on the outside of the door to anyone wishing to come to West Virginia, which promises to be one of the greatest commonwealths in this great country of ours.


The Story of a Great Nation

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

Historical Sketch Furnished by the Naval Academy

THE United States Naval Academy, under the name of the the Naval School, was founded in 1845 by Honorable George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy, under President James K. Polk, and was formally opened October 10th of that year, Commander Franklin Buchanan as superintendent. It was located at Annapolis, Maryland, on land formerly occupied by Fort Severn and relinquished by the War Department to the Navy Department for that purpose.

The course was fixed at five years, of which the first and fifth were spent at school, the second, third and fourth being passed at sea. Several times the exigencies of the service made it necessary to shorten this period of study. In June, 1846, four months after the opening of the school, there were thirty-six midshipmen of the date of 1840 who were preparing for the examination for promotion; thirteen of the class of 1841 who were to remain until drafted for service at sea; and seven active midshipmen appointed after September, 1845. The midshipmen of 1840 were first to graduate, finishing their limited course in July, 1846, and these were followed in order by subsequent classes until the reorganization of the school in 1850. In September, 1849, the following board was appointed to revise the plan and regulations of the Naval School (as these appointees, with one or two exceptions, took a prominent part in the subsequent history of the Navy, and its conflict, something can be said of their biography and service):

Commander William Branford Shubrick, appointed from Maryland in 1806, was attached to the frigate "Constellation" for the defence of Virginia against the British in 1812–13. He served on the Frigate "Constitution" from 1813 to 1815 and took part as third lieutenant in the famous capture of the two British vessels, "Cyane" and "Levant," in 1815. He commanded a Pacific squadron in the Mexican War in 1846 and 1847 and retired as rear-admiral in 1862. He died twelve years later in 1874.

Commander Franklin Buchanan was appointed from Maryland in 1816 and commissioned lieutenant in 1825; made superintendent of the Naval School in 1845 to 1847, in which latter year he commanded the steam frigate "Germantown" at the blockade and bombardment of Vera Cruz, and later he commanded Commodore Perry's flagship "Susquehanna" in the Japan expedition, 1852–1854, and in 1859 was placed in charge of the Washington Navy Yard. In 1861, believing that Maryland would secede, he handed in his resignation, which later he wished to withdraw, but was not permitted to do so. He then entered the Confederate naval service in which he remodeled the steam frigate "Merrimac" into the most powerful ironclad ram that the world had then known, and commanded her in the action of March 8, 1862, in which she destroyed the "Congress" and "Cumberland," sloops of war, but was wounded and unable to command in the next day's fight with the "Monitor." As senior admiral of the Confederate

---

"The Story of a Great Nation," describing all the departments and bureaus at Washington, began in the NATIONAL for January, 1909, and will continue throughout the year. Thirty-three articles, including the one that appears in this issue, have already been published.

navy, he was sent in 1863 to take charge of the naval defences at Mobile, Alabama, including the ironclad ram "Tennessee," which he commanded and for some time held his own against the Federal fleet under Farragut. Buchanan was severely wounded and made prisoner. In 1866 he was made president of the Maryland Agricultural College and died in 1874.

Commander Samuel F. Du Pont was born in New Jersey in 1803; graduated in 1815 as midshipman; was commissioned lieutenant in 1826; as commander in 1842; as captain in 1852; and as rear-admiral in 1862. He saw service in the Pacific Mexican War at San Diego, La Paz and Guaymas. In 1860 he was placed in command of the Philadelphia Navy Yard and in 1861 sent a force to aid the disembarkation of troops to protect the United States Naval School, and the school ship "Constitution," then threatened with seizure by Confederate sympathizers. In November of the same year with a powerful fleet he reduced the Confederate forces at Port Royal, South Carolina, his vessels passing and repassing through the zone of fire in a figure eight. Later he aided in taking Tybee Island, Georgia, and Fort Pulaski and established fourteen blockading stations on the Southern coast. Later he attempted to reduce Fort McAllister below Savannah, Georgia, and Forts Sumter and Moultrie in Charleston Harbor by the direct fire of a powerful ironclad fleet. Failing in these attempts, he was some months later relieved from active command, having served nearly fifty years. He died about the close of the Civil War in 1865.

Commander George Parker Upshur was born in Virginia, 1799; appointed midshipman, 1818; lieutenant, 1827; commander, 1847; superintendent United States Naval Academy, 1847–1850; commanded sloop-of-war "Levant" Mediterranean squadron, in 1852, and died in command at Spezzia, Italy, November 3, 1882.

Surgeon W. S. W. Ruschenberger served as surgeon from 1831 to 1849; later was stationed at Boston Navy Yard from 1861 to 1865. After his retirement from the service in 1869, he was elected president of the Philadelphia College of Physicians in 1879 and died in 1885.

Professor William Chauvenet of Milford, Pennsylvania, was graduated at Yale in 1840 and was engaged as Professor of Mathematics in 1841. He died in 1870.

Captain Henry Brewerton, United States Army, the fifth member of this board, was born in New York City, graduated at West Point in 1819, and shortly after became assistant professor of engineering at that post. From 1821 to 1861, for forty years, he was engaged on the fortifications and public works of the United States, and in 1861 reached the grade of lieutenant-colonel of engineering. He had charge of the defences of Baltimore from 1861 to 1864; was promoted to colonel and took over charge of the defences of Hampton Roads and New York City in March, 1865; was brevetted brigadier-general, and retired in due course in 1867, having served over forty-five years. He died in Washington, D. C., on April 17, 1879.

This board reported a plan which was approved and went into operation July 1, 1850. It provided for a course of seven years, the first two and the last two at the school and the three intermediate years at sea. The name of the school was changed to "The United States Naval Academy," which it has borne ever since, and it was placed under the supervision of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography. The corps of professors was enlarged, the course extended and a system of separate departments with executive heads fully adopted. It was provided that a Board of Visitors should make an annual inspection of the academy and report its condition to the Secretary of the Navy. A suitable vessel was attached to the academy as a practice ship, and the annual practice cruises were begun.

Another board of examiners, appointed for the year 1851, was composed as follows:

Commodore David Conner of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, midshipman in 1809; third lieutenant on the "Hornet"; captain "James Lawrence" at the capture of the British frigate "Peacock"; commissioned lieutenant in 1813 and captain in 1835.

Captain Samuel Livingston Breese, born at Utica, New York, 1794, appointed midshipman 1810, took part in the battle of Lake Champlain, 1814; lieutenant, 1816; captain, 1841; commanded frigate "Cumberland," European squadron, 1845; Pacific squadron, Mexican War, 1846–47; at capture of Tuxpan, Tobasco and Vera Cruz, commanded Mediterranean squadron, 1856–

1858; Brooklyn Navy Yard, 1859–1861, retired as commodore, 1862; rear-admiral (retired) 1862, and port admiral at Philadelphia, 1869; died at Mount Airy, Philadelphia, December 17, 1870.

Commander Cornelius Kincheloe Stribling, born in 1796 in South Carolina; appointed midshipman in 1812; superintendent of the Naval Academy, 1850 to 1853; commander at the Philadelphia navy yard, 1863 to 1865; commander-in-chief of East Gulf squadron in 1865; rear-admiral in 1866; died in 1880.

Commander H. A. Bigelow, midshipman, 1812; lieutenant, 1820; commander, 1841; captain, 1854; resigned, 1857.

Commander Franklin Buchanan. Record already given.

Lieutenant Thomas Tingey Craven, born in 1808, appointed midshipman in 1822, lieutenant in 1830. Took part in the Wilkes Antarctic exploring expedition in 1858. Commanded the Naval Academy from 1852 to 1855; commissioned captain in 1861, was placed in charge of the Potomac flotilla. Commanded the steam frigate "Brooklyn" in passing the forts at New Orleans and Vicksburg in 1861 and 1862. Commissioned commander in 1862, commanding the European squadron in 1866, the Pacific squadron in 1868; retired in 1869 and died in 1887.

* * * *

The changes made by this board of examiners went into operation in November, 1851. They left out the requirements of three years of sea service in the middle of the course, thus making the four years of study consecutive. The practice cruise supplied the place of the omitted sea service and gave better opportunities for training. This system with slight modifications has been continued to the present time. The first class to receive its benefits entered in 1851; six members completed the course in three years, graduating in June, 1854; the rest of the class followed in 1855.

In May, 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War, those members of the three upper classes who remained loyal were detached on active service and sent to sea. For a while it was feared that Maryland would become the battle ground of the contending forces, and there was, undoubtedly, a movement to seize the post and capture the frigate "Constitution," then used as a training ship. The school was removed in 1861 to Newport, Rhode Island, where the junior midshipmen were quartered in the Atlantic House and on the ships "Constitution" and "Santee," and as fast as possible were prepared for active service until the summer of 1865, when the school was re-established at Annapolis.

When the Bureau of Navigation was established July 5, 1862, the academy was placed under its supervision. On March 1, 1867, it was placed under the direct care of the Navy Department, the administrative routine and financial management being still conducted through the Bureau. On the 11th of March, 1869, this official connection with the Bureau ceased, but was renewed by general order of the Navy Department, issued June 25, 1889.

The term of the academic course was changed by law March 3, 1873, from four to six years. The change took effect with the class that entered in the summer of 1874. Up to this time the sailing ship and its evolutions, care and management had naturally formed the main subject of study and basis of official employment and promotion, but the increased use of metals instead of wood and of steam machinery for propulsion and as a substitute for manual labor demanded education of the naval engineers and the employment of officers of mechanical experience and genius. This demand was first partially recognized in 1866, when a class of "acting third assistant engineers" was ordered to the academy for instruction in steam engineering, mechanism, chemistry, mechanics, and practical exercises with the steam engines and in the machine shops. This class with two "cadet engineers," who had entered in 1867, graduated in June, 1868. Four years later in October, 1871, a new class of cadet engineers was admitted which followed a still more extended course and was graduated in 1873. In 1872 and 1873 new classes of cadet engineers were admitted, which, after a two years' course, were graduated in 1874 and 1875 respectively. Congress, on February 24, 1874, extended the course from two to four years, and the class of 1874 graduated in June, 1878.

None of these cadet engineers were considered to rank in importance and standing with the regular "cadet midshipmen" whose traditions dealt with the glorious "hulls of oak," snowy sails, dainty tracery of spar and rigging, long broadsides, half-open ports and grim muzzle-loading, smooth-bore cannon, which had so suddenly become obsolete and ineffective. The age of steam ironclads and breech-loading rifles of enormous size and power, utterly beyond unassisted human strength and skill to handle, demanded that the navy officers should know how to lead in an emergency of a mechanical and engineering character, and that this ability should be fully recognized and rewarded by rank, pay and social recognition. It was not until August, 1882, that Congress provided that from that date "there shall be no appointments of cadet-midshipmen or cadet-engineers at the Naval Academy, but in lieu thereof naval cadets shall be appointed from each Congressional district and at large, as now provided by law for cadet-midshipmen, and all the undergraduates at the Naval Academy shall hereafter be designated and called 'naval cadets'; and from those who successfully complete the six years' course appointments shall hereafter be made as it is necessary to fill vacancies in the lower grades of the Line and Engineer Corps of the Navy and of the Marine Corps: *And provided further*, That no greater number of appointments into these grades shall be made each year than shall equal the number of vacancies which has occurred in the same grades during the preceding year; such appointments to be made from the graduates of the year, at the conclusion of their six years' course, in the order of merit, as determined by the Academic Board of the Naval Academy, the assignment of the various corps to be made by the Secretary of the Navy upon the recommendation of the Academic Board. But nothing herein contained shall reduce the number of appointments from such graduates below ten in each year, nor deprive of such appointment any graduate who may complete the six years' course during the year eighteen hundred and eighty-two. And if there be a surplus of graduates, those who do not receive such appointment shall be given a certificate of graduation, an honorable discharge, and one year's sea pay, as now provided by law for cadet-midshipmen; and so much of section fifteen hundred and twenty-one of the Revised Statutes as is inconsistent herewith is hereby repealed.

"That any cadet whose position in his class entitled him to be retained in the service may, upon his own application, be honorably discharged at the end of the four years' course at the Naval Academy, with a proper certificate of graduation." In 1886 a special course of instruction in physiology and hygiene was established, in accordance with an act of Congress approved May 20th of that year.

It was further provided March 2, 1889, that "the Academic Board of the Naval Academy shall on or before the thirtieth day of September in each year separate the first class of naval cadets then commencing their fourth year into two divisions, as they may have shown special aptitude for the duties of the respective corps, in the proportion which the aggregate number of vacancies occurring in the preceding fiscal year ending on the thirtieth day of June in the lowest grades of commissioned officers of the Line of the Navy and Marine Corps of the Navy shall bear to the number of vacancies to be supplied from the Academy occurring during the same period in the lowest grade of commissioned officers of the Engineer Corps of the Navy; and the cadets so assigned to the Line and Marine Corps division of the first class shall thereafter pursue a course of study arranged to fit them for service in the line of the Navy, and the cadets so assigned to the Engineer Corps division of the first class shall thereafter pursue a separate course of study arranged to fit them for service in the Engineer Corps of the Navy, and the cadets shall thereafter, and until final graduation at the end of their six years' course, take rank by merit with those in the same division, according to the merit marks; and from the final graduates of the Line and Marine Corps division, at the end of their six years' course, appointments shall be made hereafter as it shall be necessary to fill vacancies in the lowest grades of commissioned officers of the Line of the Navy and Marine Corps; and the vacancies in the lowest grades of the commissioned officers of the Engineer Corps of the Navy shall be filled in like manner by appointments from the final graduates of the Engineer division at the end of their six years' course: *Provided*, That no greater number of appointments into the said lowest grades of commissioned officers shall be made each year than shall equal the number of vacancies which shall have occurred in the same grades during the fiscal year then current; such appointments to be made from the final graduates of the year, in the order of merit as determined by the Academic Board of the Naval Academy, the assignment to be made by the Secretary of the Navy upon the recommendation of the Academic Board at the conclusion of the fiscal year then current; but nothing contained herein or in the naval appropriation act of August fifth, eighteen hundred and eighty-two, shall reduce the number of appointments of final graduates at the end of their six years' course below twelve in each year to the Line of the Navy, and not less than two shall be appointed annually to the Engineer Corps of the Navy, nor less than one annually to the Marine Corps; and if the number of vacancies in the lowest grades aforesaid, occurring in any year, shall be greater than the number of final graduates of that year, the surplus vacancies shall be filled from the final graduates of following years, as they shall become available.

"That after the fourth day of March, eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, the minimum age of admission of cadets to the academy shall be fifteen years and the maximum age twenty years."

In October, 1897, a post-graduate course in naval architecture, for the education of officers for the Construction Corps of the Navy, was established; and a class was formed from the naval cadets that had finished the four years' course in that year.

By an act of Congress approved March 3, 1899, "the officers constituting the Engineer Corps of the Navy" were "transferred to the Line of the Navy," thereby repealing so much of the act of Congress approved March 2, 1889, as relates to the separation of naval cadets of the first class into Line and Engineer divisions. This same act having limited the number of constructors in the Navy to forty, the post-graduate course in naval architecture was discontinued. By an act of Congress approved June 7, 1900, it was provided that:

"Whenever any naval cadet shall have finished four years of his undergraduate course of six years, the succeeding appointment may be made from his congressional district at large in accordance with the existing law."

By an act of Congress approved July 1, 1902, it was provided that:

"The title 'naval cadet' is hereby changed to 'midshipman.'

"That until the year nineteen hundred and fourteen, in addition to the naval cadets now authorized by law (the title having been changed by this act to midshipmen), the President shall appoint five midshipmen, and there shall be appointed from the states at large, upon the recommendation of senators, two midshipmen for each state."

Congress on April 9, 1906 passed an Act "granting authority to the Secretary of the Navy, in his discretion, to dismiss midshipmen from the United States Naval Academy and regulating the procedure and punishment in trials for hazing at the said academy."

In effect it provides "that it shall be the duty of the Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy, whenever he shall believe the continued presence of any midshipman at the said academy to be contrary to the best interests of the service, to report in writing such fact, with a full statement of the facts upon which are based his reasons for such belief, to the Secretary of the Navy, who, if after due consideration of the said report he shall deem the superintendent's said belief reasonable and well founded, shall cause a copy of the said report to be served upon the said midshipman and require the said midshipman to show cause, in writing, and within such time as the said Secretary shall deem reasonable, why he should not be dismissed from the said academy; and after due consideration of any cause so shown the said Secretary may, in his discretion, but with the written approval of the President, dismiss such midshipman from the said academy. And the truth of any issue of fact so raised, except upon the record of demerit, shall be determined by a board of inquiry convened by the Secretary of the Navy under the rules and regulations for the government of the Navy."

The second and third sections of the act provide for the trial by court-martial of any midshipman for the offence of "hazing" and such court-martial upon conviction may sentence the defendant to any punishment authorized by the acts of 1903 or in case of brutal or cruel hazing may, in addition to dismissal, sentence such midshipman to imprisonment for a period not exceeding one year. It provides, however, that the defendant shall not be confined in a military or naval prison or elsewhere with men who have been convicted of crimes or misdemeanors; and such finding and sentence shall be subject to review by the convening authority and by the Secretary of the Navy, as in the cases of other court-martials.

The fourth section provides "That the offence of 'hazing,' as mentioned in this act, shall consist of any unauthorized assumption of authority by one midshipman over another midshipman whereby the last-mentioned midshipman shall or may suffer or be exposed to suffer any cruelty, indignity, humiliation, hardship, or oppression, or the deprivation, or abridgement of any right, privilege, or advantage to which he shall be legally entitled."

The fifth section provides "That it shall be the duty of every professor, assistant professor, academic officer, or any cadet officer or cadet petty officer, or instructor, as well as every other officer stationed at the United States Naval Academy, to promptly report to the superintendent thereof any fact which comes to his attention tending to indicate any violation by a midshipman or midshipmen of any of the provisions of this act or any violation of the regulations of the said academy. Any naval officer attached to the academy who shall fail to make such report as provided in this section shall be tried by court-martial for neglect of duty, and if convicted he shall be dismissed from the service. Any civilian instructor attached to the academy who shall fail to make such report as provided in this section shall be dismissed by the superintendent of the academy upon the approval of the Secretary of the Navy."

OBJECT AND SCOPE OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY

The object of the Naval Academy is to educate and train young men for officers in the naval service, and the course for the four years is adapted to that purpose, and the training is intended to fit them mentally, morally and physically to perform all the varied duties of a naval officer with credit to themselves and to the country.

ADMISSION OF CANDIDATES INTO THE NAVAL ACADEMY AS MIDSHIPMEN

The students of the Naval Academy are styled midshipmen. Two midshipmen are allowed for each senator, representative, and delegate in Congress, two for the District of Columbia, and five each year from the United States at large. The appointments from the District of Columbia and five each year at large are made by the President. One midshipman is allowed from Porto Rico, who must be a native of that island. The appointment is made by the President, on the recommendation of the Governor of Porto Rico. After June 30, 1913, each senator, representative, and delegate in Congress will be allowed to appoint but one midshipman instead of two. The course for midshipmen is six years—four years at the Academy, when the succeeding appointment is made, and two years at sea, at the expiration of which time the examination for final graduation takes place. Midshipmen who pass the examination for final graduation are appointed to fill vacancies in the lower grades of the Line of the Navy and of the Marine Corps.

Candidates allowed for congressional districts, for territories, and for the District of Columbia, must be actual residents of the districts or territories, respectively, from which they are nominated. A candidate at the time of his examination for admission to the United States Naval Academy must be between the ages of sixteen and twenty years. He is not eligible until the day he becomes sixteen and becomes ineligible on the day that he becomes twenty years of age.

Candidates nominated for the April examination may be examined in Washington, D. C., if so desired, or at any of the places designated in any state for that purpose. A list of the towns and cities designated for such examination may be secured from the Naval Academy, Annapolis. Senators and representatives are requested, when designating their nominees, to give the place at which it is desired they should be examined for the April examination. The second and last examination is held at Annapolis, Maryland, *only* on the third Tuesday in June under the supervision of the Superintendent of the Naval Academy. Candidates are examined mentally at this examination, and all those entitled to appointment will be directed to report for physical examination, as soon as practicable, at the Naval Academy. Alternates are given the privilege of reporting for mental examination at the same time with the principal. These alternates will take the place of the principal appointees if they fail in mental or physical examination. No examination will be held later than the third Tuesday in June. The large number of midshipmen to be instructed and drilled makes this rule necessary, and it is to the great advantage of the new midshipmen themselves. The summer months are utilized in preliminary instruction in professional branches and drills, such as handling boats under oars and sails, and in seamanship, gunnery, and infantry drills. These practical exercises form most excellent ground-work as a preparation for the academic course.

The examination papers used in all examinations are prepared at the Naval Academy, and the examinations of candidates are finally passed upon by the Academic Board. Under the law, candidates failing to pass the entrance examination cannot be allowed another examination for admission to the same class unless recommended for re-examination by the Academic Board. The Civil Service Commission only conducts the examination of candidates whose names have been furnished by the Navy Department. All correspondence relative to the nomination and examination of candidates should be addressed to the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C. The candidate is required to enter the Academy immediately after passing the examination and will be examined physically at the Naval Academy by a board composed of three medical officers of the Navy, whose decision will be final. Candidates are required to be physically sound, well formed, and of robust constitution. Any one of the following conditions will be sufficient to cause the rejection of a candidate, namely: feeble constitution, inherited or acquired; retarded development; impaired general health; any disease, deformity, or result of injury that would impair efficiency, such as weak or disordered intellect, unnatural curvature of the spine, inefficiency of either of the extremities or large articulations from any cause, epilepsy or other convulsions, impaired vision, disease of the organs of vision, imperfect color sense, impaired hearing or disease of either ear, chronic nasal catarrh, impediment of speech to such an extent as to impair efficiency in the performance of duty, loss of many teeth, or teeth generally unsound (there shall be at least eight opposing molars, two on each side in each jaw), etc., etc.

Attention will also be paid to the stature of the candidate, and no one manifestly under size for his age will be received at the academy. The height of candidates for admission shall not be less than five feet two inches between the ages of sixteen and eighteen years, and not less than five feet four inches between the ages of eighteen and twenty years; and the minimum weight at sixteen years of age shall be 105 pounds, with an increase of not less than five pounds for each additional year, or fraction of a year over one-half. And *marked* deviation in the height and weight relative to the age of a candidate will add materially to the consideration for rejection.

Candidates must be unmarried, and any midshipman who shall marry, or who shall be found to be married, before his final graduation, shall be dismissed from the service.

Candidates will be examined mentally in punctuation, spelling, arithmetic, geography, English grammar, United States history, algebra through quadratic equations, and plane geometry (five books of "Chauvenet's Geometry" or an equivalent). Deficiency in any one of these subjects may be sufficient to insure the rejection of the candidates.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE EXAMINATION

Candidates must be able to read understandingly, and with proper accent and emphasis, and to write legibly, neatly, and rapidly.

In spelling, candidates must be able to write from dictation paragraphs from standard pieces of English literature, both prose and poetry, sufficient in number to test their qualifications in this branch. The spelling throughout the examination will be considered in marking the papers. The Academic Board are instructed not to reject a candidate whose only deficiency is in spelling when the mark therefor is above a certain figure, to be fixed by the board subject to the revision of the department.

The candidate must be familiar with the rules for punctuation and for the use of capitals. In order to test their knowledge sentences will be given for correction.

Candidates must exhibit thorough familiarity with English grammar; they must be able to analyze and parse any sentence given, showing clearly the relations between the different parts of speech, and giving the rules governing those relations. The subject and predicate in the sentence must be given, with modifiers (if any), and also the part of speech, and kind, case, voice, mood, tense, number, person, degree of comparison, etc., as the case may be, of each word, and its relation to other words in the sentence. He must be able to define the terms used in grammar, a number of which will be given as a test of their knowledge. A composition on one of three subjects will be required. Since the school grammars used in different parts of the country vary among themselves in their treatment of certain words, an answer approved by any grammar of good repute will be accepted.

In geography candidates will be required to pass a satisfactory examination in descriptive geography, particularly of our own country. Questions will be given under the following heads:

The definitions of latitude and longitude (including problems with regard to differences of time between places); the zones; the grand divisions of land and water; the character of coast lines; the climate of different parts of the United States; trade winds; the direction and position of important mountain chains and the locality of the higher peaks; the position and course of the principal rivers, their tributaries, and the bodies of water into which they flow; the position of important seas, bays, gulfs, and arms of the sea; the position of independent states, their boundaries and capital cities; the position and direction of great peninsulas and the situation of important and prominent capes, straits, sounds, channels, and the most important canals; great lakes and inland seas; position and political connection of important islands and colonial possessions; location of cities of historical, political, or commercial importance, attention being especially called to the rivers and bodies of water on which cities are situated; the course of a vessel in making a voyage between well-known ports.

The candidate's knowledge of the geography of the United States cannot be too full or specific on all the points referred to above. Accurate knowledge will also be required on the position of the country with reference to other states, and with reference to latitude and longitude, of the boundaries and relative position of the states and territories, of the name and position of their capitals, and of other important cities and towns.

In United States history the candidate will be questioned concerning the early settlement of the country; the forms of government in the colonies; the causes, leading events, and results of war; and prominent events in the history of our government since its foundation.

Candidates must be familiar with the general history of the world, including the rise and fall of empires and of dynasties; changes in territory as the result of wars or from other causes; the most important treaties of peace; the relations between church and state in different countries; in brief, such information as may be found in the ordinary general histories.

In arithmetic the candidate will be required to express in figures any whole, decimal, or mixed number; to write in words any given number; to perform with facility and accuracy the various operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division of whole numbers, whether abstract or compound, and to use with facility the tables of money, weights and measures in common use, including English money.

To reduce compound numbers from one denomination to another, and to express them as decimals or fractions of a higher or lower denomination; to state the number of cubic inches in a gallon and the relation between the troy and avoirdupois pounds, and to reduce differences of time to differences of longitude and vice versa.

To define prime and composite numbers; to give the tests of divisibility by 3, 5, 9, 11, 25, and 125; to resolve numbers into their prime factors, and to find the least common multiple and the greatest common divisor of large as well as of small numbers.

To be familiar with all the processes of common and decimal fractions; to give clearly the reasons for such processes, and to be able to use the contracted methods of multiplication and division given in the ordinary textbooks on arithmetic.

To define ratio and proportion, and to solve problems in simple and compound proportion.

To solve problems involving the measurement of rectangular surfaces and of solids; to find the square roots and the cube roots of numbers, and to solve simple problems under percentage, interest and discount.

The candidates are required to possess such a thorough understanding of all the fundamental operations of arithmetic as will enable them to apply the various principles to the solution of any complex problem that can be solved by the methods of arithmetic; in other words, they must possess such a complete knowledge of arithmetic as will enable them to proceed at once to the higher branches of mathematics without further study of arithmetic.

The examination in algebra will include questions and problems upon the fundamental rules, factoring, greatest common divisor, least common multiple, algebraic fractions, equations of the first degree with one or more unknown quantities, simplification of expressions involving surds, and the solution and theory of quadratic equations.

In geometry candidates will be required to give accurate definitions of terms used in plane geometry, to demonstrate any proposition of plane geometry as given in the ordinary text-books, and to solve simple geometrical problems, either by a construction or by an application of algebra.

Candidates that pass the physical and mental examinations will receive appointments as midshipmen, and become students of the Academy. Each midshipman will be required to sign articles by which he binds himself to serve in the United States Navy eight years (including his time of probation at the Naval Academy), unless sooner discharged. The pay of a midshipman is $600 a year, commencing at the date of his admission.

Midshipmen will supply themselves, immediately upon their admission, with the following articles, namely:

One dress jacket	$20.78
One blouse	15.22
One pair dress trousers	11.83
One pair of service trousers	6.68
One overcoat	29.68
One reefer	12.18
Two white blouses	3.50
Two pairs white trousers	3.20
One mackintosh	9.50
One cap cover	.30
Eight work suits	8.00
Two pairs regulation leggings	1.50
One parade cap	3.10
One knit cap	.60
One mug	.08
One soap box	.78
One laundry book	.20
One pair blankets	4.20
One pair overshoes	.70
Two pairs high shoes	8.00
Eight white shirts	4.40
*a*Two stencils, ink and brush	.67
*a*Wash basin and pitcher	.80
*a*One pair gymnasium slippers	.80
*One whisk	.20
*One coarse comb	.13
*One cake soap	.10
*One hairbrush	.55
*Stationery	1.37
*Twelve white handkerchiefs	2.52
*One pair suspenders	.40
Twelve collars	1.50
Eight pair cuffs	1.44
Eight pairs socks	1.60
*Eight towels	1.76
*Shaving outfit	2.43
*Six pairs drawers (summer)	2.40
*Six undershirts (summer)	2.40
One hand glass	.55
One blue jersey	2.20
Four blue jerseys	6.40
Three white hats	1.26
One jackknife	.42
Two lanyards	.24
Six sheets	3.30
Hammock clews	.55
One pair bathing trunks	.15
Three pairs white gloves	.90
Two clothes bags	.54
One hammock mattress	3.00
*a*One requisition book	.25
*a*One pass book	.25
Four suits pajamas	5.60
*One toothbrush	.25
*Thread and needles	.62
*Blacking brush and blacking	.55
*Nailbrush	.30
Six pillowcases	.84
One black silk neckerchief	.45
Name plate	.11
	$191.53

When moving into quarters midshipmen will supply themselves with the following articles, namely:

*a*Two bedspreads	$2.40
*a*Two pairs drill gloves	1.10
*a*One slop jar	.90
*a*Two spatter cloths	1.00
One hair pillow	.75
One mirror	1.00
*a*One rug	.90
*a*One hair mattress	5.10
*a*One broom	.30
	$13.45

Articles marked *a* will not be taken on board the practice ship. The articles marked with a star, not being required to conform to a standard pattern, may be brought by the midshipmen from home, but all other articles must conform to the regulations, and must, therefore, be supplied by the storekeeper.

Each midshipman must, on admission, deposit with the pay officer the sum of sixty dollars, for which he will be credited on the books of that officer, to be expended by direction of the superintendent in the purchase of text-books and other authorized articles besides those enumerated in the preceding article. All deposits for clothing and the entrance deposit of sixty dollars must be made before a candidate can be received at the academy. Checks for these deposits *must not be payable to the order of the superintendent.* They should be made payable to the candidate's own order and be presented to the pay officer of the Naval Academy at the time of deposit.

SUMMARY OF EXPENSES

Deposit for clothing, etc.	$204.98
Deposit for books, etc.	60.00
	$264.98

The value of clothing brought from home is to be deducted from this amount. Each midshipman will be paid, as soon as adjusted by the Treasury Department, the amount of his actual expenses in traveling from his home to the academy.

There being no provision whatever for the payment of the traveling expenses of rejected candidates for admission, no candidate should fail to provide himself in advance with the means of returning home, in case of his rejection before either of the examining boards, as he may otherwise be put to considerable inconvenience.

It is suggested to all candidates for admission to the Naval Academy that, before leaving their places of residence for Annapolis, they should cause themselves to be *thoroughly examined by a competent physician*, particularly regarding eyesight, hearing, and heart trouble; and by a teacher or instructor in good standing. A defect, such as varicocele, which is ordinarily removable by operation, should be remedied prior to appearing at the Naval Academy for physical examination. By such an examination any serious physical disqualification or deficiency in mental preparation would be revealed, and the candidate probably spared the expense and trouble of a useless journey and the mortification of rejection. It should be understood that the informal examination herein recommended is solely for the convenience and benefit of the candidate himself, and can in no manner affect the decision of the examining boards at Annapolis.

A sound body and constitution, suitable preparation, good natural capacity, an aptitude for study, industrious habits, perseverance, an obedient and orderly disposition, and a correct moral deportment, are such essential qualifications that candidates knowingly deficient in any of these respects should not, as many do, subject themselves and their friends to the chances of future mortification and disappointment by accepting appointments at the Naval Academy and entering on a career which they cannot successfully pursue.

The selection of candidates, by competitive examination or otherwise, for nomination from any congressional district, is entirely in the hands of the member of congress entitled to the appointment, and all applications for appointment or inquiries relative to competitive examinations should be addressed to the congressmen representing the congressional district in which the vacancy exists.

TOO MUCH FOR BEECHER

From the book "Heart Throbs."

Henry Ward Beecher was amused when he went into a Bowery restaurant on one occasion and heard the waiter give such orders to the cook as "sinkers and cow," etc.

"Watch me give that waiter an order which I believe he won't abbreviate," remarked Beecher at length, as the waiter approached. Then he said:

"Give me poached eggs on toast for two, with the yolks broken."

But the waiter, equal to the emergency, walked to the end of the room and yelled:

"Adam and Eve on a raft. Wreck 'em."

It is related that Dr. Beecher nearly fainted.

THE TELEPHONE IN NEW ENGLAND

By W. C. JENKINS

NO series of articles on the telephone problem would be complete that did not contain an analysis of the telephone conditions in the New England states. This section is the birthplace of telephony and every important movement in telephone affairs was first given a trial in these states. The work of bringing telephone communication to the high state of perfection which prevails in New England has been accomplished by the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, one of the largest and best-managed subsidiaries of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, operating in the four northern New England states.

There is no place on earth that is getting better service than are the New England states. The excellence of the service is one of the prime factors that has kept out competition.

It was one of the hottest days of the year when I visited the main operating rooms of the company in Boston. The comforts and conveniences which have been arranged for the young lady employes were such that I could not but reflect that we, who pay three dollars a day for hotel accommodations, are compelled to get along without any such solicitude for our comfort; and it is evident that these advantageous conditions have attracted the attention of an excellent class of young ladies, for a brighter and more cheerful aggregation of young women who are earning their own livelihood cannot be found in this country. To this high type of young women operators may be attributed the excellent service which the people of Boston are receiving.

The New England Telephone and Telegraph Company has furnished the people of the New England states telephone service for over a quarter of a century, and it is no undeserved credit to state that its history is one of continued success.

In an analysis of the annual report of the company for the year of 1908, the largest single item recorded is for maintenance. It constitutes actually thirty per cent. of the company's entire earning. It is much larger than the company's net revenue, and notwithstanding the fact that the property is in excellent physical condition, the officials spend each year in its conservation a far larger portion of its revenue than the high-class railroads of the country appropriate for maintenance.

Fire on Albany Street, showing poles and wires as a hindrance and source of danger to firemen

The same view after building was rebuilt and also after poles and wires have been removed from overhead

This diversion of income has cut down the dividends to the stockholders, but the original investments have been made more valuable as a consequence, and the policy of heavy appropriations for maintenance and reconstruction has become settled.

The following table of expenditures of the company will be interesting to every investor in telephone securities, and it will be particularly interesting to the managers of independent telephone companies:

	For operating expenses.	For maintenance and reconstruction.	For dividends.
1884	$107,777.48	$102,404.72	....
1885	116,222.09	173,919.06	....
1886	142,576.38	186,915.05	$210,000.00
1887	162,642.86	206,541.14	259,413.75
1888	166,555.29	297,405.16	284,651.61
1889	176,381.32	323,246.07	270,726.53
1890	185,117.09	361,932.71	298,265.27
1891	219,242.19	412,607.61	338,630.05
1892	246,400.13	489,994.52	355,726.00
1893	283,723.06	570,868.08	363,811.00
1894	313,864.46	676,219.09	415,784.00
1895	383,174.24	840.731.78	457,362.00
1896	443,987.58	964,203.47	508,180.00
1897	491,571.64	1,091,606.50	569,543.00
1898	576,915.41	1,210,022.71	677,610.00
1899	652,075.64	1,384,258.82	750,216.00
1900	790,500.16	1,588,373.77	838,365.00
1901	978,713.86	1,771,290.48	947,406.00
1902	1,294,571.40	2,045,987.11	1,108,726.50
1903	1,435,773.75	2,156,217.45	1,297,002.00
1904	1,606,711.49	2,547,302.37	1,320,447.00
1905	1,836,423.86	2,778,896.99	1,458,648.00
1906	2,188,010.32	3,045,183.38	1,672,857.00
1907	2,570,525.61	3,346,940.66	1,872,817.50
1908	2,994,303.81	3,396,881.79	2,552,308.50
	$21,453,360.52	$32,068,950.51	$18,845,496.71

NOTE.—Operating expenses, as above stated, do not include general expenses, taxes, rental of telephones, and numerous other items, but only the cost of handling traffic through the central offices.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company building
Worcester, Massachusetts

H. S. HYDE, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
Vice-President, New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

It will be seen by the above report that of nearly $51,000,000 of income above operating expenses over $32,000,000 went right back into the plant to improve the service and to maintain the excellent physical conditions of the property.

The result of this policy has become conspicuously apparent during the past year and it has placed the company's affairs in excellent shape to meet the conditions created by state supervision which is now a feature of Massachusetts public utility laws. The Massachusetts Highway Commission, which was recently given supervision of telephones in Massachusetts, has completed an appraisal of the company's property. Instead of over-capitalization the commission found a reverse condition. With stock, bonds, and notes outstanding at the time when the appraisal was completed of $38,939,850, the expert of the commission found the company possessed $46,540,819 worth of property.

No better tribute to the financial affairs of the company and wise policy of the management could have been found so long as the company requires its stockholders to be content with six per cent. dividends on an outstanding volume of capital much less than the actual amount of property represented by the stock.

In a letter to His Excellency the Governor, and in the accompanying report of Professor Jackson, recognition is given by the Highway Commission to the company for its hearty co-operation in the work which the commission has prosecuted. The commission further stated that the results of its work were most satisfactory, that the property of the company is maintained at a high standard of excellence, and that the large and growing business of the company shows that the management have exercised good judgment in the administration of its affairs.

GEN. THOMAS SHERWIN
President, New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

Competition in New England has not been opposition to the Bell interests so much as efforts to supply local demands which the Bell could not properly meet, and this condition gave birth to a number of co-operative organizations and farmers' lines. Among the independent companies in New England may be found a dozen different concerns whose total list of subscribers does not exceed one hundred. Counting all companies that are classed as independent, a total of about one hundred may be found in New England, and the largest number of subscribers which any one of the companies possesses is about eleven hundred.

In the case of the mutual companies the method is to assess the associate members enough to keep their poles and lines in repair. If the companies grow sufficiently, the additional expense of a farmer's daughter to run a switchboard is incurred. One of these New England companies has five subscribers, four have seven each, and the number listed by a large majority of the remainder can be shown with two figures.

Occasionally a movement has become sufficiently interesting in a locality so that it has been considered worth while to incorporate. The stock is generally sold to local citizens who are usually given free telephones, and in only a few instances have the companies grown to any size worth mentioning.

JASPER N. KELLER
Vice-President, New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

In Massachusetts the two principal companies are the Automatic Telephone Company of New Bedford and the Fall River Automatic Company. The former was incorporated in 1898 and the latter in 1899. In some localities the great advantages of the automatic telephone are proclaimed by independent promoters to be far superior to the manual systems employed by the Bell Companies, but in these two Massachusetts cities the citizens evidently do not recognize any superiority in the automatic instrument, as is evidenced by the fact that in New Bedford the Automatic Company reported 1,240 subscribers in July, 1908, while the Bell Company reported 4,468. In Fall River the Automatic Company had 1,125, while the Bell had 4,423. After a period of several years' trial with the automatic telephone, these facts are very significant and worth remembering by investors.

Corner Main and Pleasant streets, Worcester, Massachusetts, before the wires were placed under ground

The Heath Telephone Company, which operated in the western part of the state, became a sub-licensee of the New England Telephone Company in June, 1908. The company had been in existence ten years.

The company acquired during the year 1908 the stock and bonds of three independent companies of Maine, which had been operating for some years, the North Eastern Telephone Company, the Lewiston-Auburn Telephone Company, and the Cumberland Telephone Company. These companies had been unsuccessful from the start, and, as a matter of fact, had proved a detriment rather than an advantage to the communities in which they operated. They were in a weak financial condition, two of their number having defaulted on their bonds. The three companies had an aggregate of 4,500 subscribers.

The total capitalization of these companies was $850,000 of bonds and $900,000 of capital stock. Of these amounts, the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company purchased $838,000 of bonds and $733,000 of stock, for all of which it paid in cash $403,000.

The outcome of these enterprises furnishes a striking illustration of the fruitlessness and waste of establishing a second telephone system in a field where one company is serving the public efficiently and fairly.

In New Hampshire and Vermont the difficulty of furnishing service equal to the Bell standard served to give impetus to the growth of mutual associations and small corporations. The Bell Company has endeavored to supply the demand by fostering local organizations under sub-licensee contracts with itself. Some of these sub-licensee companies have grown to considerable size and at present there are approximately 47,000 subscribers belonging to the various sub-licensee companies in the four states. All of these companies are on the most pleasant terms with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, and their service and policy are directed in an effort to attain the ideal of the larger Bell Companies.

For a time it looked as though Boston would be inflicted with the dual system. In the fall of 1906 upon representation that it was backed by capital, the Home Metropolitan Telephone Company was organized and given recognition. The amount of capital and the capitalists who furnished it were never disclosed. After quite an active newspaper campaign, the company secured permission to operate in the city of Boston from the Board of Aldermen. The mayor vetoed the ordinance and the aldermen passed it over the veto. A bond was filed, conditioned that work should be begun at a certain time, and in the early part of 1909 application was made for permission to open certain streets. This request was refused by the superintendent of streets on the ground that the original general location was invalid. This question was carried to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts and was recently decided adversely to the company on two grounds, namely, that the general location constituted practically a franchise, the gift of which rests alone in the state and also that the proper conditions of notifying abutters had not been complied with.

The Home Metropolitan Company had previously applied for location in Chelsea, but had been refused. Application for location in Cambridge was held up pending the decision of the Supreme Court in the Boston case.

In Brockton certain independent interests received a location on condition of beginning work at a certain time and deposited a five thousand dollar check with the city government as a forfeit in case of failure. Having failed to do any work within the stipulated time the city claimed the check as a forfeit. The depositors of the check have sued to recover the money on the ground that the city was not damaged by their failure to live up to the contract, and the matter is now in the courts.

It would seem to be a most foolish undertaking for anyone to invest money in independent telephone companies in the New England states. The excellence of the service furnished by the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, and the reasonable rates which are being charged leave no opening whatever for independent interests to gain foothold.

Columbus Avenue north with poles and wires

The New England Telephone Company has three distinct interests to look out for, namely, the public, its employes, and its stockholders. The aim of the company, in a single sentence, is to make these interests coincident and promoted by the same policy. The company believes that investment in its stock cannot be properly solicited for the needs of new construction unless the investors are properly compensated. It believes that its employes cannot render efficient service unless they work for adequate pay and under wholesome conditions. It believes the public should pay only such rates as are necessary to secure the conditions above mentioned and at the same time to enable the company to furnish a service of the highest practical efficiency. The New England Telephone Company is paying as high wages as any telephone company in this country. It has 325,000 telephone stations, including those of the sub-licensee. Between nine thousand and ten thousand persons are employed, of whom more than half are women.

FRANK A. HOUSTON
General Manager, New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

The New England Telephone and Telegraph Company can point to the distinction that Boston stands at the head of four of the largest cities in the United States in the number of telephones per hundred population. The latest available figures show that Boston has 8.0 per cent.; Chicago 7.6; New York 7.4; Philadelphia 6.5. The following figures illustrate the development of the telephone system in four of the New England states, as compared with the telephone development of other countries.

Name of Country	Population	Number of Telephones	Date of Statistics	Telephones per 100 Population
New England Bell System (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts.)	4,255,041	329,352	June 30, 1909	7.7
Sweden	5,337,713	*167,200	Jan. 1, 1909	3.1
Norway	2,321,088	*54,200	Jan. 1, 1909	2.3
Switzerland ...	3,527,256	69,122	Jan. 1, 1909	1.9
German Empire	60,641,278	851,319	Jan. 1, 1909	1.4
Great Britain ..	44,587,106	565,854	Jan. 1, 1909	1.3
France	39,252,267	194,159	Jan. 1, 1909	.5
Belgium.......	7,238,622	38,692	Jan. 1, 1909	.5

*The figures of some of the foreign systems are estimated from the last authentic reports, as statements, in some cases, are not promptly reported.

The above figures certainly speak well for the progressive spirit manifested by the management of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, and also for the readiness of the people of these states to avail themselves of the most improved facilities for the conduct of business, and of this modern convenience for their homes.

E. W. LONGLEY
Auditor and Comptroller, New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

NERVE CENTERS OF A GREAT CITY

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

THE last half century has wrought a greater change in the methods of conducting business than in almost any other department of human effort. Formerly instead of the printed and ingenious advertisement with its quiet but forcible appeal and immense publicity, the indentured apprentice, standing at his employer's door and calling: "What do ye lack, my masters—walk up—walk up! wine! spirits! groceries!" was the only way of making known to the public the special bargains and attractive commodities within. Thus it is today in parts of that ancient Orient, where the merchant still cries sonorously, "In the name of the Prophet! Figs!" and our own street peddlers still echo the street cries that were ancient when London bridge echoed to the hoof beats of the victorious Norman cavalry.

Instead of the speeding automobile and express elevated train, a merchant desiring to meet a man on business formerly ascended the steps of the rumbling coach and was slowly conveyed to his destination, waiting there for the return coach many hours later in the day. If a hasty message was to be dispatched, an apprentice or servant was sent on foot or on horseback, and hours elapsed before an answer was received.

Had a prophet arisen to divine the future and told how a system of speaking wires would be devised that would convey human speech in a few seconds over hundreds of miles of space, he would either have been burned at the stake as a wizard or at the best confined for the term of his natural life in some asylum for the insane.

Today the rumbling coach, the galloping horse, the weary errand boy and clerk on foot, the town crier with his jangling bell are seen no more upon the streets of the city. The tiny lines of wire and the waiting, efficient telephone girl do a thousand times the amount of work they did, and in a fraction of the time formerly consumed. Seventy-five per cent of the business transacted today is done over the telephone. Those magic wires enter every office building in every city in the land, quiet, inert apparently, but having behind them the marvelous modern nerve centers of commerce—the telephone exchange, which supplies the energy for the transaction of all the business of the modern commercial world.

These telephone exchanges are the most interesting places in the world. In a great city like New York, the work is divided among several large exchanges, or central offices, in each one of which are fifty or a hundred girls, trained to the task of answering every call in the shortest possible time. Probably the great success attained by American telephony is due, first to the inventive genius of Americans, and second to their peculiarly alert, nervous temperament, which gives the highest possible rapidity in work requiring alertness, and speed rather than muscular strength and endurance.

The switchboard, which is the technical term for this wonderful business nerve centre, is presided over by a force of well-trained operators, and is the visible means by which the human voice is transmitted to all parts of the country. While, to the uninitiated, it looks like a wall shot through at regular intervals with small holes, never were holes bored before that had so much meaning to the human race. Below each one of those tiny apertures connected directly with a subscriber is a light, which flashes the signal to the operator, who with plugs closes the line of transmission between the two parties desiring to communicate. The girls become so expert at their work that the average time required for an operator to receive a call and repeat it to a subscriber is seven and five-tenths seconds. The average time needed for a subscriber to answer is ten and five-tenths seconds. In other words, the average record, from the instant a subscriber takes up the telephone, no matter if he has to be connected with another exchange, until he receives an answer, is ten and five-tenths seconds, which is a marvelous exhibition of speedy communication. It seems like magic that connection can be made over many miles in less than eleven seconds.

The switchboard, which has made this additional speed in the use of the telephone possible, is comparatively a new invention. It is the result of systematic investigation, experiment and study, spread over a period of more than thirty-one years. The pioneers in the industry, the Western Electric Company, are today the largest manufacturers of telephones and telephone switchboards. They supply all the equipment used in the Bell Telephone system and many important systems in the Old World. The Paris telephone exchange burned out one year ago and was replaced by the Western Electric Company with an efficient system in a time so short that the residents of the Old World sat up and gasped in wonderment.

This company will play an important part in all future development of the world races, notably the Chinese, whose government have authorized them to install a system in Pekin, which will probably do more to open up the Celestial Empire to the world and to progressive methods than any other factor could accomplish—not even excepting railroads.

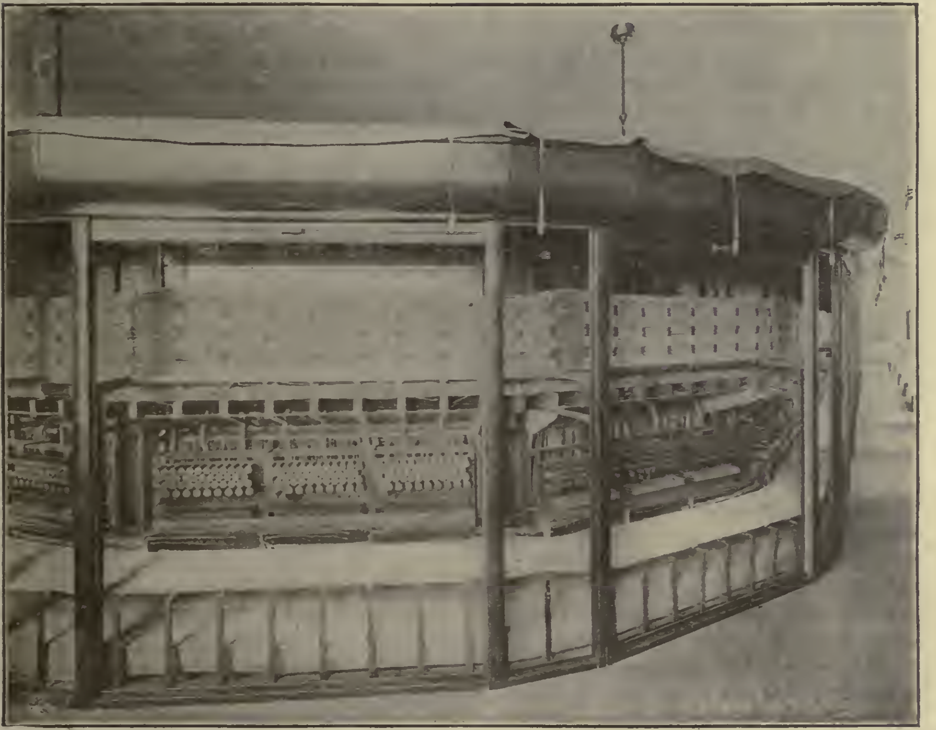
The important changes in telephone apparatus are so recent that almost everyone can remember the older and comparatively clumsy manner of "calling Central." A subscriber desiring to use the telephone, in order to get "Central," was obliged to turn the crank of a hand generator; there was no other means of securing connection, and after he had finished talking it was necessary again to resort to the crank in order to notify "Central" that the conversation was concluded. With the use of the new switchboard, it is only necessary to remove the receiver from the hook when the upward movement notifies "Central" by means of the little electric lamp which it instantly lights, being but one of many in the lower portion of the switchboard, above the shelf. The attention of the operator being thus attracted, she understands that the party whose telephone is wired to the contacts directly above the lamp desires a connection. There is no noisy buzz to distract the attention of the operator and this system has trebled the efficiency of the service, as well as reduced the strain of the work done by the operators. The operator sits directly in front of the switchboard, at a shelf

ONE OF THE BUSY TELEPHONE EXCHANGES IN NEW YORK CITY WHERE HUNDREDS OF CALLS ARE ANSWERED EVERY MINUTE which projects on a level with her waist; from a hole in this shelf she draws a plug terminating in a flexible wire cord and inserts the plug in a small socket above the lamp, which encloses the contacts above mentioned.

This is the answering plug and is wired to a circuit which contains the operator's transmitter and receiver, that enable her to converse with the calling subscriber; she learns what connection is desired, inserts the plug connected to the other end of the flexible cord into the desired party's "jack" and rings his bell. Then the light goes out. The sockets connected directly with subscriber's telephones are called "subscriber answering jacks." Below each socket is its corresponding lamp. The transmitter is held in position by a strap around the operator's neck, which keeps it always a few inches from her mouth; the receiver is clasped to her ear, and both are of an ingenious and portable type that never interfere with her movements.

Within reach of the operator, on the upper part of the board, are thousands of jacks, one for the line of every subscriber connected with the exchange; these are called "multiple jacks" because they are duplicated once throughout every section of the board; each "section" is occupied by three operators.

One of the subscriber multiple jacks is used by the operator receiving a call if the party asked for has telephone connection with the same exchange; she uses it by inserting the plug connected to the calling extremity of her transmitter and receiver circuit into the socket of "the multiple jack" which is wired to the telephone of the desired party. Pressing a switch on the shelf she sends out an electric current that rings the telephone bell of the desired subscriber, meantime pressing a key which disconnects her telephone set from this circuit.



BEHIND THE SCENES OF A NEW YORK CITY TELEPHONE EXCHANGE, SHOWING ITS INTRICATE MECHANISM AND THOUSANDS OF WIRES

To conclude her duties regarding a call that has reached this stage, the operator relies rather on her eyes than her ears. As soon as the called subscriber removes his receiver to answer, the small electric lamp on the shelf, which was automatically lighted when the plug was inserted in that party's "jack," becomes dark. This lamp is called "a supervisory signal" and notifies the operator that the connection is completed.

While the subscribers converse, the lamps on the switchboard remain dark; when the called party has finished talking and hangs up his receiver, his "supervisory lamp" lights. As soon as the other party hangs up his receiv , the supervisory lamp on the other side of the operator's circuit lights, and this dual system of lights are automatic signals to the operator that the conversation is concluded, and that she is at liberty to pull out the plugs from the jacks, when the weights attached to the connecting cords automatically draw them below the shelf, leaving only the plugs visible above the surface.

Each connecting cord circuit terminates in two plugs, and when there are seventeen cord circuits in each operator's position, one girl at one time can connect thirty-four local subscribers, although it is unusual for an operator to have so many calls at once. In case the calling party asks to speak with someone connected to another exchange, the operator proceeds very much as in a local call, but uses the "outgoing trunk multiple jacks" instead. These are immediately below the "multiple jacks," and with them connection may be made with the desired exchange, where the incoming call is handled just as if it originated in its local territory.

Persons who have visited central offices years ago when the old buzzing system of calls was in force, will be struck by the absence of noise in the operating room under the present system. The click of keys and plugs, the sound of low voices, make a subdued, busy hum rather agreeable to the ear. The little constellation of lamps flash their messages over the switchboard, and the familiar "number, please," the slogan of modern commerce, is heard as the signals are swiftly answered.

Behind the long row of operators walk the supervisors—the promoted operators—each in charge of a certain number of "hello girls." Their duty is to see that work is equalized, and when an unusual rush occurs, the supervisor is expected to handle difficult calls herself. Each of these officials, as well as the chief operator, has a "listening-in" key for connecting with any operator, and in this way a watch is kept on the service rendered, and any girl who fails to attend strictly to business is liable to "hear of it."

Another important and interesting part of the exchange is the terminal room, where the outside wires enter; here every care is taken to protect from runaway lightning and railway currents, and the devices employed are a study in themselves. The "distributing rack" is here, which divides the telephone wires among the switchboard sections, so that the calls may be equalized. In this room are also the dynamos and storage battery which supply the necessary electrical current both for talking and signalling.

Visiting one of the exchanges one feels as though the nervous system of the whole city had been placed before him under the X-rays, making it possible for even a casual visitor to inspect the hearing and speaking muscles, as well as the nerve system and entire brain of a gigantic modern metropolis. Only thought itself can be more rapid in its connection with distant scenes and considerations, than this perfected telephonic communication between parties in its use with expert trained operators.

CHARITY

From the book "Heart Throbs."

There is so much that is bad in the best of us
And so much that is good in the worst of us
That it doesn't behoove any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

ORCHARD OWNED BY

AMERICA'S GARDEN OF EDEN

By FRANK P. FOGG

UPON beautiful table-lands of the Ozarks is Rogers, the most thriving city among the great fruit orchards of Benton County, Arkansas. Rogers, made up of a cosmopolitan population, has citizens from almost every state in the Union, but has drawn the line by having no colored people. They evidently have solved the negro problem most satisfactorily to themselves by refusing to have any problem at all.

For a long time a sign was significantly posted at the station:

"Nigger, don't let the sun go down on you here."

Sometimes an incautious colored gentleman steps off the train, but when some one sounds the slogan—"Get a rope for that nigger," it provokes a general smile to see the rapid retreat into the train, or sometimes a precipitate flight down the railroad track. But it is doubtful if any bodily harm would be visited upon the colored men, as it affords more fun to see them work their pedal extremities.

It is claimed by scientists that the Ozark Mountains are the oldest parts of the North American continent. Be that as it may, it seems to have soil especially adapted for fruit-raising, and it is said more seedling apples have been propagated hereabouts than any other section of the country.

All through this section there is just enough change in the seasons to make each one attractive. "All sunshine makes the desert," and the alert settler knows that variety of climate means variety of crops; nothing is more profitable to agriculturists than diversified farming.

GARFIELD, NEAR ROGERS, ARKANSAS, IS A BEAUTY SPOT IN THE OZARKS

Here over many an acre Pomona reigns supreme; all kinds of fruit trees ablaze with blossoms, or branches weighted with fruit so that they must be propped to avoid injury, attest her care of this fertile area.

Benton and Washington counties have long been considered America's greatest apple orchard; they have a larger apple-bearing acreage than any other counties in the United States, and nearly 400,000 barrels of apples were shipped from these counties last year. The fruit is contracted for while on the trees, in August, at a price ranging from $75 to $100 per acre, and the value of the apple and peach crops of the district this year has been conservatively estimated at $2,000,000.

In looking over the adjacent farming lands one is struck by the excellent soil, the ample supply of pure water, and the thrifty appearance of the orchards. Besides shipping vast quantities of apples and peaches, Rogers has a way of working up the unmerchantable apples into vinegar. Here is one of the largest vinegar plants west of New York, and there is always a good demand for pure cider vinegar. With good railroad facilities north and south, and west into Oklahoma, manufacturers will not long neglect so good a location for locating their new industries.

Poultry-raising has attained a magnitude that commands passing tribute, for carloads of eggs and dressed poultry are almost daily shipped from Rogers to Northern and Eastern markets. The mild winter permits outdoor poultry-keeping the year round, and the ease with which grains and vegetables can be raised on a little farm makes the item of chicken feed a great saving as against other places where grain and patent poultry food must necessarily be bought.

Bee-keeping is also profitable, and it was remarkable to hear the success of those who are already engaged in this business.

A traveler who has seen many sections of the country, including Canada, remarked that there are comparatively few places possessing the thrifty, wholesome conditions for farmers and tradesmen that are met with in Rogers.

One can always judge the prosperity of a town by noting the business done by the banks. Rogers has three strong banking institutions, and the building activities give the town a bustling appearance. The moral status of the town is also notable, for there are no saloons, no billiard halls and no gambling rooms.

THE PLACID BEAUTY OF WHITE RIVER, NEAR ROGERS, ARKANSAS

H. B. RICE
Mayor of the City of Houston, Texas

C. H. DUNBAR
Secretary and General Manager Houston Gas Company

W. H. CHAPMAN
General Manager, Houston Lighting & Power Company

PROBLEMS in MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By WILLIAM S. JENSON

THE first street railway was built in San Antonio in 1898 by August Belknap and others when the city had about 15,000 people. The first line was built from Alamo Plaza to San Pedro Park. Then the Government Hill line was built, and later lines were constructed from Alamo Plaza to the old Mission Gardens, and to the Southern Pacific and I. & G. N. depots. These lines were operated by mules until 1890, when the system was electrified. The company was known as the San Antonio Street Railway Company.

Another company built a line from Government Hill through the business portion of the city to Riverside Park, which connected the military post with that resort. This company was known as the Citizens' Electric Power & Street Railway Company. The company never built a plant; its power was purchased from the San Antonio Street Railway Company.

In 1898 the Citizens' Company was absorbed by the San Antonio Street Railway Company.

In 1899 Emerson McMillin and associates purchased the stock of all the San Antonio railway and lighting companies. Previous to this purchase the franchises of the companies had been extended, and the possibility for successful results seemed very hopeful. The ink on the paper representing the transfer, however, was scarcely dry before quo warranto proceedings were begun by the state against Mr. McMillin and associates, seeking to obtain a forfeiture of the companies' charters on account of an alleged violation of the Texas anti-trust law. This proceeding on the part of the state was a great surprise to Mr. McMillin, whose intention was to operate the properties under similar corporation methods that had previously existed. The suit resulted in the different companies being thrown into the hands of receivers. E. R. Norton was appointed receiver for the San Antonio Edison Company, William G. Schuwirth for the Mutual Electric Light Company, Thomas Johnson for the San Antonio Railway Company, and B. M. Harmmond for the San Antonio Gas Company.

The receivers operated the properties for a few months with no change in the management. E. H. Jenkins, who had previously been in charge of the properties, retained his position as president and general manager of all the companies. Early in 1900 the properties were sold by the receivers to M. F. Douthirt as trustee for the bondholders. Two new companies were organized to take over the properties—the San Antonio Gas & Electric Company to take over the lighting companies, and the San Antonio Traction Company to acquire and operate the railway properties. Mr. E. H. Jenkins was elected president and general manager of both companies. Mr. Jenkins died in 1902, and was succeeded by Reagan Houston until January 1, 1905, when the latter resigned and H. M. Littell was elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. Littell was in charge of the properties until August, 1906, when he was succeeded by W. B. Tuttle, who has since been in charge.

The San Antonio street railway men get higher wages than are paid in most cities of its size in the country; they are provided with a club-room where magazines, books and pool-tables are available, and they are furnished a substitute without loss of time while they are eating their noonday meal. Every employe interviewed declared that he was well satisfied with the treatment he was receiving; and a brighter and more loyal class of street railway men cannot be found in the country.

The company has spent an enormous amount of money during the past nine years in bettering the system. Between 1900 and 1902 twelve miles of track were rebuilt with concrete foundation; since 1904 the remainder of the trackage has been rebuilt. The power house, car barns and rolling stock are kept in excellent condition. While some of the cars are not of recent design, they are kept neat and clean, and altogether the physical condition of the property presents a very healthy appearance.

I have stated that the commission form of government is in effect in most of the large Texas cities. San Antonio, however, is an exception, and as far as the public utilities are concerned there is no necessity for a change from existing conditions. Mayor Callahan is a firm believer in the theory that the corporations have rights that must be respected. He encourages them to develop and extend, but does not permit any unwarranted privilege. In speaking about the railway and lighting properties, Mayor Callahan said: "We have in San Antonio the best-managed companies in the South. I admire the business methods of the management. A promise is never made that is not kept, and we know that if the general manager says a thing he means it. A spirit of absolute confidence prevails between our aldermen and the companies, and rarely ever does a citizen come to me with a complaint. If we make a request, it is cheerfully complied with, and we are careful never to make a request that is not reasonable."

I found the same spirit of admiration and respect among the bankers and business men. It is a confidence that is a very valuable asset. Such a spirit of fairness that is manifested by the city government permits the companies to feel certain that they can invest additional capital without any fear of embarrassment by hostile political interests.

The original gas company was organized March 6, 1860. The first price of gas was fixed at seven dollars. This price was reduced from time to time until 1890, when two dollars was charged. On March 16, 1899, the council granted an extension of the franchise with an agreed price of two dollars for illuminating gas and $1.50 for fuel gas with twenty-five cents reduction for prompt payment. Later a voluntary reduction was made in the price of illuminating gas, and both fuel and illuminating gas are now $1.25 net. The franchise has been extended to 1940; in fact, all the franchises—railway, electric light and gas—expire in that year.

The gas plant has eighty miles of mains, and four thousand meters are in service.

During the past few years the company has built an entirely new plant in a different location, covering a block of ground, and on the tracks of two railway systems. The holder capacity is 550,000 cubic feet.

The electric lighting plant was built in the late eighties, and in 1890 the property was purchased by the San Antonio Gas Company. During the last two years the company has installed two steam turbines of 1,500 kilowatt capacity. They are just beginning the construction of a new additional plant with increased capacity and located on the river and railroad tracks. The lighting rates average nine cents per kilowatt, and the power rates are six cents, with ten per cent. discount for prompt payment. The city pays seventy-two dollars per year for arc lighting, and about 400 street arcs are in service.

There are no better managed public utilities in Texas than the railway, gas, and electric lighting companies of San Antonio, nor are any cities getting better service.

* * * *

San Antonio has not followed the footsteps of other Texas municipalities in the matter of municipal ownership of its water-works system, and this is principally because the plant, which is owned by a private company, is more than adequate to meet the demands of the citizens, while the contract and rates are eminently fair and satisfactory; in fact, there is no city in the Southern states, with the possible exception of New Orleans, whose water-works system has a greater pumping capacity, or which is furnishing a quality of water equal to that being served the people of San Antonio by the water company of that city. There would be no advantage to the people of San Antonio in the application of municipal ownership of its water works, and there is no agitation along these lines.

The original water company in San Antonio was organized in 1877 and reorganized in 1880. The present owners acquired the property in 1905, and the name was changed to the San Antonio Water Supply Company.

The original plant was designed to furnish water from the springs at the head of the San Antonio River. About twenty years ago the springs began to diminish in their flow, and the company was compelled to seek a better supply. An effort was made to sink an artesian well about two miles north of the city. After sinking about 1,800 feet the project was abandoned. The company then began boring at a point where the present works are located and succeeded in obtaining an abundant supply. Four additional wells were sunk at pumping station number two, and another well was driven at station number one.

In 1895 the water power was abandoned, and a steam plant was built. Electric power, which had also been utilized, was discarded with the introduction of steam.

In 1903 the company installed an Allis Chalmers vertical, high duty, triple expansion pumping engine of 15,000,000 gallons daily capacity; in 1908 an additional engine of the same type with 20,000,000 gallons daily capacity was added. The total pumping capacity of the plant is now about 50,000,000 gallons per day.

The available water supply at the present time is about 80,000,000 gallons per day, or enough to supply a city more than double the size of San Antonio. The greatest demand that has ever been made upon the plant was 18,000,000 gallons per day. In addition the company maintains a reserve reservoir with 5,000,000 gallons capacity.

San Antonio is probably the only city of importance in Texas that has not found it necessary to restrict the citizens in the use of water during fires.

The company is operating under a fifty-year franchise with a ten-year extension privilege. This franchise was granted in 1880.

WATER WORKS PLANT
San Antonio Water Supply Company

Contracts are made with the city for ten-year periods, and the present contract will expire in 1912. It provides that the city shall pay $2,000 a month for water used for public purposes. This includes flushing the city's sewers, street sprinkling and washing streets, public buildings and parks, and the water furnished to 1,300 hydrants. It also provides that the company shall flush one closet in each residence free of charge. The company pays the city in taxes each year about $6,000 more than it receives for water service to the municipality.

The rates to private consumers are fixed by the city, and the right is reserved to change them from time to time, but no existing contract can be abrogated. The meter rates are cheaper than in any city in the Southwest. A charge of fifteen cents per 1,000 gallons is made to residences, with a minimum charge of one dollar. Above this amount the price is fourteen cents. The commercial rates are based upon a sliding scale with a maximum charge of twenty-five cents per 1,000 gallons, until the bill reaches one dollar, then reduced as low as nine cents when the consumption is large.

The flat rates are lower than in nearly all the cities of the state, especially when it is considered that one closet in each residence is flushed free of charge.

The contract calls for the laying of 15,000 feet of pipe each year, but the company has exceeded this amount by nearly 10,000 feet annually. The system has 140 miles of large mains, ranging from five to thirty inches in diameter, besides about seventy miles of smaller pipes.

The water has been analyzed on several recent occasions and pronounced free from organic matter and practically absolutely pure. Mr. C. H. Surkamp, vice-president and general manager, who has been in charge of the property for the past three years, has succeeded in establishing a degree of confidence in the company that permits the business to run along without any unnecessary friction. Mr. H. E. Ellsworth, secretary and treasurer, who has been with the company since 1890, is most efficient and fully understands the requirements of the citizens.

There is nothing but the kindliest feelings on the part of the people in general toward the company, and this condition is the result of the liberal and progressive spirit manifested by the company.

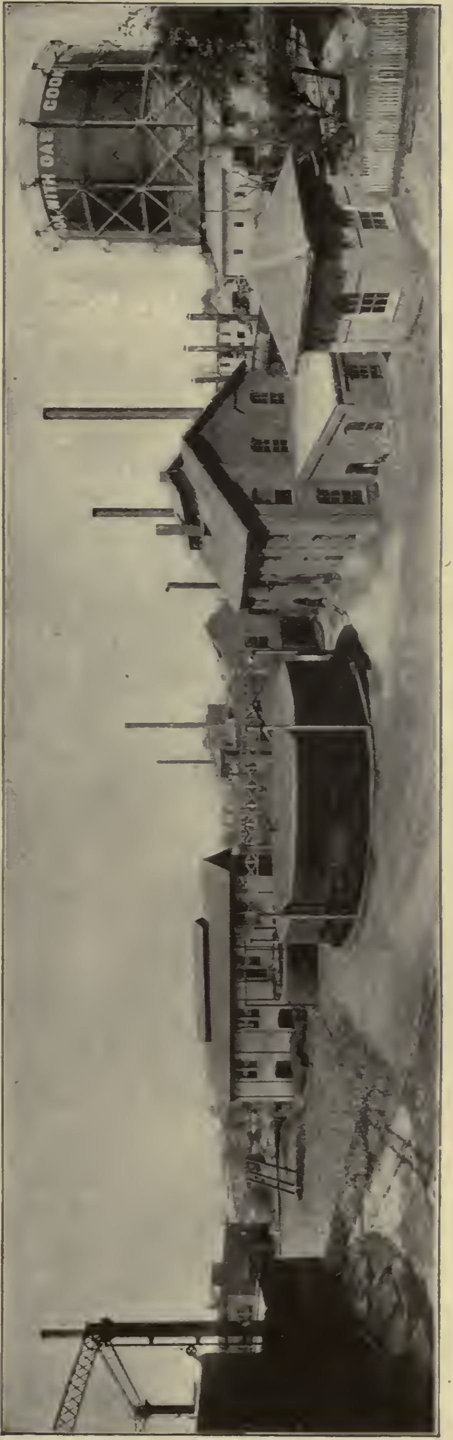
* * * *

If one wants to study the effects of good government upon a municipality, Houston, Texas, affords the opportunity; and it is interesting to note the remarkable strides in commercial advancement the city has made since its government was rescued from official incompetence and extravagance and placed upon a solid business basis. Houston is the best-governed city in the United States, and Mayor H. B. Rice is one of the best official heads of any municipal government in this country. This statement is made after a careful study of municipal conditions in nearly all the important cities of this country, and I do not hesitate to recommend that the expense of a trip to Houston by a committee of aldermen from any city in the United States would be money well invested. If the visiting committee would study the history of municipal government in Houston, it would find a period of rottenness that was appalling. It would find a city advantageously located for commercial advancement, but which, under non-progressive but grafting administrations, made no material gains. It would see the people struggling under a system that was nothing but political bickerings and squandered taxes. Debt after debt was being created and nothing to show for the moneys paid into the treasury. It was a veritable Sodom and Gomorrah.

When patriotic but disgusted citizens proposed a house cleaning and the establishment of a new system, the old beneficiaries of the political conditions held up their hands in holy horror at what they termed the evils of a one-man government. But reform was in the air, and it swept Houston like a tornado, and in the place of abandoned profligacy in municipal affairs, a few honest energetic men were delegated to carry out a plan that would bring order out of chaos.

When Mayor Rice and four commissioners were chosen to administer the affairs of the city under the commission plan of government, in 1905, they found a floating indebtedness of over $400,000 and an empty treasury. The city virtually had no credit. There was not a single merchant who desired to transact business with the local government. The prospect was indeed gloomy, but the commissioners went about their task with a determination to better conditions. Useless and expensive offices were abolished, while others were consolidated. A national bank was made treasurer of the city, allowing a salary of only fifty dollars per month for clerk hire, and the bank to pay interest on all balances to the credit of the city. The city attorney was instructed to institute and file suits for all delinquent taxes, and this procedure caused to flow into the treasury nearly $100,000 in eight months from this source alone.

By the strictest economy over $300,000 of the floating indebtedness was reduced during the first eight months, besides paying the monthly bills promptly. In three years of commission rule, the city of Houston wiped out its floating indebtedness of over $400,000, and gave the taxpayers out of the treasury, without the issuance of a single bond, $701,026.74 of permanent improvements, and for



PLANT OF THE HOUSTON GAS COMPANY, HOUSTON, TEXAS

the first time in the history of Houston a sinking fund has been created. While these improvements have been going on, the tax rate has been reduced thirty cents on the hundred dollars.

Under the present government in Houston there is no favoritism shown the saloon interests, and as a consequence the liquor business is being conducted with as little offense as possible. The brewers co-operate with the authorities in ridding the community of undesirable characters who get into the saloon business, and there is an absence of that rowdyism and debauchery which characterize the saloons of many American cities.

Mayor Rice is no servant of the public-utility men of Houston, neither does he aspire to be their master. He believes they should be encouraged in making investments that will improve their properties and be of benefit to the city. He believes that legalized capital under the laws of Texas thus invested is entitled to protection, and should earn a just interest in their authorized capital; and he boldly asserts that as long as he is mayor no bond owner in any Houston corporation need fear the enactment of any unreasonable or impracticable measures affecting their interests.

In speaking of the Houston public utilities, Mayor Rice said: "We are proud of our public-utility companies. Our street railroad properties are under the control of practical public-utility men, and the management is most efficient. The lines are being extended as fast as there is demand, and the property is kept in good physical condition.

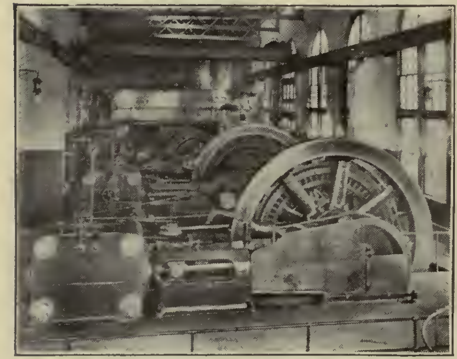
"We have one of the best electric lighting companies in Texas. The company under its present management has never been in conflict with the city, and the service furnished admits of no complaint. I regard the company as thoroughly up to date and the management very competent.

"Our gas company is giving entire satisfaction. Its rates are lower than those charged in any of the Texas cities, while the quality of the product is the very best. Extensions are made as fast as required, and the management enjoys the full confidence of the people."

* * * *

Houston's gas history would be interesting reading to present-day users of the commodity, and in view of the manifest prejudice on the part of many people against all public-utility companies, no better method of combatting this sentiment could be adopted than to furnish the plain facts regarding advantages given today that our forefathers did not enjoy.

In the presentation of the history of gas lighting in Houston, the student would find a period during which the citizens were paying ten dollars per thousand cubic feet for gas, and that of an inferior quality, while today the price charged is $1.15, and the quality is the very best. In the early days the methods employed were naturally of a primitive nature, and every new innovation was an experiment. Notwithstanding the seemingly exorbitant price, the company was unable to obtain a fair return on the money invested, but the property was owned largely by patriotic citizens who wanted to give their city as metropolitan an aspect as possible and therefore were willing to lend their credit to the institution so that improvements and extensions might be made.



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSTON LIGHTING & POWER COMPANY'S PLANT

The first gas ompany in Houston was chartered in October, 1866, under the name of the Houston Gas Light Company. The plant was built the following year and gas supplied in 1868, the price being fixed at ten dollars per thousand cubic feet. Pennsylvania bituminous coal was used for the manufacture of gas and was retailed to the people of Houston at that time for twenty dollars a ton. Various interesting resolutions appear on the record books of the company, and several may be found to the effect that the superintendent be instructed to put the works in tidy condition. Evidently the superintendent ignored this resolution, for it appears later that the directors had the renovating resolution carried into effect, and the expense was charged up to the superintendent and deducted from his salary. It is needless to state that he was not a permanent fixture with the company.

Under various managers the Houston Gas Light Company continued in business under that title until March 1, 1905, when it was reorganized under the name of the Houston Gas Company, and is being operated now under that name. The present capitalization of the company is $650,000. There have been issued $684,000 first mortgage and $120,000 second mortgage bonds. The property is in excellent physical condition, and the gas pressure is most uniform.

The price charged for gas during the life of the company was as follows: 1868 to 1870, ten dollars; 1870 to 1873, seven dollars; 1873 to 1876, five dollars; 1876 to 1889, four dollars; 1889 to 1890, $2.50; 1890 to 1898, two dollars. In the latter year a new franchise was granted the Houston Gas Light Company for a period of thirty years, and the price of gas fixed at $1.80 a thousand cubic feet. The reductions in price had all been voluntary on the part of the company.

On January 1, 1906, the price, by agreement with the city commission, was again reduced to $1.25 net, and this was again reduced on July 1, 1908, to $1.15 net. This is the present price and is the lowest of any of the cities of Texas.

The company now has 100 miles of gas mains and over 6,500 customers. The present capacity of the plant is 1,500,000 cubic feet per day. Contracts have been let to double the capacity during the present year.

The Houston Gas Company has succeeded in gaining the confidence of the people of Houston, and its relationship with the municipality is most harmonious. Its management believes that no better asset can be obtained than the goodwill of its patrons. It endeavors to be liberal in its treatment of the public, willing to make all necessary extensions as fast as required, and ready at all times to rectify errors the moment they are brought to the company's notice. The management is among the foremost boosters of Houston, and is ready at all times to aid in any municipal advancement.

C. H. Dunbar, secretary and general

manager of the company, has been in charge of the property for the past five years. He was formerly in charge of important gas properties in the North and is one of the most thoroughly posted men in gas manufacture and distribution in the South. The Houston Gas Company is in excellent condition, and the property is very valuable.

* * * *

Electric lighting began in Houston in 1882. On June 5th of that year an ordinance was passed by the city council granting certain rights and privileges to the Houston Electric Light & Power Company. On February 13, 1888, an ordinance was passed granting the Fort Wayne "Jenney" Electric Light Company the privilege to erect poles, etc. Both of these companies passed into the hands of the Citizens' Electric Light & Power Company, who acquired the franchise and physical property. In 1898 the latter company went into the hands of a receiver on account of default in payment of interest on its bonds.

On November 12, 1901, a charter was granted to the Houston Light & Power Company. This company was acquired by the present company, and a charter was granted January 8, 1906, since which time the present owners have been in control.

As an illustration of the greatly increased cost to the users of electricity over present prices, it might be stated that in 1898 the rates for commercial service were: all night, every night, arc lamp, $17.50 per month; ten o'clock arc lamps, six nights per week, eight dollars per month; ten o'clock service, one dollar per month. The current was furnished only from dark till dawn. Power rate was five dollars per H. P. per month. The present prices are single rate, twelve cents per kilowatt hour, with a minimum charge for service of one dollar. All charges under this rate, if paid before the tenth of the month, are subject to the following discounts: bills over one dollar and up to $4.99, five per cent.; over five dollars and up to $24.99, ten per cent.; over twenty-five dollars and up to $49.99, fifteen per cent.; over fifty dollars and up to $74.99, twenty per cent.; over seventy-five dollars and up to $99.99, twenty-five per cent.; all bills over one hundred dollars, thirty per cent. discount. Street arcs, seventy dollars per year.

Two rate, thirteen cents per kilowatt hour for the first two kilowatt hours consumed per month per sixteen candle power incandescent lamp wired, or its equivalent, and seven cents for all in excess of that amount. The minimum bill to be one dollar, and five per cent. discount is allowed for prompt payment.

The power rates are, for a monthly consumption of 1,000 kilowatt hours or less, six cents per kilowatt hour. All in excess of this amount, five cents, subject to a discount of five per cent. for prompt payment.

Special prices are made on fan service, according to the number used and length of time in operation.

In 1898 the old power house was destroyed by explosion and fire. The capacity of the old power house was 562½ kilowatts. In 1898 the connected load was: 191 street arcs, 173 commercial arcs, 2,200 equivalent sixteen candle power lamps, 228 H. P. motors; total equivalent sixteen candle power, 9000. In 1909 the connected load has increased to 625 street arcs, 2,112 commercial arcs, 13,179 equivalent sixteen candle power lamps, 7811 H. P. motors, and total equivalent sixteen candle power, 212,373. The company has 5,225 meters in service.

The capital stock is $1,000,000 with a bonded indebtedness of $744,000.

Perhaps few lighting companies in the United States have had a more peaceful career than the Houston Light & Power Company has experienced since the present management has been in control. This was not due, however, to any lack of watchfulness on the part of the citizens, but to the energetic efforts constantly put forth by the lighting company to give the very best service at the lowest possible price. It has, of course, had to contend with the antagonism of the corporation hater, and also with the citizen who does not understand that electricity cannot, like gas and water, be stored, and that the company must create an investment sufficient to take care of the peak load, which is used but a short time each day. But these conditions the management has cheerfully met. It has striven to please the intelligent business element of the community, and that it has succeeded is evidenced by the many kindly expressions made to me by representative bankers and business men concerning the company. It would, indeed, be difficult to find a public-utility company that is held in higher esteem by the citizens of a municipality than is the Houston Light & Power Company.

This admirable state of affairs is largely due to the constant watchfulness on the part of William H. Chapman, general manager. Mr. Chapman is probably one of the most successful corporation men in the South. Previous to going to Texas, he was connected with various electrical companies in the North and installed a number of very successful systems. He has a host of friends in Houston, and his company is successful in every sense of the word.

STREET RAILWAY IN OKLAHOMA

In the successful development of street railway systems Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, affords an opportunity for interesting study. Theories that have been often pronounced impracticable have been put into practice with remarkable results in this hustling city, and the street railway system is today an object of much curiosity. In most municipalities the town creates the railway, but in Oklahoma City the railway virtually creates the town. That this has been largely true during the past ten years the most prejudiced corporation hater cannot fail to observe. The plans adopted in Oklahoma City were bold, and from a financial viewpoint exceedingly daring. They were carried into effect, however, by men who were willing to take the risk, and at this date it can be easily understood that the methods pursued were based on sound business principles and the only ones that could possibly apply to a growing city like Oklahoma.

The metropolis of the state of Oklahoma is without doubt the biggest city for its age in the world. Eighteen years ago what is now the state of Oklahoma was nothing but a wild territory, with Indian trails and bison paths as the only connections between different points. Today Oklahoma City has 50,000 inhabitants, with postal receipts and bank clearings showing gains aggregating thirty per cent. over the same month last year.

The Oklahoma street railway came into existence after the days of horse and cable railways, and therefore its present capitalization and bonded indebtedness do not represent money spent in installing systems that were tried and discarded.

It was the ideal of the owners to make the enterprise as far as prudent a factor in building up the community. To this end they laid tracks from time to time in all directions and greatly in advance of settlement. The company secured thoroughfares laid out for the special accommodation of rapid transit. Much more frequent service was put into effect than short-sighted economy would warrant or hungry stockholders would permit, but this policy had the effect of materially contributing to boost the city from 14,000, when the first lines were built, to a total population of 50,000 today, and this during the short period of six years.

The Oklahoma Railway Company has never suffered from high finance and low joints, nor has it ever been in conflict with the city. Naturally, it felt the effect of a bad spell of agitation during the formation of the state constitution. This agitation, however, was very largely directed at the steam roads, and it dominated the constitutional convention and the first election. It is apparent that the people of Oklahoma have discovered they had gone too far, as the legislature just adjourned not only refused to pass a single bill calculated to embarrass railroads as well as other monied interests, but repealed considerable of the work of the previous legislature and proposed certain amendments to the constitution seeking to remove some of its most objectionable features. The electric railway interests were not attacked to the same extent during the spasm, but were prejudiced on rules of practice in the courts in measures of liability for damages which made the existence of the claim department more troublesome and the path of the ambulance chaser comparatively easy.

The Oklahoma Railway Company was organized in 1902 at a time when the city embraced two square miles area and 14,000 people. On February 11, 1902, the company obtained a franchise unlimited in duration and exclusive on streets occupied and filed upon, provided the lines were built within twelve months after filing.

The franchise provides that, if the city possesses a population of 25,000 at the end of ten years, the company shall pay into the city treasury one per cent. of the gross receipts, and one per cent. for each additional 15,000 population, limiting participation to three per cent. of the gross earnings. It is estimated that the direct benefits conferred and the per cent. tax makes the city a participant to the extent of fifteen per cent. of the net receipts. The city retained the right to purchase the property in 1932 and each fifteen years thereafter, the purchase not to prejudice outstanding bonds, except that the city can call them and pay them off at any purchase period. Any outside lines the company may control will have the right of access to the city, the appraisers to determine upon the tracks and rate of rental. The city and interurban lines included in one blanket mortgage at time of purchase will have its mortgage debt apportioned by the appraisers as between the city and company, the mortgagees to retain their lien upon property until the debt is fully satisfied.

Seven miles of track were built the first year, and seven small single truck cars were placed in service. Various extensions have since been built, until the trackage now aggregates forty-one miles, with an equipment of sixty-seven passenger cars. Twenty miles of the track is located on streets and twenty miles on private right-of-way; about eighteen miles of track are on paved streets. In the earlier paving the company used concrete stringers which proved inadequate under the recent installation of heavy equipment and the last two-thirds of paving has been placed in steel I beams imbedded in eighteen inches of concrete, which after a service of three years is believed to be indestructible under all ordinary traffic conditions. The standard city pavement is asphalt, but the street railway uses a brick surface.

TRACK COMPLETED AND READY FOR BALLAST
Oklahoma Railway Company, showing type of heavy track construction

The company's policy of building to outlying districts concurrent with the platting and dedication of such districts has enabled it to require as a condition that the owners plat a private right-of-way in the center of the street desired for occupancy, from thirty to fifty feet in width, with roadway on each side of the private right-of-way

The company purchased its power up to 1908 from the local lighting company, at which time it placed its own power plant in operation. The power house is strictly modern and contains one Westinghouse Parsons turbine generator of 850 kilowatts capacity and one Filer & Stowell cross compound engine direct connected to the generator. The building has capacity for doubling the present equipment.

The plant generates alternating current, which is transmitted five miles to a rotary substation centrally located in the city. The plant is designed as a combination city and interurban station. An artificial lake covering about 160 acres and holding 600,000,000 gallons was constructed near the power plant primarily for a water supply, but is being beautified as a central feature of a 400-acre park. The water from the condensers traverses a four-acre bathing pool, sanded and graveled. The present rate of pumping renews the water in the pool every thirty-six hours. It affords outdoor bathing facilities from April to November.

The park system is not owned by the railway company, but by the same people. It is not an amusement park, but one for recreation and rest.

The principal owners of the Oklahoma Railway Company and the men responsible for the excellence of the system are Anton H. Classen and John W. Shartell. Mr. Classen is president and Mr. Shartell, vice-president and general manager. These gentlemen have demonstrated their faith in the city and their street railway investment will yield handsome returns.

* * * *

The traction affairs of Muskogee, Oklahoma, are not in a very satisfactory condition. Before any gains in municipal progress can be looked for, matters pertaining to street railway affairs must be better understood and less antagonism toward the company manifested. If there are matters in dispute regarding which an honest difference of opinion exists, the sooner they are brought to a final issue the better; but any drastic act on the part of the municipality will certainly create an unfriendly feeling toward the city which may prove to be very detrimental when new money is being sought to develop the public utilities or any other municipal enterprise.

NEW POWER HOUSE AT BELLE ISLE
Oklahoma Railway Company

There is no one who can honestly state that the Muskogee Street Railway Company is inferior to that of other cities of its class, for, as a matter of fact, the physical condition of the property is first class in every respect. The cars are of the most modern design, and there is no old junk in service, the trackage is in good condition, and no expense is being spared to provide comfort and pleasure to the patrons of the line.

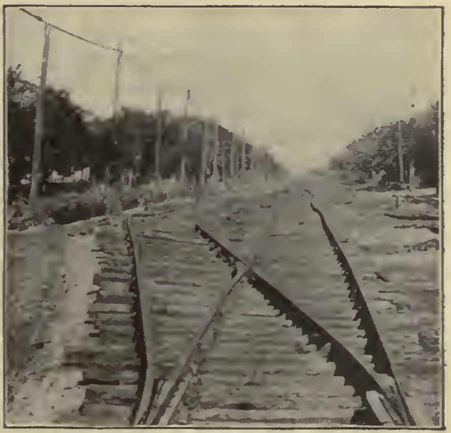
The company maintains at its own expense an amusement park that would do credit to any city of twice the population. It is known as Hyde Park and is located about five miles from the city on the banks of the Arkansas River. Here amusement features of every popular description have been arranged, and a prettier spot would be difficult to find.

There have been matters of dispute between the street railway company and the municipality for some time, which on two different occasions have culminated in the city tearing up portions of the company's track. The first occasion was last February when certain members of the council, supplemented by police officers and workmen tore up the track at the intersection of C and Lawrence streets, because it was claimed that the tracks were improperly placed. The company contended that the government and the city as well fixed the crossing at C and Lawrence streets as it is, and the plans and maps on file show this to be a fact; hence, when the tracks were laid, they were put down in conformity to the street plans which were on file.

The last action on the part of the city was to tear up about 4,000 feet of track on Okmulgee Street. This drastic action was taken because of the failure on the part of the company to relay its tracks in another part of the street as directed by a resolution of the council. When the tracks were originally built, they were placed in the park section of the street, following resolutions to this effect which had been adopted by the city council. Later, the aldermen desired them placed in another part of the street and made a demand that the company comply. Following a failure to accede to the council's demand, the city tore up the track as above stated.

To an outsider who has no interest in the matter, it is apparent that the city's actions have been drastic, and it is questionable if such proceedings are approved by all the representative business men of Muskogee. The company has undoubtedly made mistakes, as all companies do, but the city of Muskogee cannot afford to depart from the ordinary customs in dealing with its public-utility companies when matters are in dispute.

The street railway must build months and sometimes years ahead of the city. The Muskogee traction company must have faith in the good intentions of the citizens to treat the corporation fairly, honestly and honorably. Nearly a million dollars have been invested in the property, not by the superintendent in charge, but by Eastern investors who had faith in the good intentions of the people. It will require a large amount of additional capital to meet the demands which the growing city of Muskogee will make upon the traction company within the next three years, and no material municipal development can be expected unless it is accompanied by street railway improvements and development.



HOW THE CITY OF MUSKOGEE LEFT THE STREET RAILWAY TRACK AFTER THE COUNCIL MOVED IT

I am firmly convinced that none of the progressive business men desire to see any unwarranted attack made upon the traction company; but one and all insist that the company must not ignore the spirit of the franchise and the laws of the state. The general sentiment among the representative business men is to encourage Eastern capital and to protect it in the enterprises in which it may be engaged, and there is no doubt but that the near future will see a more amicable condition of traction affairs in Muskogee.

As stated above, the physical condition of the Muskogee Traction Company is most excellent. The street cars can be pointed to with considerable pride by every patriotic citizen. The motormen and conductors are an efficient class of employes and compare favorably with those of any company in the Southwest.

The street railway system in Muskogee has been in operation four years, and the company was given a twenty-five year franchise. One of the features of this franchise was that the company should pave between the rails and nine inches on the outside thereof. The first legislature of Oklahoma enacted a law which provided that all street railway companies should pave between their rails and twenty-four inches on the outside of each rail. This law was clearly an abrogation of the company's franchise rights; however, it never contested the point, but complied with the spirit of this legislative act.

The system has 14.3 miles of track and twenty-one cars. M. R. D. Long has been in charge of the property for the past four years.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

There is perhaps no American city which has been confronted with the task of taking care of an additional population of 100,000 acquired in a day, such as Oakland, California, was immediately after the San Francisco disaster of 1906. The great majority of these people became permanent residents. In order to accommodate this sudden influx of new-comers the public-utility companies came face to face with the fact that additional equipment and many extensions were immediate necessities. The increase in street railway earnings was $95,000 per month. Electric light, gas and water receipts were largely increased and the city suddenly awakened to the fact that it had grown from an infant to an adult in a day.

I was much interested in studying the plans by which the Oakland Traction Company met this sudden demand for increased railway service. That the corporation planned quickly and wisely is apparent to every student of public-utility matters who visits Oakland, and one of the most agreeable features is that the traction company met and successfully solved the problem without encountering any opposition of any kind from the municipal authorities. In most American cities the sight of a public-utility company enjoying such enormous gains in business would invoke the enmity and antagonism of that class of unfortunate persons who imagine that the corporation will soon control everything, much to the disadvantage of the poor; but in Oakland the municipal officers and citizens generally co-operated with the traction company in every possible manner in its efforts to satisfactorily meet the new conditions.

The history of the corporation is one that public-utility students can study with admiration. This company pays the highest wages to its employes paid by a street railway company in any city in the world, with the possible exception of Butte, Montana. What is the result? The 1,100 employes are men of education and ability—men who are not inferior to those found in banks and large business offices, and as a consequence the patrons get first-class service and courteous treatment at all times. Then again, the percentage of accidents is reduced to a minimum.

The work of building and equipping the Oakland Traction Company has evidently been in master hands. The roadbed is of the very best, and the cars models in every respect. The corporation manufactures its own cars.

In the early days in Oakland street railway affairs were in a chaotic condition. There were street-car companies galore; in fact, every part of the city had its own street railway company. There were no transfer arrangements, except in one particular instance, and passengers going a distance of three or four miles over different systems were compelled to pay from fifteen to twenty cents for the ride. Each company sought to get ahead of its competitors, and strife between the corporations was continuous. One of the most striking illustrations of the injudicious expenditure of money in street railway construction was brought into prominence by the old Piedmont Cable Company. At an expense of two and a half million dollars the company equipped its system with cables, which in a very short time were thrown into the scrap heap. The system was built with solid concrete conduits running for miles, all of which were torn up and abandoned when consolidation of the companies took place. Over two hundred tons of dynamite were used in breaking up the concrete conduit.

In 1894 it became apparent that the street railway situation in Oakland was a deplorable one. The stockholders were compelled to meet a continuous assortment of assessments and much dissatisfaction prevailed. It was at this time that F. M. Smith, F. C. Havens and E. A. Heron undertook to effect a consolidation of the various companies and put the consolidated system upon a firm financial basis. The Piedmont, Mountain View, and Oakland Consolidated Railways were the first systems acquired. Shortly after the other lines came into the new company, and the old stockholders then saw the first rift in the clouds.

Financial interests possessed confidence in the men who had undertaken the consolidation of the different systems, and money needed on bond issues was easily obtained. The horse cars and the cable equipments were early abandoned, and the work of rebuilding the systems was carried along intelligently and regardless of cost. Everything was put in first-class condition, and as a result Oakland's street railway system, as before stated, is one of the very best in the country.

It was several years, however, before the stockholders received any dividends; in fact, for a while they encountered assessments; but they had faith in the management and the ultimate success of the company, and their hopes have been realized.

The gains made by the Oakland Traction Company during the past few years are truly remarkable. There are but few similar corporations that can point to such a remarkable gain during this period. Much credit is due E. A. Heron, president, and W. F. Kelly, general manager, for the efficiency of the system and the pleasant relationship that exists with the municipality. It is evident that these gentlemen understand the most modern and only sure way of conducting a great public-utility company for the best interests of all concerned. On every hand in Oakland I found business men who cheerfully asserted that the corporation always lives up to its obligations and never fools the people. This spirit of confidence on the part of the business interests of Oakland is an asset which in itself is worth millions.

The Oakland Traction Company is unique in that it issues no passes. Its president and manager pay their fares as do all its directors. In fact, the only persons carried free are policemen and firemen in uniform. The system consists of 166 miles of track and 220 cars. The officers of the corporation are: E. A. Heron, president; Henry Wadsworth, vice-president; S. J. Taylor, secretary; Frank Havens, treasurer, and W. F. Kelly, general manager. These gentlemen are also the officials of the Key Route, a separate corporation providing transportation facilities between San Francisco and the business and residence sections of Oakland. Large ferry boats are used in carrying passengers across San Francisco Bay. In Oakland the Key Route system consists of twenty-eight miles of track and fifty-eight cars. This corporation possesses a steam road franchise, but operates by electricity. It possesses excellent terminal facilities for a transcontinental line, and has right of way through the city of Oakland, from San Francisco Bay to Fruitvale. The corporation has secured 400 acres of land for terminal purposes. As is the case with the Oakland Traction Company, the Key Route system is first class in every particular.

* * * *

The struggle which the Peoria Terminal Company of Peoria, Illinois, has experienced since its organization is full of exciting interest. The company is now, however, in greatly improved condition, and its future is very encouraging. This is due to recent reorganization and more efficiency at the helm.

The system was projected in 1897 by the Electrical Installation Company of Chicago, L. E. Myers, vice-president and general manager. Mr. Myers' inability to finance the project resulted in the grants being acquired by Tucker, Anthony & Company of Boston, who built the line.

When the railroad was first promoted, it met with the strongest possible opposition from a rival railroad, which enjoyed a monopoly of all business passing through the Peoria gateway from railroads having their Southern and Eastern terminus at Peoria, and connecting with railroads having their Northern and Eastern terminus at Pekin. Most of these railroads held proprietary interests in what is known as the old Peoria & Pekin Union Combination. The new road opened up a line of competition for the transfer of freights between the two cities and railroad connections, and immediately a railroad war was in progress. The rates fell from fifteen to two dollars per car. This, of course, made the business unprofitable and consequently handicapped all efforts to develop the property. But the Chicago & Alton and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroads have no proprietary interests in the Peoria & Pekin Union, and after the expiration of certain contracts of the Chicago & Alton in about a year, will use the Peoria Terminal Company's system as a gateway for all business from the South into Peoria, and with the assistance of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, with its business South from Peoria, will make the property a good paying investment.

Besides, considerable increase in business may be expected in consequence of the congested conditions now existing with all railroads entering Peoria and Pekin. This is bringing a constantly increasing freight traffic over the line.

There is a wide field for expansion of the company's freight traffic, and every possible means is being effected to acquire the business.

Since reorganization, the company's passenger earnings have shown a very satisfactory gain; in fact, a distinct gain of 106,000 passengers was made during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, over the previous year, which shows a gain of six and one-quarter cents per motor-car mile in the earnings. This has been accomplished through more efficient management, whereby the cars are now run on regular schedule time. Half-hour trips are made between Peoria and Pekin.

The Peoria Terminal Company has trackage arrangements with the city lines of the Illinois Traction Company, but efforts are now being made to secure a franchise on Washington Street a distance of about two miles, which, when it is granted, will enable the company to enter the heart of the city over its own tracks, and therefore greatly reduce its schedule time between Peoria and Pekin.

Considerable improvements are contemplated, such as double tracking the entire system, new cars and additional freight-handling facilities. The present rolling stock consists of five engines, fifty coal cars and ten motor cars.

Judge W. T. Irwin is president of the company and takes an active part in the affairs of the system. He believes that the only way to build up the business is to provide efficient service at reasonable rates and to treat the public honorably at all times. Mr. E. A. Burrill is general manager. He is indefatigable in his efforts to promote the interests of the company, and, with such efficiency in management, I do not hesitate to predict success for the reorganized company.

SOMEBODY

From the book "Heart Throbs."

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought "'Tis sweet to live";
Somebody said "I'm glad to give";
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that "somebody" you?

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By— Frederick Hulzmann

WITH the closing autumn and early winter months, the season for Grand Opera opens, not alone in the great metropolitan theatres, where many thousands of dollars are willingly spent for the supreme pleasure afforded, but in the humblest homes of all lovers of good music. An increasing appreciation of this form of the world's greatest music has been marked during the last two years, and much of the credit has been given to the genius and energy of the indefatigable Oscar Hammerstein; there is still another and not less efficient factor in American musical development—the Grand Opera artists themselves, by lending their talents and highest flights of song to making beautiful musical records for the great talking machine companies, have allied with other agencies in developing a gigantic and almost universal musical educational movement, which reaches by practical means the whole nation.

It is conservatively estimated that there are over three million individual record-buyers each month. Some lovers of good music who can afford it spend from one dollar to two dollars per month in the purchase of records, though these are exceptional cases. Though the total sum expended for records runs into many millions of dollars annually, yet the money so spent by each individual is not a serious drain on the resources of any household. Despite the large value of this output, in which the public has both a financial and ethical interest, there has hitherto been no attempt at a periodical and merited appreciation and review of these records by newspapers or magazines. The NATIONAL MAGAZINE is taking up a monthly review along this line in an absolutely new and independent way, aided only by the desire of the several companies for just criticism and honest praise.

There has been a remarkable production of new records for the month of October, every phase of music being considered; in listing this latest output, there is no attempt to give more than a very concise criticism of the different numbers.

VICTOR RECORDS FOR OCTOBER

5733 "Sweetmeats"; Two-Step, by Wenrich.

As is usual, a new selection by Pryor's band heads the Victor list. This ragtime two-step is fully up to the standard set by former Pryor marches.

5735 Rondo from Serenade (Opus 525), by Mozart.

31747 Winter-Marchen—Romanze (Opus 112) by Saro.

The Victor string quartette makes its initial bow to the Victor public in these two records. To those who like the soft easy flow of stringed instruments these records will be a delight.

58012 Songs without Words, "The Cloud" (Opus 53), by Mendelssohn.

This is the third record by the Renard Trio, consisting of Violin, 'Cello and Pianoforte, and is fully up to their former renditions. It is a Mendelssohn gem in a rare setting.

5741 "Ich Liebe Dich" (I Love Thee), by Grieg.

This famous love song is sung in English by Frederick Gunster, a new tenor, in an easy, simple, natural style that will gain him many admirers.

5739 "The Last Rose of Summer," by Moore.

This old-time melody has a warm spot in the hearts of the public. This record by Elizabeth Wheeler is one more good addition to those who have sung the favorite ballad.

5738 Gobble Duet from "Mascotte"—"When I Behold Your Manly Form," by Audran.

The revival of this comic opera as promised by Mr. Hammerstein this season is an added reason for giving this charming duet to the public. It is sung in good spirit by Elizabeth Wheeler and Harry MacDonough.

31748 Gems of “The Prince of Tonight,” by Hough-Howard.

The grouping of new operatic medleys on one record is the Victor way of preserving the best songs of light opera. Six of the best song hits of this opera are to be found on this one record.

31749 “Holy Art Thou” (Music of Handel’s Largo), by Handel.

This choir record by the Trinity Choir is one of the best of all the sacred anthems. The voices are well adjusted and it is splendidly sung.

71045 Prelude (Op. 10, No. 1), Study (Op. 28, No. 1), by Chopin.

A good piano record is something of a novelty. This record by Wilhelm Backhaus is by far the best of its kind and portends a great possibility. On the Auxetaphone it is superb on account of the greatly increased volume and resonance.

61192 “Guillaume Tell”—Barcarolle (Come, Love, in My boat), by Rossini.

61193 Mignon—Elle ne croyait pas (Pure as a Flower), by Thomas.

In these two records the Victor brings out another new tenor in M. Regis of the Marseilles opera. These new singers come as a result of a constant search of the opera houses of Europe for new voices of rare quality, and in this new artist there will be no disappointment.

The three new records by Tetrazzini are remarkably fine etchings of her wonderful voice.

92067 Lucia di Lammermoor—Regnava nel silenzo (Silence Over All), by Donizetti.

This air from Lucia di Lammermoor, the most popular of the seventy operas written by Donizetti, with its endless flow of melody, gives the great Tetrazzini opportunity to display her wonderful voice with all the fascination of her art.

92068 Ballo in Maschera—Saper vorreste—Canzone (You Would Be Hearing), by Verdi.

When Verdi composed this American opera with its scene laid in Boston away back in Colonial days, he little dreamed that this air would be sung in thousands of American homes through the wonderful agency of the musical record. Nowhere is Tetrazzini’s voice heard to better advantage than in the flute-like runs and scales of this delicious air.

92069 La Sonnambula—Ah, non credea mirarti (Could I Believe), by Bellini.

Bellini’s music is particularly suited to the voice and his operas have been in the repertoires of all the famous singers from Pasta down to the present day. A beautiful ’cello obligato adds sympathy and tenderness to the melody, which is brought out in all its richness by the great soprano.

Under the heading of an important announcement, the Victor company herald four records by Lee Slezak, the famous Vienna tenor, soon to come to the Metropolitan Opera in New York.

61201 Stumme von Portici—Schlummerlied (Slumber Song from “Massaniello” , by Auber.

Auber, the composer of Massaniello, from which this slumber song is taken, is deemed to be the founder of Grand Opera. He was the first to produce stirring mass effects and bring the local color of the orchestra to a high state of perfection. In this selection, Slezak’s voice is strong and full, and fearfully loud at times, with exquisite shading by way of contrast.

61202 Cavalleria Rusticana—Siciliana (Thy Lips Like Crimson Berries), by Mascagni.

This selection from a comparatively recent opera is familiar to many. It is sung with a rare tone value and the soft, sweet accompaniment blends in harmony with his clear, resonant voice.

61203 Lohengrin—Nun sei bedankt, lieber Schwan (Thanks, My Trusty Swan), by Wagner.

As a native German tenor, Slezak gets a great deal out of this selection that is sometimes missed. He loses none of the Wagnerian effect and gives excellent accent and clearness to his singing.

61204 Romeo und Julia—Ach geh auf, moch erbleichen (Fairest Sun, Arise), by Gounod.

Notwithstanding the popularity of Faust, the French regard this opera as of greater musical value than any other written by Gounod. It is unquestionably one of the finest in the range of the tenor voice, and from the first to the last long-sustained note, Slezak sings it exceedingly well.

COLUMBIA RECORDS FOR OCTOBER

The Columbia company have in their October list five double-disk records by Guiseppi Campanari, the great baritone.

A740 Nozze di Figaro—Se vuol ballare, by Mozart.
Nozze di Figaro—Non piu andrai, by Mozart.

Mozart’s keen appreciation of dramatic effect is shown nowhere better than in Figaro. Perhaps these two selections are as good an example of his admirable handling of the human voice as can be found. These records ring with Campanari’s strong, full voice.

A5125 Carmen—Canzone del toreador, by Bizet.
Un Ballo in Maschera—Eri tu, by Verdi.

The pleasure-loving bullfighter of Carmen—the Toreador song has an individual musical language of its own. It is one of the greatest of baritone solos, and has in it all Bizet’s delineation of fatalistic bravado and tragic denouement. “Eri tu” of the “Masked Ball” is a good companion piece, and both selections show Campanari as one of the world’s greatest baritones.

A5126 I’Pagliacci—Prologue, by Leoncavallo.
Myosotis—Melodia, by Tirindelli.

Leoncavallo, the composer of I’Pagliacci and La Boheme, welds together Italian melody and Germany harmony and is regarded as a legitimate successor to Verdi. This prologue has long been a favorite concert number. “Myosotis’’ is a melody which is sung exceedingly well.

A5127 Herodiade—Vision fugitive, by Massenet.
Musica proibita—Melodia, by Gastaldon.

As a master of dainty bizarre effects, Massenet is probably better known for his “Thais” than for his “Herodiade.” Nevertheless, this tuneful selection from his earlier opera will live as one of the choice bits of song writing for the baritone voice. This and the Musica proibita melody Campanari sings with distinction and ease.

A5128 Il Barbiere di Siviglia—Largo al factotum, by Rossini.
Tarantella Napoletana, by Rossini.

The Barber of Seville is one of the most successful comic operas ever written, even if Rossini only took twenty days to complete it. As a lyrical composer, none stands higher than he, and the spontaneous vivacity of this selection is ably carried by Campanari. In Tarantella Napoletana, the stirring melody and brilliant effects make it a radical antithesis of the art of Wagner; it is sung to perfection.

A730 Le Rhone et la Saone—Polka, by Roussel.
The Mosquito Parade, by Whitney.

These two band selections are aglow with color and marked with a vivacity of character one likes to hear in a good band selection. The first is by the famous Artillery band of Mexico, the second is played by the Columbia band.

A735 **"Pipit and Thistle-Pinch," Piccolo duet, by Kling.**
"Marche des Jolies Femmes," Bell solo, by Carosio.

Marshall Lufshy and V. Falvella furnish an interesting novelty in this new piccolo duet. Supported by an orchestra accompaniment, the bird-like notes in their brilliancy and spontaneity produce an effect that is odd and pleasing. The bell solo played by Charles Adams, with orchestra accompaniment, is clear and loud.

A739 **"The Homeland," Sacred solo, by Hanscom.**
"Anchored," by Watson.

Mrs. A. Stewart Holt, with clear diction and artistic expression, sings this familiar contralto solo with a violin and piano accompaniment. George Alexander sings "Anchored" to an orchestra accompaniment. Few songs have been more widely sung or have longer held the esteem of the public.

A738 **"Yacht Club"—Pas de Patineurs, by Eichfuss.**
"El Veintitres de Infanteria"—Marcha, by Pacheco.

These two band selections are in strong contrast. The first selection, played by the Royal Regimental Band, is light and tuneful, the second, played by Prince's Military Band, is strong and vigorous, with rhythm and wholesomeness.

A5122 **"Sinnbild Walzer," by Lincke.**
"Pres de Toi" (Near Thee) Waltz, by Waldteufel.

These two waltz-airs are both played by Prince's orchestra, and are in perfect waltz tempo. They are what might be termed utility records for those who wish to use the music for dancing. The first is by Paul Lincke, well remembered as the composer of "The Glow Worm."

A5124 **"My Dreams," by Tosti.**
"Roses," by Adams.

These two tenor solos are sung by John Bardsley, both with orchestra accompaniment. The former is one of the most popular and widely sung compositions of Tosti. The air is rich and expressive and gives a wide range to the voice. "Roses" is another celebrated English composition, and is by the same composer as that of "The Holy City." Both of these songs Mr. Bardsley sings in fine voice.

A733 **"My Little Eva," by Lowenwirth and Cohen.**
"When I Dream in the Gloaming of You," by Ingraham.

All the world loves a lover, and a love song is always popular with the masses. These two tenor solos are well above the average of sentimental songs. The first selection is sung by Frank Reade with expression and distinctness. The second selection is by Harry Tally, well known for the wide compass and rich even quality that marks his singing.

EDISON RECORDS FOR OCTOBER

Victor Herbert, the well-known musician and composer, contributes three of his best selections to the Edison Phonograph this month.

10217 **Oriental Dance, by Victor Herbert.**

It is a question if any other orchestra leader could get as much out of his compositions as Victor Herbert does with his own orchestra. This weird, unusual theme, from the musical extravaganza, "Wonderland," is well handled and calls up visions of "The Streets of Cairo."

229 **"It Happened in Nordland," by Victor Herbert.**

This popular light opera is full of catchy airs and tunes. As played by Mr. Herbert and his orchestra on the amber roll record it has an added charm, showing as it does a master's touch in the phrasing and changing tempo.

217 **"Garden Melody," by Schuman.**

This selection by the famous boy violinist, Albert Spaulding, is not disappointing even to those who have heard him in concert work. The same sweet tones, vibrating at times with the depth of feeling usually associated with the 'cello are carried to the end, the last note fading away as in the distance. It is an exceptionally good violin record.

223 **"Seneca Waltz," by Frosini.**

This accordion solo, played by the composer, is without question a rare example of record making. A simple instrument, in the hands of a master it becomes a whole orchestra in itself.

10228 **"Hola Waltz," by Carl Friedemann.**
226 **Old Comrade's March, by C. Teike.**

These two band selections are played by the United States Marine Band, with all the dash and go so necessary to stirring brass instrument music.

220 **Selection from "Maritana," by W. V. Wallace.**
10220 **"A Passing Fancy," by C. H. Rollinson.**

The Edison Concert Band has fully sustained its enviable reputation in these two October records. The old familiar airs from "Maritana" ring out clear and true. "The Passing Fancy," with its rare handling of reed and brass instruments, is beautiful indeed. It isn't long enough. It might well have been on an amber record.

10230 **"Santa Lucia," Old Italian Folk Song.**
225 **"Love's Old Sweet Song," by J. O. Molloy.**

In singing these delightful old selections, as male quartettes without accompaniment, Whitney brothers have added two more good records to their already long list. A good male quartette has a fascination, and the Whitney brothers are finished artists in this line.

224 **"I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go, Dear Lord," by Carrie E. Rounsefell.**

This sacred song, as sung by James F. Harrison, is wonderfully perfect as a record. The rich full voice, deep in reverence and feeling, has the conviction and sincerity essential to the singing of sacred songs.

232 **"Dream of the Tyrolienese," by August Habitsky.**

This delightful serenade, by the Edison Venetian trio, consisting of violin, flute and harp, is soft and musical, like a low, sweet lullaby.

10232 **"Two Old Songs," by Albert Benzla.**

This superb bell solo is not loud and clanging as is often the case with such records. The clear, sweet bell tones give these two old familiar airs, "Suwanee River" and "Blue Bells of Scotland," an added tenderness.

215 **Selections from "The Red Mill," by Victor Herbert.**

This selection includes eight of the popular airs from "The Red Mill," conducted by the composer, and is played with all the snap and vim of his rare style.

WM P CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

IT was a dear old German lady at the White House who first told me of that sweetest of words in all European tongues, excelling in filial devotion even our Saxon "mother"—the German "*Mutterchen*," which expresses all the deeper tenderness and loving devotion due to motherhood in the serenity of the sunset of life, and something of the deference and reverence with which devout women name the Madonna. With this exclamation the gentle German woman gazed at the dear old lady who graces the front page cover of the "Heart Throbs" book.

How often we find that one language supplies a word that no other can duplicate. It is believed that in the future, when a word of this kind occurs, instead of trying to literally translate it in the translation department at Washington, the word itself will be used, carrying with it its old and full significance.

* * *

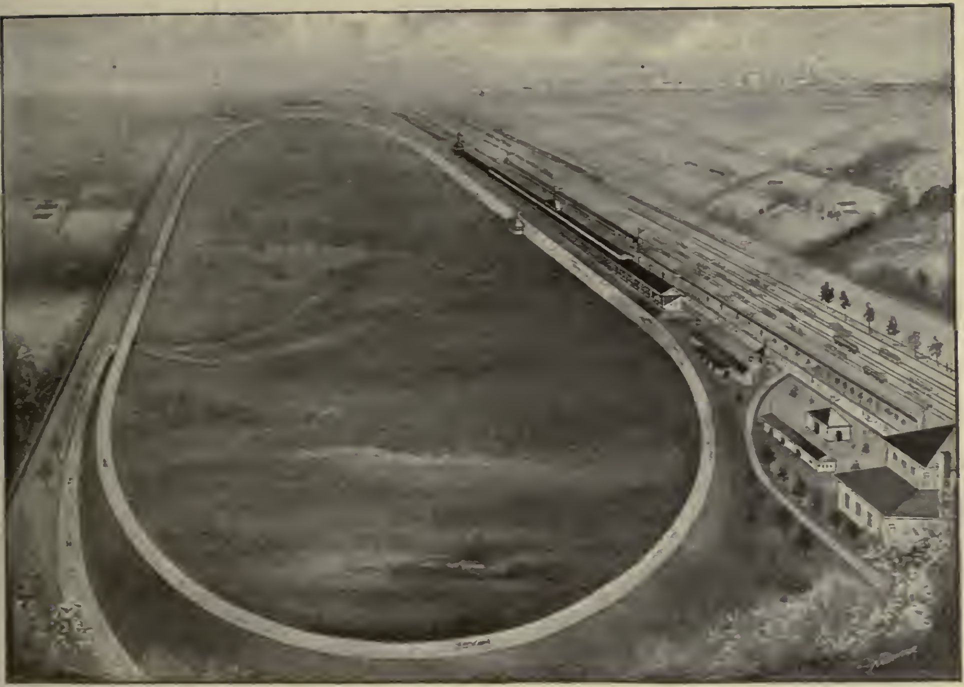
THE first Emerson piano was made sixty years ago. It was a legitimate outgrowth of the spinet of the fifteenth, and the harpsichord of the sixteenth century. The name "Emerson" cast in the plate of a piano from the very earliest was made to mean something, to stand for something—and that something was merit. Since 1849 the Emerson piano has meant honest endeavor persistently applied toward achieving perfection. Now, as then, the Emerson pianos show wondrously the tremendous forward steps in construction, the surprising tonal effects, and the artistry even of piano case making, with its incidental painstaking cabinet work and its art wood carving. In 1870 the upright piano was made commercially practicable. Twenty years later, or in 1890, the baby grand took its place among the world's musical instruments. Ten years later came the last great invention in piano construction—the piano player. During all these evolutions the Emerson has kept a leading place, and if the spinet be the first, the last word is easily the Emerson. The Emerson is constructed along lines that make for perfection in a medium-priced piano.

* * *

EVER since I enjoyed a railroad ride with William T. Stead, going with him from London to Wimbledon, everything in quotation marks that has come from the pen of W. T. S. has an interest. His recent article on the effect of aeroplanes, as affecting the end of warfare, is interesting, and shows that the human race will have to "behave or get off the earth," unless they elect to return to the habits of bygone ancestors and live in caves. As Mr. Stead remarks:

"The human race is absolutely unprotected from above. What, then, is demanded? The governments should federate into one great world state, with international tribunals interpreting the laws, and an international parliament without whose command no war could take place on the earth, in the air, or on the sea."

He insists that "armaments will go as armor went, until twelve-inch guns will be as obsolete as the bow and arrow. . . . The aeroplane places illimitable forces of destruction at the command of anybody who



ATLANTA'S NEW TWO-MILE AUTOMOBILE SPEEDWAY

can raise $50,000 and find half a dozen desperadoes to do his bidding."

As the personal friend of the Czar and other great rulers of Europe, and himself a personality of international force and influence, Mr. Stead will make the most of effecting his dreams of the millennium.

* * *

THE completion of Atlanta's immense auditorium last January, which was dedicated by the famous "'possum" dinner to President-elect Taft, provided for the first time in the South a building suitable for gathering large masses of people in national conventions. With this equipment Atlanta citizens asked for, and secured, the consent of automobile interests to hold in this building their exposition the first week in November, 1909. Practically every manufacturer of automobiles and automobile appliances in this country has applied for and has been awarded space in this exposition, where for the first time the models of 1910 will be formally offered to the world.

Coincident with this great show will be held the great automobile endurance contest from the *New York Herald* building to the office of the *Atlanta Journal*. Inaugurated through the enterprise of these two influential journals, this event has excited the lively interest of the leading manufacturers and of many private individuals, who will compete under approved regulations for valuable awards, both in the professional and amateur classes. The contest has been timed to end in Atlanta during the opening days of the great exposition.

Under the leadership of the *Atlanta Constitution* another series of contests has been arranged, which, starting from more than a score of cities in Georgia and nearby states, will land the entrants in Atlanta at the psychological moments of the Auto Week.

Planned in the interests of the good roads movement, in addition to the valuable prizes offered to successful drivers, large sums of money have been put up as awards to such sections and counties, from the Florida line to the borders of Jersey, as present the longest stretches of "good" roads.

The automobile races, November 9 to 13,

for the best drivers and the speediest machines, are attracting universal interest. All the prominent American makes of automobiles will be represented, run by the nerviest drivers in the United States and by several who have won international reputations.

The idea of building a two-mile track in time for this November week, and exclusively for automobile tests, was conceived last May. On the first day of June this track was only a dream. In less than five months the quick action of Atlanta citizens secured the land. October 15 must see the great course ready for the contests, but the contractors, by working night and day, will complete their task two weeks ahead of time and a full month before the time set for the races.

This unique course has been planned by expert engineers, who anticipated and avoided every defect, and they have made good the claim that it will be the safest in the world.

It will cost, completed, more than $300,000, and is located eight miles from Atlanta's business center. Two miles—10,560 feet—long, measured three feet from the pole, the track has a width of sixty feet on the back stretch and on the turns, the home stretch being one hundred feet wide. The curves, built on a radius of 880 feet, are banked ten feet, or one foot in six. The two miles are divided into four equal lengths of 2,640 feet each—the home stretch, the back stretch and each of the turns.

The surface of the track is as smooth as a board floor, free from even a pebble to jar a swiftly moving car. It is eight inches thick, of Georgia clay, sand and Augusta gravel, bound together in a solid mass by asphalt. Completed early in October, during the entire month it will be tested thoroughly by some of the most expert drivers in the world in their daily practice for the great races.

The grandstand is 1,800 feet long and will seat comfortably at least 25,000 people. Bleachers will accommodate 15,000 more, and several large club boxes, which have been sold to various organizations, will seat several hundred spectators close to the last turn before the finish. Terminal facilities for all transportation lines and the admission gates are located behind the grandstand. Parkage for at least 1,000 automobiles, from which spectators may view the races from their own automobiles, is located inside the track along the home stretch, and is reached through a tunnel under the back stretch.

The large spaces allotted to spectators have been fenced in by substantial barricades, and any person found outside these enclosures without proper authority will be arrested for trespass. Two hundred special officers will be assigned for duty during the races. Directly in front of the grandstand the home stretch, where the exciting races finish, will run through a cut of natural earth, ten to fifteen feet high, almost perpendicular in its slope and practically impossible to scale.

The homes of the Atlanta citizens will be thrown open to supplement the overtaxed hotel accommodations, and visitors to Atlanta during this week will be well cared for by a city accustomed to handling big crowds and prepared to meet the expected emergency with her usual genial hospitality.

* * *

A SURPRISING interest has been manifested throughout the country in the revelations concerning "Glorious Old Georgia" contained in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE articles on that state. While Mr. Agassiz's story on the remarkable importance and rapid growth of the pecan industry was being read and commented on by hundreds of subscribers, confirmation of the published details arrived at the editorial desk in the shape of a package of pecans from The G. M. Bacon Pecan Company, De Witt, Georgia, illustrations of whose handsome nuts and trees attracted much attention and brought forth many inquiries. In size and quality these nuts far surpass ordinary pecans, each one being almost as large as an English walnut and possessing the veritable "paper shell."

Since the various health cults have declared that nuts and fruit are the ideal diet for the human race, interest in these crops has kept pace with the rapid increase of the product; and now it is no longer necessary to import English walnuts, for American pecans are found not only in every state in the Union but all over the world. Nuts are no longer a mere garnish for the dinner table, to be supplied by occasional autumn nutting expeditions; in many homes they are an important portion of every meal, and continue to play their prominent part in festivities and in filling the Christmas stockings. American nuts are now produced and marketed as a substantial and well-developed industry, and are supplied on wholesale scale to home and foreign markets.

* * *

IF the Simmons Hardware Co. had existed in George Washington's time, that enterprising firm would doubtless have supplied "truthful George" with a "Keen Kutter" hatchet with which to fell the cherry trees.

Now comes the news that the irrepressible Peary took only Keen Kutter blades when he went after the tough old North Pole. Every knife, every axe, saw and everything of the kind used by Peary and members of his recent successful expedition were made by the Simmons Hardware Company.

Peary's triumph is largely the result of his exacting care in selecting every part of his equipment; and the fact that he selected "Keen Kutter" tools and found them dependable, in those very low temperatures in which steel implements usually break with a brittleness like glass, is a test that means much for all "Keen Kutter" goods.

Commander Peary also selected several "Keen Kutter" tool cabinets as gifts to the Eskimos. It may not be generally understood, but these primitive people are exceedingly ingenious, and even with their own rude tools often accomplish wonderful success in carving and etching. Peary well knew that no more civilizing influence could be exerted upon his faithful followers in the far North than the best and most serviceable mechanical tools.

* * *

"POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"

IT is safe to assume that the play which enjoys a steady run has in it heart interest —mere art interest is not so sure to attract. Before I went to see it, I heard everyone speaking well of "Polly of the Circus"; at least I felt that I must have "Polly" on my visiting list. Arriving late, I looked upon the scene in which the good old clown, Toby, was bidding good-bye to a little girl, a bareback rider in an old-time wagon circus, who had been injured by a fall and was now at the parsonage where it was hoped she would recover from the injury sustained in her "act." There, too, was "Mother Jim," a circus canvass man; the kindly tenderness of these rough men was very evident as they said good-bye to their little playfellow and commended her to the care of the parson. The edict had gone out that the show must "move on"; no other course open but to leave Polly behind. With uplifted hands Toby looked where the little girl was lying, sorrow in his eyes, while the rough grief of the canvass man was one of those things that bridge the chasm between the circus and the church.

When the minister learned that the village hospital was out of commission, he did not hesitate to throw open his home to the injured girl, although there was some demur in the village as to the propriety of permitting the parson to take a circus girl to his house, even to save her from death.

* * *

The opening of the second scene is most impressive. Lying in bed is "the bird with the broken wing." Mandy, the colored servant, is trying to keep the little circus rider quiet. In comes the parson and an interesting dialogue takes place. The uncouth vernacular of the girl—who had never before seen anything outside of circus life—that calling followed by her father and mother, grandfather and great-grandfather, was in strong contrast to the refined accents of the young minister. Polly seemed to know absolutely nothing outside of the ring and her "act." She had never heard of the Bible. Looking out of the window, she listened to the chimes of the church bells and asked the parson what it all meant, finally suggesting that he should read to her from "his book," and she would listen while he "did his stunt." He read the touching story of Ruth and Naomi:

"Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following thee, for thy people shall be my people; thy God shall be my God; where thou diest I will die and there will I be buried."

* * *

Next scene shows the real circus ring, with the clown and Polly, who is instructing her understudy; there is riding of all kinds, vaulting at the bar, vaudeville, the tumblers and all of the side shows—a perfect circus. Through the kindly offices of "Mother Jim," softened by his touching tribute to old Toby, who has died during the year of her absence, Polly listens again to the young parson as he repeats the words of Ruth, "Entreat me not to leave thee"—a novel form of wooing in modern times.

The closing scene is before the ivy-covered church; Polly and the parson enter and stand in the moonlight, watching the circus vans move away up the hill and drop slowly out of sight.

* * *

Mabel Taliaferro in private life is Mrs. Thompson, the wife of the manager and producer of the play, who is also the proprietor of Luna Park on Coney Island, and the creator of the New York Hippodrome. There is a pathetic quality in her acting which goes straight to the heart. The simplicity and genuineness of it is beyond description, and everything is so well balanced that it does not seem in the least stagey or forced. It is realistic, yet suggests the thought of the kinship of all humanity and the unity that may exist between the people of the circus and the people of the church.

* * *

THE particular attention of our readers is called to an advertisement in this issue under which "Poultry Success" of Springfield, Ohio, the world's leading and best poultry journal, is offering, in connection with a year's subscription, the great Briggs System and Secret books, making it possible for everyone, beginner or experienced poultry raiser, in confined quarters or where poultry has free range, to be more successful in handling poultry than by any other system.

The price of the Briggs book has just been reduced from $5.00 and is now offered in connection with a year's subscription to "Poultry Success" at only $1.25.

We feel confident it will be profitable for our readers interested in poultry matters to investigate this offer and send to "Poultry Success," Springfield, Ohio, for samples and circulars, although the ad. appearing in this issue gives full information.

* * *

IN the National for March, ex-Secretary Newberry of the Navy Department pays a merited tribute to the practical benefits secured by enlisted men from Correspondence Schools. "Men are encouraged to take correspondence school courses and in this way fit themselves to attend the technical classes maintained by the departments, or to make preparation for advancement to warrant commissioned rank."

Truman H. Newberry, be it known, is a practical business man of Detroit, who not only inherited one fortune but has made another by his own efforts.

Another Detroit business man, Mr. W. A. Shryer, President of The American Collection Service, has also been organizing men to better their condition, enabling them to establish themselves as recognized factors in American business life.

In these days merchants and manufacturers are obliged to sell their goods largely on credit, and The American Collection Service has become a necessary part of the nation's commercial organization. The opportunity to become an integral portion of an institution doing such an amount of good is being appreciated by ambitious men throughout the country. The opportunity to become an order-giver instead of an order-taker is being fully appreciated by the man with little or no capital to invest. In these days of aggressive combinations, the opportunity to establish a business free from dictation of any possible combination is, by the very nature of affairs, a most welcome release from salaried drudgery.

The American Collection Service headquarters are 236 State Street, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

EVERY lady who desires to keep up her attractive appearance, while at the theatre, attending receptions, when shopping, while traveling and on all occasions, should carry in her purse a booklet of Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves. This is a dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves which are easily removed and applied to the skin. It is invaluable when the face becomes moist and flushed and is far superior to a powder puff as it does not spill and soil the clothes. It removes dirt, soot and grease from the face, imparting a cool delicate bloom to the complexion. Sent anywhere on receipt of five cents in stamps or coin. F. T. Hopkins, 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

THE KICK-OFF

Copyright 1908, *Harris & Ewing*

MISS HELEN TAFT
This picture gives a good view of the "Taft dimple"

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXI NOVEMBER, 1909 NUMBER TWO

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ALL Washington is aglow with the spirit of Thanksgiving, when the crisp air of frosty, autumnal nights deepens and blends the rich shades of foliage in the parks, and the fading green changes to majestic scarlet and crimson, making the national capital more beautiful than ever. The innumerable dainties of the continent, nay, the delicacies and rarest luxuries of "the whole round world," are drawn upon to make the Thanksgiving feast beyond precedent rich—not only for the table of the wealthy, but for all citizens—for Washingtonians are critics in gastronomics—as well as politics. Gaul, Teuton, Slav, Latin, Mongolian and old colored plantation folk—all prepare their special and peculiar delicacies for this national feast. A chronicle of the year's events in Washington, without special mention of the White House turkey and its "trimmin's," would seem as dismal as a Thanksgiving dinner with the carving eliminated.

Even the President responded to traditional New England sentiment by arranging his notable tour of the country to "get home for Thanksgiving." Then, too, there was the annual proclamation and message for the opening of Congress. William H. Taft dictating his Thanksgiving proclamation for 1909 made a genial picture. The few odd hours that could be spared during his trip had been used to good purpose; the observations and notes, jotted down while intermingling with the people of thirty-five or more states, were put aside for reference and appear in the message, which breathes the same hearty thankfulness that beamed on his face when he signed the first papers after his return home.

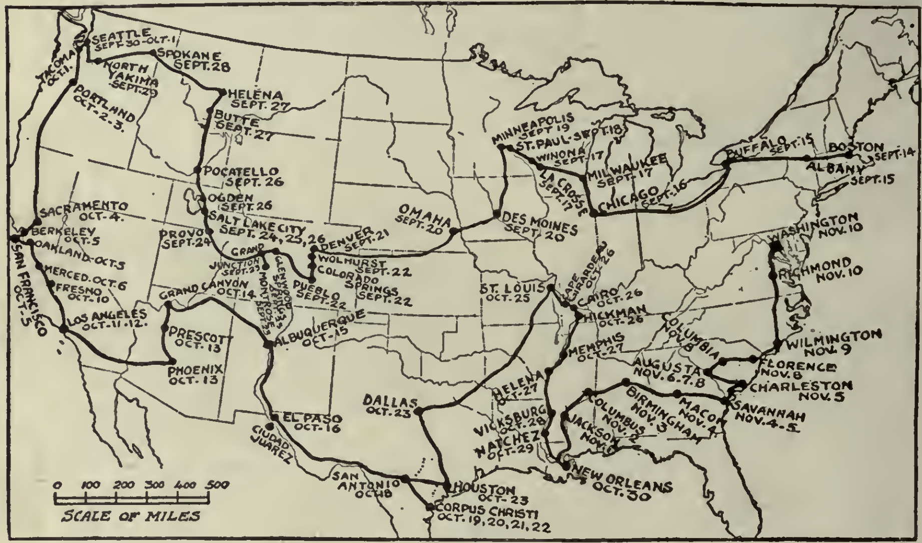
Fifty-seven days of hand-shaking and attendance at receptions; fifty-seven varieties of formal and informal talks to the people; fifty-seven days of meeting thousands of citizens—all for the purpose of learning facts at first hand from authoritative sources, and ascertaining the wishes of the nation. Many important subjects were considered—the tariff, conservation, reclamation, waterways, postal savings banks and the monetary situation were all studied at close range.

* * *

WHAT a sharp contrast this tour is to the first extensive presidential journey made by President James Monroe, in 1817, when he traveled three thousand miles on horseback and by stage coach, covering a period of three and a half months. He went as far west as Detroit, then regarded as a frontier post. On June 1 he set out from Washington and did not arrive in Philadelphia until June 6. Returning on September 17, he was met at the district line with cavalry and entered Washington with much more ceremony and pomp than marked the return of President Taft on the completion of his fifty-seven days' dash in Pullmans, automobiles and steamboats. He came back to Washington with the nonchalance of a man arriving home from a week-end jaunt—eager to take up everyday routine again. The later messages of 1909 and 1910, written by the President after personal contact with the people in all parts of the country, will be of historic value.

The members of the cabinet and heads of departments have been busy bringing in their varied reports and suggestions so that all phases of federal problems may radiate the genial spirit of a thankful anticipation of "appropriations yet to come."

* * *


SEATTLE SEPT-30-OCT-1
TACOMA OCT.1.
SPOKANE SEPT.28
NORTH YAKIMA SEPT.29
PORTLAND OCT-2-3.
HELENA SEPT. 27
BUTTE SEPT.27
POCATELLO SEPT. 26
OGDEN SEPT.26
SALT LAKE CITY SEPT. 24, 25, 26
PROVO SEPT.24
GRAND JUNCTION SEPT.23
GLENWOOD SPRINGS SEPT.23
MONTROSE SEPT.23
DENVER SEPT.21
WOLHURST SEPT.22
COLORADO SPRINGS SEPT.22
PUEBLO SEPT.22
OMAHA SEPT.20
SACRAMENTO OCT-4.
BERKELEY OCT.5
OAKLAND-OCT.5
SAN FRANCISCO OCT.5
MERCED.OCT.6
FRESNO OCT-10
LOS ANGELES OCT-11-12.
GRAND CANYON OCT.14
PRESCOTT OCT. 13
PHOENIX OCT. 13
ALBUQUERQUE OCT-15
EL PASO OCT-16
CIUDAD JUAREZ
DALLAS OCT.23
SAN ANTONIO OCT.18
HOUSTON OCT-23
CORPUS CHRISTI OCT. 19, 20, 21, 22
0 100 200 300 400 500
SCALE OF MILES
MINNEAPOLIS SEPT 19
ST. PAUL-SEPT.18
WINONA SEPT.17
LA CROSSE SEPT.17
MILWAUKEE SEPT.17
CHICAGO SEPT.16
DES MOINES SEPT. 20
BUFFALO SEPT.15
BOSTON SEPT.14
ALBANY SEPT.15
WASHINGTON NOV.10
RICHMOND NOV.10
ST. LOUIS OCT.25
CAPE GIRARDEAU OCT.26
CAIRO OCT.26
HICKMAN OCT-26
MEMPHIS OCT.27
HELENA OCT.27
VICKSBURG OCT.28
NATCHEZ OCT-29
NEW ORLEANS OCT.30
JACKSON NOV.1
COLUMBUS NOV.2
BIRMINGHAM NOV.3
MACON NOV.4
SAVANNAH NOV.4-5.
CHARLESTON NOV.5
AUGUSTA NOV.6-7-8
COLUMBIA NOV.8
FLORENCE NOV.8
WILMINGTON NOV.9

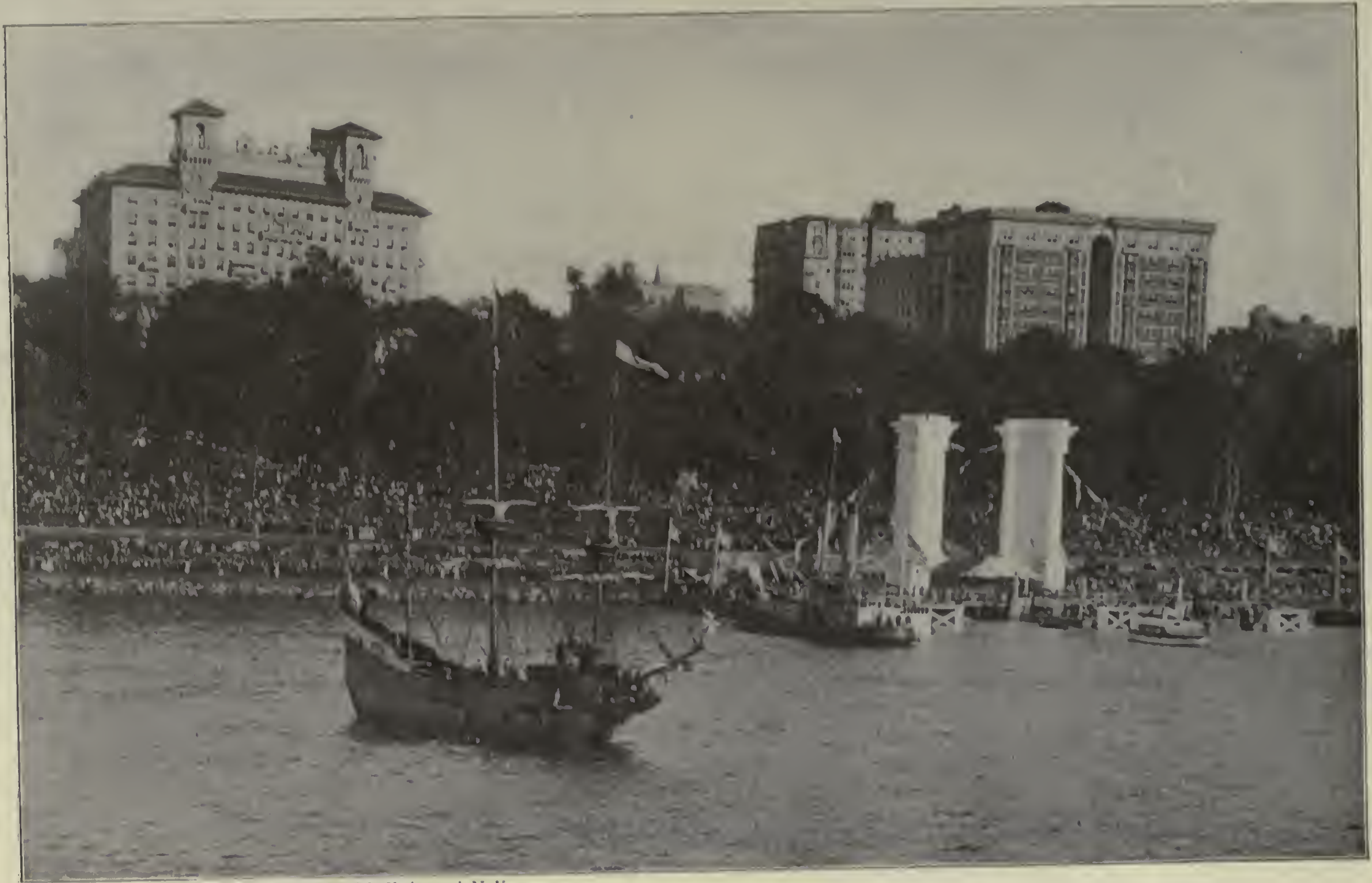
MAP OF THE PRESIDENT'S 13,000 MILE TOUR

FROM an international point of view, the most important event of the presidential tour was the meeting at Juarez between the jovial Chief Executive of the United States and the veteran President of Mexico—who has arisen from the ranks and become the master mind of our great sister republic to the South. The two men are representative types in curious contrast. President Taft is descended from one of the earliest settlers of the Republic to the North; while Porfirio Diaz inherits the noblest qualities of the red man, and in his veins runs the blood of the primeval races of the North American continent.

While the Mexican president does not profess to speak English, he has a very good idea of the meaning of the language when spoken, and he yields to none in his admiration for the country which sheltered him when he was exiled from Mexico; for it was from the United States that his last bold dash was made, when, as a stowaway, and in disguise, he sailed from New Orleans to Vera Cruz. A price had been set upon his head, but the dauntless soldier found a way to rally around him his supporters and to recreate the great republic of Mexico.

There is on the border of Mexico a strip of land, fifty miles long and half a mile wide, which still remains in dispute and was regarded as neutral territory for the day. On this El Chamrizal zone, the two republics faced each other, in the person of their presidents, in a very different way than when Scott and Taylor stormed the ancient citadels of Montezuma. That October day in 1909, the hand grasp of the two Presidents indicated the friendly spirit between the two great Republics of the North American continent.

It was indeed suggestive of the splendors of Maximilian when the President of the Mexican Republic rode up in his state carriage, decorated with gold hubs, and doors richly mounted in the same precious metal; the horses were adorned with white cockades and gold embossed harness. In the carriage with the Mexican chief executive was Enrique C. Creel, the popular governor of the state of Chihuahua. The contrast between the plain American equipage and that of Mexico was striking.



From Stereograph. Copyright 1909, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

ARRIVAL OF THE "HALF MOON" AT THE GRAND STAND AND WATER GATE, WHERE HALF MILLION WERE CHEERING

The conversation between the two Presidents at the public reception in El Paso was taken down in shorthand, though they had a private conference at which no one was present except the interpreter for President Diaz. The display of American colors in Juarez was only rivalled by the Mexican flags flung to the breeze in El Paso. Long rows of Corinthian columns, surmounted by Mexican eagles carrying in their mouths a cactus leaf, had been arranged at the Mexican end of the bridge which the Presidents passed over. Interspersed with palms and twinkling with miniature electric lights, this beautiful colonnade won the admiration of President Taft, who stopped a moment to gaze upon it, on his way to the banquet, served in the patio of the Juarez Custom House, which was the most elaborate witnessed for many years in Mexico. The linen used was from historic Chapultepec, and the dinner service had belonged to the Emperor Maximilian, being valued at over $1,200,000. Solid gold coffee and tea sets glistened in the numerous electric lights, as the 150 guests gathered about the board to consume dainties which had taken almost a month to prepare. The elaborate display of Mexico's beautiful flowers, the splendid plate which decorated the table, the handsome uniforms of many of the guests, the rare and priceless wines, made it a scene never to be forgotten.

PORFIRIO DIAZ
President of the Mexican Republic, who greeted President Taft at Juarez

* * *

ALTHOUGH the President was away, the old, indefinable air of dignity remained in the capital. The only flurry was at the State Department, when Minister Crane was recalled posthaste from San Francisco, as he was about to sail for China.

Diplomacy touches a vital spot in trade relations, and the "far East question," involving China and Japan, is likely to arouse racial prejudice. Trouble was brewed by a Chicago newspaper interview, in which it was claimed that confidential information had leaked out—and gas leaks are as nothing in comparison. A conference ensued, and the government was saved from embarrassment by Mr. Crane's resignation, which reached the President en route on his Western tour, and was accepted with regret.

When Congress is not in session, the public interest centres in the Army and Navy Building, for here the State Department folios come and go, giving prominence to the fevered, but submerged excitement, incident to foreign affairs. The regular international routine became more pronounced by contrast with the quietude of the city, for the folks in the "big white house" had not yet returned from their summer holiday. Secretary Knox walked through the dark corridors with the same precise step as when passing to and from his Pittsburg law office and the court house, to try the legal issues which made his professional reputation. Passing by, with knitted brow, it was evident that important "cases" were on the international docket.

The old Ship of State continued to sail steadily on while the Japanese Commercial Commission was receiving the last of a series of lavish entertainments, given them by American business men from coast to coast. The pre-eminent governmental function in these days is to preserve comity and commerce. Even the high and haughty

MRS. WHITELAW REID
Wife of the the United States Ambassador at St. James, London

Englishman regards the Budget as an absorbing issue, and the getting and distributing of dollars is not overlooked by the Kaiser.

* * *

THE popularity of the American embassy in London the past few years has been augmented by the gracious personality of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Though born in New York, she spent most of her girlhood in California, and has always retained an affection for the Golden State. Educated at Paris and New York, she is broadly cosmopolitan in tastes and sympathies. In 1881 she married Mr. Whitelaw Reid of the *New York Tribune.*

Photo, Copyright 1909, *Harris & Ewing*

E. DANA DURAND

The career of her husband has shown in how many ways a talented woman can aid a man in public life. In 1890 he was appointed minister to France, and while living there, Mrs. Reid founded the American Arts Club for Girls, which continues to the present day. In 1892 Mr. Reid was a candidate for vice-president, with Benjamin Harrison as presidential nominee.

When Mr. Reid attended, as special ambassador, the jubilee of the Empress Victoria in 1897, Mrs. Reid made a marked impression and won many friends for the American women. She was also noted as a gifted hostess when Mr. Reid was special ambassador at the coronation of King Edward VII in 1902. The American Embassy at Dorchester House, London, has been since 1905 the center of the diplomatic social life of the city, and no American hostess has ever been more popular with English people, and yet remained so thoroughly American in her impulses and sympathies.

Mrs. Reid has always been much interested in charitable work, especially in hospitals. For twenty-eight years she has been a member of the board of the Bellevue Training School for Nurses in New York City, and has served on many other boards where her wide experience and sound judgment have been highly valuable.

During the Spanish-American War she was secretary of that branch of the Red Cross which had to do with the sending out of nurses, and was also chairman of the Nursing Committee. As a result of her experience at this time, she was asked by people in London during the South African War to take charge of the selection of nurses and surgeons for equipping the hospital ship "Maine."

Retaining her love for the state in which she spent a large part of her girlhood, Mrs. Reid has just completed a hospital in San Mateo, California, a few miles south of San Francisco.

While comparatively few people know of Mrs. Reid's work for hospitals and in the Spanish-American War, thousands of Americans know what a charming hostess she is, and how, while her manner is gracious to all, she reserves a special touch of cordiality for the representatives of her own country, whether it be a distinguished legislator, or a humble editor, hurrying along on a "Cook's tour," with the wide-opened eyes of wonderment of the "first time over."

HON. JOSEPH M. DIXON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MONTANA

WHAT would Thanksgiving be without its football games? One can fancy even the Puritan and Pilgrim forefathers sitting grimly around the table for the annual feast, and then slyly taking down their guns and going off to enjoy a "turkey hunt," then perhaps, in some quiet spot, looking on a surreptitious wrestling match or exciting foot-race along the blazed path in the forest.

Intimately interwoven with the activities of life are the autumn games. The Gridiron Club, in Washington, famous for its dinners, was originally suggested by those intense tests of prowess, daring and nerve on the football field. In the crisp, invigorating days of November, the whole country tingles with the gridiron spirit, and at the various colleges throughout the land young men, with long hair and hard muscles, are training day after day, with the zest and spirit of real patriots; spurred on by the ambition to play some time on one of the big 'varsity teams.

The erudite footballite who has passed the age in which he can participate in the game—who has grown too stout to be even a "candidate"—finds consolation in looking up the history of the game and in watching what the modern emulators of the Greeks and Romans do upon the gridiron.

English lads in the middle ages played a vigorous game with ox-bladders, dried and filled, differing much from the leather-covered balls of today. There are thrilling historical glimpses of a football game in the Vita Sancta Thomas in the thirteenth century. Even in the fourteenth century the football fever raged, and Edward II forbade the game in London on account of the noise. Sedate James I condemned football as "meeter for laming than making able the uses of legs and arms." Counties against counties, villages against villages, were arrayed in football games in Merrie England, and even the Eskimo of the frozen North long enjoyed the sport that thrills the blood in cold weather.

A MASS OF MUSCLE WHEN A SCRIMMAGE IS ON

* * *

The American game, as played today, came direct from England, and the first Rugby game was played at New Haven, Connecticut, in the centennial year of the Republic, 1876. The chief feature of this game, in

BREAKING THROUGH ON A PUNT

contrast with the English football, is the open play developed for the benefit of spectators. The ball is snapped by the centre to the quarterback or to a player behind the line, enabling other members of the team to concentrate their efforts toward pushing the pigskin forward, in accordance with the prearranged plans and the signal which has already been given.

The original American football team included nine men; later the number was increased to fifteen, but "the football eleven" has now become the standard. The greatest care is taken to have each man fitted for his position in the squad; as a rule a heavy man is chosen for the centre, and he is the defense—the Rock of Gibraltar. When a rush is made through the line he is frequently called upon to make the hole for his team to rush through. Heavy men are selected for the left and right guards, while the left and right tackles are chosen for their strength, weight and agility; on them depends in a large measure the responsibility of blocking

CARRYING THE BALL UNDER DIFFICULTIES

their opponents' advance. The left and right "ends" are selected for their speed, and must act with the regularity of the tick of the watch to guard their position. Much of the play devolves upon them, and they must be sturdy and strong to withstand the attack of the opposing players, who intercept them in their strenuous efforts to make the required distance.

The quarterback is usually the brains of the football machine; he must instinctively grasp the weakness of the opposing team, and be thoroughly familiar with the strong points of his own team. At a second's notice he determines just where a play can be made with the best chance of success. Many successful 'varsity football teams owe their victories to the science of the quarterback, who is the mainspring of the watch.

The two halfbacks and the fullback are the men who do the plunging, carry the ball at critical moments, and fire most of the shots. They are indeed the "men behind the guns," as well as the men "behind the lines." These positions are difficult to fill, on account of the exacting qualifications of brain and brawn.

The garb of the modern football player at times recalls the glory of a full-armored knight of old and at times the dress of the modern diver. There is a headgear consisting of a leather harness around the head, holding in place an enormous noseguard, which protects both the nose and mouth. Attached to it is a bit of rubber that fits into the mouth of the player; in the excitement of the play he sets his teeth into this and often even bites it off. Elbows and shoulders are shielded by heavy pads like epaulettes, to say nothing of shinguards from the knees down and the quilted costume which reminds one of mother's bed comforters. A pair of ancient, mud-stained, cleated shoes are usually brought into service on the gridiron.

* * *

The referee's whistle sounds — instantly there is a struggling and a striving, face to face, between twenty-two lusty athletes, trained to the minute to force the ball, by all manner of "plays," through the centre and around the end; and when all other maneuvres fail, a "drop kick" is sometimes resorted to, and the fullback, with a skilful motion, sends the pigskin circling through the air half the length of the field. Or perhaps the modern strategical, "forward pass," "flying wedge" or "triple pass" are used. Every play is made with the purpose of advancing the ball the required number of yards laid down by the rules. While in a big game thirty minutes is allowed for each half, with a ten minutes recess between halves, it frequently requires more than an hour to play one half of the game, owing to the "time out," which affords some player, who has been at the bottom of the heap, opportunity to recover his breath—or possibly a man may be taken limping off the field while another armored warrior is called to fill his place.

The count of the score is eagerly watched—five for a "touch down"; goal from "touch down" one point is given; a goal from the field counts three; safely by opponents scores two. This happens when the team which has the pigskin is near the goal and cannot make the distance required and the ball is passed to a player who desperately attempts to "drop-kick" it over the goal.

The older men of the alma mater among the spectators find the eagerness of youth returning; their blood never grows too cold to bound through the veins when a good play is made by their own team; dignity is thrown to the winds, and the haughty commercial magnate, the dignified judge and frosty lawyer join in the seething enthusiasm that sways the line encircling the gridiron.

* * *

In Washington the contest between the Army and Navy football teams, from West Point and Annapolis, is for real blood. It occurs in Philadelphia, where the declaration of independence was made. In fact, it has become the one great annual battle that arouses the spirit of the Army and Navy. News from the front, eagerly looked for during the Spanish-American War, has been supplanted by the football bulletins of "the piping times of peace."

President Eliot's edict against football is forgotten, and the game on the Harvard gridiron goes merrily on, under the encouragement of President Lowell; the glory of the crimson must be maintained for the honor of the alma mater. Football has just the right exhilaration about it for the later autumn days, and the baseball fans, after a

HON. GEORGE S. NIXON
United States Senator from Nevada

vigorous summer training, have opportunity to keep their lungs in good condition. The Comanche yell reverberates across the great Stadium at Cambridge—in sharp contrast to the dulcet tones of Miss Maude Adams when she played "Joan of Arc" there in the leafy month of June.

Over forty thousand tickets have been sold, and seventy thousand could have been disposed of, for the game of 1909 between the Elis of Yale and the Johns of Harvard; the Harvard and Yale game is one big dot on the map of autumn games, and around it cluster treasured traditions of the crimson and blue, that have contributed many stirring records to the history of American football. In every state and territory, in university, college, academy and high school, football games are being played with all the intensity of interest revealed in the limelight of the Harvard and Yale game.

The pink and perfection of young American manhood—sturdy and strong—is lined up on the football field. What more exhilarating than to see forty thousand spectators, decorated with the bright colors of American colleges — crimson, blue, maroon, yellow, green and white, all the colors of the rainbow—singing their college songs—yipping their yells—a vocal battery of sound cheering each player and play in turn—dancing in ecstasies when a good play is made—in sharp contrast to the forlorn faces of the supporters of the losing side.

This modern outburst of enthusiasm reflects the lusty pride of olden days, when belted earl and plumed knight rode through the lists, and clashed with lance and sword "before the eyes of ladies and of kings" in the great jousts and tournaments—each warrior eager to do honor to the colors of his "ladye faire," who sat looking on. The gauntlet was thrown down, the bugle sounded, and the contest began—a close parallel to the thrilling moment of the football "kick-off." In ancient days men fought and bled and even died that they might seem brave in the eyes of fair onlookers. The same spirit pervades the gridiron today; players are spurred on to renewed effort by the eager gaze of lovely eyes, and by a furtive glimpse of bright red cheeks aglow with the tingle of November air. The gay-colored ribbons, that show the lady's loyalty to a certain college, are almost as inspiring as the pennant borne aloft by Joan of Arc; and the American girl, after all, has had more to do with the popularity and unquenchable enthusiasm for football than any mere love of athletics in the masculine mind.

* * *

THE preparation of the schedules for the census, upon which the enumerators will enter the information secured by them, between now and April 1, 1910, is the vitally important work now entrusted to United States Census Director Durand, and Assistant Director Willoughby. To them by the Census Law is given sole power to determine the general form and sub-division of the inquiries to be propounded by the enumerators in order to secure the information ordered by Congress.

Director Durand has called to his assistance some twenty or more experts in statistics, economics, agriculture, manufactures, etc., appointed expert special agents to assist in formulating the plans for complete comprehensive and concise schedules. These gentlemen are now at Washington and engaged in this most important task.

The agricultural schedule has been submitted to the following gentlemen: J. L. Coulter, of Minneapolis, Minn., instructor in agricultural economics, University of Minnesota, a member of the State Board of Health, a lawyer by profession; H. C. Taylor, professor of agricultural economics, University of Wisconsin, a specialist in agricultural economic problems; G. F. Warren, Jr., of Ithaca, N. Y., professor of farm crops and management, Cornell University, and Thomas N. Carver, professor of economics, Harvard University, a writer on economic subjects in various reviews.

The manufacturing schedules have been submitted to Spurgeon Bell of Chicago, late assistant editor of the *Economist;* Arthur J. Boynton, Lawrence, Kansas, assistant professor of economics, University of Kansas; C. W. Doten, A. M., assistant professor of economics, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; E. D. Howard, Evanston, Ill., assistant professor of economics, Northwestern University; Emil P. Sacker, St. Louis, Mo., an expert in manufacturing industries; W. M. Persons, assistant professor of finance, Dartmouth College, who has been engaged in expert statistical work in the

Department of Commerce and Labor; Horace Secrist, Madison, Wis., instructor in economics, University of Wisconsin, formerly special agent of the Bureau of Corporations; A. H. Willett, Shaler, Pa., professor of economics, Carnegie Technical School, an authority on political economy, and Alvin S. Johnson, Chicago, Ill., an expert statistician.

On the population schedule, W. B. Bailey, A.B., Ph.D., professor of political economy at Yale, acts in an advisory capacity.

Other schedules have been allotted as follows: dependent classes, E. B. Miller, an expert in social statistics; animals on ranches, Alexander Bowie, cattle and sheep raiser, Wheatland, Laramie County, Wyo., division of agriculture; methods of enumerating population, Willard E. Hotchkiss, Evanston, Ill., under Chief Statistician W. C. Hunt.

In the division of manufactures, Otis B. Goodall has been made a field special agent on cotton ginning. Isaac A. Hourwich, New York, is special agent on mines and mining; Max O. Lorenz, special agent on the furniture industry; Alfred H. Marsh, special agent on naval stores; Daniel C. Roper, on the cotton ginning inquiry. Charles E. Stangeland, professor of political economy at the State College, Pullman, Wash., is looking into mines and mining. Charles H. Stevenson, formerly of the Bureau of Fisheries, represents the Census Bureau in its joint work with the Bureau of Fisheries. George R. Wicker is to investigate electric railway reports.

From stereograph. Copyright 1909, *Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.*

"THE CLERMONT"—PASSING THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MONUMENT

A WESTERN leader who is accounted one of the strong men at Washington is Senator Joseph M. Dixon of Montana. As I passed by his door in the Senate office building, I noticed a sign: "Senator Dixon, Montana. Entrance. Walk in." It was a refreshing welcome after the blankness of many doors along the corridor, on which no badge of ownership or invitation to visit appeared. On the House side there are indeed tiny brass tablets, an inch wide, stating to whom each office belongs, but anyone passing would need a spy-glass to decipher the initials and name of the owner of the room. But the Fathers of the Senate do not believe in even this genteel and infinitesimal blazon, but prefer the calm, impassive, sphinx-like stare of a row of blank doors, which remind one of the columns of numbers that indicate the individual members on a railway gravel train payroll.

Senator Dixon was in charge of the Republican Speakers' Bureau during the last campaign, and has kept in personal touch with the strong and progressive men of his time. A splendid speaker and a hard worker, he is a most efficient legislator, and Montana has reason to be proud of her young senator, who has followed up effectively an illustrious career in the House, where he made every session count in doing things for his constituents.

* * *

THERE is a man in Africa busy firing off shots of various kinds that are "heard around the world"—in the printed page at least. Despite the ado over the finding of the North Pole, a due meed of interest has been reserved for the doings of Theodore Roosevelt. Even on the "dark continent," he still contrives to remain in the spotlight, a remarkable figure even in the wilderness, as he stands sharply silhouetted, in photograph as in imagination, against a background of dusky, half-naked, grinning natives. It has been said that no environment could be more appropriate for Roosevelt than the blacks, the jungle and the wild beasts. As the light is thrown upon the picture, some of the ladies at Washington insist that evening dress is more becoming to the ex-President, though they are relieved to know that he has not forgotten the touchstones of true civilization—the bath tub and the tooth brush. He is even provided with a "pigskin library," which suggests to the youth of the nation the correct outfit for the literary commissariat department for an African tour. The college professors at the capital insist that it is unfortunate that the choice of the ex-President does not coincide with ex-President Eliot's suggestions for a five-foot library.

* * *

AT Washington, one is strangely reminded of the fact that contributions to the Smithsonian Institute are not paid for with the people's money as the specimens from Africa arrive thick and fast. No one can say that the ex-President is not successful in his hunting, or that his tons of salt are not doing good work. The Smithsonian is not a governmental institution, but was endowed by an Englishman named Smith, who had never visited this country; he nevertheless left his fortune for the purpose of creating this valuable collection; the government merely directs the appropriation of the income.

Now that Mr. Roosevelt is there to tell the story of "the spectacle of a high civilization all at once thrust into and superimposed upon a wilderness of savage men and savage beasts," Africa does not seem so far away as in the days of the Livingstone and Stanley explorations. Modern advancement has permitted the Roosevelt party an equipment which seems luxurious, but which is really necessary to preserve health in a country where early explorers suffered so much from the climate. The youth of the country look with renewed interest at collections of fauna or flora from far-off lands, now that an ex-president of the United States is explaining the difficulty of obtaining such specimens. While the Roosevelt story in *Scribner's Magazine* may not cause cold shivers up and down the spine, or be full of hairbreadth escapes and heart-rending sufferings, no one can read the story of Africa, told by a skilled observer, without realizing that these articles are a noteworthy contribution to world history.

* * *

MOODS of public men are well understood by their secretaries. The waiting room was filled; some were reading, others yawning, and the sad-eyed man in the corner was doing a muffled hornpipe on the rug.

"How long will he be?" whispered the sad-eyed man who came next after the yawning waiter who had gotten up to enter the mystic portals.

Just then a true hearty greeting floated through the opened door.

"Not long—not long," said the secretary, continuing his work gathering up his papers. "When you hear that 'North Pole hello' it is a signal for quick dispatch. He'll go soon."

The sad-eyed man continued his ruggy hornpipe and you could read a Cook and Peary scrap in his meditations.

HOWEVER strenuous the long hours of labor that precede it, there is at times an air of relaxation and quiet during the winter session of Congress.

It was in one of these breathing spells that Senator Nixon of Nevada was induced to tell the story of an experience he had while engaged in the banking business in Reno, Nevada. He was confronted one day by a fierce-looking man wearing a big sombrero turned up in front, and carrying a six-shooter, which was put in somewhat annoying proximity to the face of the future senator. While the stranger waved his gun at the young bank clerk and called to him to throw up his hands, Mr. Nixon kept wondering if it might not be a practical joke on the part of some one of his friends. But soon he realized that the man holding the gun to his head was not in a joking frame of mind, and as the loaded Winchester in the corner of the room was out of reach, Mr. Nixon resigned himself to the inevitable.

Glancing around, he observed that there were two more robbers, who soon overpowered the other clerks and marched them into the lobby of the bank, where they were made to stand with faces to the wall and arms raised overhead. There was some talk about the safe, the burglars evidently believing that the clerks were "bluffing."

"I ventured the information," said Mr. Nixon, "that the clerks were telling the truth about the safe."

Then the leader of the gang, sixshooter in hand, marched him to the safe and ordered him to open it quick. As the pistol was held against his ribs, Mr. Nixon thought it well to make some show of obedience. Giving an apparently close examination, and turning the knob of the door, he exclaimed:

"The time lock is on, and nobody can open this safe until tomorrow morning."

"The man in the white hat whipped out a long and gleaming knife, and penetrated the skin of my neck," crying: 'Open the safe or I will slit your throat from ear to ear.'"

In a few brief words, Senator Nixon continued to tell the story of the scar he wears on his neck to this day.

"The robbers marched us all into the street, hands up and with our pride pretty well chastened; in passing us they paused to help themselves to our loose cash. Having secured their horses which they had hidden behind the bank, and firing all the ammunition in their guns, they vanished in a cloud of dust. We found that they had taken about thirty-two thousand dollars.

"My hopes regarding the weight of the gold sack to check them proved groundless, for while still in sight I saw the man in the white hat drop it on the ground, and without a moment's pause in riding, the man behind caught it up and passed on like lightning."

* * *

Although now considered a very wealthy man, Senator Nixon was not brought up in luxury. He was born in California, and Reno, Nevada, where he first started in business, is his home town. He was fourteen years old before he had a suit of "store clothes." When his father's family removed from Arkansas to California, at the end of their journey they had an ox, a few pans, some home-made furniture and a bundle of bedding as their earthly all. The future senator started for himself in a humble way, and always lived up to his early training in high principles and economy. He often pays a tribute to the parental influence that made him a boy of his word, and supplied him with convictions that were a first-class business asset, in later life.

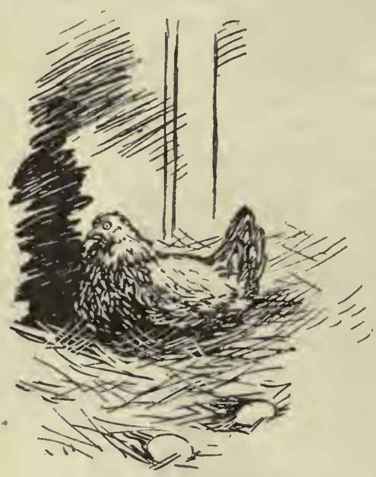
The ambitious boy learned telegraphy and the express business, paying the station agent who was his tutor twenty dollars a month and obtaining no salary for about sixteen or seventeen hours' work per day. But he learned what he wanted to know, and later secured a position in a little place called Brown, where he had seventy-five dollars a month, did his own cooking and increased his income by selling crackers and bacon to the Indians.

The senator tells delightful stories of his long ride to Tonopah and Goldfield, of his land deals in the early days, and how he organized his bank. Although he made his fortune in mining, he says the mines found him—he did not have to go in search of them; as he says, "when fortune knocked at the door, I took a firm hold of her and never let her go."

Of his former partner, George Wingfield, the Senator remarked: "He never lost his sense of integrity or his courage amid the avalanche of success." The same might be truthfully said of Senator Nixon, who is as genial and unaffected now as when he was a lad, just come from his father's farm, and eager to carve out his own road to fortune and success.

* * *

THE American hen has always furnished a fruitful subject of discussion, ever since the vexed question of which came first, the hen or the egg, began to agitate the minds of evolutionists. Oblivious of personal remarks, the bird that supplies so large a part of America's wealth and rejoices the heart of the Agricultural Department continues to proclaim with many a cheery cackle that she has added yet another egg to the rich resources of the United States.



"It was the old, old story of the hen and the egg."

It has recently been suggested that an inspector be set upon the track of the restaurant egg, but hen lovers insist that if anything is wrong with the product the fault lies with those who secured the treasure trove from the nest and made an evil use of it.

"Had that product been eaten in the glow and freshness of its early youth, or scientifically transmuted into chicken, it would have proved a delightful article of diet."

It is admitted that when the shell of an egg is broken and it proves to be neither egg nor chicken, but a fearful combination and travesty of both, there is just cause for popular complaint. Possibly if a system of inspection is pursued, aged eggs may be no longer offered for sale, and the fresh article, with just the correct amount of albumen and a yolk right up to the standard, may be easily obtained. It is said that egg dealers become very expert in detecting staleness and that the post of egg inspector would not be so difficult as appears at first sight—though it is admitted that to explore the inside of an egg-shell without breaking it does seem a hard job to the average man.

* * *

A FAMILIAR old scheme for getting rid of bores has been adopted in Washington. A certain official, busy in his office when a well-known bore was announced, greeted the gentleman heartily with the words:

"Good-bye, good-bye. I am sorry I am going out and cannot remain longer."

The intruder was so taken aback that he unconsciously found his way to the door and disappeared.

This was thought to be a good joke and an excellent means of saving time. Another senator tried the plan, but it did not prove successful, for on rising and bidding the new comer "good-bye" most heartily, the latter calmly remarked, shaking the hand of his host:

"I had come to stay and am sorry you are obliged to leave so hastily. However, I want to write a few letters and will use your desk. If your stenographer is disengaged, perhaps she will write some letters for me."

The owner of the office put on his hat and departed, to return in an hour and find his visitor calmly enjoying himself.

Western senators state that their plan seldom fails. The visitor is listened to politely for a minute, and then comes the question:

"What did you say your name was?"

The name is given and the talk goes on; in a minute comes the same interruption.

"I beg your pardon, but *what* did you say your name was?"

This question, repeated seven times in ten minutes, is said to be an infallible means of getting rid of bores.

* * *

THE "statue idea" is having a revival all over the country. Now comes Virginia with a recognition of John Smith and Pocahontas, an appreciation which is the outgrowth of the Jamestown Exposition at Norfolk. Of Virginian granite and heroic size, this first monument to the historic John Smith stands on Jamestown Island, near the spot where the Jamestown colonists landed 300 years ago. The statue of Pocahontas, by William Ordway Partridge, will be dedicated in 1910, and will represent the young Indian princess standing in an attitude of warning. The old Grecian idea of immortalizing human beings will assert itself at various intervals, and one senator is now studying a distinctive pose to be perpetuated in a statue that will impressively portray history at a glance.

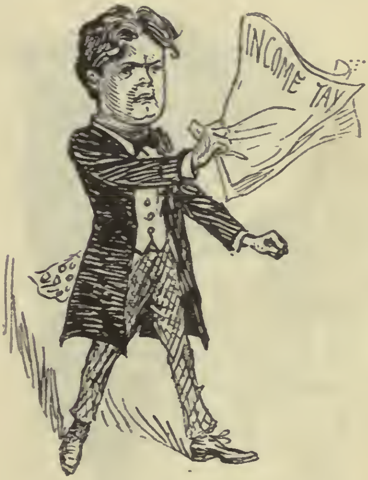
* * *

THE speech delivered by Hon. William E. Borah, Senator from Idaho, on that part of the revenue bill which provided for the imposition of a tax on incomes exceeding a given amount yearly, was an honest, masterly presentation of facts, decisions, precedents and the utterances of great men and prominent Republicans in favor of a matter of common justice, fairness and right. The idea of the tax is to place a due proportion of the onerous and ever-increasing burden of national expenditure and debt on the shoulders of those who have profited most by the labors and needs of eighty million people.

In opening his speech, the senator said: "Those who are members of the majority party in the chamber and who are advocating an income tax do not concede that they are outside of party lines or that they are advocating policies or principles which are new or radical. We believe that we are advocating policies and principles that are well accepted as a part of the faith to which we subscribe, and that we are advocating principles as old as the revenue laws of the United States. We advocate an income tax, not as a temporary measure for the purpose of securing revenue for temporary purposes, but because we believe it should be a permanent part and portion of the revenue system of the United States."

In spite of many interruptions and searching questions by Senators Beveridge, Scott, Sutherland, Bacon, Lodge, Nelson, Page, Heyburn, Kean, Clay, Cummins, Bailey and others, Mr. Borah with admirable patience, dignity and ability closed a speech which fully answered all cavillers, although his contention was foredoomed to defeat. His closing remarks, however, contain one sentence on which his constituents may well base their trust in his honesty and true patriotism:

"I do not believe that the great framers of the Constitution, the men who were framing a government for the people, of the people, and by the people, intended that all the taxes of this government should be placed upon the backs of those who toil, upon consumption, while the accumulated wealth of the nation should stand exempt, even in an exigency which might involve the very life of the nation itself."



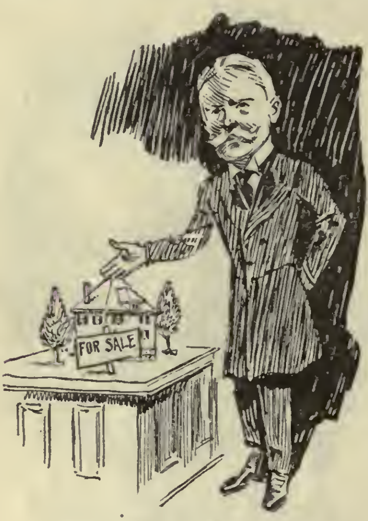
Senator Borah of Idaho has only started his Income Tax Campaign

Speaking on this subject, Hon. John Sherman said:

"The public mind is not yet prepared to apply the code of a genuine revenue reform. But years of further experience will convince the whole body of our people that a system of national taxes which rests the whole burden of taxation upon consumption and not one cent upon property or income is intrinsically unjust. While the expenses of the national government are largely caused by the protection of property, it is but right to require property to contribute to their payment. It will not do to say that each person consumes in proportion to his means; that is not true. Everyone can see that the consumption of the rich does not bear the same relation to the consumption of the poor that the income of the one does to the wages of the other."

THE momentum which carries the young voter into the ranks of either of the two great political parties will likely keep him there, unless some great revulsion causes him to sever the ties which are formed at the beginning of his interest in public affairs.

In 1907 the National Democratic Committee on College Clubs began the work of organizing College Democratic Clubs throughout the country, and a large number of colleges and universities have been enrolled in the National Democratic League of College Clubs, of which Roger Sherman Hoar of Harvard University is president. Plans have been laid for the participation of the league in state politics, as well as in the next campaign, and the scope of the work continues to grow.



Senator Aldrich made his plea for the New England homes

The Intercollegiate Democratic Association of the District of Columbia, composed of George Washington, Georgetown and National universities, participated actively in the national campaign, and did much to advance the interests of Democracy among the Southern colleges and universities. The chairman of this association, Warren Jefferson Davis, a student in the George Washington University Law School is also first vice-president of the National League of College Clubs.

From Washington, as a convenient Southern headquarters and one of the centers of activity, the movement spread rapidly, and the colleges and universities entered into the campaign actively, and with the vim and enthusiasm which is incident to college life.

Last year college delegates assembled in the Hoffman House in New York City from all parts of the country for the purpose of organizing the National Democratic League of College Clubs. Immediately after adjournment, a joint mass meeting was held under the auspices of the College Men's Democratic club of New York City and the National Democratic League. The convention was presided over by Mr. Davis, and the mass meeting by Mr. Lewis Nixon. Over 2,000 college men were present, and Mr. Bryan was the principal speaker. Such a movement will result in forming close ties between the various institutions of learning and gives promise of being far reaching in its scope.

* * *

DURING the tariff debate and following its close, there was a great deal of public interest concentrated on Senator Aldrich, even by those who were not in sympathy with his policy. American people admire a fighter and a man who accomplishes something, and something Senator Aldrich has accomplished is to secure results. Even when in the grocery business, he felt that he had better sell forty pounds of sugar at a low price than ten pounds at a higher profit, and he usually had a large round-up of profits when the inventory was taken.

The little state of Rhode Island seems to have a fixed place in public life for the Senator with the black eyes and gray mustache, who occupied the center of the stage in the Senate debates.

* * *

An asphalt walk extending nearly a mile leads from the station to the Senator's home. On either side are homes, aglow with hydrangeas and geraniums; mingling with the scent of the flowers was the odor of fertilizer, which seemed strange to one passing from the wide prairies of the West to the land of the East, which is beginning to need a hard shove before it obeys the wishes of mankind. On many of the houses signs of "For Sale" were hung up, and I began to realize that Senator Aldrich, in his tariff fight, had more at stake than some of his listeners could well understand. He was fighting for the very homes and existence of New England, for the preservation of the industries which are the means of livelihood possessed by those who have abandoned the farm for factory life. If the welfare of these industries is affected, it means that millions of people will be obliged to go back on the deserted farms of New England, and again become competitors with the farmers of the West, for, despite the vast difference in the soil of the two parts of the country, cheap labor conditions and opportunity to market would soon neutralize the advantage of virgin and fertile soil.

The people will not go back on the abandoned farms, to hard living and uncertain possibilities of success until wages in all other industries are reduced to the point which will make agricultural pursuits more remunerative. For while New England forbears were comparatively successful in farming, it was largely due to their simple manner of living and few wants, long since changed by the introduction of new industries which have afforded more profitable and favorable modes of living.

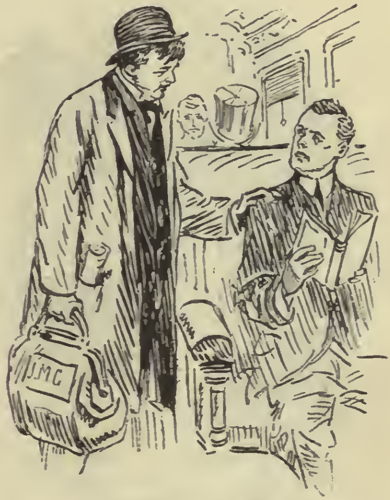
* * *

THERE was something about the late Governor John A. Johnson that took hold of the heart of the nation. Not since the death of President McKinley has a public man been so deeply regretted by the people of his own state and of the Middle West; all unite in mourning the loss of the governor of Minnesota. That peculiar curl of his lips, which strangers sometimes described as sarcastic, was merely the precursor of a genial smile. His warm heart and kindliness never failed to win friends. Even an acquaintance of many years loved Governor Johnson better every time he looked into those blue eyes that were the reflection of a noble soul.

* * *

In a sleeping car, on my way to Chicago, one night, I found him deeply immersed in the pages of a closely printed book. Needless to say, it was "solid reading matter," for every moment of his life was usefully spent. Later the little volume was laid aside, and the Governor began a conversation which continued far into the morning hours; there was always an earnestness in his words, and a fine quality in his thought, that impressed all who heard him speak. He was a true and fine type of the country editor who gets close to the people, and the story of his life is one of the romances that illuminate the history of the nation.

The son of Scandinavian immigrants, at the age of thirteen the lad undertook the responsibilities of manhood, filling the place that ought to have been held by his father, and helping his mother with the washing by which she earned a living. Never in all his life was he known to be ashamed of his work, of his parentage, or of the toil that made him the man he was.



"The late Gov. Johnson was never too busy to greet a wayfaring editor."

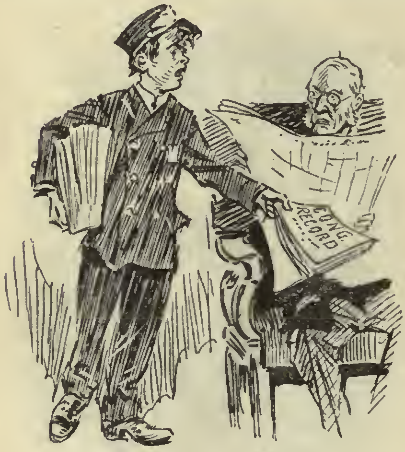
An apprentice in a drug store, with many hours on duty by day, sleeping on a cot with the night bell tinkling in his ear at all hours, he never seemed to get discouraged; even behind the counter he managed to absorb a store of information, and the prescription case taught him useful lessons that served him throughout his later life.

Governor Johnson's entrance into newspaperdom is characteristic of the man. Without knowledge of the trade, he found himself under the fascination of editorial work. He loved his duties as a country editor, because they brought him into close contact with the people of St. Peter, Minnesota, a city which remained his home until his death.

Conspicuous in his legislative career, he was chosen to lead the forlorn hope of the

Democratic party at a time when there was a keen faction fight on, although there was a leak in the Republican ranks. How quick the people are to resist when an unjust, unfair attack is made on a man who is running for office! With splendid self-control, although he trembled with emotion, in words that came from the depths of his heart, Governor Johnson replied to the accusations regarding his "drunken father" and the cruel taunt that he was the "son of a washerwoman."

No man in the Middle West ever had a stronger personal following than John A. Johnson, with a majority running up into hundreds of thousands at his election. Stronger and broader than any party lines were his principles; a prime favorite at the Democratic Convention held in Denver for the nomination of a President, he was equally popular wherever he went. Every man, woman and child in Minnesota felt an especially deep affection for their Governor.



"Yes, they were selling copies of the Tariff Bill on the train. The 'Congressional Record' is booked next."

He always had a cheery greeting, a kindly word or a timely gift for the children, and it was pathetic to see a little girl, who gave her name as "just Margaret," try to push her way through the crowd to see her beloved Governor when his body was being carried into the Capitol. Later, when the child was piloted through the masses of people and permitted to see her "tall, kind gentleman," where he lay in state, there was hardly a dry eye in the assembly. No public man could desire a more touching tribute.

* * *

FANCY the Congressional Record being sold and purchased with avidity on railroad trains, just like a "penny dreadful" or a "shilling shocker"! A United States Senator was an interested spectator when he observed on a Boston train complete copies of the Payne Tariff Bill being purchased by passengers for ten cents and eagerly perused in transit as if it contained the thrilling adventures of Deadwood Dick.

If publicity of this kind will serve to dissipate the mystery which has often shrouded tariff matters from the ken of the public, the people of today certainly have every opportunity to get "behind the scenes," in a way that has never before occurred in the history of the world. When travelers can secure copies of such important laws by expending a few stray coppers, there is no excuse for ignorance of governmental methods, and no crying need of the useless and cumbersome referendum of Oregon. A picture of the future will probably reveal a high-browed people, seated in smooth-running trains, in a smokeless and dustless atmosphere, perusing no lighter form of literature than those Congressional Records, digesting in detail all the measures introduced in the halls of legislation the night before, and exactly depicting how the wheels of progress move in Washington, and which way tariff revenue wheels are going—upward or downward.

* * *

THE government has now taken up the work of training miners for rescue work, which will be done under the direction of George Otis Smith. Mine owners and miners are not only interested in this as a humane movement, but it is an economic problem of broad proportions.

A corps of men in each mining section are to be trained and taught how to use the oxygen helmet, a device which permits of artificial breathing for two hours in the midst of the most poisonous gases known. These men are trained in an air-tight room, amid gases that do not support life, and are given a daily drill in the use of these helmets under such conditions as would be likely to obtain in a mine where an accident had occurred. All such rescue experts are to respond instantly to a call, and will arrive on the scene fully equipped with these helmets and other apparatus.

J. W. Paul, who is in charge of this work, is now in Europe studying the various plans in operation at European stations. Already a number of lives have been saved by the use of the oxygen helmet, and it is believed that the time will come when the loss of life in mines will be minimized by the efforts of the new rescue corps.

* * *

A NEW story of David and Goliath comes to light. Years ago Major Sibert and Major Gaillard were classmates at West Point. Sibert was a young man of such huge proportions, that he had not been at West Point a week before they began to call him "Goliath," and the name clung to him like a strong bit of chewing gum. By the rule of paradox, his chum was a wiry, slight young fellow, now known as Major Gaillard—here was the David of the cast. It became a case of David and Goliath, but the biblical interpretation of the story in this case was reversed, for the two men were not enemies but chums of the chummiest sort.

David never had the least desire to use a sling shot when he saw Goliath, and Goliath never growled in his big throat, "Would I had a sword in my hand," when he saw David. They became inseparable, and since then these two engineers have been more or less associated all their lives in their practical work for the government. They are now working together on the Panama Canal, and are just as close friends as when they were "plebes" at the military academy in the days of their youth.

* * *

WANDERING by the sad sea wave on a very sultry day, one of the distinguished senators of the United States remarked: "There is no use trying to get ahead of the Irish in making a fitting reply."

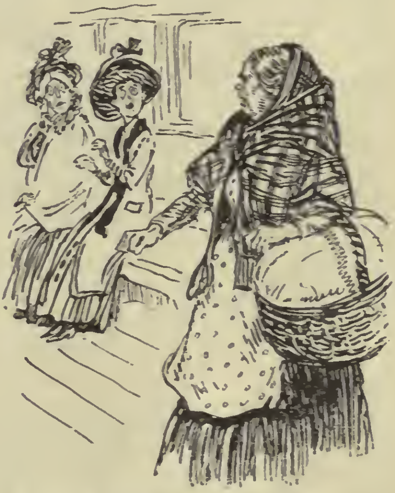
He went on to tell of two ladies sitting in a street car, within hearing of a buxom Irishwoman, who began to compare notes on the pleasures of their vacations this year.

"Yes," said one, with an implied sneer in the tone of her voice, "we had a pretty good time, but it would have been much better if we had not been so surrounded by Irish—really, my dear, they were everywhere."

"Why, how odd," exclaimed her friend. "That was just our experience. We selected our hotel so carefully, everything was so perfect, but we were not there twenty-four hours before we were meeting Irish people at every turn."

At this point in the conversation, the Irish woman in the corner rose up to her full stature and swept toward the offenders; with unmistakable emphasis, as she left the car, she said: "Go to hell, the both of ye, next summer. Ye'll find no Irish *there*."

The women of fashion raised their lorgnettes and stared in astonishment at the retreating form of yet another specimen of the undesirable race. They are not intending to take her advice as to a place to spend their next vacation, but in time may agree with the old negro who remarked: "The Irish is just as good as any other folks if they behaves theirselves."



"And the Irish lady said there were no Irish in Halifax."

* * *

MEETING Ambassador Nabuco of Brazil, one begins to realize that he represents an area equal to the whole of Europe—a larger territory than all the land included in the United States boundary. Supplying twenty-eight per cent. of the world's ore supply, to say nothing of the gold and diamond fields. Brazil certainly is becoming one of the im-

Ap 8 '10

portant industrial nations among the Pan-American republics. Ambassador Nabuco is a worthy representative of his republic and one of the most accomplished diplomats in Washington.

It was remarked by Director John Barrett, of the Pan-American Bureau, that Ambassador Nabuco could write a treatise on international law in English with his right hand, while with his left hand indite a sonnet in French which would rival in purity and elegance the work of some renowned poet. As a rule the ambassador works at his desk standing, and he presents a fine military appearance, being six feet in height, and he plunges into his work with unremitting energy. An ardent supporter of the late emperor he was one of the last to become reconciled to driving him from the throne.

Reared in a cultured home, among the refined associations of the days of the empire, he insists that in his younger years young men were wont to spend their time among books, but nowadays young men of the same age take trips to the United States and England to complete their education along business lines. Ambassador Nabuco insists that idealism is one of the things which characterizes the Brazilian, and that it is well for them to cultivate it.

Among the visitors whom he entertained in Brazil was Louis Agassiz, the eminent naturalist, and Ferraro, the celebrated Italian historian. Emperor Dom Pedro was a great friend of the poet Longfellow, and during his rule of forty-nine years he inaugurated the freedom of the newspapers and threw open the doors of his palace to his people without reserve. He visited the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, and it is thought his kindness and generosity led eventually to his downfall.

In conversation the ambassador brought out the interesting fact, in reference to the coffee trade, that a little less than nine per cent. of the profit goes to the grower in Brazil, a similar amount goes to the agents and shipping lines, and the remaining eighty-two per cent. of the dollar goes to those handling the various products in the United States.

As late as the year 1888, over a million slaves were liberated in Brazil, which was brought about by a gradual evolution extending over many years, although the final act was taken in deference to the expressed opinion of the world. The ambassador considers Dom Pedro of Brazil, General Bertolete Mitre, the first president of Argentine Republic, and General Porfirio Diaz, president of Mexico, as the three greatest figures among the Latin people today, and that these men have had a marked influence in bringing about the present cordial relations of the Latin-American republics.

* * *

WHILE the White House may not contribute to the ranks of debutantes for some years to come, the debut of Miss Helen being deferred, good times are expected by the younger set at the White House during the coming season. The Taft children have a way of taking care of themselves and getting plenty of fun without neglecting their studies, and Miss Taft is not a whit behind her brothers in this respect. With her father's keen sense of humor, and a dimple the counterpart of his, though thoroughly well read and a lover of books, Miss Helen is always ready for fun, and in her trips home to the White House she has shown a marked delight in society. It is prophesied that when she does appear, she will be a stellar attraction, and society reporters predict that the "three Miss Tafts" will be conspicuous figures in the social circle next season.

During the Republican convention in Chicago last year, one of the most enthusiastic auditors in the Taft box was Miss Louise Taft, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Taft, and many who were present will recall the enthusiastic "rooter" who wore a hat with red roses.

The third member of the trio of cousins, also named Louise, is the daughter of Mr. Charles Taft of Cincinnati; the two cousins bearing the same name are distinguished as Miss Louise of Cincinnati and Miss Louise of New York. The former is one of the greatest heiresses of Ohio, but there is no indication that the distinction has in any way spoiled her. She is a dark, slight little lady, with simple, unaffected manners. The three Taft girls are fine types of American young women. Miss Louise of New York is younger than her cousin Louise; she is tall and well proportioned, with flashing dark eyes, and has the air of a young woman brought up in a great metropolis.

THE WHITE TURKEY TRUCE

By CATHÈRINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

"FATHER, I'm choked with coal dust, and if you can spare me for a few weeks, I'll run over to Garret County for some shooting. November is glorious there, and I've not had such a treat in five years."

"Tired of the Oolik-hanna Coal Company after six months' trial, Brice?" asked Mr. Salisbury, not unkindly, as he gazed at his strapping blond son. "Well, I don't blame you, for it is irksome after your three years' freedom—aftermath of college. Well, go ahead, but brush up on the game laws."

"Oh, no danger of me bagging forbidden game," said Brice complacently. "I suppose Purdy Pruit is still caring for our old place, and he's a mighty hunter in that wilderness. What tales he used to tell of bringing low black bear, deer, woodcock and wild turkeys! Fine turkey track up there—not a soul in sight unless the Ridgely place is inhabited."

"I think not," said the father," for Ridgely lost everything in that mine deal except that track. The two children live in Baltimore, I believe. Perhaps, some day, with your co-operation, they'll make a fine mountain resort of that wilderness."

"They'll wait a long time, if they rely on me turning one of the best wild turkey ranges in the Alleghanies into a human hen roost. You can build a resort on rocks or sand, but you can't create such a game preserve this side of the happy hunting ground; and it's not for the like of us to exterminate it—though I do hope to lessen the flock of turkeys by a few, before I return. Well, if there is nothing further for me to do this afternoon, I'll be off, to pack, see that Fleetfeet is boxed *en route* for Oakland, and say good-bye to the little mother. If I can get to Oakland tonight, I'll start out from there before sunup—for it is four hours' ride, even on Fleetfeet, from the county seat to the remoteness of Crowsfoot."

"Well, good-bye, boy. Take good care of yourself, and come back bones whole. There's no danger of your not coming back heart whole from the wilderness, for I don't believe there are even any mountain girls within sight or sound of old Crowsfoot."

The young man laughed heartily. "What put such an idea into your head, Daddy? *Girls*, indeed! I'd like to see myself look at one, even if there was one there, when I have such fine sport in prospect as our range affords. Don't worry! When a fellow's twenty-seven, and hasn't gotten lassoed by Dan Cupid yet, he's apt to run on the range a free fellow for some time to come. But I must be off to hunt my deers—spelled with two *e's*, you know!"

When Salisbury Senior was relating this bit of pleasantry to his wife, after the son had taken his departure that night, she remarked: "Brice is over-confident in his immunity from the tender passion. He'll meet his Waterloo yet; and some girl who'll snub him will bring it about—you see!"

But girls were far from Brice's thoughts the next morning, when, after eating a hearty breakfast at Oakland—which, on its perch almost three thousand feet above the sea, was fairly enchanting on this autumn morning in its setting of gorgeous woods touched with diamond frost—he whistled for his dogs, Snaggle, Snuffle and Scent, and mounting his horse, prepared to set out for his ride over the mountains. He carried his rifle, leaving orders that his baggage and camping outfit follow him as soon as possible.

"I feel like a blooming pioneer, bringing such a kit with me," he said to the clerk at the hotel, "but my mother insisted, saying that there is no knowing the condition of Crowsfoot since I was there five years ago."

"Right she is. Purdy isn't particular, so long's he has plenty of tobacco and spirits. But, if you run short on comforts, come down here for a change, if you don't want to borrow of your neighbors."

"Neighbors! That's a joke!" laughed Brice, as he touched Fleetfeet with his crop.

On the way through the forest he used his rifle sparingly, keeping it for ambitious game. But when Scent flushed a turkey so suddenly that he allowed it to escape, he dismounted, tied Fleetfeet to a blighted oak, and determined to stalk for turkeys in earnest. As he crouched behind some chinquapin bushes, Scent, who proved to be an excellent turkey dog, flushed another great bird, which almost brushed the face of the crouching hunter, its ruffled plumage of black, illuminated in gold, bronze and copper tints, shining dazzlingly in the sun, which streamed brightly through the forest opening. For an instant, Brice seemed blinded with surprise, then raised his rifle and fired, bringing a splendid quarter-hundred pounder to the carpet of pine needles.

"Jupiter, but you're a fine bird!" he said exultantly, as he lifted the turkey by its shanks and held it before the three yelping dogs. "Good Scent! Good boy!" he said, patting Scent on his reddish crown, much to the envy of the other dogs. "Now, as enough is as good as a feast, suppose we set out for camp."

The dogs bumped against each other in their eagerness to lead to Fleetfeet, and, mounted again, it did not take Brice very long to reach the clearing where Crowsfoot farm once flourished. He found that the log house was deserted, though open to the wilderness; for Purdy was known to be absent for weeks at a time, using neither lock nor bolt to shut the house against intruders—for such were very unlikely in this wilderness. After tending to Fleetfeet, Brice washed his perspiring face at the clear spring back of the house, and, feeling warm after his hunting exertions, determined to rest until the man came with his baggage, then find out what he could do to take Purdy's place. The teamster was accompanied by his boy, Crimpsey, and the two willingly set the four-room cabin to rights. They made a noon-day meal from the provisions brought from Oakland, and then, ignoring Purdy, Brice made a bargain with the man and the boy that if they stopped over night they would be treated to a turkey roast such as they might not have had in many a day, besides receiving a consideration in the coin of the country. This they readily consented to do, and the boy also offered to stay on and act as housekeeper and cook until the truant Purdy returned. His offer was readily accepted by Brice, who had taken a liking to the honest-faced mountain boy, who knew how to win the affection of Snaggle, Snuffle and Scent in a short space of time, and to dress a bird with the deftness of an old-time negro cook.

The teamster had gone back to Oakland; Purdy had not yet returned, and Brice had had more than five days of good hunting in company with his three dogs, and, now and then, Crimpsey. The turkeys brought down were numerous, and, what puzzled Brice, who had not hunted such game in five years, of several varieties. Few of them were distinctly of the type of that which Scent flushed on his initial hunting trip; especially those found within a mile or so of the clearing seemed to be of a tamer breed than the great black and bronze birds that inhabited the backbone of the mountain range. Brice, did he but know it, had been shooting tame Bronze turkey, Narragansett, Buff, Slate and Black at an appalling rate. But he did not know, and even Crimpsey, who rode into town twice with turkey shipments to Brice's friends in Cumberland, had no idea of the crime which his honored employer was committing.

One clear evening which promised a full moon, Brice set out for a ride, leaving gun and dogs at home. He knew that he would be apt to run on some wild turkey roosts and wished to avoid any temptation in the way of potting the birds while they roosted. Again, something seemed to trouble him regarding the amount and variety of the birds which had already been slaughtered by him, and, as he rode slowly along the mountain trail, he said aloud:

"If it wasn't for the fact that this place is practically uninhabited, I'd think I'd been pouching on a poultry farm. But that's impossible; for there hasn't been a farm run on this backbone since my people and the Ridgely folks pulled out more than a quarter of a century ago. Pshaw! I'm mooney!" and with that, he urged his horse onward, little caring where he went, for the full moon had now risen and was throwing its deep golden light over the frost-sparkling underbrush.

Left to his own whim, the horse readily chose the old lane that ran down to the farm of the Ridgely's, known as Turkey Track, and, lost in his dreams, Brice was unaware that he was near the house, or that it was inhabited, until he heard the distressed voice of a young woman:

"O Nannie Lou! Don't tell me! That means the fifth Narragansett gobbler that's disappeared within two days, not to mention having to weep over six bronze hens, seven slates and three blacks. I'm nearly distracted! Where can they have gone? And I cannot see or hear anything of that fine blue Tom which we brought up from Baltimore with us. Mr. Jim Creighton gave me that, for good luck, but it does seem as if I'm having dreadful luck—and it so near Thanksgiving, too!"

"Yo' carn't blame de niggers dis time, Miss Brooke," said the middle-aged negress, as she stood beneath a huge persimmon tree, gazing sadly at the few turkeys that made it their roost. "Ize de onliest culled pusson in fifty miles er hyar, I 'clare; and yo' all knows I take as much sight by dem tuckeys as yo' all; fo' doan I know how yo' speck to mek yo libbin, an' mine, an' sen' Masser Charley off to collidge by de money yo' mek frum dem all. Oh, Lawdee! Yo' po' chile! I does wisht yo' nebber left Baltimer, and had mahryed Mr. Jim, as he wanted yo' to."

"Don't talk silly, Nannie Lou! I've got a spine! I'm not going to faint on the breast of the first man who comes along, just because I've had some business troubles. I'll win out yet—there's lots of money in the turkey business. Why, Nannie Lou, the great United States Agricultural Department says there is! You know I read it to you from the reports!"

"'*Ports*," growled Nannie Lou, "Dey'ze false 'ports, well's true ones, an' how yo' know dem ain't *lies?* Is dose kine folks gwine to tell yo' what cum ob all dese tuckeys what's being swallered up dese days and nights? Oh, Lawd! Lawd! What *is* dat?"

Feeling that he could not listen any longer —for he had listened so long apparently against his sense of honor—Brice urged Fleetfeet into the path of the moon, and taking off his soft hat to the young white woman, he said in some confusion:

"I beg your pardon—I'm Brice Salisbury, over from Crowsfoot. I came up from Cumberland several days ago for the hunting. I couldn't help but hear part of your conversation, just now, and am afraid that I am the cause of the disappearance of your turkeys."

"What!" exclaimed the young lady. "Do you mean to say that you have been slaughtering my tame turkeys? Weren't there enough wild ones on this mountain to satisfy you? And how dare you take it so calmly, as if it were a matter of course that you could come up here and shoot everything in sight?" She paused, as if choked with indignation.

He slipped from his horse, and stood beside her just as the big door of the stone house opened, allowing a bar of lamplight to reveal the faces of the three who stood under the persimmon tree. He saw his accuser plainly, and became more confused, for she was a fine-looking young woman, probably about twenty-two, with dark hair and eyes, and dressed very nattily in a Norfolk suit of some dark color, with a white turndown collar and bright red silk tie. Evidently, from her appearance, she was no mountain-bred beauty.

He looked straight into her fine eyes, as he began to speak; eager to say what he had to say before they were joined by the party or parties within the house.

"I assure you, madame, I'm not in the least bit calm. And my confession is not made through boldness, but through repentance. I hadn't the slightest idea that this part of the mountain had another tenant than myself, at present, and went hunting with a feeling of perfect freedom. It was only today that I began to suspect something wrong—at the variety of turkeys I was bringing to earth. You must forgive me—I'm really ignorant about turkeys. Of course, I thought that *any* turkey that I might sight on this wood range was a wild turkey."

"Your ignorance is appalling—you a college graduate, too, I suppose. Why didn't you have a guide? Then, perhaps, you would not have picked off the tame turkeys which wandered into the woods for acorns and dogwood berries."

"My guide disappeared before I got here. Wait till I catch him!" he said, in exasperation. "That Purdy never could be depended on for more than twenty-four hours."

"Oh, now, don't lay the blame on others! Well, I hope you'll wait until he returns before you shoot any more of my stock," she said, moving toward the porch.

"I say, Sis," said a boy's voice, as a youth of about sixteen came into the light, "I hope you're not going to let him off with a reprimand. That's too light a sentence for twenty-one ordinary turkeys, and your precious Blue Tom that Jim gave you!"

"Don't imagine, for one moment, that I don't want to pay, and cheerfully, for the damage I have done," said Brice, following the young woman and speaking to her, as well as to the boy.

"I didn't suppose you'd try to escape with a light fine," said the young lady quickly, "for you might know that we are in the turkey business for money, not to furnish sport for reckless city gentlemen." This she said severely, but there was humor in her voice, as she nodded to her brother. "The collector of the firm will present the bill at an early date; though we allow thirty days' credit when we are sure of the financial standing of our customers."

The ripple in her tones encouraged him to inquire rashly: "But the value of the Blue Tom—can *that* be reckoned in dollars and cents? How can I make amends for slaughtering a bird whose value surely was reckoned by sentiment, not cents?"

She seemed unpleasantly surprised at his indiscretion, and he was similarly affected when she, moving toward the open door, which revealed the interior of an artistic sitting room, such as one seldom found in the mountains outside of the camps of the wealthy, said, with asperity:

"Your impertinence is uncalled for in this deal. My birds are sold by the pound, so far as they can be reckoned. Evidently, you need a *social*, as well as a hunting guide," and with that, she turned her back on him and went in, closing the door behind her.

"Oh, I say, now you've done it!" said the boy, half gleefully. "You're a living example of the fellow who piles insult on injury! Now will you be good!"

"By Jove! I didn't mean to be impertinent! I'm awfully sorry!" exclaimed the contrite young man, ashamed of his rashness.

"All the good it will do you now she's shut the door!" teased the boy, and Brice, as he moved toward his horse, was encouraged by the fellowship in the youngster's tones, to say:

"Please tell her I'm sorry, anyway. Come over tomorrow, won't you? I want my bill as soon as possible."

"I'll bring it," said the boy, and added mischievously, "I'll bring you some books on turkeys, too, so you can read up the subject. Until you do, I'd advise you not to hunt without a guide."

"Thanks, truly!" said Brice, brightening wonderfully under the fact that the brother seemed friendly inclined to him. "As for the social guide, I suppose none published will tell a fellow how not to be an ass!"

"Right you are!" assented the boy cheerfully. "I'll be over about ten. I grub at my books from seven to nine. Good-night."

Instead of riding straight to Crowsfoot house that night, Brice took a circuitous route through dim trails, sweet with the odor of fresh green pines, frost tipped, and brown leaves mouldering underneath. The moon made riding without stumbling feasible, and Fleetfeet patted softly along, seeming to be in harmony with her master's mood, which called for slow progress and deep thinking. It was midnight before Brice turned into his home, and then tossed and tumbled on his bed, wishing for morning and the boy; though it was the girl, the girl who was displeased with him, who was the one he wished to hear about—to find out who she was. What in the world, he asked himself, could she, who was evidently a cultured young lady, be doing up here on the lonely mountain, with only her young brother and an old colored woman for company? And why—why did *he* care about it all?

In the middle of the forenoon, the boy appeared, cheerful and communicative. The morning was gray and inclined to be blustery, so the two sat on cornhusk chairs before the great fireplace piled with brown logs fast turning red under the stimulating influence of several pine knots thrown on for good measure.

"This is jolly!" said the boy, as he thrust out a golf-stockinged leg to the blaze. "Regular football weather, eh? Say, here's those books I told you about. Get on to the breeds, will you, before you go pouching again?"

"I will," said Brice emphatically. "By the way, how's your sister this morning?"

"Chirp as a cricket," said the boy. "We Ridgelys don't keep glum very long. But don't feel glad; she isn't even thinking about you. Brooke doesn't worry over any man, even men who give her Blue Toms!"

"What a lot of information you can give in a few words!" said Brice sarcastically. Then, thinking better of his petulance, he said eagerly: "Oh, say, Ridgely—are you one of the Ridgelys whose grandfather owned Turkey Track?"

"Yep," said the boy. "I thought you knew that last night. I believe that's what made sister mad, somewhat—your ignoring the pre-revolutionary neighborliness which existed between the Salisburys and the Ridgelys. She's awful sensitive since we became so poor. But, you know, once our stone house over there was considered some better than the log house of your granddaddy's forebears. You made your money in coal mines, and we lost ours in 'em. So seesaws the world."

"Oh, come now, forget it!" exclaimed Brice. "Let us be pals, anyway. I cannot help if I seemed presumptious to your sister. I'm a blanked-blank fool so far as girls are concerned."

"My fist on it," said the boy, thrusting out a brown, slender hand. "We may not be very neighborly, as a rule, for we are working hard. Don't pay any attention to Brooke; she cares more for books than for men, anyway! Next to books, she's daft on those turkeys, for they are to make our fortune, indirectly. Next year I'm going to spend one review year at a prep. school in Baltimore; then I'm going to enter the Pennsy State College—study to be a mining engineer, then I'll see what I can do about those old coal fields in which father sank his money. Brooke, poor girl, was studying medicine at Johns Hopkins, but broke down and had to give up. She worried too much, and anyway she's too sympathetic for a doctor! She heard a lot about women making fortunes in the chicken business, and she thought of this turkey range up here, and said, *why not turkeys?* So two years ago this spring, we came up, and we've met with jim-dandy luck. We've a regular market in Baltimore—ship from Oakland twice a week during open season. Our specialty is a breed we secure by crossing the wild with the Bronze, Black and Narragansett. Brooke and I hunt wild turkey nests during hatching season, and if you haven't found so many young wild ones flying about as in years gone by, it's because we have cornered the egg market, so to speak. Of course these turkeys won't stay in the barnyard, as a rule, and that makes it cheap feeding for us, for they do their own foraging in the pines and oaks. Some of our tame breeds have taken to following them; that's how you happened to bag 'em. We have nearly every known breed now, 'cepting the white. It takes some money to stock up on them—but they are *beauts*, and sell well, I hear."

"Never heard of them," said Brice, humbly confessing his ignorance. "At least, I never heard of them being on the market as foodstuff. I thought they were for private sport and shows."

"Read your pamphlet there," said Charlie, with a schoolmasterly air. "It will tell you that they are the prettiest, dressiest birds on the market. Brooke is going to try them next year, if our luck stays with us—and we expect to have a snug sum on this year's sales. It's fine. We have a brand—we are 'The Turkey Track Company,' if anyone asks you."

When Brice asked Charlie to stay to the noon dinner which Crimpsey was then preparing, the boy refused, saying that he never left his sister alone for a meal, excepting when he had to go hunting, or into Oakland on business. Then, after an arrangement was made for the two to go hunting before dawn the next day, Charlie went whistling through the pine trail, while Brice returned to the glowing hearth, where, seated in a capacious armchair, his three dogs slumbering on the black bear rug at his feet, he dreamed away the time until dinner was announced by Crimpsey. In his dreams, Brooke Ridgely figured largely, and in the background strutted many beautiful white turkeys with pink shanks, and somewhere, very misty in the picture, was a Baltimore young man and a dead Blue Tom.

After his dinner was eaten, Brice wrote a letter to his parents, telling frankly his adventures and mentioning the pluck of the Ridgely "young ones"; then, rather insinuatingly, informed them that, now he had found a good hunting companion, he thought he'd like to stay on while the good weather and hunting lasted—at least until Thanksgiving. When this letter was duly sealed he turned his attention to the pamphlets and catalogues which Charlie brought him, and then he wrote an order for no less than three dozen white turkeys to a firm celebrated for raising them. Then he ordered Crimpsey to bring around Fleetfeet, and as the sun was warming up the morning's gray, he rode with spirit through the forest trails until he struck the main road leading to Oakland. He had told Crimpsey not to worry about him if he was not back before the next day, and so, tired out when he reached town, he put up at a hotel for the night. In the morning, he wired to the dealer to whom he had sent the order for white turkeys, asking how long before they would be delivered, and price of same. He waited for the answer, which told him he would probably have to wait a week before the order would reach him, and then he ate his dinner and rode back through the lonely mountain trails, his mind still on the girl and the white turkeys.

"I'll use them as my flag of truce," he said aloud, secure in the knowledge that even the whispering pines would not tell his secret, "and if I don't put that Baltimore fellow and his old Blue Tom in the background before Thanksgiving, then I'll eat crow ever after."

In the crisp, sunny days that followed, he and Charlie were often together; hunting, fishing, or riding, and on several occasions, when he rode over to Turkey Track for Charlie, Brice was regaled with a glimpse of the mistress of the turkey range. She was impartially polite to him, nothing more, and never encouraged him by word or look to linger to a meal, or after the lamps were lit. He told himself bitterly, as he rode through the woods after such visits, that she regarded him as a boy chum of her brother, nothing more. He wondered if it would have been different had he not been so presumptuous on the evening of their first meeting, and more than once he condemned the Baltimore man and his old Blue Tom; and a thousand times did he lament on his own folly; to think that he, who always seemed to get along with the young ladies in society, should make a fool of himself before this girl on the mountains.

"Oh, luck!" he groaned to himself on one of his homeward rides, "I simply can't stand it much longer! To think that she's the girl of girls in my world, and I can't get her to look in my direction for an instant. And I love her more and more every day! Charlie knows it, too, bless the boy, and that's why he talks about her so much to me when we're away from her."

Yes, Charlie knew; and he also knew that Brooke was not so indifferent to the charms of this handsome, big young man as she pretended. He caught her, many times, listening attentively as Brice, over the books which they were perusing at the sitting-room table, explained certain knotty problems to the boy, who was earnestly studying to make good on his examinations next year. He also took note that Brooke did not favor the Norfolk suit as much as ordinary; that she was wearing some of the dainty, feminine frills which she affected when a favorite with the younger social set in Baltimore. He also noted that she did not seem indifferent to him when he enthused on the hunting trips which he and Brice made; nor discourage him, as he related many intimate facts of Brice's home life and his college days. And so, Charlie, sage-like, said to himself, "I'll let 'em alone. I'm too old and lanky to play Cupid, anyway!"

One day Brice rode over to Turkey Track and found Charlie absent. Brooke was out in the yard, throwing yellow corn to some young turkeys of the more domestic varieties. The morning was cool, and she had on a scarlet sweater over her green dress, but her brown hair was uncovered, and was much blown by the winds that swept in from the woods. Taken by surprise, and because in her secret thoughts she regarded him kindly, she flashed a welcoming smile on the young man whom she had desired to think her indifferent.

He could hardly believe his eyes, nor his ears, when she said merrily, "Have you come to be fed?"

Quickly he responded, seizing the precious opportunity, "Thanks for your first invitation to a meal, fair neighbor."

Recklessly, she scattered the balance of the corn from the pan, and when she turned again, her face was glowing as brightly as her sweater. He stepped close to her, asking as he put out his hand, "Am I not forgiven for my impertinence about Blue Tom?"

"Don't you dare mention him again!" she said imperiously, and before he could say more, she was by him like a flash and indoors, and he was left standing dumbly in the windy yard.

"O Lord! I've offended her again!" he said, as he rode homeward through the soughing woods. "I surely am the biggest fool that ever was in love! And she looked actually glad to see me, too!"

The next morning, Crimpsey, who had been sent to Oakland for mail and freight, came back with the load of white turkeys. The sight of their pure white feathers and pinkish shanks, their pretty ways, gave Brice a feeling of hope. He helped Crimpsey feed them, and then he set out to see Charlie. Charlie was amazed to see that his sister was not even polite to Brice that morning, but promptly effaced herself the moment he put his foot in the door. He was unaware of Brice's visit on the day before, so could not guess what had disturbed the friendly feeling which seemed to be growing between the two whom he cared for more than any others in his small world.

But when Brice took him off for a ride through the woods and told him the whole story—just as if he was a man, Charlie noted with pride—and wanted Charlie to help him make peace through the white turkeys, Charlie was prompt to offer suggestions.

"Let her alone for a couple of weeks—say until Thanksgiving. Just you hang on, if your dad doesn't send for you. And, if I were you, I'd keep clear of Turkey Track—give her time to miss you. I won't, though. I'll meet you out every day, or come over here to you. Brooke does care for you, but doesn't know it. Just show her! And keep your turkeys, too. Hang 'em on the persimmon tree for Thanksgiving!" and Charlie laughed at his own joke.

Brice took the boy's advice, and Charlie, to his mingled delight and regret, saw that Brooke was restless, moody and quick-tempered in turns, as the days went on, and Brice never even rode by the place. He also found out, to his regret, that Brice was little better; for the absent treatment was having a bad effect on him, too, and between them both Charlie was wishing that the siege was over so that he might know some genuine sunshine again.

He was glad when Thanksgiving eve came in with crisp splendor, prophesying a fine tomorrow. That night, he rode over to Crowsfoot and helped Brice and Crimpsey crate the turkeys for stealthy removal to the yard at Turkey Track. So well did they do the job that Brooke knew nothing about it until she sighted some large white objects on one of the barnyard persimmon trees just before dawn on Thanksgiving morning. As peering from her bedroom window did not help her make out the objects clearly, she dressed hastily, and was down in the yard before the sun popped over the farther range of mountains. When she saw the white turkeys, she thought, at first, that they were a surprise from Charlie; as he knew how ardently she desired a flock of this breed. But before she could figure out how the boy could save money enough to buy such a fine collection, she noticed that one of the largest of the birds had a slender silver chain about its foot, and that a white card dangled to it. She picked up a pole and stirred the bird gently, then running to the bin, came back with corn with which she coaxed the birds to the ground. Then, swift as a kite, she pounced upon the carrier turkey and wrenched the card from the silver chain. She ran into the house with it, lit one of the candles in the old brass holder, and bent down to read:

> "Under these flags of truce, I beg that you will forgive my many transgressions, and cause me to have something to be thankful for on this Thanksgiving Day. May I come to see you this afternoon? Yours,
>
> BRICE SALISBURY."

She sat down in a chair by the table and covered her glowing face with her slender hands. When Charlie came in the room a quarter of an hour later, she was still buried in blissful dreams, as she held the white card in her hand. The boy stole softly behind her, putting his arms around her neck, as he kissed the top of her pretty brown head. It was a few moments before he could clear his throat, and then he said, noting a diamond-like drop on her flushed cheek:

"I know all about it, sister dearest. And he's just the nicest man on top of this earth, and you're the nicest girl! Now, I do want to eat my Thanksgiving dinner with both of you, but if you're going to sit here crying, and he's going to sit over in that old log house moping, what am I to do?"

She laughed through her tears. "You're going to take him a note from me, aren't you, dear?"

"I make no rash promises," said Charlie, backing away from her detaining hand. "It will depend on what's in the note. I'm not the fellow to carry death warrants, I assure you."

She did not reply, but arose and went to her little desk near the window, through which the yellow sunlight was now straggling. She wrote a few moments and then handed the note to Charlie, asking, "Do you mind taking that?"

"Dear Mr. Salisbury," [he read] "There was no necessity for your showing so many white feathers over such a slight matter as a Blue Tom and its giver. Don't wait till this afternoon. Come back to a one o'clock dinner with Charlie. Yours,
Brooke Ridgely."

"Brooke, darling! You're the best thing that ever grew on this mountain!" said the boy, giving her a bearlike hug. "Give me my breakfast, and no Indian runner ever made better time than I'll make over to Crowsfoot Trail to tell Brice that the turkeys of truce have made good."

THANKSGIVING

Through the night we watched his breathing,
  As our little darling slept;
While down by his cradle kneeling
  The prayers of our grief we wept.

Not a word was said in the stillness—
  The silence spoke sadder than speech—
For the language of sorrow and illness
  Is a tongue only tears can teach.

We knew in His care God held him,—
  That the life which He gave He could take;
That those chains which our love had been welding,
  The Master could loosen and break.

But fond hearts clung to hope, undespairing,
  With the trust of a childlike faith;
That the All-Loving Father would spare him,
  We asked for the Saviour's sake.

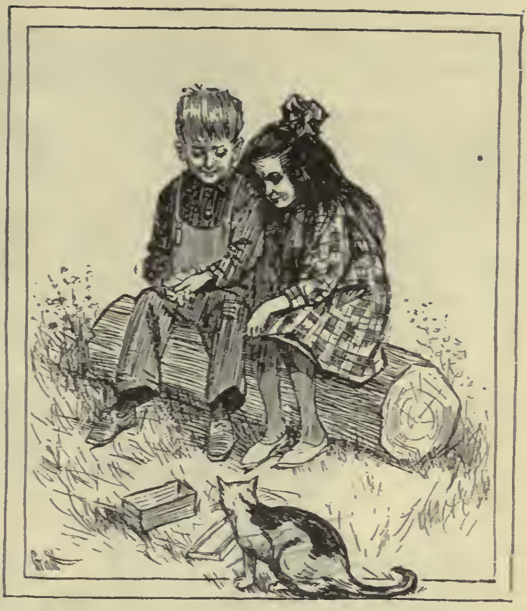
And a great joy came with the morning,
  As the promise of life broke sweet:
Death's Angel passed by in the dawning,
  Forgetting our babe asleep!

O mute Hallelujahs of feeling!
  Dumb, thankful Te Deums we weep!
By our little one's cradle while kneeling,
  God left him here for us to keep!

—*Henry Young Ostrander.*

The Rockhill Rooster

By Charles Edward Hewitt.



"SAY, mother! One o' that set of pure blood Brahma eggs what Joe Hasbrook fetched to square off on the hog deal has hatched out a skinny runt that would 'pear like a Brown Leghorn if it warn't so long in the shanks. There be ten o' the hefty little white fellers 'tennerate, so I don't keer ef the runt turns up his toes."

But, as is very often the case, despite his diminutive size, the runt seemed quite as anxious to scratch and eat and live as his more substantial brothers and sisters; and it even transpired that more of the juicy bugs and worms, which the clucking foster mother provided, slid down into his small crop than found way to any other member of the brood.

"Wish the little cuss hadn't hatched out," Farmer Rockhill said to his wife on another occasion, while watching the young Brahma chicks. "The snipper yorps down most o' the live feed that would make the others grow."

A heavy thunder shower came suddenly over the mountains one afternoon, and when it had passed, grumbling, four of the choice brood were brought in limp and stringy from the monster's trail.

"Well, the runt is done for, Warren," the good wife exclaimed. "Here, Jim and Sue, take them over to the garden patch and bury 'em."

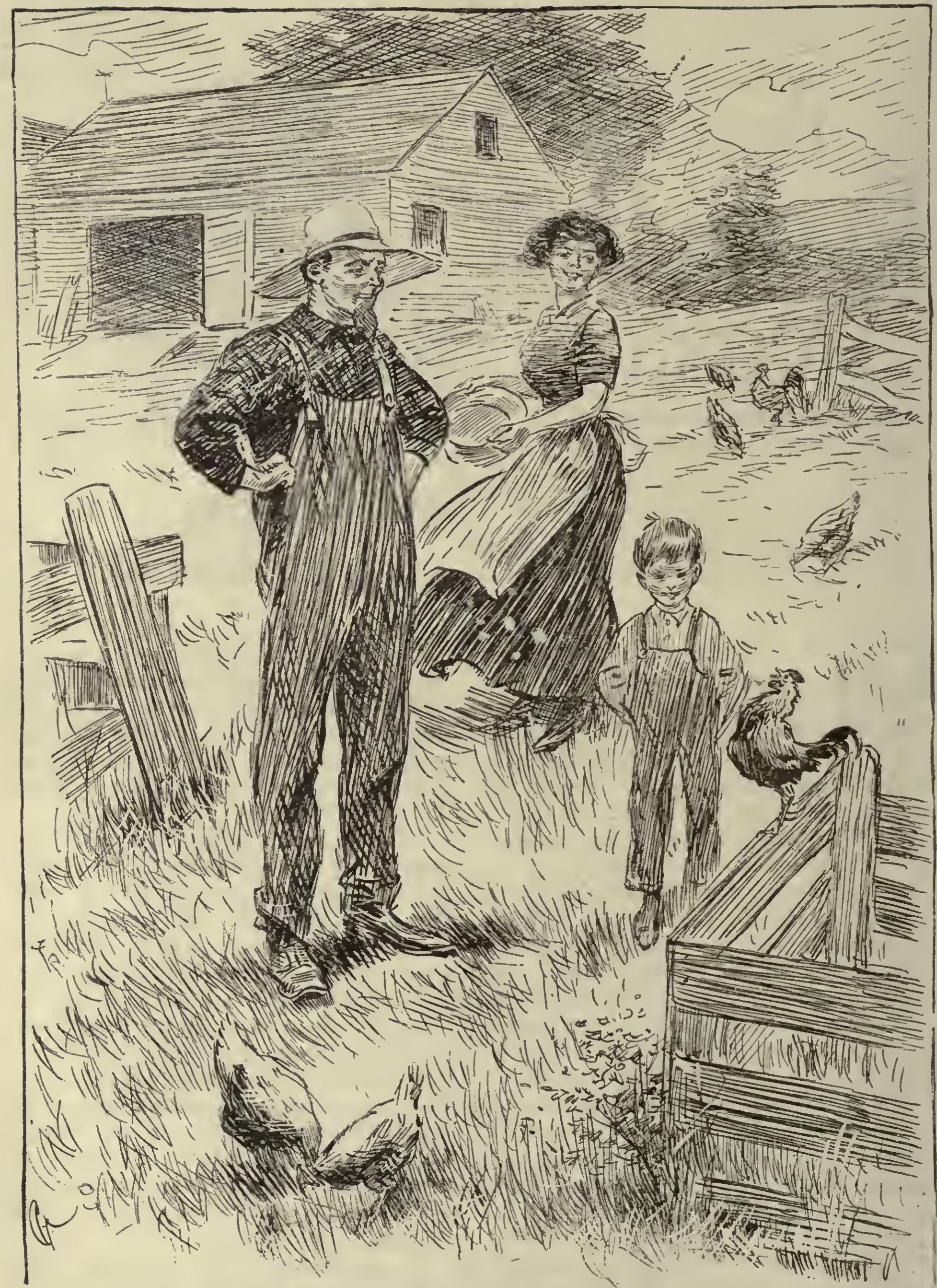
This was a gala opportunity for Jim and Sue. Two large match boxes were procured for the occasion, and two by two the draggled shapes were placed, a surprising stretch of neck hanging down one end of the boxes while four pairs of claws had literally turned their toes straight up.

"You be chief mourner, Sue, and I'll put them in my wagon," said Jim, and so the procession trailed out to the garden patch. Here, however, a discussion arose over the question of who should go to the barn for a spade, and as there was but one way of settling the difficulty, both set forth together.

The sun shone warm on the match boxes and their contents, and under his vivifying rays one scrawny shape started to resuscitate. His toes quivered, he gasped and feebly kicked, and by the time Jim and Sue returned with the spade, after much hunting, there were but three corpses waiting for interment.

"Guess the cat must have snooped Brownie," Jim said.

The children soon discovered that "Brownie" had snooped himself, and this remarkable feat so raised him in their estimation that all sorts of tidbits found passage down his elongated gullet from their hands, and, becoming tame through this excess of favor, it was not long before his stilt-like legs knew their way to the kitchen door, and at



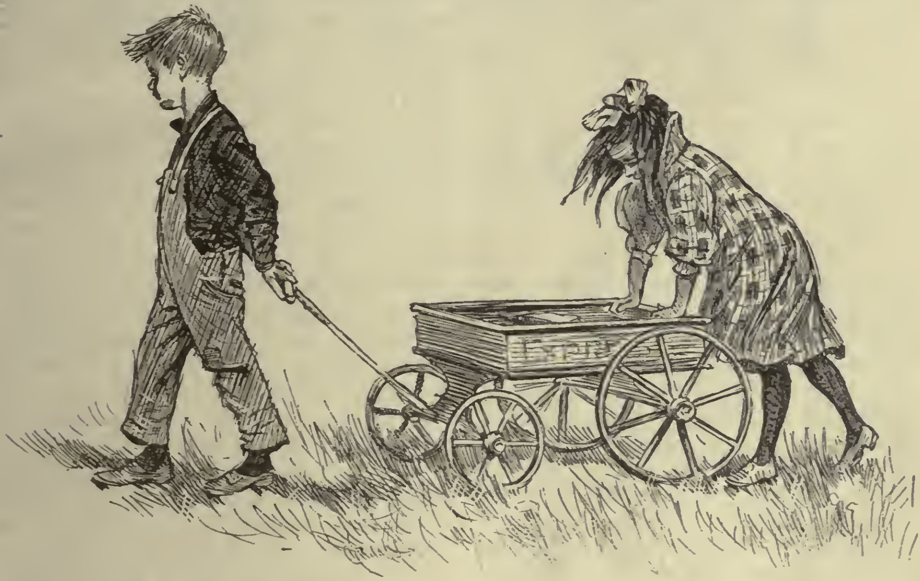
"'*The crittur ain't a runt arter all, Marier.*'".

times entered in, thereupon to be shooed and chased about at a wonderful rate, much to the edification of the new baby, who laughed and gurgled and dimpled so cutely that Farmer Rockhill himself suggested making Brownie the sole property of the children.

"The crittur ain't a runt arter all, Marier," he said. "Joe Hasbrook told me that an

Indian Game poulette got into the Brahma's yard a spell before I got those eggs, and that's how the lively little feller comes by his skinny shanks."

Thief, the great black cat, knew no distinction between a pet chicken and a common barnyard fowl, and one day he hungrily watched the intruder picking crumbs from the kitchen floor. There was no human at hand, so stealthily, craftily the black form drew near, inch by inch—then a rattling rush—and—plump! with a flapping spring, quicker even than the cat, Brownie landed squarely in the middle of a batch of dough that was rising at the back of the stove.



" *The procession trailed out to the garden patch.*"

"Land to gracious! What's this?" exclaimed Mrs. Rockhill, rushing in. "Scat! you black nuisance," and a broom handle nipped the flying cat's tail. "Here, you ordinary scrimp of a chicken, git out o' that!" and by the aid of a mighty toss Brownie shot through the doorway.

Game roosters mature at an early age, and one crisp November morning a lean brown cockerel stalked about the kitchen floor in all the pride of his shining coat of many colors. As on a former occasion there was no person at immediate hand, and as before, the black cat took it for an opportunity to secure a chicken dinner. The young rooster soon discovered his enemy, and, instead of taking flight, manifested peculiar signs. Glossy feathers lay close along the muscular back; a brown shield stood out around the long neck, and peck, peck, went spitefully on the kitchen floor as two bright eyes followed each motion of the adversary.

Surprised, Thief halted an instant in his crouch and watched. The rooster actually was drawing nearer, picking at crumbs and spots in the floor, and acting altogether in the manner of one that is even desirous of pushing an issue. As on a former occasion there now sounded a rattling rush, but this time instead of landing in a pan of dough, Brownie lit squarely on the cat's head, and with a clawing peck he leaped beyond, turning like a flash, and peck, peck, went spitefully on the floor as the young cockerel was again at the attack.

"Gr-r-r-r-r-r," snarled Thief, ears flat laid and tail switching. This time he sprang higher; each claw protruding to its greatest extent. But the adversary side-leaped, and as the cat passed, a lightning return stroke drew blood from the corner of one feline eye.

It was enough. A black bulk streaked down the garden path, and henceforth Brownie was subject only to the humans.

There were two great-breasted, heavy-feathered cockerels in the brood of Brahmas, each of which would make three of Brownie, and besides these there was a goodly flock of the common barnyard offspring, most of whom were older than the game cockerel. He was master of ceremonies among them, however, and but one old and battle-scarred cock stood between him and supremacy. This ancient guardian of the flock had thus far been allowed full sway out of sheer habit, but one early spring morn when dawn's mists were yet in the valleys, youth's custom slipped from the game cock's memory, and with full flood of yearling blood showing scarlet in his close-lying wattles, he challenged clear and long. A cadence of triumph in the call touched the veteran's pride, and, with clapping wings, he rather stiffly descended from the roost and, spying a young poulette coyly pecking at tender shoots near the upstart, he made for them on a waddling run.

Poor old fool! One hour later he was rescued by Farmer Rockhill, both eyes clotted shut and breath heaving in gasps through gaping beak, blood on the right of him, blood on the left of him, his supremacy gone for all time.

Thus grew the fame of the Rockhill rooster, protege of Jim and Sue, the joy of the new baby, who would crow with delight on seeing the glossy feathered bird stalking into the kitchen, the bane of Thief's life and the barnyard lord.

"The crittur took everything to himself from the beginnin'," Farmer Rockhill would occasionally remark good-humoredly, and thereupon chuckle at his wife's invariable retort: "He arns it plumb, and that's more than some folks do."

The new baby crooned and gurgled and made futile reaches over the kitchen floor at nimble Brownie, the while gaining in size and weight amazingly. One afternoon Jim and Sue padded their cart with pillows and drew the little fellow about the barnyard, to his infinite amusement. Then, spying some mellow apples scattered under the orchard trees, they set themselves to filling their arms and pockets with the red-cheeked fruit. The small brother had gone to that land which babies are wont to frequent, so improving this opportunity the children ran to the house with their luscious burden.

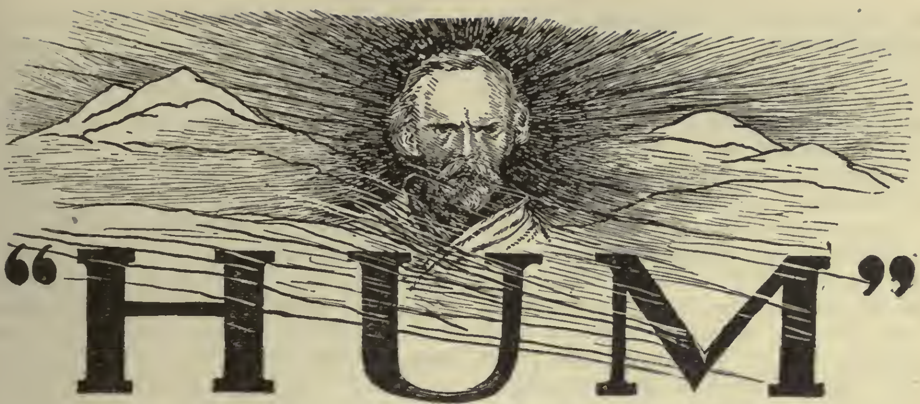
The Rockhill farm straggled along a secluded plateau of the Belle Ayer Mountain, and westward pine and scrub oak forests spread down deep gullies and over rugged crests, providing welcome habitations for foxes, coons, and the like, that frequently made nocturnal visitations to the neighboring farmers' hen roosts.

A shrill, peculiar cry that echoed along the mountain at the identical moment when Jim and Sue had rushed to the house with their apples proceeded neither from fox nor coon, however. It came floating over the tree tops from some lofty eyrie; again the rasping treble sounded, but nearer this time; then again, so close the new baby whimpered, then opened his great blue eyes wonderingly, for an instant being deluded into believing he beheld a monstrous chicken with elongated wings and immense curved beak perched on a low-hanging bough of a near apple tree. But the apparition soon proved itself no chicken; with a flap of its mighty pinions the eagle alighted on the small wagon's dashboard, peering sidewise down, as though conning the best mode of fastening his muscular talons into this wee bundle of awakened pinkness. The question seemed to settle itself quickly, and with a dip and an upward spring the new baby would soon have soared to the land of heavenly dreams, but in an instant, as so often does, came intervention by the Omnipotent.

A compact fighting shape struck the marauder with the unerring skill of untold generations and with a soft thud the wee bundle landed on a tuft of grass unhurt.

King of the mountain crags against a scion of that breed of fighters which holds palm over all save the human. They were equally matched in nothing, for in but one attribute could the rooster compete with his antagonist, and in that he was peer. Although a draggled wing hung limp, although glossy feathers were strewn hither and yon, although the very life-blood flowed at last, Brownie's courage never faltered, never wavered. He died an unvanquished hero.

And the eagle? He rose to his mountain eyrie with the mangled remains of a fighting cock, and as his hoarse scream of triumph echoed down the valley on the farm, creation's lord sang praises to "The Rockhill Rooster."



"HUM"

A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

CHAPTER I

TOM SELBY, my companion from boyhood, arrived on the 1.30 P. M. Local from Chicago. Genial, generous, jocular Tom! In the days when we wore copper-toed shoes and ate our bread and jam during recess at the district school, we had formed a mutual admiration and co-operative association which had never gone into bankruptcy nor passed its dividends. The "President" was now the able representative of a leading dry-goods house in the western metropolis, while I—Frank Hatfield, the other charter member—had succeeded to the general business of my late uncle in Elgrane, my native town. Each of us was an only child and both were bachelors, I, not as Tom put it, because I was "afraid to sit in the game," but rather that Cupid's shaft had, thus far, failed to reach me, though close inspection would reveal that my youth was passed. Besides, I had never felt qualified to assume the great responsibility. Tom? Well, he said "he must see a few more samples before placing an order; must be sure the goods would wear well and not fade."

Dear boy! he came, now and then, to lighten my sober thoughts with mirth and music; for Tom was bright, breezy and lovable; a clever story teller, good with the crayons, and a fine baritone. Besides, he was a handsome fellow with dark laughing eyes. Altogether, one who, my mother said, could make the grayest day a bright one. But then she was fond of Tom, and had, as it were, adopted him since his mother died.

"Hello, old man," rang out cheerily, and I felt the strong hand clasp so indicative of my comrade's character. "Couldn't resist your invitation for the week-end. Anything special on hand for the afternoon?"

"No, nothing but what Dick Watson can attend to. Why?"

"Oh, nothing thrilling. I have a new brand of cigars—they're clippers—and I feel like having an old-time smoker on the piazza or under the elms. I want to talk over a lot of things. That reminds me—did you subscribe for the Deepdown oil stock?"

"Yes, I took a hundred shares—fifty for each of us."

"Sure they are safe?"

"Perfectly, I think. Selmore is said to be as good a manager as he is a Sunday-school superintendent."

"What? Selmore a Sunday-school man? Great Scott, Hat! I have no confidence in these Sunday-school wrappers. They cover a lot of crookedness and phariseeism. Why, I know of a man, prominent in commercial and church circles, who will glare if asked for playing cards, but will sell, for spot cash, a drayload of poker chips. And there's Elder Pinchem—the sharpest old horse trader in Illinois—with a full wardrobe of those saintly garments. Excuse me!"

"Well, don't be so skeptical about the stock, my boy, especially just now; it might impair your appetite for the good dinner that's waiting for you."

A real calamity, I thought, when I looked at my jovial guest across the dining table; for he was not, even remotely, an ascetic; and had an original classification for those who, as he expressed it, "attempted to navigate through life on a diet of moonshine and mush instead of three square meals a day."

Dinner over, we adjourned to the piazza for a "session," as Tom called these interviews, when we became reminiscent and speculative. Tom paused in the midst of a hilarious comment on a recent transaction in Chicago, and directed my attention to two trees on the lawn, asking me if I saw anything between them.

"Nothing but space, grass, and the vista beyond," I replied. "Why?"

"Because the outline made by the trees represents a tall man standing in profile. You can't see it? Why, it's as clear as a picture. Come here—now you must get it."

"No, I don't catch it. Had I foreseen the result, I would not have opened the wine closet."

"Nonsense, Hat! Why, I can see it from here, and here, and even down here by the gate. Wine closet! It's you who are befogged! It's a singular coincidence. Only last week I was looking through some old engravings; among them was one on which, as you looked intently, you saw the figure of Napoleon. On closer inspection, you found that the outline was made by two trees which are said to have grown in this way near his tomb on St. Helena. It's deuced curious you can't see it. Perhaps it is one of those states of consciousness Detwold told about. Have you read of the sensation he has made in Chicago?"

"Never heard of him. What is his line? Theosophy? Hypnotism?"

"Not exactly; his theory, so far as I can recall it, is that there is nothing real or permanent in the universe but spirit. That our sense perceptions are simply mental pictures which have no real existence outside our minds. He even denies the reality of death, which he defines as a changed state of consciousness."

"Well, those views have been held by others," I said; "I can't see where the novelty lies that attracted a man of your caliber."

"Oh, it was his wonderful experiments that interested me. He seemed able to prove that one may experience these changed conditions in this life, either by his own effort, or by the assistance of another. Of course, it was frightfully metaphysical, but—Hat, look at that man coming up the street! He came down on my train. He is a foreigner, and strangely deformed—sort of bent sideways. When he gets nearer, notice his long arms and big, bright eyes."

The man stopped at my gate and raised his hat. "Can you tell me, sir, where Mr. Hatfield lives?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, going down the walk; "he lives here. I am Mr. Hatfield."

He looked at me keenly an instant. "Then I am fortunate," he said; "my name is Hum—Adolph Hum. I have come to Elgrane on purpose to see you."

I invited him to a seat on the piazza, presented him to Tom, and asked the nature of his business. As he glanced at my companion, I added, "If it is of a private character you need not mind my old friend, Mr. Selby."

"Mr. Hatfield," he said, "I am an ironsmith, and work in the Rand Iron Works. Recently a lame man called with an order. During our interview I lifted a heavy casting, which surprised him, for my strength is greater than you might suppose. In answer to his many questions, I gave him a brief account of my life. After some thought, he said he knew of a man—a member of the geographical society to which he belonged—who, he thought, should hear my story, adding, that he might advise and assist me. He then gave me your address."

"What was his name?" I asked. "I am a member of that society, but I cannot recall the person you describe."

"I did not ask his name, sir—a blunder I now regret."

"Well, Mr. Hum, what is your story?" I asked. "We shall be glad to hear it."

"Have a cigar?" proffered Tom.

"Thank you, sir, the weed has social qualities, but I do not smoke. My story is a strange one. I am a native of Hungary, but I am but half Hungarian, as my mother was an East Indian. During the fifty years of my life I have traveled in many parts. Six years ago I was shipwrecked, at night, on the west coast of Africa. The ship and all on board but me were lost. I was cast ashore on a plank—how or why I do not know. At daybreak I searched for the wreck, but nothing was visible except some chests grounding in the surf. They contained arms, ammunition and provisions; but I felt it would have been merciful could I have shared the fate of my shipmates, for, as far as I could see, surging billows broke on a desolate shore. The sole thing that enlivened the dismal landscape was a narrow stream which stretched, like a silver thread, across the barren waste to distant hills. I will not weary you with an account of the long days when I watched for a sail, nor of the sleepless nights when I strove, with scant material, to maintain a fire. They were periods of wretchedness extended through many weeks. My provisions dwindled rapidly, and in proportion to their shrinkage the horrid picture of starvation grew more vivid. One day, as I was lying in my hut, I was suddenly confronted by two savages who, by signs, indicated that I was to follow them. I grasped my pistols and sprang to my feet; but their friendly faces soon reassured me. It seemed my only chance of escape from inevitable death; so, though my future was doubtful, I gathered up my arms and signified my willingness to go. The negroes carried my provisions, and on the second day we reached their village. I will pass to the time when, having partly learned their language, I ascertained their motive for my capture. The chief of the tribe—they were the Masgninas—told me that from their earliest history a strange tradition had existed that, far to the east, a mighty people dwelt on a great mountain which rose out of a hot sea; that these people were of singular origin, were doubly colored, very tall, had immense treasures, great wisdom, and a strange power over life; further, that only a white man could find them. The chief told me that the Masgninas had long wanted to search for this race, but had been unable to secure a white leader; that recently some of the tribe had wandered to the coast and discovered me. He urged me to go with them. His firm belief in the tradition, my love for adventure and an irresistible impulse, induced me to consent. Before we were ready to start we were attacked by a powerful hostile tribe who killed or captured most of our number. Though my color secured me fair treatment, I suffered terribly from hardships and exposure until rescued by a band of slave traders, with whom I reached Zanzibar. Thence I worked my way home after an absence of many years. I plied my trade for awhile, but the old fondness for travel again possessed me and I drifted to America—first to New York, thence to Chicago. I have thought over the African chief's story until the desire to unravel the mystery of that traditionary people has dominated me. I think, sir, you can sympathize with me, for I perceive you are one in whom the spirit of exploration and adventure are, at times, very active."

"Scott!" exclaimed Tom; "he has hit the mark. Are you a mind reader, my friend?"

"I have a small gift of the kind, Mr. Selby,—an inheritance from my mother."

"Jove!" cried Tom, jumping up, "you should be able to see something my friend cannot. Look at those trees—yes, those nearest the street. Well—make out anything?"

"Certainly, sir." The Hungarian shaded his eyes. "The space between the trees assumes the outline of a tall man strangely habited. He has a peculiar but pleasing profile. I noticed it as I came up the street. It is remarkable."

"Ever been to St. Helena?" asked Tom.

"No; that is one of the few places I have not visited."

"Your perception is very keen," I said; "but how you discovered my inherent propensity, I am at a loss to understand. Your tale is full of interest. In what way can I serve you, Mr. Hum?"

"Mr. Hatfield, please call me Hum—it sounds more natural. Let me first ask if you believe what I have told you."

"Assuredly,—that which relates to yourself; but the tradition seems incredible. Am I to infer that you would undertake such a quest?"

"Precisely, sir. I firmly believe the race exists and can be found—that is, if you or some one else will aid and accompany me. Both time and money will be needed."

"I go to Africa with you to search for a phantom born in the brain of some savage? Why, the idea is preposterous! What's your opinion, Tom?"

"Simply, that of all the quixotic schemes ever launched, this one lifts the cup. Hum, one might reasonably doubt your sanity."

"Gentlemen," said the Hungarian, a quiet smile softening his rugged features, "I am an old, bent, travel-stained sailor, but I am not insane. My mind is clear, and I can see, plainly, that a high reward awaits him who undertakes this expedition. Why I am thus impressed, I cannot say, but so it is. I am not surprised at your views, but they may change."

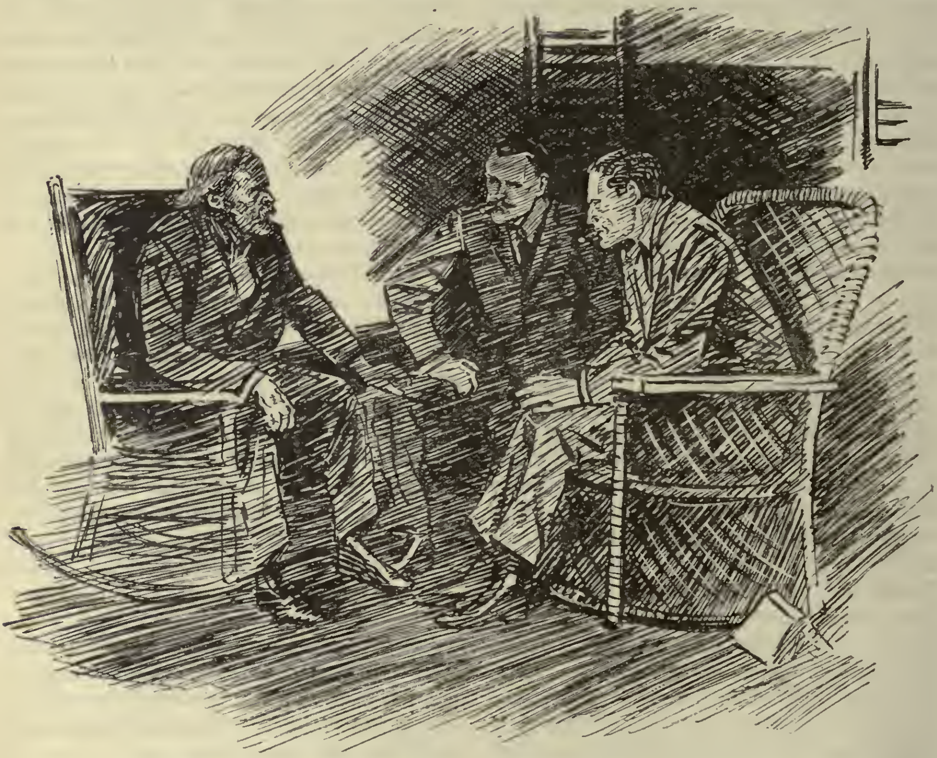
I smiled. "Have you any idea whereabouts on the coast you were wrecked?"

"Yes, the chief told me it was about three days journey from the town of Loango."

"And supposing you were to start on this expedition, how would you shape your course?"

"I should go to Cape Town, sir, thence by a trading steamer to Loango. There I should engage carriers, travel eastward and search for remnants of the Masgninas. They are superior to many of the negroes, and, having faith in the tradition, would be of service. Beyond, circumstances alone would control my actions."

As the conversation went on, I discovered that this plain, modest man possessed an indomitable will, keen judgment and enormous energy. He met all the objections we raised—they were numerous—logically, and, I must confess, convincingly. As a flood of sunlight swept across the piazza, I said: "Hum, I really believe you have no doubt of success."



"Have you any idea whereabouts on the coast you were wrecked?"

"None whatever, Mr. Hatfield." He rose and rested one hand on the rail. "I am sure of it. By an immutable law we three men are destined to discover this race."

As he spoke, I looked at him with astonishment. For a moment, his deformity faded, and on his face a soft, strange light replaced the lines of toil and privation. Tom caught the expression and, springing up, asked excitedly: "Hum, in the name of Heaven, who and what are you?"

"An old wanderer, Mr. Selby, who has mingled with all sorts and conditions of men. Why do you ask?"

"Why do I ask? Great Scott! Well, after all, the game might not be worth the candle. Suppose a fellow realized the inconceivable, what would he gain for all he risked?"

"Fame, honor, riches, Mr. Selby, and, what is of greater value, a peace of which the world knows but little."

My strange visitor accepted my invitation to supper—not without protest—and our conference lasted until late in the evening. A peculiar personality held us captive. I could at times have sworn that some one—other than the Hungarian—was talking to us. Tom smoked in silence. He had ceased to comment or remonstrate. Finally, Hum rose, saying that he would return home by the midnight train.

"Well—we will think over all you have told us," I said. "I may telegraph you to come again. Possibly, though not probably, I may come to look at this matter from your viewpoint."

"You will, Mr. Hatfield."

"Don't lay much on that card!" cried Tom.

"All I have, Mr. Selby. Good-night!"

* * *

"Well, of all the queer specimens that ever came ashore," said Tom, relighting his cigar, "this one is beyond classification. Uncouth in appearance, yet attractive; roughed it all his life but has the manners and language of a gentleman; curious enough, but when he talked I somehow felt that I was not his peer. And then he has a way, every now and then, of—of—changing color, so to speak. It made me speechless to watch him. Of course, he has been a sailor. His frequent use of the word 'sir' proves that. It's nautical. But great Heavens! What a scheme! I say, Hat, suppose all he told us were true?"

"Well, what then?"

"What then? Why, it would offer a most inviting field for exploration."

"Tom, you have voiced my thought. You know, well enough, what has been my ruling passion—restrained only by circumstances."

"Surely—you have had that fever since, as boys, we hunted for the source of Snyder's creek. Do you remember that day?"

"Don't I? In truth, my boy, I am tired of the daily treadmill. Do you know, if it were possible to corroborate Hum's story, it would strongly appeal to me? Aside from the tradition, I should relish a trip to the 'dark continent.' I am financially able; Dick Watson could manage the business and—"

"Hold up, Frank! Take a little aconite—your fever is on. How about the old folks?"

"A barrier, I admit, but I think that gulf might be bridged. They are hale, hearty, and quite independent of me. It would, of course, be difficult to gain their consent, but there is where I should rely on you. You are convincing enough to have been a high-grade promotor."

"Thanks! Is there any other point where I would be convenient?"

"Yes, the starting point. I should expect you to go with me."

"And so I should, Frank Hatfield, even to ride on the moon's horns, which would about equal the straddling of this bubble. What say you to a trifle of that old port before turning in?"

CHAPTER II

On the morning of the 15th of November, 189—, three men, bound for the unknown, discussed plans over the breakfast table at a New York hotel.

The steamship Mohegan—Mathers commander—was to sail for Cape Town on the 17th, prior to which we had much to do in the way of an outfit.

"That was," my companion declared, "like selecting a wardrobe for a man you had never seen."

Hum's interest, strangely, centered on a coil of tarred rope that he thought we might need, which he said, "he would purchase on the docks, where he was going to see the shipping."

Tom advised that "we first take a look at the ship; then get down to business; and, if there was any spare time, take a peep at the old town."

Captain Mathers, a bluff but genial, jolly, typical English skipper, robust and rubicund, received us open-handed.

"I haven't any of a liner's fancy fixings to offer," he said; "but the craft is staunch, the food good, beds all right, and—I am at your service."

"A man would be a hog to want more,"

asserted Tom. "You have the ring of true coin, Captain."

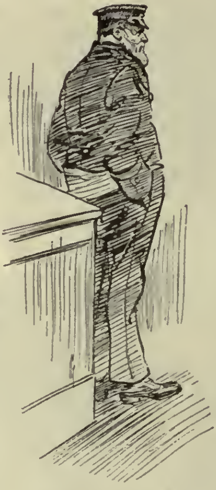
"I hope so, Mr. Selby, I hope so. I despise counterfeit. Ahoy, Joe! Tell the steward I want him.

"Mr. Rawlins, these gentlemen are going down with us. Show 'em the rooms. If things aren't all right, make 'em right. Why, bless my soul, men, weren't there to be three of you? That's what you wrote, or my mind's in a fog."

"There are three, Captain," I explained; "our companion has gone down to Front street to see the ships. He is an old sailor, somewhat peculiar in appearance and otherwise, but reliable. If you don't object, he would like to come aboard at once. He thinks it would be more homelike."

"So it would, so it would. Send him along; we'll make him comfortable. Now, men, take a look at your quarters, then come to mine. I'll have something that will fit well inside your jackets this raw day. Mr. Rawlins, send me a bottle of old Scotch with the trimmings."

"Things" were shipshape in our rooms; likewise in the captain's cozy cabin where he awaited us, busily engaged in adjusting the trimming to the "Scotch."



"Captain Mathers, a typical English skipper."

"Find everything comfortable? Well, that's jolly! Hope this will fit, too," he added, pouring the steaming beverage. "Now, here's to fair skies and fair women! There will be one fair woman at least. Many passengers? No, only six in the cabin, but of good quality, I should say. So you are going to cruise 'round the town a bit. I used to enjoy that sport myself."

"Why not join us?" I asked. "Come up and dine with us tonight."

"H'm, let's see," he faltered, "this is Tuesday, Leonard's night on. Egad, I will! The—the—hungrier man can come back with me."

"The Hungarian, Captain?"

"To be sure! Ha! I reckon there wasn't any counterfeit in that bottle. So you must be off, eh? Well, a bit more ballast 'fore you weigh anchor. . . . Good-by!" he shouted at the gangway; "look out for squalls—sharks, too," he added, as we went down the plank.

"Well, Tom, what's your opinion of our skipper?" I asked.

"One of God's own. We must give him a lively cruise tonight: He is just the kind of an old salt to enjoy it. Hope that Hum won't freeze to a ship. What under heavens does he want of that tarred rope?"

"I have no idea, my comrade. It seems to be the one thing essential with him. Now for the rifles, tents, and sundry other articles to be found in this part of the town. Then—"

"Then for luncheon," interposed my chum; "that will be the essential for me by that time."

It so appeared, when we reached Stewart's café.

"Those rifles are dandies," said Tom, through his glass of ale; "I wonder how and where we shall use them? The chances are in their favor. We have made a deuced good beginning, but they say—"

"Hold up," I interrupted. "'Umberufen,' as the Germans say."

"Yes," he nodded, thumping the table; "that's the plain English of it."

"A free translation," I said. "Well, are we to have anything more?"

"Yes, oyster-patties and coffee to round up with. Then, we'll light up and light out; for we have stacks to do, and 'time is on the wing,'" he hummed. "I wish we could clip his pinions."

I had the same desire—more than once—before ten o'clock the next night, when we boarded our ship; for work enough for four days had been crowded into two.

"You look fagged, men," the captain remarked as we entered the cabin. "Had a tough pull today, eh? Well, it's over, and your luggage is all safely stowed. Your messmate and I have been spinning yarns; but bless your soul! I can't hold the pace with him. What d'ye think?" he winked, "He's been in the shrouds already."

"I fancy he has been in them many times; for he impresses me as one who has passed through many incarnations. Do you believe that doctrine, Hum?"

"Yes, Mr. Selby, but not as it is commonly taught. It has a deeper meaning."

"Which we won't discuss tonight, for I am dead tired. Awful sorry we missed the bull and bear show near Trinity church. However, it's just as well. I might have been the sacrificial lamb."

"Take something soothing before turning in, gentlemen?" invited the skipper; "no use asking our shipmate," he nodded towards Hum.

"Thanks!" returned Tom; "Hatfield and I have recently imbibed."

"So? Well, haul in your lines and sleep peaceful; rest easy in the morning; lie off 'til you hear the first gong. Breakfast at eight o'clock. Afore that time we'll have cleared the Hook."

* * *

Life on the Mohegan was enjoyable. The table was abundant and excellent; the captain genial and jolly; the passengers sociable. Tom was in grand form most of the time, whether evoking peals of laughter, at dinner, by his most inimitable stories, or, later, at the piano winning boisterous applause from the skipper when he sang English ballads, and causing a certain pair of brilliant eyes —when present—to draw nearer as he roamed amid the enchantments of Faust and Tannhauser. I said "most of the time," for there were occasions, as we walked the deck alone, when my comrade, with a sweet bit of inherent femininity, would throw his arm about me, as in boyhood, while he looked across the billows and his usually illuminated features settled into meditative lines.

"Tom," I once said, "you are thinking of home and the dear ones."

"That's right, Hat"—the moisture gathered in his eyes—"and of that other dear one who went on a longer voyage than this."

At these times I withheld philosophic suggestions.

And Hum contributed in no small degree to our entertainment. Silent man though he was, ordinarily, he could describe nautical scenes with graphic power; and, when conversation was along ethical lines, could express himself with a force and clearness that caused even Doctor Brindley—a tall, gaunt, grizzled and touselled-topped man with overhanging brows—to pause while playing, Tom said, "a lone hand of knife and fork with amazing success"—and exclaim, "That's well put, sir." Occasionally, an expression flashed across the rugged Slavic face like the one that had so startled us at Elgrane; then, a wondering silence—for a moment—among the observers.

Captain Mathers said, "It's just as if some great spirit, that lives somewhere inside him, came on deck."

But the Hungarian spent most of his time with the sailors—aiding, counseling and admonishing. He bound them, by a bond of sympathy, so closely that, when, after a tale of the sea, he would say, "Now, shipmates, let us drink of the living water"—and draw from his pocket a well-thumbed Bible—the roughest men would gather near, for he could read and expound selected passages in a way that made the skipper once say, "I never heard any Canon nor Bishop who could do it like that, and what's more, they're the best crew I ever shipped."

Then too, fair skies and quiet seas—"remarkable conditions for that latitude," the captain asserted—contributed to our well being.

* * *

One evening, after much urging, Hum consented to give an exhibition of mind reading. He opposed the employment of his gift for a pastime, declaring it to be "an ignoble use of the divine mind." However, he yielded to the captain's importunity. This occasion brought into prominence a lady whom I had, infrequently, seen at table. A woman of medium height, with well-rounded form, dark gray eyes, regular features inclining to the oriental type, and abundant rich brown hair wherein an occasional silver thread suggested that, may be, forty summers had come and gone. In all, a singularly attractive person with the hall-mark of breeding and culture. Mrs. Isabel Durand—the captain had told me—who, with her maid, Clarisse Viron, hailed from Montreal, Canada. She seldom appeared at our evening assemblies, evidently preferring to walk on deck with her attendant. Her early presence, at this time, betokened her interest in the subject, and her manner suggested the return of a wanderer in cold abstractions to the magnetism of social intercourse.

"Suppose you commence with me," said Dr. Brindley; "but I warn you, in advance, you will find me a sealed book."

Hum glanced at him. "My good doctor, at this precise moment you are thinking—do you really wish me to tell?"

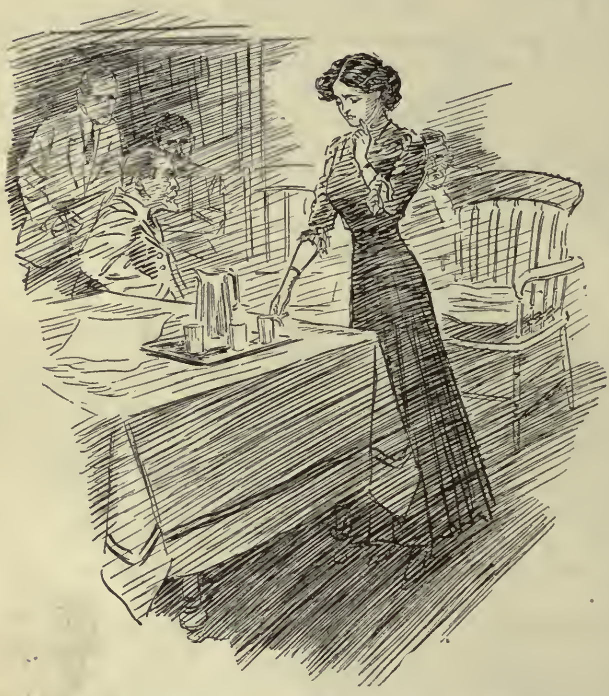
"Certainly; blaze away!"

"Your thoughts are centered on the probabilities of tomorrow morning's breakfast."

"By Jove!" cried Tom; "I'll wager the wine for the crowd he's right."

"Correct, and well put," admitted the doctor; "but I can't see, sir,"—he said somewhat stiffly to Tom—"why you were so sure."

"My absolute confidence in the infallibility of the gentleman from Hungary, doctor."



"She arose quickly and poured a glass of water."

"A—a—ah, I see." The doctor caressed his chin while the overhanging brows became more intimate. "H—m, I see. Well, now, it's Mathers' turn to go on the gridiron."

"No," objected the captain, "my thinker is full of nautical things. It would be too easy for my shipmate; besides, he doesn't want to peep into my locker."

"You are right, messmate," agreed Hum; "but, to be fair with the others, I must say that just now your thoughts reverted to a remarkable incident in your life."

"Shiver my timbers, man!"—the glasses jingled on the tray—"it's true as the compass! Know what it was, Hum?"

"Not the particulars, sir, but I think the affair was pathetic and thrilling."

"Thrilling? God bless my soul, I should say so! Ahoy there, Dick! find Mr. Leonard! He ought not to miss this. Pathetic? Egad! it makes the brine come even now."

"I move the captain spins that yarn," said Tom.

Dr. Brindley seconded.

"Well, perhaps I will. I'll see—maybe I will—but I won't promise just now."

"Do tell us, Captain Mathers," Mrs. Durand appealed, with irresistible grace.

The skipper looked at her.

"Well, I will, madam—some evening when my barometer acts right."

Our lady's interest deepened as the experiments went on. Finally, she seated herself by Hum, remarking:

"I do not believe you can read my thoughts."

"Quite likely, madam—you are raising barriers difficult to scale."

"I frankly admit that. You are very acute."

His attention seemed riveted for a moment. His great eyes grew more brilliant as he leaned forward; there was a slight tone of triumph in his voice as he said:

"I think this frivolity has gone far enough, but I will tell you just this: Usually, your thoughts are with the past. They are often in Calcutta; thence, they stray to an attractive bungalow in Simla, where they like to abide; then to Bohemia, where they do not care to dwell. It is a route they travel daily."

She arose quickly, a shade paler, went to the table and poured a glass of water—evidently to control rising emotions.

"Am I right, madam?" Hum asked.

"Oh, you must not question a woman too closely," she smiled, "else she will retreat into the fortress of silence. But this I will say: Among the many remarkable men I have met, you are conspicuous. Will you permit me to see your hand?"

Hum extended his palm—interested in turn.

"No wonder," she murmured, studying the lines. "What—a—strange past! What an astonishing destiny!"

"How so, madam?"

"The latter will be revealed to you," she said, then turned away. "Now, Mr. Selby," she went on, gaily, as she drew from her girdle a tiny jeweled watch, "will you sing the 'Evening Star' for us?"

"Gladly, Mrs. Durand, as a grateful tribute to your presence."

"You are gallant, Mr. Selby." A bewitching smile fluttered about lips potent to enslave. "And you, Mr. Hatfield?"

"Nothing to offer, Mrs. Durand, except homage to you."

A rare opal glowed as her exquisite hand emphasized her simple "Thank you."

"You are in fine voice tonight, my comrade," I said.

"That was well put, sir," agreed the doctor.

"Heavenly," sighed Mrs. Durand.

"Sweet as a poesy," from the captain. "Mr. Selby, do you happen to know an old song,—'The Bay o' Biscay O'?"

"Surely, Captain. A favorite of yours?"

"A great favorite, sir; I used to warble it most of the time."

"Oh, ho! Well, then, I propose that you sing it for us."

"I sing? Oh, no; I haven't any voice nowadays. Lost it overboard years ago. Humph! 'twould be like an old raven trying to sing the Canticles. Oh—no! Besides, like as not I'd ground soon after I cast off."

"Oh, come on, Cap," urged Tom, "let's have it, brace in. I'll play you a rattling accompaniment; and if you go ashore—which you won't—I'll pull you off."

"Egad! I'll lay a sovereign you can do it, my son, but you see—"

"Ah, do, Captain Mathers," entreated Mrs. Durand winningly. "Please, please do. Why, it would be the crowning pleasure of the evening. It would make us all so happy."

"Would it really, now, my good lady?" beamed the captain. "Well, I'll try. Listen for the foghorn!"

The burst of applause that succeeded ended only when the steward appeared at the companion way, somewhat excited.

"Excuse me," he said, addressing his chief, "I thought something had broken loose."

Half an hour later the captain paused in the midst of a hilarious commentary on the evening addressed to Tom and me. His face clouded. "I am losing my reckoning," he said: "I forgot to have Rawlins send up a lot of good things 'propriate for the occasion."

"Don't mention it," I pleaded; "after that supper no one could have found room for them."

The jolly tar's eyes twinkled. One hand guarded his mouth while the other drew a guinea from his pocket:

"Say, mates," he whispered, "don't know as I ought to say it, but I'll lay that 'gainst a ha'penny there was one who could have stowed 'em—but God bless him, I like to see him eat."

* * *

"That is a difficult theory to accept," Dr. Brindley was remarking to Hum, as I entered the breakfast room next morning. The latter was stating, with great clearness, his belief in the immanence of the divine mind.

"Why, Mr. Hatfield"—he appealed to me—"your friend here would have me believe that the steak I am eating has no existence outside my mind; in fact, that nothing we cognize with our senses exists at all except as a state of consciousness. To grasp all that means would require a complete reorganization of one's mentality."

"And that is precisely what must occur," asserted Hum, "before one can realize the eternal verities."

A rustle of dainty silken garments attuned to a silvery voice—and we turned to greet Mrs. Durand.

"Am I too late for the intellectual feast?" she asked sunnily; "I caught a fragment as I entered."

"Not so," said the doctor, "but, later, you might have lost some substantial excellence; although this gentleman argues—forcibly, I will admit—that it has no real existence."

"I quite agree with him," she announced, bowing to Hum. "Ah, Mr. Hatfield, where is your friend?"

"Where I am sure he would not be were he aware of the surprise in store for him—the surprise and, may I add, the pleasure that awaited me."

"If it is to my unexpectedness you so felicitously refer, Mr. Hatfield, I can only say: I have reformed."

"Heaven bless the reformation!"

"That is very nice of you," came in dulcet cadences, "but I have broken the thread that was weaving into interesting fabrics. I think"—she remarked to Hum—"you were speaking of the eternal verities as I came in."

"He was," interposed Brindley; "and he holds that one cannot realize them without undergoing a change of mentality."

"The theologian would say a change of heart," explained Hum.

"And that is true," our winsome traveler agreed. "The human or mortal mind—perhaps we might more properly say the divine mind, humanized for a period in its manifestation—strangely becomes the storehouse of conflicting thoughts, garnered from the past and present, which, like the dust on the globe, obscures the incandescent light within. They must be rearranged, classified and purged, before we can clearly discern the eternal truth."

"That is it! That—is—it!" exclaimed the Hungarian, with evident satisfaction and some surprise.

"It was remarkably well put," said the doctor; "but it is all beyond my ken. Probably because I lean to agnosticism."

"I cannot understand," said Mrs. Durand, "how a doctor of medicine—"

"Of philosophy, also, madam—with a poor record in each."

"Ah, thank you! I cannot see how a searcher in those realms can be an agnostic."

"Perhaps not, my good lady, but—"

"Hello, all!" exclaimed Tom from the stairs; "any worms left for the late bird? Why—Mrs. Durand! I beg your pardon! Truly, something has made the desert to blossom as the rose."

"I have come out of the gloom into the sunshine, Mr. Selby," she said, mischievously.

"Good enough! It's a joy to us all. Well—what's been the theme? You all look happy."

"Oh, we have been discussing things material and immaterial," replied the doctor. "It's your play now."

"So? Well, I'll ship with the material—for a short cruise any way. Dick, bring me an omelet and griddle cakes—brown ones—and—er—a small piece of the fish."

"Not the usual order," I suggested.

"No," he said, glancing across the table. "I don't need my ordinary lay-out this morning."

In our fair shipmate's eyes there lurked an expression which her lips would not have revealed.

"Mr. Selby," she said, "at no remote period your views concerning material things will undergo a radical change."

"Certainly not as regards fish bones!" he declared; "but how do you know that? You have not seen my hand."

"It was not necessary," she said archly.

"There's an odor of mysticism in this room," said Tom, sniffing; "Detwold ought to be here, Hat."

"Prof. John Detwold?" asked Mrs. Durand.

"The same. Ever heard him?"

"Yes, in Montreal, Mr. Selby."

"Agree with him?"

"Mainly—especially on subjects I had studied with other eminent teachers. Did you?"

"Really, I don't know. He served such a tremendous hash of subnormal and superconsciousness between thin slices of subliminal mind, that, when the spread was over, I didn't know where I was. In fact, I was ready to doubt the reality of birth and death—the eternal verities."

The doctor and Hum laughed outright at Tom's application of the phrase. I was absorbed in an oriental face across which small shadows crept as it turned toward Tom.

"Having a good time?" The captain's voice rang out cheerily. "That's right—laugh and grow fat. By the way, I haven't any surgeon this trip. He broke his starboard arm the day 'fore we sailed. You've only Rawlins and me to take care of you."

"They can meet all my requirements," declared Tom.

"And the others too, I fancy, for we don't carry sick thoughts on this craft. They're a bad cargo."

A sound, resembling a low whistle, came from the direction of the agnostic.

"If you folks have nothng better on hand after breakfast," continued the captain, "come up on the bridge. The weather is fine but 'twon't hold. The glass is falling—make the most of the sunshine today."

Mrs. Durand had planned a course of reading. The doctor declared he "was about to inaugurate a mental house-cleaning." Tom and I accepted the invitation.

On the bridge the captain became reminiscent and held us in delightful bondage until Gordon Cumming's name was mentioned.

"Speaking of him," he said, "I suppose you boys are after big game. I judged so from your luggage."

"Yes, we are," I replied, "but not his kind of game."

Then we told him our plans. The skipper's face grew graver at each point, settling into despair when we reached the tradition.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, "but it's the wildest scheme I ever heard of. It's simply impossible! Some folks would think you were daft, but I don't. Now take an old salt's advice; don't attempt any such wild goose chase. Oh, no, men—it won't do at all! Why, you might as well go to sea without a chart—you might as well search for the dream islands."

"Where?" asked Tom.

"Where? Humph, where, to be sure." The captain tapped his forehead. "I like your pluck, boys—you've mettle enough to carry you to Hades and back, but—don't put any chips into that game."

"Thanks, Captain, for your candor," I said. "We have already been assailed with every dissuasive argument, but to no effect. Start we would, and go on we will, unless death bars the way."

"By Jove, boys, that's the true ring—that's the right stuff! I admire you, but I can't ship with you, for you have neither chart nor compass. However, if you will do it—God be with you!"

CHAPTER III

An overcast sky, a stiff breeze and a rough sea verified our skipper's prediction and confined us to the saloon for the evening. Each one contributed to our mutual entertainment. Mrs. Durand—with charming incidents of travel; Tom—musical memories; the doctor—humorous personal experiences; Hum—graphic sea pictures intensified by mystical sidelights in a way that caused our lady to stare at him in astonishment; the writer—but little, I fear. His thoughts centered on an hour that afternoon passed with a remarkable woman; an hour which would have been prolonged but for the storm signals.

"Ahoy!" shouted the captain; "I figured to come aboard 'fore you were half seas over, but I couldn't make it. The wind is dead ahead. Children, it's a comfort to get in with you. It's a nasty night—a nasty night. Good deal such a night, as—"

"Much the same," Hum observed quietly.

"What's that? By my top gallants, man, I'd be willing to swear you were there if I didn't know that you weren't."

Tom caught the cue:

"We understand," he said, "and we want that yarn."

"Oh, yes; that story," chimed in Mrs. Durand. "Come and sit by me, Captain."

"Egad, I will; 'twould be poor seamanship to steer clear of so snug a harbor tonight."

He settled himself comfortably in the proffered chair and thrummed the arm as he murmured, with a far away look—"

"I wonder — what — became — of her?" His hand sought his pocket. "Ha! I believe I've taken a slight cold. So you want that yarn. Well, about twenty years ago I was mate on the brig Melrose of London, bound for the Cape. We had only two cabin passengers—a Professor Jerome and his wife—awful nice people. He went out partly on some scientific work for an English college, but mostly for his health. He had some sort of a malady he hoped would be improved by the voyage. Well, we hadn't been out more than thirty days when, one night, just about such a night as this, the ship's surgeon woke me after I had turned in, and told me that the stork had come aboard during mid-watch, and left a beautiful girl baby for Mrs. Jerome. Next morning I was about to offer congratulations to the Professor when the stewardess informed me that the mother had not survived the ordeal. Two days later, the Professor died suddenly—overcome with grief—the doctor said.

"Hey—but it was a terrible sad hour when, at eight bells, we committed the bodies of the parents to the deep. The captain being sick, I read the English service for the burial of the dead at sea, and a peculiar sound—one a man never forgets—came as the sack left the plank and we thought of the poor little orphan; there wasn't a dry eye amongst us. Hey—that pesky wind on the bridge hit me, I fancy."

"Undoubtedly," sympathized Mrs. Durand, drawing from her belt a delicate, rose-scented handkerchief, "and your cold is contagious, Captain."

"Well, strange as it may seem, the baby thrived under the care of the surgeon and the stewardess, now the only woman on board. Of course, we were all fond of the child. It seemed just as if we had picked her up at sea. But I don't know why I loved her so much. I was a bachelor then—now I am the father of several good boys and girls; but my love for that little stranger was as strong as it has been for my own children—and that's saying a good deal.

"When we came to look over the parents' things we found a little gold locket on which was the name, 'Josephine.'"

"Captain," interrupted Mrs. Durand, much agitated, "did you ever learn Mrs. Jerome's maiden name?"

"No, madam, I'm sorry to say I never heard it, though I afterward visited her relatives in—"

"Never mind, Captain. Please—please go on."

"We concluded that like as not the mother's name was Josephine, so we christened the little one by that name and tied the locket around her neck. My! she was a great pet. Even the roughest sailor was tender towards her. One big lubberly fellow with a shock of red hair that might have served for a beacon liked to tend her. He said he 'once had a chick of his own.'

"When she was about a year old, we were lying off the African coast, somewhere up where you are going, Mr. Hatfield"—Mrs. Durand's eyes turned to me quickly with an enquiring gaze—"I was detailed to take a boat's crew and go up a river in search of gum. We took the woman and child with us, thinking it would do them good to get away from the ship for awhile. All went merrily during the four hours we were reaching a dense jungle where the gum was. We moored the boat, and, as there were no signs of foes, I took the men into the timber a piece. We had been at work but a short time when a shriek caused us to rush to the boat, where we found the stewardess lying on the bank alone and unconscious. The child was gone. After we revived the woman she told us that while she and the baby were sitting near the boat, there suddenly appeared a tall man who did not resemble a negro in color, features or dress; that he said nothing, but seized the child and disappeared in the jungle. We searched in every direction, but without success. Then a downcast lot of men pulled for the ship with a weeping woman. There was consternation on that craft when we told our story. Early next morning the captain sent two boat loads of armed men to continue the search. But 'twasn't any use; by night we were forced to abandon hope and return, as we were to weigh anchor at daybreak. This incident seemed to bring us bad luck. Soon after, during a storm, we lost our captain and three of the crew.

"On my return to London I found the relatives of Professor Jerome—two maiden sisters. They were fine people but sort o' queer in a way. Among other things, they told me the child inherited a large fortune. Let me see—I think they said Mrs. Jerome had no relatives, living, except a cousin who was somewhere in the United States. I have forgotten his name. Yes—they were fine people. Instead of blame, as I expected, they thanked me for what I had done and forced on me quite a sum as compensation. I invested the amount in good securities, but I will never touch them. I arranged it so that in case there was no news of the child in twenty-five years, they are to be used, in some worthy English institution, as a memorial to my little girl, as I called her."

The sailor leaned back and closed his eyes as he said sorrowfully, "That's about all there is to it. My little girl!"

The influenza had spread. It was some time before a word was spoken. Hum broke the silence.

"Captain, did you ever see, among the natives, any one resembling the man who stole the child?"

"No, not one who answered the description given by the stewardess."

"It's a beastly thing to say, I presume," exclaimed Tom, "but it is my belief that she finally became a part of the big brute."

"Why, Mr. Selby, what a horrible thought!" shuddered Mrs. Durand. "I prefer to think the sweet little soul perished of hunger and exposure."

"Captain," asked Dr. Brindley, "might it not have been possible that the child was drowned, and the woman invented the story to conceal her—"

"No, sir! If you had known that woman as well as I knew her, you would close reef that thought."

"I have been splicing the frayed ends of that yarn," observed Hum; "I see many things I can't explain, cannot put into words. I wish I could. But I do not agree with the others."

"Possibly she was stolen in hope of a ransom," I suggested.

"Ransomed!" cried the Hungarian, his grave and thought-lined face suddenly becoming illuminated.

"What is it, Hum?" the captain asked, amazed.

"It is too wild an imagining to be uttered," he said, then lapsed into silence.

"Ah, well—it's a mystery," said the captain; "a great mystery. I've never been able to fathom it and I never expect to. I must take a turn on the bridge."

"One moment, Captain," pleaded Mrs. Durand, "would you remember the name of the man,—the cousin's name,—if you were to hear it?"

"Certainly—though it's not in my foretop now."

"Was it—Whalen?"

"Why, of course it was! How the d—dickens did you know it?"

"How? Oh, thank you ever so much for your sad but deeply interesting story."

"It was in keeping with the night," she said to me as the captain left. "What a fate for an innocent child!"

"'The rose that lives its little hour,'" I quoted.

She looked at me intently an instant, then asked winningly, "May I read your hand tomorrow?"

"Willingly, Mrs. Durand."

And a personality, stranger than the skipper's weird tale, left us.

* * *

The morning invited exercise on deck. Early as I was, I found Mrs. Durand and her maid enjoying the sunshine.

"I am glad the minor drama of last evening did not keep you awake," I remarked.

"Because I am here at this hour?" she asked, smiling; "appearances are, at times, deceptive. The tale did cause me several sleepless hours."

"You appeared absorbed in the narrative," I ventured.

She gazed seaward for an instant; a slight film fell across her beautiful eyes.

"Yes, Mr. Hatfield, I was. I had reason to be. The name, Josephine, awakened memories of my girlhood. My girlhood," she repeated dreamily, "the roseate portion of a woman's life."

"Are you a seeress as well as palmist?" I asked with much wonder.

"The world may so classify me," she said, as she pressed in place a jeweled hairpin. "I make no claim. All such titles are objectionable; they frequently imply more than the truth."

The maid's deft hands had transformed a steamer chair into an inviting couch which the mistress accepted.

"But you believe in palmistry," I pursued.

"Yes, it becomes an exact science when understood; but, like many another, it is corrupted by charlatans who use it for base purposes. I should tell you, however, that though the lines in a human hand have much significance, one must be able to read between them."

"Do you mean that one must be clairvoyant?"

"I do not like that term. One must have spiritual insight. There are sense centers that act independently of the physical organs; though they rarely do so without previous development. We are hampered by the clay molds in which we dwell."

Little did I realize how, or where, the opinion of this gifted woman would be confirmed.

"Clarisse," she called, "serve breakfast in my room this morning, and renew your search for the small book. Look in the pocket of the steamer trunk."

As the maid left, she turned to me with eager eyes. "Now, Mr. Hatfield, what better time to read your hand? We shall not be interrupted."

"Mostly lines of toil," I asserted, drawing a chair to her side.

"On the contrary," she said, "you have had an exceptionally easy life. Your hard work is yet to come. It will not be for long, but while it lasts, it will be strenuous. This line"—the opal shed its subtle fire as she indicated it—"borders close on death. So close"—she emphasized with the velvet tip of a taper finger that electrified me—"as to leave an impression and a mark you will carry through life. Though not naturally impulsive, you are progressive, self-reliant, egoistic and fond of adventure. Your religious convictions are deep but dormant. You are affectionate but not demonstrative."

She smiled at me from under her perfectly arched brows as she went on: "You rather pride yourself on your carefully fostered bachelor proclivities, but, so far, you have not been bound by that which most enthralls men."

Then her fringed eyes assumed an expression more powerful than the utterances of her full red lips. I experienced a feeling of elation tempered by the uncomfortable sensation of being transparent.

"So much for the lines. Now—shall I read between them?"

"Yes, if there is anything lighter or even grayer, do not hesitate to exhibit it."

"A great change is coming to you," she resumed, as her eyelids drooped and she toyed with the opal. "Old opinions will fade before a new light; your concept of men and things will be reversed; your ideas of life will so change, that those you now hold will seem worthless to you. You will never be an inventor, but you will become a revelator who will astonish the world. You will scarcely recognize yourself. You will at last realize that the only real power in the universe is love. The tide in your life will turn"—she leaned towards me slightly, as she repeated:

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which taken at the flood, leads on—

"You know the rest." She waved adieu as Clarisse appeared. "Let nothing turn you from the course you have chosen."

"The course I have chosen!" I exclaimed. "Has the captain told—"

"No, Mr. Hatfield, Captain Mathers has told me nothing."

I watched her retreating figure—then mused, heedless of the material gong.

* * *

Tom was finishing his breakfast alone. He looked at me suspiciously.

"Hello! Rather late for one who turned out so early. Where the deuce have you been? I'll go the wine for us two that I know. I have the evidence."

"In what form, wiseacre?"

"Another absentee from breakfast, this morning."

"I don't trace the association."

"Ta, ta! Francis."

"Well, pass the bet, dear boy. I'll give you the game. However, I seem not to be the only tardy one."

"That's right, Hat. The truth is my slumber was about as fragmentary as a cat's."

"Thinking about the story?"

"Yes, but more about what Hum said. Say, there's something awful curious in that individual. You remember the figure he and I saw between the trees?"

"Yes, I recall the illusion. What of it?"

"Illusion! I like that, old man! It was real; but the morning after Hum left, I couldn't see the figure any more. I forgot to tell you. Outside pressure squeezed it out of my mind."

"And a good sleep cleared away your vapors. That's all there was to it."

"There's where you are off, Frank. You can bet your life Hum was connected with it in some way. The fact is, we have a 'pair royal' with us."

"You refer to Hum and the doctor?"

"Not much. I mean Hum and the winsome widow. She is deep. It would be difficult to take soundings, but if one could get a trawl down, it's my opinion some witnesses to a strange past would come up. That's—my—belief!" he reiterated between vigorous puffs on his freshly lighted pipe. "Well, here goes for a chat with Leonard on the bridge. Join us?"

"Not this morning, Tom. You and the mate seem to have become great chums."

"Think so? Well, the Lord knows we've had good examples. Really now, what was up this morning?"

I told him.

"Gee! It's no wonder you limited your order to oatmeal and toast. Good-by!"

There was just enough suggestion in my comrade's remarks concerning examples to annoy me. Evidently he had been observant, and formed an opinion he had not and probably would not express. This, coupled with what I had just heard from his lips, put me into a mood ill fitted to meet the burst of song and laughter that, an hour later, greeted me as I entered the saloon. Tom and Mrs. Durand were at the piano. I stopped—my surprise evidently quite apparent—for the laugh was renewed. I did not join in.

"I am *de trop*," I suggested.

"You?" a shapely hand went forth, "how could you be?"

"The truth is," explained Tom, "my friend passed a wretched night, and is on invalid diet this morning. All the outgrowth of his irreparable loss."

"What loss?" I asked coldly.

"Your invulnerability, old comrade. You have my sympathy. I, too, am somewhat afflicted. This is the first time I have been required to put down the fee in advance. I prided myself on unlimited credit."

Mrs. Durand laughed heartily.

"All this, Mr. Hatfield, is because, in response to Mr. Selby's request that I read his hand, I first demanded a song. I am grieved and—"

"Don't let sorrow dim your eyes," interposed Tom gaily.

She blushed slightly.

"I shall not read your hand," she declared; "but, instead, will tell you a short story. Come and sit where I can see you."

"Why so?"

"For two reasons—not to be told," she added roguishly.

Her remark intensified my discomfort.

"Come, draw up, Hat; you are not usually a back number."

"Ordinarily not, Tom, but as this is to be a virtuoso's performance the second violin will not be needed."

"Pshaw, nonsense, what trash! You need treatment. I prescribe rhubarb and soda."

Mrs. Durand seemed amused.

"Let me suggest," she advised, "that you two occupy the sofa and I will sit vis-a-vis. There, that is nice. Now for the story"

Then my comrade's whole life, in allegory, came out with startling clearness. At the close, the narrator added:

"He will wed a beautiful woman with dark eyes and rich auburn hair, whom he will love as he has never loved before."

Tom looked at her, wonderingly, for a moment.

"The last clause saves you, fair seeress," he said. "Hatfield told you the rest."

We denied the assertion.

"Honest and true, Frank Hatfield?"

"Yes, honest and true."

"Well, it's the most amazing thing I ever heard," he said, in a hushed, awed voice. "Excuse me! I am going on deck."

The door closed. A motion of my hand, and the prophetess took the vacant seat.

"What do you think of him?" I asked.

"A delightful personality; a gentleman, noble and generous to a fault. He has qualities that would captivate most women, but—" she again toyed with the opal—"not all. There is one thing lacking."

"And that is—"

She interrupted me with her eyes. They turned to me steadfastly.

"We found the little book," she smiled,—"the Gita, the Bhagavad Gita. Have you read it, Mr. Hatfield?"

"No, I must confess I never heard of it."

"Why, it is the last of the Vedas; the Lord's Song—a mine of wisdom you should explore."

"Superior to our Bible?"

"N—no, perhaps not, but it tersely confirms much that is in our sacred book."

"You are deeply read in East Indian lore, Mrs. Durand?"

"Yes, especially in those metaphysical themes that fill the soul with divine radiance. Those wondrous blossoms that exhale fragrance from every petal."

I picked up the last Harper's.

"And you care but little for such literature?" I asked.

"No; but few of the popular magazines possess nutritive qualities. Like champagne, they stimulate, then depress. They have no spiritual value."

I gazed at her in silence.

"Of what are you thinking, Mr. Hatfield?"

"Mostly of you, also of Detwold. Do you believe in states of consciousness, as described by him?"

"Assuredly. I have experienced them. It is possible, sometimes, to rise above the tangle and turmoil of earth life into the realm of light and love."

"How?"

"By study; by practice; and sometimes, through the influence of another. Your friend, the Hungarian, has this ability in a remarkable degree. You and Mr. Selby are now acting by his guidance."

"I do not understand."

"No, not now, but some day? Yes!"

She took the book from me and rippled the leaves as her voice grew musically tender.

"What malignant little sprite is chambered in your serene mind this morning?"

"Do not ask me," I implored.

"Has it quite gone?"

"Not entirely."

"May I exorcise it?"

"You alone can."

She drew nearer, her lips parted—

Our captain entered with his quadrant:

"Studying navigation? Well it's wise to know one's whereabouts, so as to avoid shoals. No danger though," he added, as if he thought his remark might contain an implication, "we've got water under us pretty nigh as hard to fathom as—as some other things. I'm going to take the sun. Mr. Hatfield, I can't for the life of me tell why, but we all seem to have the doldrums today. Hum and Brindley are floundering through a morass of queer vegetation down stairs; Mr. Selby had a sort of scared look when I met him just now; Leonard's as silent as a wooden gun; I'm a point off the course myself; and here you two are cooped up while God's sunshine is kissing the deck. Don't you think you can get the clever man from Hungary to stir us up a bit tonight? We mustn't run into a fog."

"No, that will never do," I agreed, pulling myself together; "I will try."

The skipper rose. "It's 'bout noon," he said; "I must be off. Come up with me. Hey, madam, deepen those roses a shade! You too, messmate, might add a bit of color 'thout spoiling the picture. Come on!"

Mrs. Durand pleaded a slight headache. I turned away with the genial son of the sea.

(*To be Continued.*)

POETRY

RED Wine from the Heart-Loves of Eden!
  Vital Vintage of Souls, God-ripe;
Wild-grown on the Joy-Hills of Freedom—
  Trod out in the tramp of Life!

Kept sweet from hate's venomous bitter
  In the strain of earth's envious strife;
Unveneered by the gloss of vain glitter—
  Lifting up through the darkness to Light!

Made-over from Visions and Dreaming,
  With the Mystery of Melody wrought;
Dumb, mute inarticulate Feeling
  Born Immortal through Music of Thought!

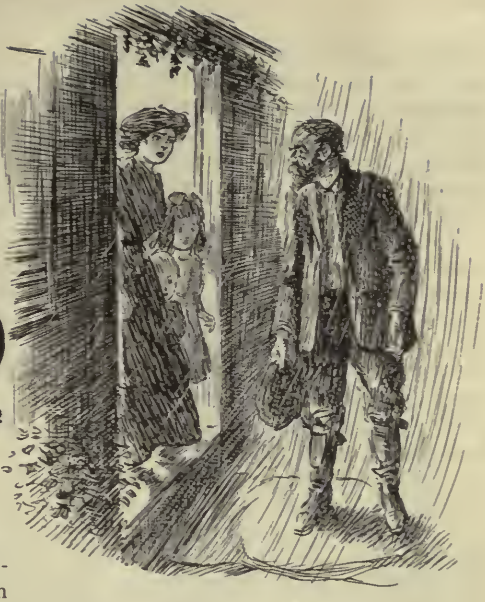
Above the wet snarl and the mangling
  By the ravenous, blood-jowl'd pack,
My feet shall be caught in a tangling
  With the Stars on their Song-beat track!

There will I sing gayly and gladly,
  Drinking deep of God's Glory and Might;
While earth's hoof-tramping herds stamp madly,
  Foam-fanged in their frenzied fight!

—*Henry Young Ostrander.*

The LITTLE RED HOOD

By Gertrude B. Millard.



YOU are sure it is nothing catching?" urged the little mother in the door. And the gaunt stranger standing on the round boulder doorstep answered huskily: "I couldn't have the face to ask ye to go, Ma'am, seein' your own children, ef it was catchin'. 'Tain't nuthin' but malary—ol' fashion, chills and ager, malary. The Doctor said she'd get well ef we cu'd shift her to the hills. But it seems like she got weaker every jog the ol' hosses makes."

He passed his rough hand hastily across his eyes, half-turning away to hide the action. "I wouldn't never ask ye for myself, Ma'am!" he pleaded again. "But the wife's plumb wore out. She fell a-dozin' with her supper plate in her lap; an' she's that scairt she'll go to sleep an' let Milly die, 'at I simply had to strike out for help. Seems like jest only the sight of another woman 'll hearten her up."

The little mother's shoulders stiffened with decision. "Rena," she directed, "bring me my big gray shawl. "Put father's supper in the oven, but don't shut the door tight. Wash up the other dishes, you and Olive. Tell him there are movers resting in the old cabin on the flat; that their child is sick, and I have gone over to see what I can do. Don't cry, Bobbie, my man! Sister will put you to bed. Besides, you have to be house-father till daddy gets home; mamma never could leave the two girls if she did not have a great boy to guard them."

Whereupon the five-year-old gulped up a comical look of importance, and despite the tears coursing down his red cheeks, received his goodnight kiss without another whimper.

"Is there anything I ought to take?" she asked of the haggard shadow on the doorstep. "Medicines?—blankets?—food?" The stranger choked between gratitude and pride.

"No, Ma'am, thank ye. We ain't beggars yet!" he stammered. "Be'n able to pay our way, an' buy what Ol' Doctor bid us. And ef Milly'd only get well, my two hands'll make us a livin' anywheres."

He backed clumsily off the uneven stone, and reached involuntarily to steady her more accustomed descent.

"Ye see I had a little blacksmith business down south of here to Green Bend," he began awkwardly to explain as they veered into the wind's sweep, away from the protecting house and barns. "But when Lucy, and Ellie, an' Burt, all died, an' Milly more'n took sick right after, I jest sold out an' started up crik for a healthier place to settle."

The little mother shivered and looked back at the three small figures still outlined in the open door, black against the yellow lamp-light.

"Lucy, and Ellie, and Burt, all died."

The man's uncomplaining statement struck to her soul. She would surely do what she could to save to these stricken people their one remaining ewe lamb.

Sparse scattered prairie folk, leagues separated from the possibility of hire, are wont neighborly to serve one another in sickness and distress; and this slender little woman, confiding her babies to Providence and the somber night at a cry out of the dark, was one willing to do more than her share.

Threatening herself alone, even the danger of infection would have raised no barrier to her ministrations. The distant Russian settlement had amply proved that, in that awful summer before her marriage, when her small school had been decimated by a vagrant epidemic of scarlet fever, and its young teacher had resolved herself into a determined committee of one to persuade the frightened foreign mothers to obey orders, and keep the unfamiliar and hated quarantine. The gentle monitor within grieved at her errand's contrast with a modest home festal day, as the troubled sojourner at her side covered the ringing dry road with long strides that kept her far too breathless for speech. But recognizing the spirit which drove him, she made no murmur of distress, until, as they dropped into the ragged side coulee carrying their path down the fifty-foot bluff that marked the river bank of ages past, he noticed himself that she was panting, and checked his pace with a swift apologetic word.

The old cabin stood off to the right, in a wide swale through which the lesser river of today meanders in purposeless loops, fringed with water-elm, willow, and box-elder; and the little mother caught herself listening absorbedly for the creak of wheels as she left the unfrequented highway for the crisp, sunburnt overgrowth of the trail, which in this light showed only at its curved intersection with the beaten track. Safely assured as she was that no human harm could come to her precious trio in the blessed isolation of the plain, it would be a comfort to know that their father, arrived from his forty-mile trip to town, safeguarded them from the ever possible emergency. What if fire, or unexpected illness— She shrank to think of twelve-year-old Rena's woe, not to speak of Master Bobbie's own, should that young man choose this particular occasion to develop one of his lingering infantile colic attacks, and resolutely set her mind upon the suffering fellow-creatures she was called to assist.

Their canvas-covered ark loomed before her as she stumbled over some fragment invisible at her feet. Its ghostly shape showed a dingy patch where feeble rays fell upon it from the cabin's still dingier window. One of its hoops was malformed, and the body grey from lack of paint. The two tall horses snorting on their picket ropes at her approach were bony of outline against the remote gale-distancing stars. She realized none the less for the man's self-respecting protestations that this small remnant of a family must be pitifully poor, to enter upon so primitive a home-seeking pilgrimage at that belated season of the year. And again her soul yearned over their plight as she passed the gaping, hastily curtained portal of the rude shelter in which they had sought refuge.

The woman who had buried three parts of her heart at Green Bend knelt beside a short pallet, evidently transported bodily from the wagon, upon which lay a wisp of a maiden scarce older than the newcomer's own Olive. Her face was drawn and colorless, and her eyes were sunk into her head from days and nights of watching; but the countenance of the child wore the calm, pale mask of death. The little mother caught back a cry of sorrow, and a stifled groan burst from her companion as his glance fell upon the white, extended form; but the hollow-cheeked nurse held up a hand, whispering, "Not yet!"—and silently they joined her straining vigil.

Minutes passed, and a hint of crimson touched the fine, rigid mouth; the thin little arms relaxed; and the fluttering breath grew stronger. Then the blue eyes opened askingly, traveled from one to another of the close-drawn circle, and resting upon the worn, familiar, loving features, brought forth a wavering thread of voice: "Mammy—deah,—did yo'—buy—my little red hood?"

The woman's raw-boned frame collapsed to a sitting posture. "Hit's jest that way, ever' time she comes out of a spell," she sobbed in an agony of still-anxious relief. "She keeps wantin' that little red hood—she kain't get it off'n her mind.

"Honey," crouching coaxingly over the exhausted small wraith, "Pap'll get yo' a little red hood the very firs' minnit we strike a town. But ye got to get well an' strong so 'at we kain travel, or we'll be a long time on the road."

The light faded under the heavily lifted lids, they flickered and fell, the dry lips quivered, and with a gasping, disappointed sigh the mite slipped away into unconsciousness.

Fraught with the feminine instinct to comfort with a touch, the visitor laid a warm, workaday hand on one bowed shoulder of her temporary neighbor.

"Tell me what I can do. I came to help. I have children of my own," she said simply. But the other gazed up at her in blank bewilderment,—conscious of her presence for the first time.

"There ain't nothin' nobody kain do," she protested dully, her hushed tones harsh with pain. "It was right good of yo' to come—; I didn't s'pose there was a female fo' mebbe miles," she added a moment later, in forced recognition of the amenities. "I 'lowed to Hank I was feared I'd go to sleep. But that's past now—and I reck'n it won't be long."

She bent her gray-splotched head toward the cot again; and, as if her anguish called to the hovering spirit, the blue eyes trembled open once more; the slim childish fingers moved gropingly upon the coverlet; and the far-off, flute-like voice pleaded forgetfully: "Mammy—did yo'—buy—my little red hood?"

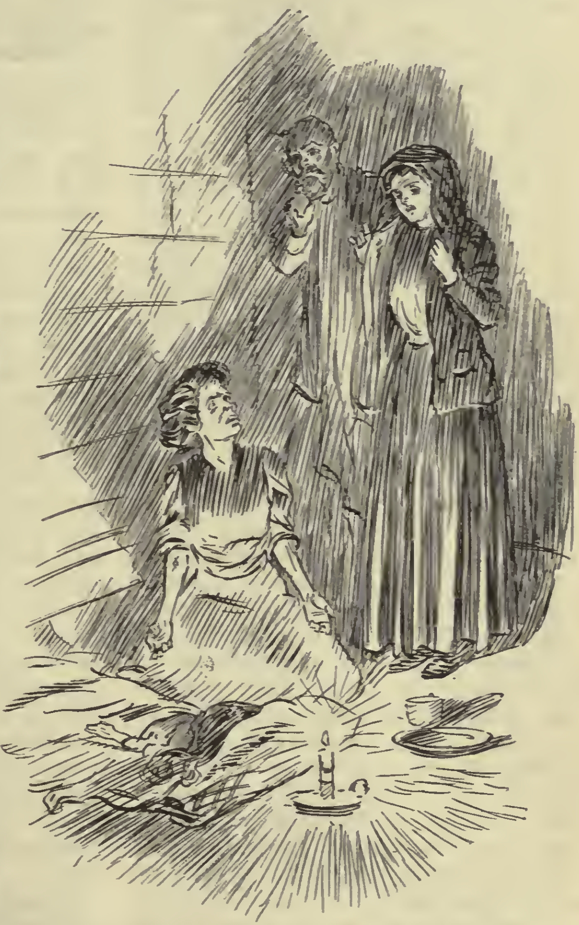
The unresting demon of the wilds roved wailing over the sod roof above, and thrust importunately at the sack drapery protecting the travelers from its clutch. Frosty winter foretelling, airs wafted from its garments fell wanderingly upon the fevered forehead, in mockery of the shrinking calico-clad shape which interposed as shield; and their chill pierced the lethargy benumbing the pitiful wasted body.

"Mammy," piped the shrill, small voice, again; "it's cold! I wisht yo'd buy my—little—red—hood!"

The woman rocked in an accession of despair. "I tol' her I'd buy hit fo' her buthday," she mourned, "an' that was yestiday!—an' she kain't get it off'n her mind!"

The little mother grasped at the unspoken thought. Her eyes met those of the man standing with loose-hung fists and stricken stoop, and his hopeless gaze struck fire.

"I lied!—I ain't got a copper cent left," he muttered hoarsely in her ear. "But I'm goin' to the town! They'll trust me that much,—or—I'll steal—an' kill the man 'at tries to stop me!"



"'Tell me what I can do. I came to help'"

His pathetic dignity was terribly transformed. This was a wild thing battling for its young. Her hand caught his sleeve as he wheeled toward the door. "It is twenty miles,—and back. You would be too late." She felt the flesh dissolve beneath her clasp.

Then the cords drew taut, and he swung about. "Your girls—they's two—ain't one o' them got a little red hood?"

The pity of it choked her. "There's a chance—If my husband has come home—He promised—It is Olive's birthday, too!" The broken sentences stumbled one upon another in their whispered rush.

"I'll go at once! If he has come—" It was not until she topped the bluff, trembling in every limb from the rapidity of her flight, that she thought of Olive's part in it:—Olive, who set her tenacious small heart upon a new treasure as if it were her soul's core, and to whom her gravely exact father had *promised* a birthday red hood.

If it had been Rena, the mere suggestion of a greater need would have been enough; but Olive, who had come into the world when her young mother's starved longing for the petty, accustomed luxuries of life had temporarily become a nightmare of hopeless denial, was cast in a different mold. Their fair young faces were sisterly alike—their individualities were far apart as the poles. While the elder, taking to responsibility as her due, imbued with the idea of helpfulness, and generous to a fault, chiefly resembled that ardent girl teacher who had set herself single-handed to combat the terrors of her stricken people, her second daughter seemed to portray in the flesh that secret warp of selfishness which had been her bugbear since those early days when her own father had been wont to take her on his knees and gently disentangle for her scrutiny the base and worthy threads that knot to form a character. And she realized with a sudden sinking of spirit that her errand would seem rank tyranny to the excited child checked in her first flush of joy over a long-coveted gift.

Again she strained her ears for the creaking of wheels as she sped over the undulating gray track. She had been absent so short a time that her good man might yet be behind her on the road. But she put from her the inevitable temptation; neither her husband nor her conscience would stand for a falsehood. Besides which, her infantry being trained to an abiding faith in their father's word, even having to lay arbitrary command upon a recalcitrant small egoist, and trusting to understanding coming later, could not have so reactionary an effect upon her brood as to imply that father had forgotten. But, tender from the scene through which she had just passed, as well as from her close sense of responsibility, the little mother dreaded such an unhappy necessity. If she could only tell her story before the expectant lass was bedazzled by actual possession, simple pathos might well awaken the dormant idea of self-sacrifice.

The home light twinkled over the darkling crest of each interminable prairie wave; and as it drew nearer, the gusts' lull yielded a burst of happy voices, the jingling of harness, and the whinnyings of stall-eager horses. And instantly she was beset afresh by the imperative need of haste. The town-going team was already at the barn, and every second that she lost in transit, every breath that must be expended in explanation, in suggestion, in command, meant a shortening breath of the shadowy little victim, the only one of her mother, in the cabin.

Whatever of earthly interest might be invoked to coax that struggling small soul back into its bonds, must offer itself soon;—or the blue eyes would refuse to open upon it. And she shaped a silent prayer for guidance as her feet touched the fan shaft of radiance cast from her own open door.

The three stampeded toward her like a band of colts. Their father's periodic return from the huddled railroad village, by courtesy called a town, was always occasion of riot. The little mother sometimes laughed with tears in her eyes at their antics of mystery over her still none too opulent parcels. And tonight the re-establishment of the birthday spirit, the swift reaction from an awe induced by the stranger's visit and their unwonted abandonment to their own devices, set them wild.

It was Rena, of course, who first remembered, checking her dervish dance of delight to ask if the sick little girl was better:—but Olive, her gypsy curls tossing under a scarlet thatch, broke in on her mother's reply.

"See, mamma! See what a beau-ti-ful hood daddy bought me! The prettiest one Granger's had! Now don't you say it's too fine, and I'm to put it away for Sundays!—I must wear it to match my new mittens the very first snowstorm that comes!"

The bubble of joyous words died as the lamplight struck the loving face above her.

"My darling child," said the little mother slowly, "down at the old cabin is a girlie about your age,—and yesterday she had a birthday too." Even Bobbie stopped tugging at her hand to listen. When his mother spoke like that, it was worth while to find out whom she meant to hear. "Her father and mother promised, just as yours did, to buy her a new birthday hood," went on the suggestive voice. "But when the time came they were miles from a store, the poor little girl was too sick to travel another step, and her kind father, who would gladly have gone after any gift obtainable, if he had dared to leave her, had spent all his money for the food and medicines that they could not do without."

The shining, close-clustered eyes were shadowed and serious now; and the mother felt, though the night screened it, that Olive, alive to the contrast, had turned pale. The childish arm tucked into hers quivered as the birdlike tones broke forth anew: "O mamma! She is sick, and she couldn't have her new hood?—It would just have killed me!"

The suspicion of a smile touched the little mother's lips. "I know, darling. You would have thought the disappointment more than you could bear—And you are well and strong!"

Her gaze searched the beloved small countenance; and, as if it held a talisman of truth, the mind of the child betrayed its dreaded bent.

"Mamma, if you had another new hood wouldn't you give it to her? She isn't your little girl—but it's real horrid not to get things you want."

The mother heart heaved a sigh. "It is so horrid," she said, "that the sick little girl keeps thinking about it all the time:—and if anyone should give her a nice, comfortable, new hood it might really help her to get well."

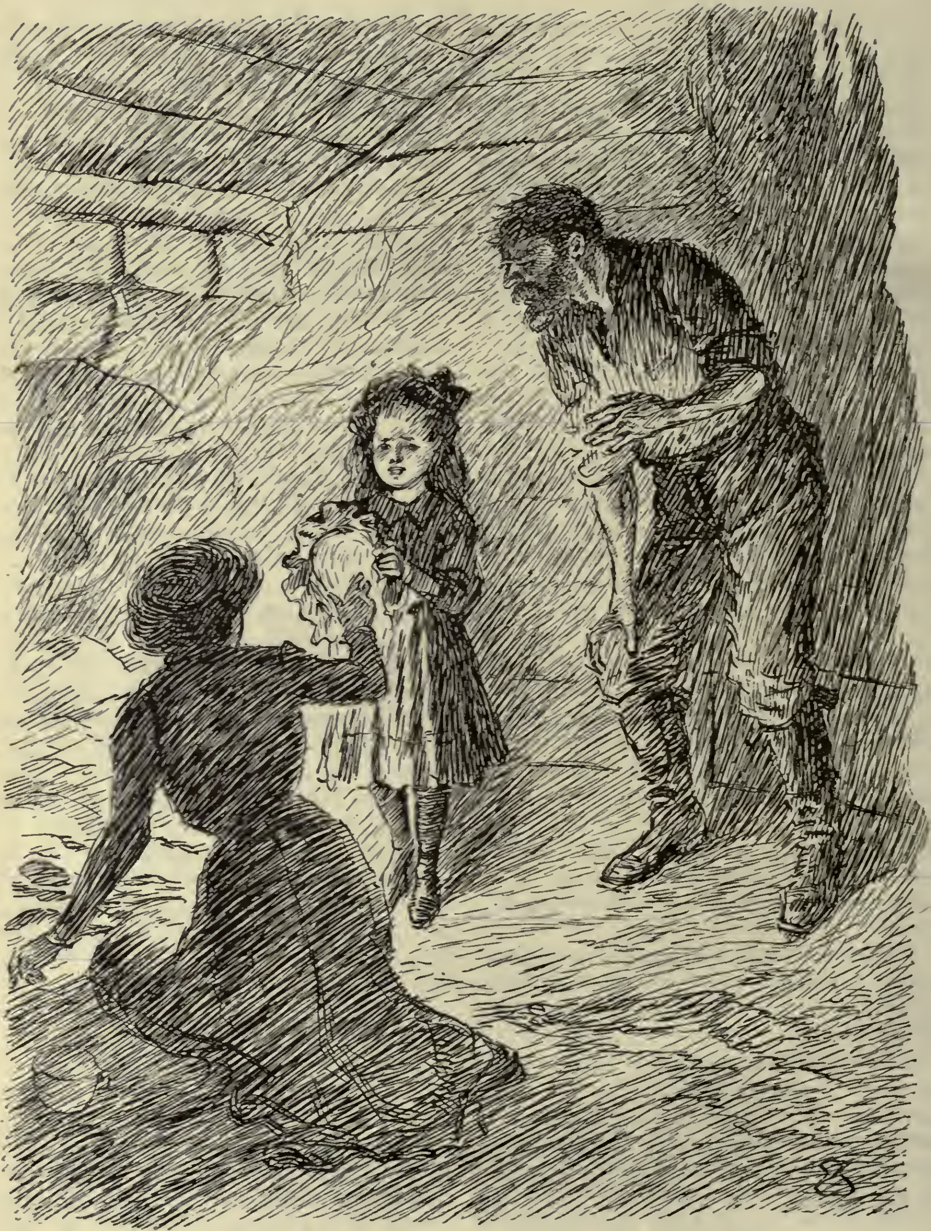
"O Ollie—" began Rena; and stopped,—struck by the enormity of her suggestion from her sister's point of view. "I might give her my old one," offered Olive, in despiteful magnanimity. "That would be new to her. And then mamma would have to let me wear this beauty all the time!"

The little mother almost groaned aloud. The much-serviced headgear was blue,—and the piteous pleader a mile away mourned only for a little *red* hood. But a new thought came like a lightning thrust. "Go and get it, my daughtie!" she said.

The quick pulse beat in her temples, and surged suffocatingly in her throat as she hurried for the third time along the dark, stubble-fringed road toward the river. What if they should be too late? She clasped more closely the small tanned fingers folded in her own. What if she were making a mistake? A moment's misapprehension, the final need to put forth her parental authority, might too easily prove fatal. Could she take the risk? It required a vigorous effort of self-control to stem nervous, immediate urging of the crucial point. But no!—She had already outlined the situation; mere words would only weaken her supreme argument—the pathetic little beggar on the pallet bed. And yet a traitor whisper prompted that to breathe no syllable of warning took an unfair advantage of her own soul image. Thus maternal tenderness wars often with maternal wisdom. If she had but dared steal time to counsel with her husband!—His sturdy backing would have braced her scared resolve.

The unconscious Olive, smitten silent by the strangeness of her errand, and its hour, clung to the security of her mother's hand, her brown curls bobbing beneath their scarlet swathe, the blue alternative clutched in a stringent grasp. Her heedless feet tripped over the inequalities of the way, blundered in the coulee's murky depths, and stumbled on the valley's shaly floor, as her spirit contemplated immaturely the sequence of the day. For once her childish cup had been running over; neither Rena from her primal place, nor Bobbie from his babyhood, had been favored more than she. There had been privileges, and relaxations, and a birthday feast; and crowning all her father's promised gift. And the mother, who had herself been a jealous child, knew that from the very fullness of her satisfaction the little girl was startled into a young compassion for the corresponding parallel of woe; felt that her small being glowed with the unwonted prospect of playing Lady Bountiful, however selfish her expression of that spirit might prove.

"If Daddy had never got me this precious hood I'd have had to wear that faded thing all winter:—and the poor little sick girl wouldn't have had any birthday at all!" she



" 'Give it to her,' " she sobbed. " 'I want her to get well.' "

concluded her reflections ingenuously aloud; and peered with eager eyes for the cabin's shambling bulk.

It was scant three-quarters of an hour since it had fallen behind her, but the little mother lifted the wind-bellied door-flap with a swiftly culminating dread. It gave with a rip and a jerk: some one had tacked it against the eddying chill. A candle lantern spluttered on the rude table made of the wagon's tail-board across two provision boxes, a wispy hay fire smudged cheerlessly in the broken boulder fireplace. and a second candle burned draughtily on the floor at the pallet's head. The gaunt watchworn travelers knelt beside, and the little one lay unconscious as before. "O mamma," whispered the awestruck child, "The poor little girlie is dead!"

The smith turned a grief-stupefied stare. His mad hope had blazed, and gone out. The woman heard not at all—her exhausted attention concentrated on the ebbing tide of her ewe lamb's life. And, as before, the blue eyes opened vaguely, wandered piteously about the hovel chamber, and coming to rest on the drawn, familiar, loving lineaments, brought forth a more wavering thread of voice: "Mammy—deah —did yo'—buy—my little red hood?"

The man sprang up with a harsh, realizing cry. And the little mother went white to the lips. An evil tendency may be overcome:—but never before had Olive been put so seriously to the test. If the child should fail! If she should fail! Watching her shrink, her superior conscience repeated wildly that she had not made preparation complete. The victory would be immeasurably the greater should her heart's treasure win it herself:—but, ah, it would have been surer with a beaten trail to tread. Horrified and appealing, the little maid's eyes met hers.

"O mamma," she gasped, "she wanted a little *red* hood!"

The man stood with clenched fists dimly comprehending the childish recoil, and the woman cowered by the cot, her face buried in her hands. Reluctantly, reading her mother's silence, Olive's brown fingers rose to the ribbons at her chin.

"She's sick:—and it would just have killed me!" she stammered, driving herself with her own remembered words. "Is she all the little girl that woman's got?"

The smith took a single step forward, his great hairy knuckles strained, his haggard features working convulsively. "I wouldn't ask ye for myself," he muttered hoarsely, "but Lucy, and Ellie, an' Burt, all died—And ef Milly goes to die too—" "Mammy," pleaded the thin, far-off voice, "Ef I jest had—my—little red hood."

With a rush Olive's real core of soundness claimed its own. Her livid despairing little face rose-flushed with generosity, and snatching the scarlet hood from her curly head she cast herself into her mother's arms. "Go and give it to her!" she sobbed. "I want her to get well."

The blue eyes opened wonderingly upon mother and child as they stooped beside the low bed. The pale lips parted in ecstasy, and a subtle suggestion of pink flashed over the wan cheek, as they fell upon the silken bows of promise close above.

"My red hood!—You've brought me—my hood," murmured the mite; and reached weakly, lovingly, to touch the coveted warmth and brilliance. The little mother laid it on her breast, and with a long sigh of content she clasped it in transparent little claws, and the fringed lids drooped.

The little mother placed gentle exploring fingers on the slender uncovered wrist, and nodding at the kneeling woman, smiled.

"Will she get well, mamma?—Mamma, dear, will she get well?" the little girl questioned, as they slipped out under the stars. And the mother, drawing the blue hood close, answered thankfully: "Darling, I think that she will."

MAY IT EVER BE THUS

From the book "Heart Throbs."

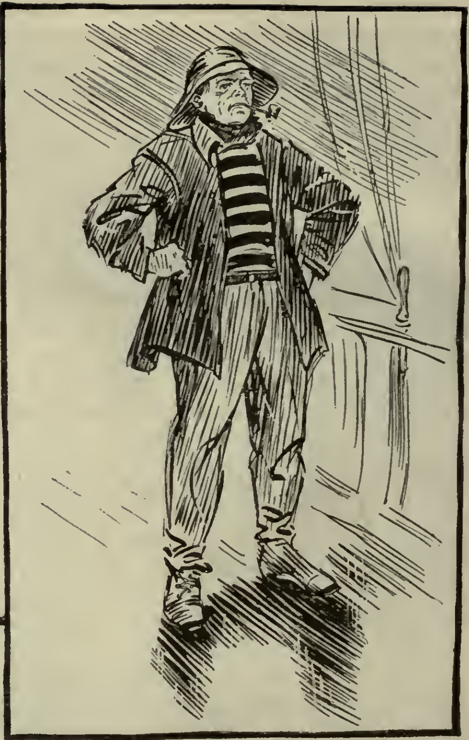
The following lines may not be of use to you, but express in simple language a sentiment worth remembering, one which any citizen would do well to think of when patriotic thoughts enter his mind, hoping that "May it be ever thus":

No North, no South, no East, no West,
But one great nation Heaven bless.

—*Chas. B. Thompson.*

The BUCKO MATE

By Allen Chase



ALTHOUGH only an able seaman, and with no very great ambition to rise to any higher position, unless a desire to pass my old age in peace and quiet at the Sailor's Snug Harbor might be considered as such, I have always been a great reader and somewhat of a philosopher after my own fashion. Now, there is one bit of philosophy I had always taken as a matter of fact until I shipped in the bark "Eliza Cantwell," bound for Cape Town, there to unload part of our cargo, then to go to Sydney with the balance and await orders.

This bit of philosophy to which I refer is, to be summed up briefly, as follows: that there is no one so bad in whom there is not some good, and in whom this good will not be evident at some time or other, although apparently long since dead.

As I say, I had always accepted this as a matter of fact until I shipped on that eventful voyage in the old "hell ship" "Eliza Cantwell," and the cause of my change of view was Jud Billson, her first officer. As to whether I still hold this changed view or not will be seen as the narrative progresses.

I had heard a great deal about Yankee "hell ships" and their bucko-mates, but no one can get an adequate idea of them, no matter how graphic the description, who has not made a passage in one. No sooner had the tug left us at the mouth of the Narrows than the ball opened, so to speak, and it was a continual round of belaying-pin soup, knuckle dusters, thumps, kicks and bangs; so that long before we reached the "line" we were a pretty well used up crew.

Then as a sort of anti-climax, Billson shot one of the hands on the topsailyard for dropping a marline spike on deck while the second mate was standing below and bawling out threats at the fellow until he was in such a fright he couldn't hold on to anything. As a result the poor devil was laid up with a broken arm, and the watch was one man short.

Matters continued, if anything, to get worse, and such a fiend as that mate was all the voyage out I have never seen and hope never to see again.

He was about thirty-five years old, five feet nine inches in height and uncommonly broad and heavy for a man who did not run a bit too fat. The most remarkable thing,

AP 8 '12

perhaps, was his extremely small waist and thighs, which probably accounted for his quickness and agility, although I used to wonder how his small legs could hold the weight he could lift with those mammoth great shoulders of his.

Generally when they tell you about a big strong man, especially a sailor, you get the idea of a sort of hairy, bewhiskered and bellowing giant. Not so in this case, however; a cleaner, more hairless, smoother-shaven man is seldom seen afloat on any craft. As for bellowing, I'll allow he could when necessary (as, for instance, in a squall when everything is slatting and banging and pandemonium seems to reign), but he was on the whole a low-spoken man. I might almost say a low-hissing man, for he had a way of boring into you with his eyes, hissing out an order, then letting drive with one hand or the other; he was equally good with either, and it was a pretty lively man that didn't take the count while some other of the crew carried out the order.

He was always nosing around looking for trouble, and somehow always finding it; as to the results, we all carried marks to show that, although he was always looking for it, he didn't like it any too well, as we seemed to be the trouble, and the way he dealt with us didn't savor of love. If ever a man had a grudge against humanity it was he, and he let slip no opportunity of paying it off. That he didn't love the second mate or captain was also apparent, although, naturally, he couldn't vent his spleen on them very well. Still I always had an idea the "old man" was just a little bit afraid of him.

One dog-watch during the southeast Trades, when we had a breathing spell, as you might say—the mate below—the watch was gathered under the foc's'le-head yarning, and the conversation drifted from one thing to another and finally worked around to the mate. Some of the crew had been shipmates with him before, and one or two claimed to have known him ashore. After some talk about his cussedness in general one of the latter spoke up and asked if any of us had ever seen his wife.

Naturally we were all ears in an instant. None of us had. It seems that some eight years before he had married the daughter of a restaurant-keeper on South Street, with whom he had become acquainted while the ship had been discharging at the wharf across the way. Up until this time he had been a wild and reckless chap, but she being withal a sweet and lovable girl, and he being really in love with her, he had become, as a shipmate who was with him the voyage after the wedding had said, "a pretty good sort of bucko-mate to sail with, but for the fact he'd carry on sail, in order to make quick passage, in a manner that was fair startling."

At that time the old hooker was running between New York and Rio, so that he got home fairly frequently. Well, one voyage he was unusually anxious to get home and carried sail until the "old man" got after him for trying to yank the mast out of her, and driving into a head sea; whereat he opened up and told him he was in a hurry that trip because—well, because he was expecting an heir to the throne, so to speak, to greet him when he reached home. The captain softened at this, but told him he wouldn't get home any quicker by putting the sticks over the side, and to keep his shirt on as the heir would be there just the same if they were a half a day longer on the trip. They got into anchor three days later on as nice an October morning as one could wish, and as soon as possible Billson was off for home.

Right here is where the tragedy comes in. The wife had died the day before at childbirth, and the baby had only lived two hours. He had, in fact, got home just in time to look after the funeral.

For two weeks he hardly spoke or ate, and acted like a man in a sort of trance. As the captain said, it hardly seemed as though a human being could suffer so and keep his reason. Probably he couldn't, had he been ashore much longer, but once clear of the harbor his duties occupied his mind and kept his thoughts from his misfortune somewhat. Still, too much worrying and brooding over one's sorrow is apt to sour one's disposition, and so it was with Billson, who commenced to develop an ugliness that had grown so in the following years that he had come to be the terror of the Western Ocean, or any other ocean where he happened to be, for that matter.

On two different voyages he had killed a man, and each time as soon as they reached port the crew had been spirited away so that there was no one to appear against him, and the log-book had been produced to show that it had happened while quelling a mutinous crew.

To get back to our voyage: we reached Cape Town, discharged that part of our cargo consigned there, cleared, and in due time arrived at Sydney, where we finished unloading, took in ballast, and sailed for Calcutta to take on a load of jute for home.

About twelve days out from Sydney we ran into a regular old Indian Ocean "snorter" and while trying to get the fores'l off her, one of the men, a cockney, let the tail of the weather-sheet get away from him. The sight of that sail jumping and slatting, and threatening every moment to tear itself clear of the bolt-rope was too much for Billson; with a roar he was onto that cockney like a whirlwind, knocking him to the deck, then jumping on him with both feet, smashing two of the unlucky bungler's ribs.

I was well out to windward on the yard at the time, and the way that stick was whipping and bucking would have turned a Texan broncho green with envy. The sail would bulge up over us, then a snap—and jump—and it would straighten out with a yank that had all hands holding on for dear life. Then it would give three or four terrific tugs in succession and up it would go again while we fought like madmen to try and stow a little of it. At last, after a tooth and nail struggle, which left some of us with bleeding fingers, from contact with the coarse cotton canvas, we managed to get that old she-devil stowed; but not before the mate had been up on the yard and knocked one poor Johnnie, who was scared blue and utterly helpless from fright, off onto the foc's'le-head. That he wasn't hurt was sheer luck, and no fault of the mate's.

By this time all hands were getting pretty well along towards the state where it doesn't take much more to start the act which sailors only think of as a word which begins with a big M.

There was a great deal of quiet grumbling that boded no good, and I heard a number of the watch remark to the effect that if things were no better on the homeward journey the old "Eliza C" stood a pretty good show of dropping her anchor in the "Port of Missing Ships." That she didn't drop anchor in this mythical, yet strangely real and tragic port, was due to the following incident, which also, I think, proves my aforesaid philosophy.

As soon as we had finished loading at Calcutta, and our pilot being aboard, we passed our hawser to one of those sturdy tugs for which the Hoogly is famous, and started down its tortuous channel. Arriving at its mouth, and having a fair wind, we got the sails onto the old craft, and, rolling easily on the long oily swells, commenced the homeward journey.

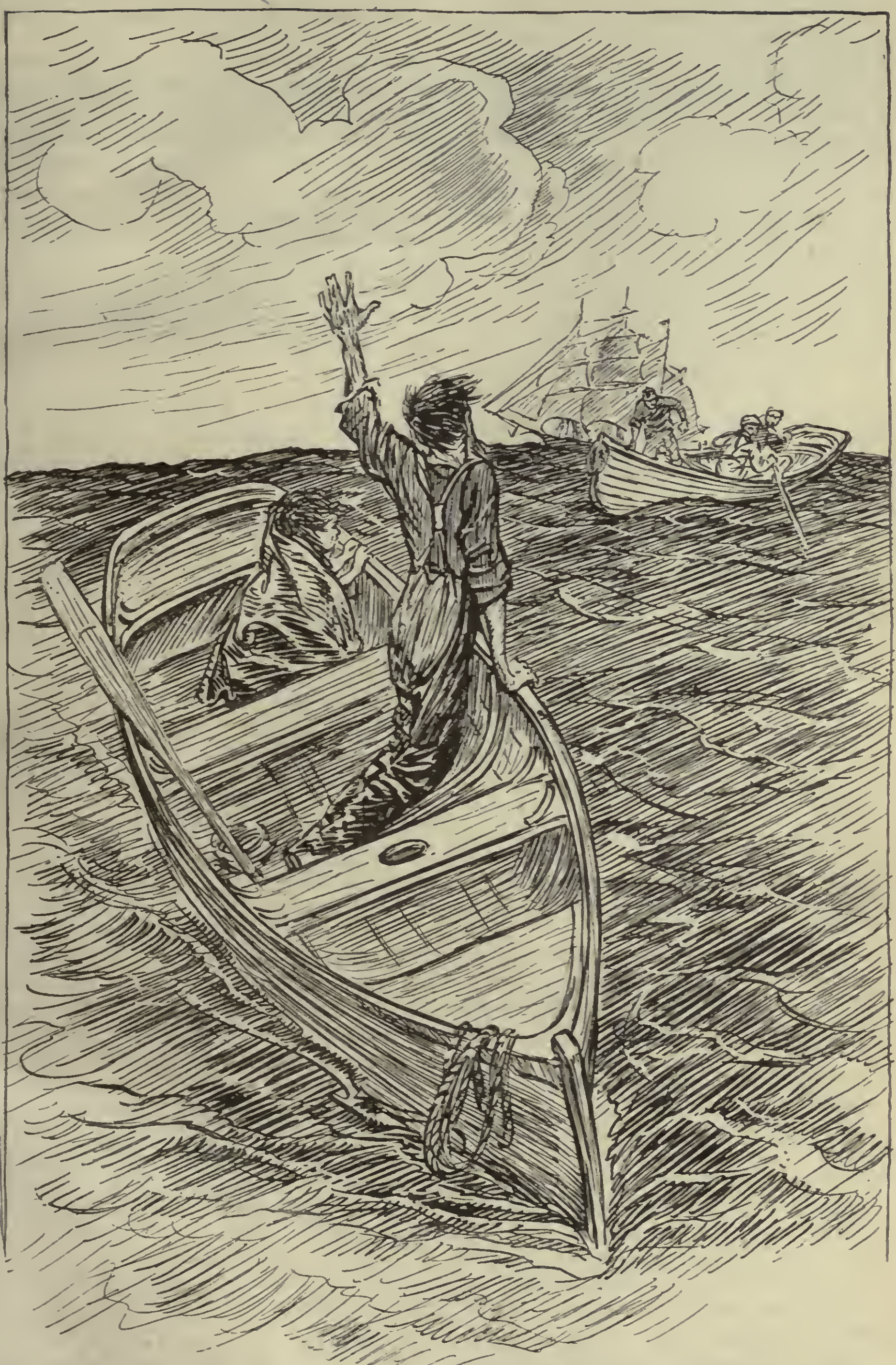
On a hot sultry morning a few days later one of the crew who was aloft sang out to the captain that there was some sort of a sail off to starboard that looked as if it might be a yawl or raft. Going aloft with his spyglass, the skipper said he thought it was a ship's quarter-boat, and gave our helmsman orders to luff a little so as to come down close aboard. Drawing nearer, it was seen that there were at least two persons in it, and from the number of sharks about, some of the more superstitious of the crew claimed there must also be a dead person aboard. When but a short distance away the captain ordered the mate to lower a boat and investigate. Two of us scrambled in with him, and the wind being light we rapidly drew near.

Sitting on the flooring in the stern-sheets, with her head resting on the bulwarks, gazing at us with a wistful far-away look in her eyes, was a child of about ten years, whose little face told only too clearly the suffering of days in an open boat where food and water are a scarcity.

Standing on athwart amidships, gesticulating wildly and pouring forth a stream of incoherent jabbering, was a tall thin individual whose crazy antics were threatening at any moment to capsize the boat. The thought of being rescued had evidently been too much for the poor fellow, and he was practically insane, for he paid no attention to Billson's orders to sit down.

Suddenly springing toward us, while we were yet some boat-lengths away, he upset his boat in a twinkling. His immersion evidently cleared his mind, for upon coming to the surface he looked quickly about, then struck out for the child. But the strain was too great for his enfeebled body. A few feeble strokes, a piercing shriek, a sudden disappearance, and a turmoil of blood-stained water, told the victim's fate.

Horrified by the sight, I let my oar slip from my nerveless grasp and float away.



"His crazy antics were threatening to capsize the boat."

I was brought to my senses by a blow in the face from Billson, who was watching the child. She had managed to pull herself mostly clear of the water in some manner. That she would not be able to hold on much longer was apparent. To get our boat up to her with only one oar (there was no place for sculling) would involve too great a time.

With a long clean dive, Billson shot out over the bow, and with powerful strokes made for the other boat. As long as he was in motion he was safe; but the boldness, the daring, the very heroism of the deed! For Billson—Billson the brutal, the heartless, the bucko-mate — for Billson, the terror of the Western Ocean, to risk his life for another—a waif!

Reaching the boat, he thrust the child to safety across the keel; then made a fatal mistake. Instead of turning about immediately, and coming back where one of us could have pulled him quickly into our boat, while the other, with the remaining oar, held the sharks at bay, he tried to climb onto the upturned boat.

A dorsal fin cut the water, a long green body rolled beneath the surface, a white belly flashed at the dangling legs—Billson slid back and the waters closed forever over his head.

TO HENRY HUDSON

(For the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, Sept. 29, 1909)

HAIL, Henry Hudson, Dauntless Pioneer,
Explorer and Exemplar, Neptune's Son:
Nor earth, nor sea, could hinder thy career
Designed by God its valiant course to run.

Rigged with capricious crafts, crews insincere,
Informed of naught that modern skill hath done,
Complacently thou wert, by courage clear,
Kept compassed for the havens to be won.

"Hopewell," "Discoverer," "Half-Moon"—the last
Unlocked the horde of riches recked the best,
Dutch, English, Indian, looked at thee aghast,—
Saw but to praise and profit at thy quest.
Once more she comes in honor bound, but now
No view of thee upon her prancing prow!

—*Oliver Opp Dyke.*

THE NEW PACIFIC STEEL TRAIL

WITHOUT ceremony or ostentation, the sixth transcontinental railroad in the United States has been brought to completion. Each of these great national highways has induced in its wake almost miraculous development and settlement of heretofore wilderness land. The bows of the locomotives plow the plains and push through the mountains, and, like magic, homes, farms, towns and prosperity follow in its foaming wake. The process of distributing the surplus population and immigration from one state to another brings individual opportunities and means prosperous settlements, springing to life wherever the touch of the shining rails is felt.

A trip over the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway, the coast extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road, is an education in the development processes of the nation. This shortest line between Chicago, St. Paul and the Puget Sound has followed out the pioneer policy of this corporation to construct extensions primarily for heavy traffic and to haul it at lowest cost to make good earnings and finally bring along the passenger traffic.

When Alexander Mitchel and S. S. Merrill, the veteran railroad constructors of the Middle West, completed the first line, nineteen miles long, from Milwaukee to Waukesha, and then boldly extended from Milwaukee to the Mississippi River at La Crosse, it was considered as the great achievement of the century in railroading. Such an achievement was then a spectacular event and meant even more than it does today. The Milwaukee is a "Granger Railway" and has always been prominently identified with the transportation of farm products. Many great railroad men of the nation have been trained on this road. The extension was determined upon some years ago by President A. J. Earling; it was not accomplished without overcoming great difficulties, but the quiet, forceful president is a firm believer in the future of the Northwest, and his enthusiasm upheld him in contending with obstacles which might have daunted a less determined man; he has achieved his purpose and ambition.

The great Middle West is gridironed by the trunk lines and branches of this railroad. Extensions were made in Dakota, and after crossing the line at Ortonville, the transits of the surveyors pointed ever westward, directly toward Puget Sound. The Milwaukee Railway has placed Montana on the map as something other than a vast line of mountains, filled with valuable minerals, only to be developed by corporations and at immense cost.

Here and there branch lines reached out and other parts of the country were developed in passing, but the main object was not lost sight of, though for years Aberdeen, in South Dakota, was the terminal point. As the land hunger grew and intensified, the extension went on until the Missouri River was reached. From Chicago to that point, the farm lands of Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin are veined with railways and lateral branches.

At Mobridge, which is a combination of "Mo," for Missouri, and the word "bridge," a two million dollar bridge was built and a double track provided, suggesting preparation for heavy traffic. From here the extension of the road, known as the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound, begins. Cutting across the northwest corner of South Dakota, new towns have been established and new farms opened. Favorable crop conditions for the past few years brought immediate prosperity to new settlers. In the southwest corner of North Dakota is a nest of new towns—Bowman, Lemmon, Hettinger, Reader, Griffin, Haynes, Scranton, Marmarth—suggesting the capacity of the people for discovering other names than those of the old homes "back East," which have hitherto invariably been the godparents of the new settlements. The West has made a science of town-building, and an interesting feature of this new transcontinental railroad is the construction of new towns in great agricultural centres. The experience of other railways has been carefully studied by these officials, and many disadvantages and hazards of older methods have been thus eliminated.

* * *

Crossing the state line at Montline, the train enters Montana, the coming empire state of the West. Before this road was built, there was little to call attention to the great resources of Montana, which may truly be called the strategical point of the latest operations of the Milwaukee & Puget Sound extension. The engineers in securing low grades kept in mind President Earling's idea of suiting the line for heavy traffic and handling it at the lowest possible cost.

History has revealed that where the railroads go the people follow. Newspapers and magazines in the older countries have been keenly interested in the impetus given to Western land development through the completion of this extension. The total trackage of the Milwaukee system at this time is more than 9,000 miles, a monster web of steel rails, collecting all possible traffic. The construction of this line required the excavation of over 60,000,000 cubic yards of earth, one-fourth of that moved in digging the Panama Canal, and the making of twenty miles of bridges and over three hundred and sixty yards of tunnels; the grades are less by 1.7 than any other Pacific Coast line.

During the Golden West Exposition at Earls Court, London, the largest railroad map ever made was exhibited by the Milwaukee road, showing their extensions; it was in charge of Mr. C. C. Morrison, who by means of that giant map gave the English people a clear conception of the Western states of America and their possibilities of development. Already over twenty-five million dollars have been expended by the government in creating great reservoirs for irrigation, which not only develop large areas of new land, but give to these former deserts a productiveness far exceeding that of lands watered by rainfall. With the Government in charge of the water rights and fees, the profits of irrigated lands have been both enhanced and made secure. Thousands of farmers in Europe and America find in the golden fields of the Western states a theme of absorbing interest, and Mr. Morrison receives many letters from young men and women in England, Wales and Scotland, stating positively the time when they will seek new homes in the West, having been impelled to take this action by information obtained at the Golden West Exposition. The people whom the West most require are those whom the congested older countries can spare. Perhaps nothing so impressed the home-seekers as the tiny spot, in one corner of that huge map, showing the area of all England compared with tracts available for settlement in the new country, where "there's bread and work for all."

Millions of acres of government land in Montana are still free for settlement under the Mondell Act, and many of these sections are tributary to the new railroad. In three months of last year over 3,000 homesteads were entered. Under the Mondell Homestead Law, 320 acres can be secured as homestead by each individual, in certain parts of Montana, instead of 160. This is because dry farming makes it necessary to let the land lie fallow for a year, and for this reason double the amount is given. The Standing Rock and Cheyenne River Indian reservations have very recently been opened, and it is now expected that over 100,000 people will register for the 10,000 farms of 160 acres each open to entry.

The headquarters of the land and townsite department are located at Miles City, in charge of John Q. Adams, who hails from Vermont and is a descendant of two presidents. Mr. Adams is very enthusiastic over the work he has in hand. A picturesque figure in his big sombrero hat, he appears to be a perfect fountain of knowledge regarding every section of Montana. He has witnessed gigantic developments along the new railroad, that have surpassed those of almost every other transcontinental line.

When I met him he had just returned from

1—Wheat fields in Judith Basin

2—Wheat and flax field

3—Corn near Ryegate, Montana

a trip over the line, having gone some distance to look after certain experiments being made with "dry farming," whereby a great, barren acreage, hitherto considered valueless, has been rendered profitable by means of the "earth blanket" plan. The crops produced in this way have indeed been marvelous examples of wheat-growing.

Montana has the distinction of producing more wheat per acre than any other state in the Union. At the Forsyth experimental farm a field of Turkey Red wheat yielded fifty-eight bushels to the acre. The average yield of wheat on Montana farms, for a period ranging over nine years, was 26.6 bushels per acre, against a general average of the United States for the same period of 13.8, giving the value per acre and the average value of the crops as $19.61 per acre, against $8.91 for Iowa and $7.69 for Nebraska. The large home market in Montana, insured by lumbering and mining operations, has had much to do with enhancing the value of farm products of the state.

The popular fallacy that mountains and mines, cowboys and Indians comprise all of Montana is rapidly being disproved. Settlers and investors know that it is only a question of a few years when this great area must immensely increase its value. Realizing that the total population of this state is now only 400,000,they understand what the third largest state in the Union has to offer in the way of future development. Under the homestead law this vast tract of 146,000 square miles has been rapidly striding toward settlement during the past two years, for the construction of the new railroad has revealed the fact that Montana has material for fine homes and profitable development that could easily support 5,000,000 people. Today immigration, settlement and development are each being systematically carried on as a complete science in themselves. It was never more clearly understood than now that the interests of great railroad corporations and of the people are identical.

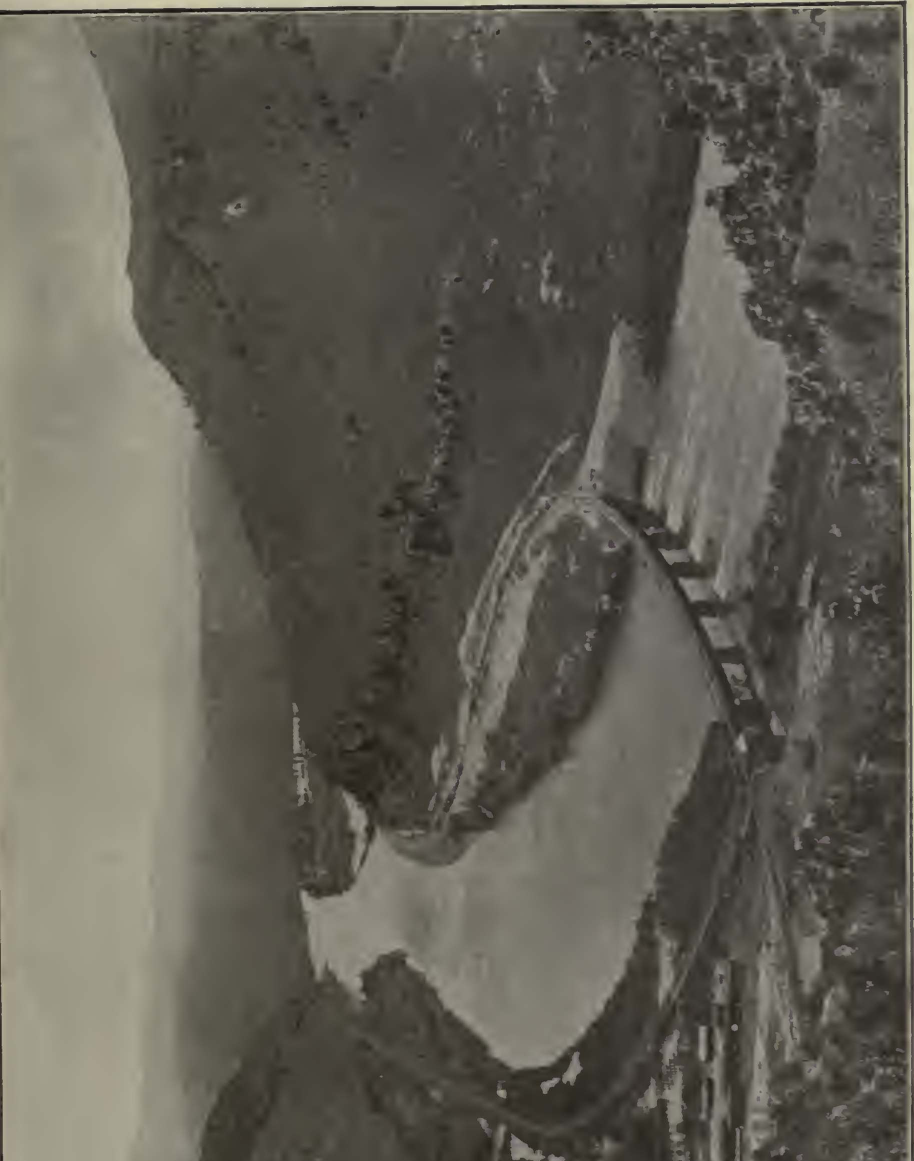
On the train I met George M. Bailey of Philadelphia, an investor of Eastern capital, who was buying a choice corner lot in all the new towns along the line, knowing that a large proportion of these are bound to develop quickly. He announced that he was "getting in on the ground floor," and proceeded to expound the advantages of railroad building: "It is more than an economic or commercial enterprise—it is the ultimate remedy for racial and national prejudices; railroads eliminate the possibilities of war between great peoples, and provide opportunities for the needy and self-reliant to make their way in life. I have traveled over other lines and noted the development they brought with them, and I have no doubt as to the future history of Montana—success is as inevitable as the laws of gravitation."

At Ryegate, Montana, I met a bright and most interesting young man by the name of Wheelock. He came out of Cornell University fifteen years ago with nothing but his sheepskin, and for the first years afterward was a clerk in Chicago. Then he got "a hunch" to go to Montana, and you could not drag him away from there with a traction engine now. His last purchase was a matter of 26,000 acres in the fertile Musselshell Valley, which he divides into small farms.

* * *

All over the map of Montana are clusters of valleys, like red grapes on the vine, wide areas of valuable arable land, larger than are available in Pennsylvania, New York and New England combined. Over one-half of the direct line of the Pacific Coast extension, from the Missouri River to the coast line, lies through the state; over seven hundred and fifty miles of the iron rails traverse the very heart of these fertile valleys, opening land in the Yellowstone, Musselshell, Judith Basin, Smith River, Shields River, Gallatin, Madison, Willow Creek, Jefferson, Big Hole, Ruby, Deer Lodge, Bitter Root and Missoula valleys; some of these tracts are not directly entered by the line, but it passes near enough to make transportation a very simple matter for the farmers.

In the Judith Basin a branch road passes from Harlowton, touches at Moore and continues to Lewiston; this short line was completed a few years ago by Henry D. Moore of Philadelphia, and now forms one of the most profitable feeders of the new extension road. In 1909 three million bushels of wheat were produced in this fertile valley, and over one hundred thousand acres of new land were put under the plough. The diversified farming here includes large dairy interests and stock-raising, and the development of the wool industry brings in over a million dollars each year. With wheat yielding forty bushels to



MISSOURI RIVER BRIDGE AT LOMBARD, MONTANA the acre, it is not surprising that the farmers are ready to hurrah for Montana any hour out of the twenty-four. Settlers are largely from the Middle West and Eastern states.

Farms in this very productive section sell for from twenty-five dollars to fifty dollars per acre, but cheaper land may be obtained farther from the markets, or not directly on the railroad. Good schools, homes and churches are the first considerations, for everywhere people possessing houses and land are regarded as the state's richest asset. A sane statesman remarked that "God is making more people every day, but He is not making more land," and this slogan is creating an earnest desire among American citizens to own land. The United States has awakened to the fact that the tillers of the soil are the primary source of prosperity, and much is being done to aid homebuilders.

* * *

At Three Forks, Roundup, Ryegate, Martinsdale, Summit, Lombard and other towns along the route are evidences of the rapid construction of the railway, which proceeded at the rate of four miles a day, even when pushed through this comparatively rugged country. The scenery along the line gives no fair idea of the great fertility of the country, because the shining rails usually follow the course of the rivers at water grade, and often do not afford even a glimpse of the rich agricultural tracts on the bench land above and away from the railroad.

The extension touches the Northern Pacific at Lombard, having eliminated the curve made by that road from Livingston. The route passing up the Jefferson River, with the Northern Pacific on one side of the stream and the Milwaukee on the opposite bank, and great mountains towering on both sides, affords a picturesque panorama. In one place, in their close chase for traffic, the roads interchange sides of the river, as though exchanging the courtesies of location. In this curious intermountain drama, the Northern Pacific trains at one point head in one direction toward Seattle, while the Milwaukee trains travel in the opposite way, seeking Seattle.

Between Harlowton and Three Forks, the road passes through the very picturesque Montana Canyon, known in old days as Sixteen Mile Canyon. This is the pass of the old Montana Railroad, which followed the water grade; but the new line makes its gradual ascent, leaving the little old "streak of rust" on the bottom of the canyon to follow the walls of the ravine, while it negotiates a shorter passage through them. The Continental Divide, the Bitter Root and the Cascade Mountains, are also among the interesting bits of scenery of this route. In these ranges are the immense timber reserves of which the nation is justly proud.

A great deal of government homestead land has been filed upon along this road, and facts are being furnished to prospective settlers in unique form by this railroad; the folders look like legal documents in which questions and answers are duly recorded. Each section has been thoroughly studied, and details are published as freely and fully as anyone could desire. Besides wool and copper, this intermountain empire includes in its resources agricultural areas rivalling the prairie states in extent, and rich in fruit orchards. The large coal resources are yet hardly known, and there are immense forests of standing timber, all valuable as lumber, that would startle even a conservative crank.

On the train were a number of young men from the Middle West who had opened up fruit farms. It was a revelation to hear them discussing their work—the nature of the trees, the right environment for each species, what trees should be planted on a north slope to secure quick sun or what fruits required slower growth; climate and horticulture were discussed in terms as obscure to me as Sanskrit. They knew why bees should be kept in orchards, what ought to to be done for the roots of various kinds of trees in cases of emergency; when they insisted that Montana orchards furnish the best apples to be found in the country, I could almost see the boughs weighted with fruit that would induce the worst-behaved schoolboy to be good and get an apple.

Passing through Montana the Milwaukee parallels the Northern Pacific Railway for many miles, and the great tunnels' entrances, side by side, stand out like a pair of eyes in the crouching mountain. All along the road vast timber areas are opened, and the new telegraph poles stand trim as a row of poplars, with widespreading antlers a yard away from the wires, giving room for the wires to multiply. A trip in this section might relieve the distress of mind of some radical, theoretical conservationists, who believe that the

United States has no trees left. Vast tracts of timber here must be moved if the country is to be developed into a productive area for increasing population. Unlike some of the first transcontinental lines, the Milwaukee neither asked nor secured a government land grant; on the contrary, they have bought large areas of timber along their road—a certain and valuable reserve of heavy traffic in years to come.

One of the most picturesque places through which the Milwaukee extension runs is the St. Joe Valley in Idaho; it crosses the narrow Panhandle Neck of the state to Saint Maries, passing close to the Coeur D'Alene and entering Washington. At Beverly, across the Columbia River, the railroad has erected another giant bridge, and here a line to Spokane will be built next year. The stretch of land, remembered on former journeys as dry sage brush, now glows with yellow wheat ready for harvesting, and promising thirty to forty bushels to the acre; here some future American artist, another Millet, will do for the United States what he has done for France, and show to his nation the beauty of the common things of life, the rich contrast in the deep black of the soil and the mellow gold of the wheat, against the outline of the billowy hills of this new land. Passing from Lind to Ellensburg, the road again cuts off the curve of the Northern Pacific to Pasco. Entering Renton Junction, the two forks of the terminal lines go one to Seattle and the other to Tacoma.

The heart of the state of Washington traffic is reached by the Milwaukee, tapping rich lands all along the route, as in the Kittitas and other valleys and foothills, where new records in fruit production have been made, and cultivators eagerly tell of what their peach and apple trees have done, as in other sections farmers relate the achievements of a favorite horse or cow. Here the orchardist who owns bearing trees is regarded as the possessor of a fixed income. Certainly apples selling at one dollar a box, and the Ben Davis variety for two dollars a box, suggests a plethoric purse. One man has a verified account of six thousand dollars realized from Wine Sap apples on four acres, and other fruit farmers tell of a thousand dollars an acre returned on peach and pear trees. This looks good on paper, but it means assiduous care from the grower and defraying a heavy, fixed charge for irrigation. One farmer remarked that if he could have, once in three years, such crops as he had gathered this year, he could count on a snug income for the rest of his life.

It is proposed to construct branch lines of the Milwaukee to tap the famous Yakima Valley, the Kennewick country and the Walla-Walla district and Snake Valley, and thus open up these sections. The mooted question as to whether fruit raised by irrigation is better than that raised by rainfall is still unsettled. At Hood River the fruit is raised by rainfall; at Wenatchee it is raised by irrigation—it would be difficult to decide between the two as to quality, but the comforting fact remains that, whatever process is pursued, the successful orchard is a sure source of income. The light-colored soil, "volcanic ash," where the water supply is assured is quite as fertile as the black loam of the Mississippi Valley; the great factors in fruit production are water and sunlight, and both are to be had here now. It seems that even sunlight can be regulated, and it was instructive to hear farmers tell of planting peach trees where the fruit would get the proper "blush." Economic and scientific farming prevail here, and growers secure and utilize information from the Agricultural Department at Washington, acknowledging it as one of the chief factors in the agrarian development of the new lands.

While the fruit and wheat traffic is being rapidly developed, the railroads have a sure source of income in the lumber. When the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railroad was in course of construction, Mr. William Rockefeller was shown during a cruise in the woods a tree six feet in diameter which contained lumber on which the freight alone would amount to a revenue of $325 to the Missouri punts. Montana, Washington and Oregon have millions of such trees, in which at the present day lie the reason for the warfare and duel among the railroads for the traffic of the great Pacific Northwest.

Fast freight across the continent is doing wonders. A car of automobiles was brought from Hartford, Connecticut, to the coast in eleven days over the Milwaukee road—a car of paper rolled in from Rumford Falls in thirteen days. In the dispatch of transcontinental traffic the railroads are preparing to meet the freight situation of the future as they met the interstate canals, which they paralleled with rails to secure traffic.

* * *

The crowning glory of the new transcontinental line is in the great terminal facilities at Tacoma. Here the vast tide-water flats of Commencement Bay stretch out, three miles wide and four miles long. The flats have been filled in as excavations were made for the great slips. There is a larger area for Pacific Coast terminal facilities in this one place than all the ground covered by Chicago terminals. There was no delay in getting the new order of traffic started. An elevator was completed; on the same day a steamer of the Blue Funnel Line arrived from Japan and grain shipments commenced.

The mills along the water front, at the foot of the bluffs, are reached by a car ferry, and in this way the traffic is quickly handled. The Northern Pacific had the right of way around the great hills, and it was thought that this privilege effectively bottled up the traffic of these industries, but someone discovered that, in the original plan of Tacoma, Front Street reached out into the water in front of these mills. A right of way was secured by the Milwaukee road over this submerged street, covered by water when the tide is high. A trestle belt-line was constructed to the front doors of nearly all flour and lumber mills of Tacoma and so the difficulty was met.

A jolly crowd assembled on the car ferry when the first trip was made from the Tacoma terminals across the bay. Eleven cars and an oil-burning locomotive were put aboard, and without so much as the creaking of a bolt the traffic of Tacoma was linked to the new transcontinental line. Eight carloads were taken back the first day, and the conquest of the Puget Sound traffic was completed by the Milwaukee extension road.

The car ferry also runs from Seattle to Ballard, and when I was there General Manager Goodnow was busy making up initial time tables, insisting that this was the only instance on record where the railroad comes directly under the control of the Creator; here the tide rises and falls nineteen feet and has to be carefully considered in making up schedules to and from the car float.

One of the most significant features of the completion of the road is the inauguration of the new Tacoma-Oriental service of the Osaka Shosen Kaisha or the Blue Funnel Japanese route in connection with the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway. The first boat arrived in port August 1, 1909, having crossed the Pacific from Yokohama ahead of her schedule time. The cargo included a shipment of silk valued at one-third of a million dollars, besides a large consignment of tea.

The day I was there the Blue Funnel steamer was lying placidly at the wharf, taking on cargo for the Orient. This is one of the most important new trans-Pacific steamship lines connecting Seattle and Tacoma with the Orient.

The line includes six new steamers of twelve thousand tons, fifteen knots speed, establishing a four-weekly regular service carrying mails. They have carried freight for the Philippine Islands, Siberia, Korea, East Indian ports and to Vladivostock. The company has a fleet altogether of 117 vessels and the six new boats are as follows: the "Tacoma Maru," "Seattle Maru," "Chicago Maru," "Panama Maru," "Mexico Maru," "Canada Maru."

No one can estimate the great proportions of the trade which is sure to follow in the wake of this important Oriental connection of the new Milwaukee road.

A great benefit has been conferred on the nation by this new transcontinental railroad, which was scarcely announced as a project to the public before it became a completed fact—a well-equipped railway in operation, covering thousands of miles in its transcontinental extensions, making possible myriads of new homes and opening still wider the great flood-gate of Opportunity that has long been the glory of the Republic.

COMMON SENSE—JUST COMMON SENSE

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

FRESH from a visit to the home village, and at the suggestion of my farmer friends there, I stopped off at Buffalo to see where they "traded." All my descriptions of the wonders of travel and tales of foreign countries had been listened to with marked attention, but when I paused, came the query from a boyhood friend—

"Ever been to Larkin's?"

"Say," continued another, "I'd like to see their place—my wife's done business with Larkin folks for a good many years and found 'em mighty square people to trade with."

"What kind o' folks are Larkin's, anyhow?" queried a third, while a fourth submitted:

"That firm are hustlers. I've been comparing their goods and prices, and my family save a lot of good money every year trading with them."

* * *

Not far from the Buffalo Union Station are the immense factory buildings of this well-known concern. They are nearly a quarter of a mile in length, the great roofs surrounded by the impressive sign indicating The Larkin Idea, "From Factory to Family," words which epitomize an almost revolutionary idea in retail business. Every article is manufactured with an idea of exclusive co-operation with the consumer.

The central court, Larkin Administration Building

In the showroom where the Buffalo business is handled practically everything needed in the line of furnishings for the home and in wearing apparel is displayed. One recognizes amid an ocean of commodities, desks, lamps, chairs, ornaments, silverware and bric-a-brac of every description and those indescribable and almost numberless articles of personal use and adornment that delight the heart of women.

The proceedings of the Larkin clubs always furnish a fine idea of what can be achieved by co-operation, and their members are of great interest, especially if one has just met a friend who "belongs," and is triumphant over a new suit obtained as a premium. Even an inexperienced eye could see the garments were of fine quality, yet she said she "paid nothing for it," but had merely joined with nine other ladies in purchasing every month, a dollar's worth of household supplies, which had brought to each member of the club, a premium worth $10 once in every ten months. "Like a second Christmas gift each year," said my friend.

Today this evolutionary movement includes over three hundred articles for the household. The business started with the sale of soap, and everybody is eager to visit that department and look upon the great soap kettles, two of which are the largest in the world. Each forty-foot vat has a capacity of fifty carloads of soap, a quantity which requires about one week to make.

The manufacture of soap is intensely interesting at every stage. From the kettle the laundry soap is pumped into the "crutchers," in which it is thoroughly mixed by a revolving screw; afterwards it runs into iron boxes on wheels, in which it cools and solidifies into 1,200 pound blocks. The blocks are cut by fine piano wires into slabs which are cut into blocks. Pressing machines shape the blocks into bars, which are subjected to a drying process when they are ready to be packed for shipment.

Group of clerks, Larkin Administration Building

Toilet soap enters great drying machines in a paste form and comes out like Saratoga chips. These go through milling machines, which suggest a grist mill with their great whirling stones; they incorporate the perfume thoroughly and give the soap smooth texture. The soap ribbons pass from the mills to "plodding machines," from which they emerge in the shape of a bar. The bar is cut by piano wire and the sections pressed into dainty forms for toilet use.

In the department of food products everything suggested the activity of an immense, well-regulated kitchen. The battery of coffee roasters, the largest used by any firm selling to the consumer, send forth a giant wave of appetizing aroma, in proportion to their size.

The mode of preparing baking powder was a marvelous example of automatic manufacture, the mixtures being completed and the cans filled, covered and labelled by machinery, without being touched by the human hand.

There were the spices—enough, methought, to supply the nation; and vanilla beans from Mexico and from the Isle of Bourbon.

In the Research Laboratory one could spend days with interest and profit. Here everything that skill and science can devise is brought into use to test the product or premium and improve it.

Before being placed on sale, all preparations are thoroughly tested, not only in the chemical laboratories, but in a kitchen provided for this express purpose. Pantry supplies, such as baking powder and condiments, are carefully experimented with before they reach the hand of the housewife, and com-

Packing Larkin toilet soap

plete satisfaction is assured in every instance.

Forty thousand guests from other cities made the tour of the factories last year, each visitor being impressed with the result of the Larkin Idea of co-operation. Every part of the factories has an interest of its own; the exquisite scents, as we approached the perfumery department, conjured up visions of "Araby the blest," and of the Eastern "myrrh, aloes and cassia."

In a fire-proof vault is stored $250,000 worth of essential oils, etc. One circular canteen of attar of roses twelve inches in diameter cost over $1,200. There were horns of awfully smelling Arabian civet which could hardly be thought of as an ingredient of the most delicate perfume; musk from China, rose geranium from Algeria, and attar of roses extracted from millions of Bulgarian rose blossoms. In the French rose essence the odor of three thousand pounds of rose petals is contained in a single pound, like a giant genius imprisoned in a small bottle.

Cutting "Larkin Sweet Home" Soap

Then there were the immense stocks of premiums. Over 1,600 different articles are on the list, which includes furniture, rugs, wearing apparel, wagons, sleds, crockery, refrigerators, heaters, ranges, washing machines, practically everything needed for clothing the person or outfitting the home, all given as premiums with the Larkin products, whose value is unquestioned.

TOILET
PREPARATIONS
DEPT

Packing Larkin toilet preparations

The Administration building, across the street from the factories, is the home of the executive force. Dignified and stately in appearance, ventilated perfectly by up-to-date sanitary science, supplied with filtered air heated in winter and cooled in summer, it is the most perfect office building I have seen. It is the home of the executive force of the Larkin Co., 1,200 strong, with accommodation for 1,800. This twentieth century building is original and unique in design, and is the fitting headquarters of an Idea that evokes thousands of individual communications every hour of the day.

Around the great skylighted central court on the first floor of the interior, the national character of the Larkin enterprise is indicated. On the various floors are located the groups devoted to the handling of orders and correspondence coming from all the various states and territories.

The furnishing was remarkable—plain, solid, comfortable; the desks were all of steel with seats which swung underneath, leaving no flat surfaces for the accumulation of dust nor chairs to worry the janitor. The employes' restaurant is on the fifth floor. It is a model of neatness and greatly appreciated by them.

It was fascinating to watch the mail as it was opened swiftly and see the letters distributed to the various departments.

The busy hum of the typewriters in the transcribing department brought to mind the great host of customers who were receiving prompt and kindly answers. The letters are dictated into phonographs, and the typewriters go at racehorse speed, and cylinder after cylinder is used and laid aside as the letters are transcribed.

The Larkin Co's. method of selling by mail brings customers into close touch with the very producers of the goods—the factory itself. More and more is shopping by mail becoming popular, for the simple reason that it is a mode of buying, as Mr. Larkin says, that is truly "common sense"—saves time, worry and money.

For $10.00 expended with the Larkin Co. today, $20.00 worth of goods can be obtained as compared with the amount purchased for the same sum in the ordinary course of retail business. The expenses, profits and losses of the wholesaler, jobber and retailer are directly saved and given to the customer in the form of a Premium or extra Products.

This vast organization has been gradually evolved to meet the wants of family trade, and is a great machine now placed at their disposal, distributing to every American citizen on equal terms the same quality of goods at the same price. While talking with the president, Mr. John D. Larkin, I asked for the keynote, the inspiration that had brought such success. Mr. Larkin briefly and modestly replied,

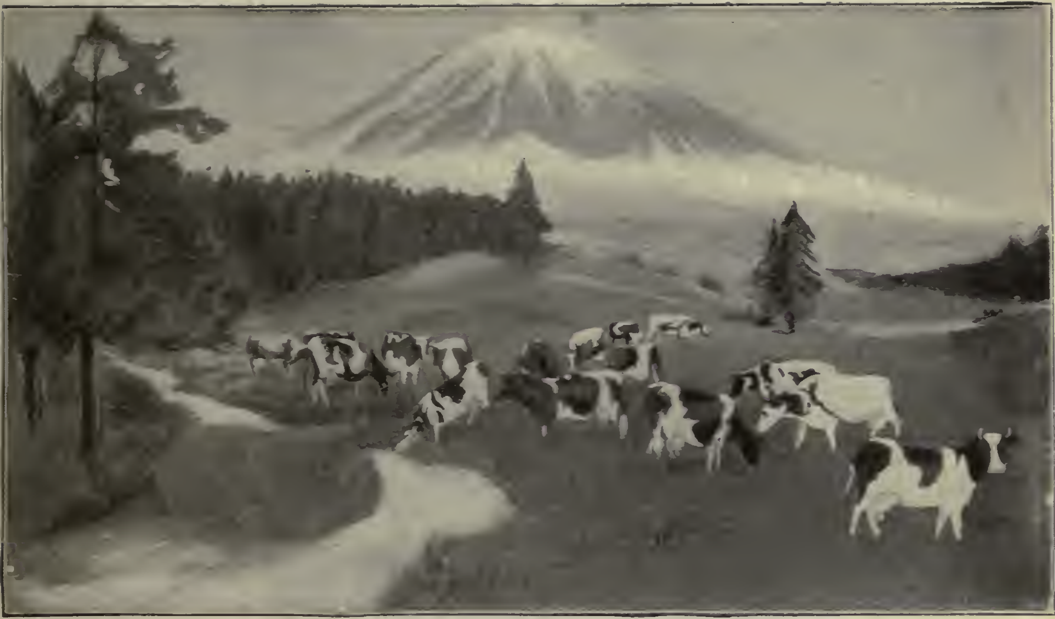
Labelling Larkin baking powder

"Common sense—just common sense."

Standing for a few minutes to watch masses of letters handled with the precision and accuracy of military drill, I felt that I had gone on a long and delightful journey on that great wave of correspondence, which, as it breaks in a white foam of envelopes and paper on the neat Larkin desks, echoes the motto of the firm,

"Common sense—just plain common sense."

The Larkin factories, Buffalo, New York; over fifty acres of floor-space



MILK FROM THE MOUNTAINS

By FLYNN WAYNE

EMBLAZONED on the billboards of the country for some months past is a poster that has created widespread interest in the all-important milk problem. It represents a scene in the Cascade mountains, with a herd of Holstein cows placidly grazing on the grassy slopes of the Evergreen State. Snow-capped mountains tower in the distance, lending enchantment to the pastoral view, which produces dreamy and pleasant reflection. The suggestion of Alpine America at once creates a thirst for the refreshing primal beverage which Switzerland has made famous. The painting of pastoral nature awakens popular interest, and this poster became the overture of an important educational campaign on the milk question.

Years ago a young merchant in Seattle realized that a demand for unsweetened condensed milk was coming. He also appreciated the fact, in the opening of Alaska and the great frontier Northwest, that no question was of more paramount importance than milk. First came the question of a name, and it seemed fitting that the favorite flower of President McKinley—a symbol of purity and quality—should be chosen. "Carnation Milk" is today a household word from coast to coast, and in many far-off lands the milk from the mountains of the North Pacific Coast is demanded with the carnation label. The miners and pioneers were supplied by him with a condensed milk made from the product of the cows which grazed on the green slopes of the mountains all the year 'round. Once accustomed to this milk, they preferred to use it on their return home 'midst the very scenes where the cows grazed, because of its uniform purity and palatableness.

It seems strange that in all these years the old-time Swiss manufacturers never realized the importance of exploiting the purity and superiority of mountain milk until after it was emphasized in the exploitation of Carnation Milk. Following the lead of the makers of Carnation Milk—who were the first to utilize this impressive idea—they are explaining that their product has in it all the purity of the air of high altitude, while suggesting the charm of mountain scenery—the Swiss chalets perched high above the mountain torrents and behind it all the glory of the sunset and sunrise, reflected in snowy peaks and wide-stretching glaciers.

No boy was ever more delighted in his realization of the actual production of "deeds of daring" emblazoned on the circus poster than was I in looking upon one of the original factories located at Kent, Washington, midway between Tacoma and Seattle, where Carnation Milk was first produced. Several transcontinental railroads thread this picturesque valley, but it is the swift-flying Interurban cars that carry most of the people to Kent. Every half hour or oftener the Holstein herds look up from grazing as the trains pass, and the great snow-capped mountain in the distance crystallized a realization of the alluring background portrayed in the posters—a scene of picturesque pastoral beauty.

E. A. STUART
President of the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company

A large, square, white building surrounded with every evidence of thrift and cleanliness is where this mountain milk is shipped or brought in by the farmers from miles around. A number of Alpine cottages on the crest of the hill further emphasizes the resemblance to Switzerland. Nearly all of the milk in this district is utilized at the Carnation factories. Into the great evaporators it pours; after having most of the water exhausted, a sip of the concentrated milk still leaves the fresh flavor of mountain dairies. By the scientific heating and vacuum treatment in the cans the milk comes out with the consistency of rich cream while retaining the fresh milk flavor. It is even improved by the process.

In the coffee that was served, the milk seemed to give a bouquet that recalled to mind the rich scent of clover. An army of girls in neat caps and frocks and gloved in pure white were deftly sealing the cans, which, dozens at a time, had been filled by machinery from the streams pumped from the tanks. The milk is not "handled" in any way after it leaves the farmers' cans, but is at once thoroughly Pasteurized, and every lot carefully tested before being labeled with blazing carnations; it appeared indeed like a veritable flower garden abloom.

* *

You who have really milked a cow in the dewy morn will appreciate what it means to actually preserve, without artificial means, the foaming richness and freshness of the milk you sent splashing into the pail, with a soft-voiced "So Boss" now and then, when the pestiferous flies bit hard enough to provoke the gentle creature.

Few people realize that milk is one of the greatest food products known in concrete value of dollars and cents. More money is spent for milk than for sugar, and it is the first food required by the human race and the animal kingdom; it is therefore altogether the most important for the preservation of the race. The larger cities find in the delivery of pure, wholesome milk their most vexing problem; and here comes a simple solution, extending the parcel idea in this package age.

By diluting Carnation Milk with two parts water, you have a product obtained from one ten-cent can equaling three pints of good milk, and it keeps better, tastes better, and is more wholesome for general household purposes and especially for babies, than the average milk delivered at our doors in early morning.

In the handsome Philippine mahogany booth at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition the young ladies were demonstrating how Carnation Milk can be used to advantage in all cooking—custards, soups, cakes, biscuits—and even the "proof of the pudding" was right there in the eating thereof. "Carnation Milk Recipes" seem to include everything known to modern cookery. The chocolate and tea; cookies and all sorts of pastry; peas and all vegetables, seemed to respond to that subtle tastefulness desired by the cook with "plenty of milk to use." Every can opened has a rich flavor that bears no suggestion of a canned product.

There are now six factories located in Washington and Oregon, where the best supply of mountain milk can be secured. The wonderful growth of this industry in ten years tells the story of the public appreciation of Carnation Milk. Mr. E. A. Stuart, the president of the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company, has his headquarters at Seattle, but keeps in close personal touch with the work at the factories. His first idea is quality, and to educate the people to the "Modern Milkman" idea—the use of pure, sterilized, evaporated milk. He has made a study of the question in all its phases, and believes the time is coming when the largest proportion of the milk consumed will be condensed, sterilized and sold in packages.

The first great market opened was at San Francisco, and now the fame and merit of Carnation Milk has spread eastward from coast to coast, and even conservative Boston has fallen under the spell of these posters proclaiming the merits of evaporated milk from the slopes of the Cascades.

* * *

When mention was made in Holy Writ of "a land that flowed with milk and honey," a picture of the promised land was revealed. Here on the Pacific Coast is a land from which is actually flowing the milk used by nations in all parts of the world—including fair Canaan in far-off Palestine. In the wizard boxes of commerce, the milk of the Pacific Coast virtually flows to all points of the compass, making it possible to have cream puffs, fudge and whipped cream in far-off Alaska, and ice cream of rich flavor under tropical suns. Condensed milk is indeed a vital leaven in the food supply of today, and the Modern Milkman with his Carnation badge is bringing to homes in all quarters of the globe a pure, sterilized milk direct from cows grazing upon the grassy slopes which never lose their garb of green, summer or winter; supplying a grade of milk produced in a climate neither hot nor cold, but tempered in Nature's ideal dairy zone for the perfect preservation of milk.

Regarding the pasteurization of milk, Mr. Nathan Straus, who has done so much toward the prevention of tuberculosis and other infectious diseases, recently said: "We are now in an era of the prevention of disease. The doctors are doing their part in treating sickness, but the help of the press and the pulpit is needed to bring about more effective methods of prevention."

Dairy and milk inspection has done much to make more wholesome the milk distributed directly by producers, but it is practically impossible for any commission to insure pure milk when cows are kept in old-fashioned, unsanitary stables, and the dairymen are not educated up to the ethics of cleanliness in such matters.

It may be that the demand for Carnation Milk from the rich pasture lands and the evaporating plants of the West may finally supersede the questionable products of other sections or force upon the producers the importance of purity, as no board of inspection has yet been able to do.

The Carnation trade-mark means more to those who have looked upon those charming scenes of the Pacific Northwest than ever before, and the distinction of having a milkman from the Pacific Northwest, serving his customers day by day in towns on the Atlantic, the Gulf and the Great Lakes, is one of those miracles of modern trade expansion and development in utilizing the resources of the nation.

Here's long life and many happy days to the Modern Milkman who strides the country in seven-league boots and proudly wears his badge of crimson bloom while supplying the demand for Carnation Milk!

WILLIAM HODGE
Who, as Daniel Vorhees Pike in "The Man From Home," was the most popular play actor on Broadway for the past season

"THE LINCOLN OF THE STAGE"

Will Hodge, "The Man from Home"

WHEN the play "Sag Harbor" was performed some years ago, a minor character, named Whitmarsh, who was the village painter, stood out boldly in the production if not in the cast. The strength of that delineation was impressive and satisfying. Whitmarsh constantly got people into trouble and was not a lovable character, but the actor who interpreted the part furnished a rendition of character that was one of the strongest human elements in "Sag Harbor." The quaint naturalness of the painter's drawl, as he made droll remarks or spun local gossip, depicted forcefully an American type familiar to many.

* * *

The late James A. Herne was a genius in casting the characters of a new play; he did not hesitate to engage the young actor who had displayed staying qualities in his varied career of ups and downs in a tour of the West. Provided the young actor could "hold down his end" at rehearsals, he promised to give him the part of Whitmarsh. During these initiatory proceedings nothing was said to young Will Hodge, either pro or con, and he went home feeling the apparent slight, as he thought some interest might be shown, considering that so much depended on his handling his part well at rehearsals. Feeling that his whole future was at stake, and unable to longer bear the strain of suspense, the young man desperately questioned Mr. Herne.

"What do you think of my acting?"

The earnestness expressed in his face at that moment was just right for the part assigned him. Mr. Herne laughed.

"If you keep on just that way you will do."

After that the young actor pursued his purpose with redoubled energy, buying a suit of real painter's working clothes from a man at work on a scaffold, for in a marked degree young Hodge had the sense of realism and proportion, and a talent for artistic creation which impelled him to "dress the part" correctly. He succeeded, and in some measure Whitmarsh forecast Daniel Vorhees Pike by the sheer force of the contrast between the two characters. From that day to this Will Hodge has been a devoted admirer of the late James A. Herne, insisting that he gave him his first start by securing him a part suited to his peculiar talent.

Today, in "The Man from Home," Mr. Hodge is one of the most popular actors in New York; the entire play is permeated with his Americanism; the characters are not overdrawn, and are marked with an exquisite and analytical sense of proportion. Based on heart interest at the outset, it was safe to prophesy for the play a long run.

When Mr. Hodge takes up the study of a new character, he secures a series of photographs, which enable him to see himself as he appears in his part. After he had made this minute study of detail, he decided to make Daniel Vorhees Pike a character who might reasonably run in a matrimonial handicap, rather than an elderly chap who would be incongruous in a pretty love story concluding with the singing of "Sweet Genevieve," echoing through the house as the curtain falls.

Daniel Vorhees Pike walks about the stage in true Yankee style, narrowing his eyes, alert to every move in the rapid march of events and ever ready to protect his ward at all costs against the wiles of foreign fortune hunters. The play is a strong satire on wealthy American girls who, searching for titled husbands, chase foreign scapegraces over land and sea; possibly its lesson may be learned by Americans who tour Europe, inspired by no nobler purpose than the pursuit of a title to be acquired by matrimony. William Hodge, the man, dominates William Hodge, the actor, and in this play he demonstrates American patriotism that stirs to the heart every audience that witnesses his powerful presentation of "The Man from Home."

Continuing through a second year, Mr. Hodge has proved that a play of pure and wholesome heart interest never fails to take hold of the people. He also emphasizes a psychological fact in connection with the theatrical profession—provided that the personality of the actor is indelibly interwoven with the character he represents in a play. Can any one imagine another man than Will Hodge as "The Man From Home"? That no one else can quite catch the peculiar phase of the creative art essential to the perfection of this character was demonstrated in the short engagement following Mr. Hodge's vacation. The results at the box office indicated that the people insisted on having him as "The Man from Home." The old saying of Shakespeare that "the play's the thing" is not credited as it once was, for more and more individual artists are becoming associated with a certain part, weaving into it a portion of themselves until it is impossible to dissociate the man and the character in the play.

"The Man from Home" has had a stronger hold on church-goers than any play staged for years. One often hears the remark from a pillar of the church:

"I've seen Will Hodge in 'The Man from Home' five times, and I'm going again."

This young actor has been said to hold a place on the stage very similar to that filled by the poet Riley in the realms of literature, but even this compliment probably was not as gratifying as the one received from an elderly minister who, calling to pay his respects to Mr. Hodge, said:

"I regard you as the Lincoln of the stage."

Once the comparison between the two men had been mentioned, the similarity of characters was apparent. Mr. Hodge's tall, angular figure and strongly marked, kindly and lovable features impress those who meet him with the idea that he is a man whose great heart beats with love for the "plain people" of his native land. Mr. Hodge has always been a warm admirer of Lincoln and has in his home a rare painting of the emancipator.

* * *

Sitting beside him as he put on his "make-up," I was reminded of the masks worn by the old Grecian players, as I watched Mr. Hodge preparing to meet the glare of the nine hundred electric lights that focus on him when before the public. This glare of light would give an actor a ghastly appearance unless artificial means were used to accentuate the complexion, eyebrows, etc. In making up, Mr. Hodge aims at looking just as he would if talking face to face with his audience as individuals. Carefully watching effects, as he stood amid the five electric lights that surround his mirror, while he arranged his make-up, he remarked:

"No, I never tire of playing the same part night after night, because each audience presents new features to me. It is curious how people laugh at different places in the same play—everything depends on just where a man's tickle spot is. Endless variety can be produced in the lines by inflection and facial expression, and often a new thought is suggested by something in the personality of other actors in the play."

A keen student of his fellowmen, Mr Hodge loves to meet and mingle with people; he finds artistic material in the common incidents of everyday life, and possibly it is this quality, combined with his love for humanity, that has given him so strong a hold on the hearts of his audience.

* * *

Possessed of more than one talent, Mr. Hodge has written several plays which he describes as "lying fallow in the trunk, awaiting their proper time." He has also entered upon other paths in the realm of literature. I cannot resist the temptation to reproduce a few lines written when a rainy day interfered with his enjoyment of a game of golf:

"WHEN THE CLOUDS GET BLACK ALL OVER"

Don't sit down and pout
  When it starts to rain,
Just 'cause you were going out—
  The sun will shine again.

Don't look up and curse the clouds,
  The poor clouds aren't to blame,
For God, He makes the clouds,
  And I guess He makes the rain.

You know it's worth while thinking
  Of all the good the rain will do;
You may not feel like drinking,
  But the birds and flowers do.

Just think of the little clover
  When the sun gets hot and dry;
It just withers and totters over,
  And dies—but can't tell why.

So when the clouds get black all over
  And it starts to rain,
Just think of the birds and flowers
  And the sun will shine again.

* * *

An eminent European critic, seeing Mr. Hodge in "The Man from Home," remarked:

"He is the most distinctive, clear-cut type of American actor I have ever seen; he unconsciously emphasizes national traits."

This opinion did not come as a surprise to those who knew the story of Mr. Hodge's boyhood. Born in Albion, a New York village—with an old grist mill, creek, fishing pond and pastures, and those white-walled, green-blinded cottages, characteristic of an American village—the young actor has never forgotten his boyhood friends, nor lost his love for the sweet wild flowers and the wholesome green fields of his home.

Early influences are very apparent in his novel, "Eighteen Miles from Home," dedicated to the memory of James A. Herne; in these pages are delineations of scenes in his native village, sketched with the strong lines and fine shadings of character that have drawn thousands of people to see "The Man from Home." The delightful little story tells of the actor's own youthful struggles—sufficient to "wet blanket" the ardor of any less enthusiastic youth.

The village boy learned coopering with his good old uncle, but not content with his trade began an artistic career by essaying Shakespearian readings at the home "meetin' house"; he was cheered on his way by a "tomatter" thrown in his face by a cousin, who loved not Shakespeare and was a trifle jealous of Joseph's superior learning. Interwoven with the history of young Joe Beecham's difficult dramatic career is a pretty love story that indicates Mr. Hodge's insight into the emotions of the human heart.

Absurd as are the plights into which his dramatic instincts bring the aspirant for histrionic laurels, the reader's sympathy is always with him, especially when he has prepared the horse trough as the bier of Juliet, has his heroine all ready, himself arrayed as Romeo, and after all his efforts is obliged to give up the performance for lack of two important items—an audience and money to pay beforehand for the hall, his credit being exhausted.

The final chapter leaves the reader in the dark as to the outcome of the young hero's dramatic talent; there is nothing to indicate whether it blazed into a beacon light upon the stage or was smothered ignominiously, but it is clear that Joe attained the desire of his heart in winning the lady of his choice and also in gaining a victory over himself.

* * *

A man of wholesome ideals and with a warm love for his fellows, it was no surprise to find Mr. Hodge, fresh from the footlights, speaking from the pulpit of the Metropolitan Temple, New York, to young men and women who listened eagerly. The famous actor is an ardent supporter of church work carried on practically. His address pleaded for the purity of the American home as a force underlying more apparent factors of development. He paid a splendid tribute to his sister, who had never lost faith in him during the doubtful days when he sought a footing in the theatrical world. When his crowning triumph came in "The Man from Home," his mother, sister and home folks were all present to witness the fruition of his cherished ambitions.

Mr. Hodge rarely speaks without calling up some recollection of his boyhood, and of the simple home in which his family found shelter when fickle fortune compelled them to leave the brick mansion in which Will was born. Kept ever green in memory are visions of that dear old cottage, and of hours spent fishing from the antique bridge, while he indulged in dreams of a time when he should stand before the footlights that the red-headed, freckle-faced boy saw mirrored in those placid waters.

Today in his chosen art Will Hodge moves depths of emotion in strong men and fair women, himself the chief attraction in that splendid theatre, while the audience rejoices with his home folks that it has been given to at least one mortal to reach "the land where dreams come true."

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By—Frederick Hulzmann

THE perfected musical records which are bringing keen enjoyment into homes all over the country are the result of many years of painstaking effort and experiment. Good records have been made better, and wider scope and sweeter tone have been insured by making the records longer.

Ornamentation has no part whatever in the making of records. Lit by a single skylight, the great square room is divided by a partition which separates the musicians from the record-making machinery. No furniture is there save a few wooden benches, several tables on which stand chairs and a mess of knotted rope criss-crossing the ceiling like a last year's clothes line, to which is pinned, not the household linen, but the sheet music for the performers who will presently occupy these elevated seats. Such is the workshop of the Columbia Phonograph Company in New York, where scenic effect and display are ruthlessly sacrificed to acoustics.

Protruding through the partition is a small round horn, and before it are literally piled the musicians, apparently heaped on top of each other regardless of comfort. Every clarinet and horn is focused on one common center. The violins, built especially for this purpose, have entirely lost their identity except for the strings, bridge and bow. The body of the instrument has been done away with and a horn-like device takes its place, by which the tones of the violin can be concentrated into the receiving horn as clearly as those of the wind instruments. On a platform to the right stands the conductor, so close that he could almost touch any one of his many players with his short baton.

Squarely in front of the horn, his face almost encircled by it, stands the singer, coatless, hatless and sometimes collarless. If it is one of the fiery little Italian tenors, an ordinary cracker box is sometimes used to adjust his height. With the band grouped closely about him he stands as one about to meet his doom. The deathliness of the silence—insisted upon that no unmusical sound may spoil the record—is intensified by the sinister black cloth which covers the opening through which the recording horn protrudes. From behind the partition the signal is given, and the singer, standing mute and still, with his eyes rolled up to the conductor's waving baton, is alert and ready to voice his opening bar. Then come the stirring strains of the orchestra accompaniment. The singer breathes deeply, grips his hands with nervous force and sings as he never sang before. Without in any way changing the position of his head and voice, he "makes love to the horn," as the technical term puts it. A false note, a slip in time, a wrong pronunciation and the record is spoiled, and it is necessary to begin all over again.

* * *

THE NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

IN the Columbia list for November are to be found but two Grand Opera records, both made by the great American baritone, David Bispham. These records are listed as Grand Opera records because of the singer and not because of the selections, but a strong bid for popularity lies in their rendition in English. The first, "Mary of Argyle," by Nelson, is an old-time Scotch ballad which has long been a favorite; and Bispham, as a master of interpretation, has made it sweeter than ever. Recognized among record-makers as having a voice that is peculiarly well suited for their purpose, Bispham scores an additional success in "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," an old English love song.

On the other hand we have a touch of Grand Opera in the "Vulcan's Song" from "Philemon and Baucis," by Gounod. This blacksmith's song from Gounod's picturesque opera is of the heroic bass type and is well sung by Frederick Martin in a deep, full voice and with all the heartiness and good cheer that such a song seems to demand. This double-disk record is well balanced by a strong vigorous baritone solo, "The Two Grenadiers," by Schumann, which is sung by Albert Edmund Brown. In the latter part of the song, where one of the soldiers bursts suddenly forth in a fiery declaration of his fidelity, to the air of the Marseillaise, Mr. Brown sings especially well.

Two sentimental songs by Adams, the celebrated English composer, "Nirvana" and "Thora," are exquisitely sung by John Bardsley in a clear, fine tenor voice. Harvey Hindermeyer, another well-known member of the tenor staff of Columbia artists, has made an exceptionally good record of a new love song by Schmid, "The Garden of Roses," one that fairly overflows with tenderness of sentiment. Similar in name, but known as a popular recital number for many years, is "The Rose Fable" by Hawley, which is sung by F. H. Ormsby. These four selections complete the list of tenor solos for the month.

The list of orchestra records includes four new selections played by Prince's Orchestra, all of them grouped on two disks. The "Waltz Militaire" by Waldteufel and "Pas des Echarpes" by Chaminade, contrast the brilliant and vigorous waltz of a martial character with a soothing melody that is frankly Oriental. "Serenade Coquette" by Barthelemy and "Chanson Triste" by Tschaikowsky, is another case of contrasting a vivacious composition with one of more sober vein but of exquisite beauty.

The Columbia list of double-disk records for November includes the following:

A5132	Mary of Argyle (*Nelson*)	David Bispham
	Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes (*Old English Air*)	David Bispham
A5131	Thora (*Stephen Adams*)	John Bardsley
	Nirvana (*Stephen Adams*)	John Bardsley
A741	Honey on Our Honeymoon (*Schwartz*)	Henry Burr
	I've Got Rings on My Fingers (*Scott*)	Ada Jones
A742	Don't Take Me Home (*Von Tilzer*)	Ed Morton
	Beautiful Eyes (*Snyder*)	Ada Jones
A743	The Garden of Roses (*Schmid*)	Harvey Hindermeyer
	Can't You See? (*Gumble*)	Stanley and Stevenson
A744	Moon Bird (*Dempsey and Schmid*)	Stanley and Burr
	Lady Love (*Gumble*)	Columbia Quartette
A745	Run, Brudder Possum, Run (*Johnson*)	Collins and Harlan
	Alexander Jones (*Burt*)	Arthur Collins
A746	Alpine Violets (*Andre*)	Frank Horning, Marshall Lufsky and Paul Surth
	On the High Alps (*Andre*)	Walter Biederman and Hans von Wegern
A747	Long, Long Ago (*T. H. Bayley*)	Metropolitan Trio
	A Rose Fable (*Hawley*)	F. H. Ormsby
A748	Sleep Time, Mah Honey (*Howell*)	Carroll Clark
	Daddy's Piccaninny Boy (*Harry J. Cox*)	Carroll Clark
A749	The Two Grenadiers (*Schumann*)	Albert Edmund Brown
	Philemon and Baucis—Vulcan's Song (*Gounod*)	Frederic Martin
A750	Maria-Luisa (*Ernesto Elorduy*)	Prince's Military Band
	Sphinx Valse (*Francis Popy*)	Prince's Military Band
A751	Cadiz (*Chueca y Valverde*)	Prince's Military Band
	Butterflies—Selections (*J. A. Robertson*)	Royal Regimental Band
A5129	Serenade Coquette (*Barthelemy*)	Prince's Orchestra
	Chanson Triste (*Tschaikowsky*)	Prince's Orchestra
A5130	Waltz Militaire (*Waldteufel*)	Prince's Orchestra
	Pas des Echarpes (Scarf Dance) (*Chaminade*)	Prince's Orchestra

* * *

THE NEW VICTOR RECORDS

THE Victor Company are exceedingly generous this month, not alone in light and breezy selections, but in "Red Seal" records as well. Two Wagner numbers by Madam Gadski, a Tosti ballad by Tetrazzini and Verdi's brilliant polonaise by Blanche Arral, make up a series of soprano solos that will be thoroughly appreciated by music lovers. Two basso records by Herbert Witherspoon, both from Wagner's famous operas of "Parsifal" and "The Meistersinger" and three new tenor records by Slezak complete the vocal list of Grand Opera records.

In "Die Lotusblume," by Schumann, Slezak has toned down his vigorous voice, which is a decided improvement.

Going outside of the "Red Seal" list, we find "Il bacio," by Arditi, sung by Mlle. Korsoff of the Opera Comique, Paris, a record of startling clearness and finished delivery. It is the kind of a record that will be enthusiastically played over and over.

The growing tendency to issue more and more orchestra and string quartette records has followed naturally as a result of the great improvements in record-making, and the Victor has made some notable additions along this line. The famous Symphony Orchestra of Paris gives two selections, the "Prelude" and the "Ballet Music" from Faust, and the Victor String Quartette contributes a dainty little number in "Le Secret d'Amour."

The popular melange for the month is a choice assortment of songs and airs from "The Dollar Princess," which is as tuneful an opera as was "The Prince of Pilsen." Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, has made two new records, one song declaring "I've Got Something in a Bottle," the other, "They Adore Me in My Trousers, But They Love Me in My Kilts." Altogether there are fifty new selections to choose from, with fifteen of these double-faced records. The complete list for October is as follows:

58016	Faust—Prelude (*Gounod*)	L'Orchestre Symphonique, Paris
58015	Faust—Ballet Music—Part I—Valse "Les Nubiennes" (*Gounod*)	L'Orchestre Symphonique, Paris
5744	Forest King March (*Peters*)	Arthur Pryor's Band
5742	Le Secret d'Amour (*Klein*)	Victor String Quartet
5745	I'm Glad I'm a Boy—I'm Glad I'm a Girl (*Bayes—Norworth*)	Duet, Miss Jones and Mr. Murray
58011	Rob Roy MacIntosh (*Comic song*)	Harry Lauder
58017	Foo' the Noo'—"I've something in the bottle"	Harry Lauder
5743	Lonesome (*Meyer*)	Harry MacDonough and Haydn Quartet
52723	Il bacio—Waltz Air, "The Kiss" (*Arditi*)	Mlle. Korsoff
31751	Gems of "The Dollar Princess" (*Ross—Fall*)	Victor Light Opera Company
88185	Die Gotterdammerung—Immolation Scene (*Wagner*)	Johanna Gadski
88186	Siegfried—Deathless Was I (*Wagner*)	Johanna Gadski
92070	Aprile (*Tosti*)	Luisa Tetrazzini
71046	Prelude—Piano record (*Rachmaninoff*)	Wilhelm Backhaus
74146	Lombardi—Polonaise (*Verdi*)	Blanche Arral
74145	Meistersinger—The Scent of Elder Flower (*Wagner*)	Herbert Witherspoon
74144	Parsifal—Good Friday Spell (*Wagner*)	Herbert Witherspoon
61207	Die Lotusblume—"The Lotus Flower" (*Schumann*)	Leo Slezak
61205	Cavalleria Rusticana—Abschied von der Mutter (*Mascagni*)	Leo Slezak
61206	Manon—Traum—The Dream (*Massenet*)	Leo Slezak
16354	(a) Experiences in the Show Business	Charley Case
	(b) Foolish Questions (*Lee—Sloane*)	Billy Murray
16355	(a) Do They Think of Me at Home (*Glover*)	Metropolitan Trio
	(b) White Wings (*Winter*)	Will Oakland
16356	(a) My Pony Boy (*Heath—O'Donnell*)	Ada Jones
	(b) "When I Marry You" Medley	Victor Orchestra
16357	(a) Berlin Echoes—March Two-Step (*Lincke*)	Victor Orchestra
	(b) Chiribiribin Waltz (*Pestalozza*)	Victor Orchestra
16358	(a) Ocean Breezes Waltz (*Herbert*)	Pryor's Band
	(b) Gavotte from Paris and Helena (*Gluck*)	Victor String Quartet
16359	(a) Little Willie (*Hall*)	American Quartet
	(b) Strawberries (*Allen*)	Arthur Collins
16360	(a) Don't Be an Old Maid, Molly	Haydn Quartet
	(b) Red Head (*Franklin—Green*)	Ada Jones
16361	(a) The Vacant Chair (*Root*)	Haydn Quartet
	(b) When You and I Were Young, Maggie (*Butterfield*)	Wheeler—MacDonough
16362	(a) Eternity (*Words by Ellen Gates*)	Whitney Brothers Quartet
	(b) Twenty-third Psalm and Lord's Prayer	Sacred Reading
16363	(a) When I Dream in the Gloaming of You (*Ingraham*)	Walter Van Brunt
	(b) When We Listened to the Chiming of the Old Church Bell (*Roden—Helf*)	Manuel Romain
16365	(a) The Huskin' Bee	Collins and Harlan
	(b) The Hat My Father Wore on St. Patrick's Day (*Jerome—Schwartz*)	Murray and Haydn Quartet
16366	(a) Lady Love	Macdonough and Haydn Quartet
	(b) Dixie Land, I Love You	Billy Murray
35082	(a) Vilia Song (*Lehar*)—From "The Merry Widow"	Elizabeth Wheeler
	(b) Then You'll Remember Me (*Balfe*)—From "Bohemian Girl"	Harry Macdonough
35083	(a) I Long to See the Girl I Left Behind (*Kelly*)	Manuel Romain
	(b) The Blind Gallery Boy (*Macdonough*)	Digby Bell
35084	(a) Spring (*Grieg*)	Victor String Quartet
	(b) Evening Bells—Idyll (*Eilenberg*)	Pryor's Band

* * *

THE NEW EDISON RECORDS

With a full quota of twenty standard and twenty amberol records, the Edison Company have been especially fortunate in their offerings this month. In addition to these forty popular records, they have also issued three Grand Opera records. While the Edison Company have not made a speciality of this kind of music to the extent that other companies have, the results obtained in these records are such as will make them enthusiastically welcomed by the Edison public who want Grand Opera music in their homes.

Another new treat for the Edison public is the introduction of John Philip Sousa and his band, and heading the list for the month is the famous "Stars and Stripes Forever March." With Victor Herbert and Sousa both in the ranks of the record makers, the Edison public are promised a feast of good things from these justly celebrated American composers.

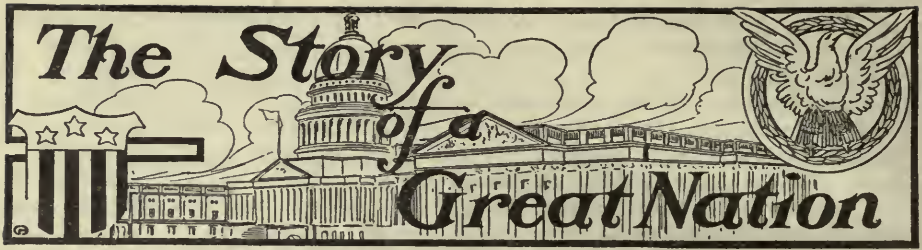
Among the records of the month that will make an especial appeal by reason of musical excellence is a selection by Sarasate, "Gypsy Airs" played by Albert Spalding, the famous boy violinist. In the band records, "Eglantine Caprice," by the United States Marine Band, is of an exceptionally high order. The New York Military Band has made an attractive record known as the "Georgia Barn Dance," together with the "Daughters of America March," which is made up of the different popular National airs.

In orchestra records there is a collection of spirited selections from "Little Nemo," by Victor Herbert and his orchestra, and three new selections by the American Symphony Orchestra. One of these is the "Wedding-Dance Waltz," by Paul Lincke, composer of the "Glow Worm." The others are "La Zingana," a well-known piano piece arranged for orchestra work, and "Ripples," a dainty Spanish serenade which fairly ripples.

In religious and sacred records, Mr. James F. Harrison takes first place again, singing "The Song I Heard One Sunday Morn" with a mixed chorus. In an exquisite baritone voice, he describes the effect that the chanting of "The Palms" in a church had upon a passer-by. Mr. Harrison is a regular singer in one of the large New York churches, and more information concerning his work will soon be published. Other selections of a sacred nature are the old beloved gospel hymns, "Whiter Than Snow" and "Waiting and Watching for Me," sung by Anthony and Harrison.

Of more than ordinary interest is the introduction of an elocutionary record. Mr. Edgar L. Davenport recites the pathetic poem "Lasca," giving a four-minute reading that is highly satisfactory. In sentimental songs, in vaudeville skits, in dialect songs, the selections are wide and varied, with a uniform standard as to clear enunciation and tunefulness. The complete list for the month is as follows:

10237 Powhatan's Daughter March (*Sousa*)........Sousa's Band
10238 Pennyland (*Helf*)............Manuel Romain
10239 She's An Awful Nice Gal (*Meyer*)........Edward Meeker
10240 La Zingana—Dance Hongroise (*Bohm*)........American Symphony Orchestra
10241 I Want Somebody to Play With (*Williams and Van Alstyne*).......Byron G. Harlan
10242 There'll Come a Day (*Snyder*)........Stanley and Gillette
10243 Sadie Salome (*Leslie and Berlin*)........Edward M. Favor
10244 Oakleigh Quickstep (*Oakley*) (*Banjo solo*)........Olly Oakley
10245 We've Been Chums for Fifty Years (*Chattaway*)........Will Oakland
10246 Whiter Than Snow (*Fischer*)........Anthony and Harrison
10247 Arrah, Come in Out of the Rain, Barney McShane (*Helf*)..............Ada Jones
10248 The Coquette (*Sousa*)........United States Marine Band
10249 Oh! Doctor (*Snyder*)........Grace Cameron
10250 Baboon Bungalow (*Jardon*)..Collins and Harlan
10251 It Is Hard to Kiss Your Sweetheart When the Last Kiss Means Good-Bye (*Mills*)........Arthur C. Clough
10252 Ripples—A Serenade (*Brewer*)........American Symphony Orchestra
10253 Uncle Josh at the Opera........Cal Stewart
10254 Zep Green's Airship (*Original*)........Ada Jones and Len Spencer
10255 Dublin Daisies (*Wenrich*).....Peerless Quartette
10256 Daughters of America March (*Lampe*)........New York Military Band
285 Stars and Stripes Forever March (*Sousa*)........Sousa's Band
286 Just Plain Folks (*Stonehill*)........Ada Jones and Chorus
287 Selection from "Little Nemo" (*Herbert*)........Victor Herbert and His Orchestra
288 How She Gets Away With It Is More Than I Can See (*Furth*)..........Grace Cameron
289 Flanagan and Harrigan (*Original*)........Porter and Meeker
290 Gypsy Airs (*Sarasate, op.* 20) (*Violin solo*)........Albert Spalding
291 Grandma's Mustard Plaster...Murry K. Hill
292 Waiting and Watching for Me (*Bliss*)........Anthony and Harrison
293 Eglantine Caprice (*Van Loock*)........United States Marine Band
294 Pansies Mean Thoughts and Thoughts Mean You (*Herbert Spencer*)........Manuel Romain
295 A Thousand Leagues Under the Sea (*Petrie*)........Gus Reed
296 Lasca (*Desprez*)..........Edgar L. Davenport
297 Just Before the Battle, Mother (*Root*)........Will Oakland and Chorus
298 He Leadeth Me (*Bradbury*)........Edison Mixed Quartette
299 Wedding—Dance Waltz (*Lincke*)........American Symphony Orchestra
300 The Song I Heard One Sunday Morn (*Ellison*)...James F. Harrison and Mixed Chorus
301 Run, Brudder Possum, Run! (*Johnson*)........Collins and Harlan
302 Carnival of Venice (*Paganini-Banner*) (*Violin and Guitar*)...Ollivotti Troubadours
303 My Old Kentucky Home (*Foster*)........Knickerbocker Quartette
304 A Georgia Barn Dance (*Mills*)........New York Military Band
5006 Quell' uom dal fiero aspetto,—"Fra Diavolo" (*Auber*)........Maria Avezza and Francesco Daddi
5007 Serenata d'Arlecchino,—"Pagliacci" (*Leoncavallo*)..Maria Avezza and Francesco Daddi
5012 Addio alla madre,—"Cavalleria Rusticana" (*Mascagni*)..............Francesco Daddi


The Story of a Great Nation

COMMERCE AND LABOR

By Hon. OSCAR S. STRAUS

Ex-Secretary, Department of Commerce and Labor

THIS age has been called an era of commercial development and expansion in the United States, as the exceptional advantages afforded by our boundless national resources and intelligent, self-reliant, pushing population afford us, secure to us a relatively greater share of the general prosperity of the world. A large share of responsibility for the continuation and increase of these conditions is assumed by this Department.

The organic act creating the Department of Commerce and Labor was passed on February 14th, 1903, and provided that "It shall be the duty of said Department to develop and promote foreign and domestic commerce, the mining, manufacturing, shipping and fishing industries, the labor interests and the transportation interests of the United States."

No country has a greater number of progressive men of high ability and great experience engaged in its commerce and manufactures than our own, a cogent reason why the Government should avail itself of their invaluable assistance, their wise counsel and systematic co-operation. It is needless to argue that the systematic cooperation of this Department and all commercial bodies will be of the greatest practical advantage in directing its investigations into those channels most desired by the commercial interests. It will also enable the Department to promptly secure and communicate information regarding trade conditions in foreign countries that will prove of increasing value to American manufacturers, exporters and importers.

The Department of Commerce and Labor includes twelve bureaus and divisions: the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization; the Bureau of Corporations; the Bureau of Labor; the Bureau of Statistics; Bureau of the Census; Bureau of Navigation; Bureau of Fisheries and Bureau of Standards.

The Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization has four divisions; first, general immigration; second, Chinese immigration; third, information; fourth, naturalization.

In his third annual message in 1863, President Lincoln called attention to the expediency of establishing a system for the encouragement of immigration. In his message the following year he said:

"I regard our immigrants as one of the principal replenishing streams which are appointed by Providence to repair the ravages of internal war and its waste of national strength and health. All that is necessary is to secure the flow of that stream in its present fullness, and to that end the Government must make it manifest that it neither needs nor designs to impose involuntary military service upon those who come from other lands to cast their lot in our country."

An interesting feature of immigration during the past forty years is developed by each decennial census, from 1860 to 1900, which show that the percentage of foreign born has remained practically stationary.

"The Story of a Great Nation," describing all the departments and bureaus at Washington, began in the NATIONAL for January, 1909, and will continue throughout the year. Thirty-four articles, including the one that appears in this issue, have already been published.

Rapidity of communication and low rates of passenger traffic have facilitated immigration, especially among the laboring classes, from one country to another, wherever opportunities occur for improving their conditions most profitably. The Bureau of Immigration might be called an industrial barometer, because it instantly indicates a depression in the financial circles. For instance, the immigration for 1908, compared with the fiscal year of 1907, fell off 39 per cent., and the total number of aliens who entered this country in the last fiscal year was 782,870, of whom 630,371 were between the ages of fourteen and forty-four, indicating that a large percentage of arrivals are in the prime of life. This number was 502,479 less than during the same period for 1907. The amount of money shown to the immigration officers was over $17,000,000, or an average of $25 per capita. The actual amount brought in was much in excess of this sum, because aliens dislike to show money in excess of the amount required by law, $50, although most arrivals have more than that sum with them.

Immigrants to our shores include many who live here for a number of years and then return home, but they take with them American ideals and American acquirements, and consciously or unconsciously become virtually commercial missionaries, creating a demand for the manufactures and exports of America.

There is a still larger view of immigration, which, when normal and not induced by oppression, establishes closer relations with other countries and promotes the peace of the world. Charles Sumner had this in mind when he stated that "the national example will be more puissant than army or navy for the conquest of the world."

In my work for this Department I always felt that the laboring men of this country have a right to demand that the Department of Commerce and Labor will exercise the utmost vigilance to protect them against alien contract labor. The act, which became operative the first of last year, January, 1908, leaves no doubt as to the penal culpability of any person or corporation engaging such labor by inducing workers to come here as immigrants. Neither is there any doubt as to the power to exclude all those who emigrate to this country on account of promises of work, or by agreement to perform a certain contract on their arrival. All foreign labor of any kind, skilled or unskilled, is excluded by this act, and it explicitly excludes persons coming to this country contrary to the spirit of the law, as previously indicated, and places upon those whose passage is paid by others the burden of showing not only that they do not belong to one of the excluded classes, including contract laborers, but that their "passage was not paid by any corporation, association, society, municipality or foreign government, either directly or indirectly." The penalty is $1,000, to be recovered in an action of debt; it is discretionary whether the punishment be by fine or imprisonment. Aliens convicted of crime or misdemeanor in their own country, and persons who believe in anarchy, or the immoral, are all inadmissible to the United States. The present law does not require the payment of a head tax on aliens entering Hawaii or Porto Rico.

Chinese immigration has always been a vexed question because it appears to involve invidious distinctions. It is distinguished from all other immigration by being dealt with by a separate code of laws, involving a distinct mode of procedure. When a Chinese person is found in the United States in violation of the law, a sworn complaint is made out and submitted to the United States attorney, and upon his approval a warrant is made out by the district attorney. A warrant may also be issued by a United States judge, but this proceeding is rarely resorted to. Bail may be taken for the prisoner, but if an adverse decision is rendered pending the acceptance of it, none is admitted. While the right of appeal is allowed to the prisoner, no such privilege is granted to the government. The favorite defence set up by the Chinese is the claim of citizenship by birth, within the jurisdiction of the United States, and the facts once sustained by the decision of a court become *res adjudicata* and cannot subsequently be controverted.

The Division of Information is for the purpose of promoting a beneficial distribution of aliens, admitted into the United States, among those states and territories needing immigrants. This is done to prevent congestion in sea-coast cities. Information is supplied to all foreign-born persons and aliens as to what kind of labor is in demand in every section of the country to which it would be well for them to go; information is also given as to the conditions surrounding workers, rate of wages and the cost of living in each locality.

This Department deals also with the problem of the unemployed. In so great a country as ours, when the demand for labor in one part is light, there is a call for additional workers in other sections. To meet these conditions is part of the work of this Division, which makes such information as generally accessible as possible, and attempts to directly cheapen transportation in the interests of the laboring man.

In the Division of Naturalization over 2,244 courts have been engaged in conferring citizenship upon aliens, and there are still nearly a thousand courts which, although clothed with this authority by law, have not yet assumed it. During the past year 156,725 persons declared an intention to become citizens, and 43,878 petitions for naturalization were filed. One-third of the entire number of naturalizations transacted in the United States in the past year were conferred in the three great states of New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, which have received the greatest number of aliens.

During the year, the Department of Justice has handled 1,303 cases where proceedings were instituted to annul illegal and improperly granted citizen certificates, and in 457 of these cases the orders of the courts admitting the aliens to citizenship were revised and their certificates cancelled. One distinctive feature of the new law is a provision authorizing and requiring the appearance of the government by counsel in any case where it has information that the petitioner for citizenship has not fulfilled the law or is not a fit citizen. In all important features this law remains as it was a hundred years ago.

The Bureau of Corporations was created five years ago, and its work has made it clear that the advance toward corporate reform must come through some general system of publicity adapted to the requirements of the American public. The mere publication of masses of facts and figures will not form a basis for the founding of public opinion. The government now collects statistics for the purpose of summarizing and digesting them, and presenting them to the public in the form of brief, reliable conclusions; published information on improper business methods has done much to check iniquitous corporation action. The work of the government in regulating corporations is not concerned with the mere existence of the combinations, as such; the manner in which their power is used must also be considered, with a view to the prevention of the misuse of great industrial forces. The purpose of the government is to regulate and supervise; to distinguish between corporations that use their power for good, and those that use them for evil. Corporate power has become governmental in scope, and it is the clear duty of the government to devise some broad system of supervision to insure that corporations perform their duty to the public.

Over a hundred special agents have been sent out during the past year by the Bureau of Labor, to investigate the condition of the women and children wage-earners of the United States. Every state east of the Mississippi has been included in this work, which is certainly a broad and comprehensive investigation. The Bureau is also making a study of workingmen's industrial and accident insurance, employer's liability and other subjects. The twenty-second annual report contains the labor laws of the United States, inclusive of the several states, together with court decisions. The mass of information in the elaborate reports which are the result of an extensive investigation made by the British government is also published by this department.

The Erdman act provides for the settlement of industrial disputes, of interstate railways, etc. The interstate commerce commissioners have acted as mediators in cases where joint applications, signed by representatives of the people and railway companies, were to be considered on behalf of the companies and their employes. The legal liability of employers to their employes is another feature of the work of this bureau.

As the Agricultural Department carries on scientific investigation to increase the efficiency of labor expended on farms throughout the country, and protect animal and vegetable life, the Department of Commerce and Labor is careful to investigate all sanitary problems concerning manufactures, giving to the workers information as to methods for solving these problems on a commercially practical basis. This work intimately touches the condition of the wage-earner and involves the consideration of material factors which affect that condition.

The Bureau of Statistics collects and publishes records regarding the commerce of the United States, presenting them in a condensed form; it also sends out a complete record of all foreign commerce in all the countries of the world. This is virtually an inventory of the business done by Uncle Sam, and strongly influences the business development of the nation.

For the purpose of avoiding the duplication of work, and insuring greater accuracy in statistics, a great deal of attention has been given by the Department of Commerce and Labor, during the past year, to the question of co-ordination of statistical work; the committee appointed to consider this matter decided that the Bureau of Manufactures and Statistics might be consolidated into one bureau to be called the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. The power of consolidating bureaus rests with the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, who has authority to reorganize the work and transfer officials from one bureau to another. The great expansion of commerce among nations engaged in international competition is particularly noticeable in the trade with middle and western European countries, as demonstrated by figures obtained.

In the Bureau of Manufactures, persistent effort has been made to acquaint business people with the conditions and requirements that make for success. Organized in 1905, the work done by this bureau has greatly increased from year to year and shown potential results in the export trade of the country. With our great natural resources and the high average intelligence of our people, we ought to hold a high place in international trade.

Commercial attaches have long been used by the British government and other nations, and the specially qualified assistants of this department serve in much the same capacity, making a thorough study of trade conditions in foreign countries. An appropriation of $50,000 per year is made by Congress for this purpose. The daily consular trade reports are much used by the Bureau of Manufactures in indicating opportunities for the sale abroad of American products, as reported by consuls and others. The foreign buyer of American manufactures or products is put into communication with producers by means of this department. In the last fiscal year 10,000 reports were received by this Bureau, through the Department of State, from various consuls. A commercial directory, giving lists of foreign merchants and importers, is being compiled from information furnished by consular officials. This will at a glance give, at Washington, all information concerning any foreign country's commercial interests.

The National Council of Commerce is held once every year, at which representatives of the boards of trade and chambers of commerce of all the principal cities of the United States appear. Committees are appointed to meet the Secretary of Commerce and Labor and supply the connecting link between the government departments and business communities, for whose benefit much of the work of the Department is done.

This Department usually has advance information as to details of expositions to be held throughout the world, and assists in every possible way in the exploitation of American products at such expositions. The Department also keeps on hand all information in reference to foreign tariffs and customs duties.

Since the formation of the United States government, a census has been taken every ten years, the Census Bureau being a part of the Department of Commerce and Labor. Preparations are already being made for the census of 1910, the thirteenth in the history of the nation.

Among the special compilations of this bureau is a report on the utilized water power of the United States, made by the National Conservation of Natural Resources Committee. An investigation into the character and value of state, county and municipal securities has been made at the suggestion of the Secreatry of the Treasury, with the idea of using this information in connection with the new law for the emergency currency. The Cuban Census was also the work of this Bureau. The schedule reached the Census Office about May first, 1908, and the work was completed in October of this year, at a cost of two cents per capita to the Cubans, being a total outlay of $42,655; this was a practical test of the proposed piece-price plan for all mechanical work on the thirteenth census, and it has proved most satisfactory. The twelfth census was taken at a cost of $12,500,000.

The Bureau of Navigation is concerned with the output of the shipyards of the country. The largest output in American history was in 1908, when 1,457 vessels were constructed; the nearest approach to these figures was in 1855. Three-fourths of this shipping was built for the trade on the Great Lakes and the Pacific Coast.

This Department is also concerned with the importance of the ocean mail service and also with the export trade. If our producers, both capitalists and laboring men, are to have a fair chance of success in the relatively new markets of the world, shipping facilities must be carefully considered. Under a commission appointed by the President, the Department of Commerce and Labor has examined into the laws of the United States for the better security of the lives of passengers and crews on American vessels. A vast mass of the persons constantly traveling by water are conveyed in ferry and excursion steamers, running short distances in smooth water, and a valuable comparison has been made as to the number of casualties occurring under American and foreign flags.

More than a third of a century has passed since the Bureau of Fisheries opened its work with a mere inquiry into the condition of the fisheries; now fish culture has developed into an important service, caring for the cultivation and distribution of food and game fish. The increase has been rapid and nearly half a billion eggs are dispatched annually to state and foreign hatcheries. Of the total output of three billion, over two billion five hundred thousand were young fish.

A scientific inquiry has also been made into the natural history of the pearl mussels of the Mississippi Valley, which support the pearl button industry of the United States. The supply of fresh-water mussels which constitute the raw material is becoming rapidly exhausted.

Experiments and inquiries relative to the oyster industry in every state have been carefully conducted and an effort has been made to develop unworked grounds and establish new experiment stations.

Biological studies of the lakes have been made with a view to keeping them supplied with fish. This industry is also being developed in the insular possessions, and in 1907 the steamer "Albatross" was sent to the Philippines to make investigation into conditions there. The conservation of national, natural fishing grounds is jealously guarded by this bureau. The Alaskan seal industry comes under its direct supervision, and the fleet of revenue cutters patroling the Behring Sea during the sealing season is being constantly increased.

The Geodetic Survey began along the shores of the original thirteen states and now extends from the Arctic circle to the tropics and almost half way around the globe. During the past year an immense amount of data has been needed for the preparation of magnetic charts, sailing instructions and tide tables, and the marking of all international boundaries, under the superintendence of the United States Boundary Commissioner. The demarkation of the 141st meridian, now under way, will form the boundary of Alaska and Canada and furnish a geographical position from Mount Saint Elias to the Arctic Ocean.

The Bureau of Standards aims to establish a unit of measurements, by the improvement of measuring instruments and methods and by promoting the intelligent use of materials in the arts and industries. The Bureau furnishes specifications and test specimens in the measurement of magnetic properties of iron and steel. A test of heat-measuring instruments is also made, looking toward the precision of thermometers used in scientific laboratories, and instruments for measuring high temperatures. The heat value of coal, gas and other fuels is determined by instruments known as calorimeters.

In short, the scope of the Department of Commerce and Labor is as comprehensive as the wide territory which it ranges in search of information that shall benefit the nation's business and labor interests which it represents. It is not within the power or proper sphere of government to equalize competitors, but it is within the power and proper sphere of government to equalize the opportunities of competitors. It is the sphere of government to keep open, equally to all men, the avenues of commercial development, to maintain the opportunity for competition, and to prevent the use of unfair means that diminish or destroy such equal opportunity.

"The forms of tyranny change from age to age—from the militarism of Rome to the ecclesiastical tyranny that brought about the Reformation; then followed such political tyranny as produced our Revolution; then came economic tyranny—the oppression of the masses—which brought about the French Revolution."

In his recent Lincoln Day proclamation, the Governor of Massachusetts said: "Equal rights were won by the generations that have gone before us; equal opportunities are to be our gift to posterity." Yes, equal opportunities politically, economically, and individually. Whether those equal opportunities are abridged by the autocratic power of government, by corporate power in the greedy hands of private individuals, or by lawless bands of labor agitators—it is but a different form of the same tyranny, alike inimical to the power of the State and the rights and privileges of the individual, be he employer or laborer; and to the extent that this power is permitted to exist it closes the highways of opportunity to the individual man, be he a graduate of Harvard or the son of a motorman on your street cars.

The first requisite of good permanent business conditions is good morals—not one kind of morals for the farmer who drives his cart of produce to market, and another kind of morals for the railroad which transports the products of the farms and factories between distant points. Equality of opportunity and rights is as necessary on the one highway as on the other. No unreasonable conditions or restraints must be placed upon either. To adjust our laws to preserve corporate industrial and especially individual rights; and to curb wrongs, corporate or individual, is of the highest concern, not only to commerce and to labor, but to the stability of the nation.

TO THE GOLDENROD

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

WHEN birds of passage to the far south veer
And frailest flowers have all been spilled to death;
When withered leaves of autumn on the breath
Of fitful winds blow by like phantoms drear;
Then with a burst of splendor warm and clear
I see thy torch outflame above the dust,
Lighting the world with loveliness august—
The Hesperus that decks the waning year!

Shine on! and cheer my soul with smiles of light:
I hail thee comrade of the jeweled star,
And boon companion of the very sun.
Sweet to the poet's heart thy beauty bright;
Thy harmless wealth to him is dearer far
Than all the blood-stained spoil of Babylon!

THE STREET CAR UNIVERSITY

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

FEW conditions of living and environment rapidly change the character and responsibility of men in their various occupations. Not long ago it was thought that an education could only be obtained through books, and when obtained could only be utilized in one of "the learned professions." Later, with the introduction of public schools, came the idea that the best apprenticeship a young man could have was to become a teacher, and thousands of our prominent men today were at one time instructors in country schools.

Perhaps few people understand how much of the world's responsibility is in the hands of the young men. Statistics compel the nation to realize their value at times, as in the days of the Civil War when, of the 1,200,000 Federals that enlisted, over 90 per cent. were youths of from sixteen to twenty-one.

* * *

Since I first heard the whirr of the electric cars they have always been associated in my mind with the careers of young men. They have opened up a new occupation, giving employment at the time of the issuance of the latest governmental bulletin on the subject to more than 150,000 men. Here is a standing army nearly twice the size of Uncle Sam's, which has been enrolled since the first successful overhead trolley cars were run in Richmond in 1888. The street car men in a little more than two decades have certainly become a force in society. Much of the world's business today would come to a standstill were all the conductors and motormen suddenly to stop work—a danger that fortunately does not exist.

It was with a thrill of satisfaction that, as a resident of the city of Boston, I recently heard an English lady remark, on returning from an extended trolley trip through the city and its suburbs:

"Your tram-car conducturs and motormen constitute the most interesting sight in Boston. They are fine men, the best looking I have seen in the city. I felt so safe when I saw such men conducting the cars."

She used the word "conducting" with a special meaning which suggested "safe conduct."

The remark started a little discussion, the upshot of which was that the electric railway companies provide a great university extension school, training a large body of young men intellectually, physically and morally.

Any one at all familiar with the conditions under which candidates for this service are selected to fill the vacancies that occur in the ranks of the 8,000 or more employes of the Boston Elevated Company, can understand this statement. At the offices of the company in Milk Street I saw the system of handling applications from young men who are desirous of entering the service. In an anteroom were a score or more of good-looking young fellows who had come to see the official who takes charge of this work. Many of them were plainly country boys—lads from the farms of northern New England and the Canadian Provinces.

"Other things being equal we would prefer fellows who already know the city," I was told; "but other things are usually not equal. We get on the whole a higher class of men from the country districts."

Some of these men have been clergymen, school teachers, actors, musicians and journalists or mechanical craftsmen. A majority, however, are seeking in street railroading their first real opportunity.

In an interior room the system of filing applications suggested that undesirables are weeded out in advance, before they have placed the lives of passengers and the property of the company in peril. References were looked up, any apparent discrepancies of statement noted, to be explained by the candidate on pain of not being accepted, evidence of his own fitness as expressed in his letter of application was weighed and recorded—this systematic gathering of information and a thoroughly physical examination by a doctor insure employes as carefully picked as the soldiers for any standing army.

Later came a visit to the well-known training school of the Elevated Division at the Sullivan Square station. The courtesy of Boston street car employes, often commented upon, was in some degree explained by a lecture which was in progress, on the subject of "manners." A serious-minded train master was telling a group of attentive young men about some of the typical kinds of trouble they will have to encounter from unreasonable passengers—discourtesies and insults which will inevitably cause the brakeman or guard to become unreasonable in turn, unless he has himself well under control. If these young men are not invariably civil it is not for want of classroom precepts or of rules which they know are rigidly enforced.

At Sullivan Square I also witnessed some of the physical tests to be endured before a man is allowed to enter this service. Eyesight and hearing were being looked into with as great care as if the men were all destined to be engineers on steam roads. The color-blind are particularly useless for such employment. Several of the fellows were in the act of picking out skeins of colored worsted, naming and classifying them. Then in a darkened room they were examined as to their power of distinguishing between colored lights, both when shown in large size and when displayed—by means of a shutter with perforations of varying diameter—in sizes comparable to those of lights seen anywhere from two blocks to a quarter of a mile away. This examination was made first with clear glass and then with smoked glass, much as a signal might be dimmed by fog or smoke or sleet. Only a man thoroughly of good vision gets by these tests.

No class happened to be using the skeleton train which occupies one of the long rooms at the station, but it was evident, as I looked over the three cars with their electrical controllers and switches and air brake valves, connecting pipes and cables from car to car, their bells, lights and emergency apparatus, that every employe who takes this course of several weeks must know something about the theory and mechanical operation of the vehicles on which he is to work.

Of several thousands who apply annually for places with the Boston Elevated a few hundred pass all their examinations and are admitted to the service. But their education does not stop there. The rest of their course in this great college of commerce and industry is visible to the traveling public. Everybody has seen the process of breaking in the new conductor or the new motorman on the platform—an older employe watching over the new one like a mother bird teaching her young to fly. Is the novice a newly chosen conductor? With a quiet nod of the head or with whispered words which the nearest passenger barely overhears the instructor reminds him, when necessary, of the hundred and one rules of his book with which he is supposed to be thoroughly familiar, but some of which, being human, he may have forgotten. If likely to neglect to call a street he is prompted. If he misses a fare the watchful teacher makes him go back after it.

Similarly, when two men are seen together on the front platform one of them is pretty certain to be coaching the other in the responsible duties of the motorman. The newcomer not only has to understand the mechanism of the car, but he has to learn the road with its many peculiarities, its curves and points of congestion, its crossings and intersections where, if the motorman is not careful, he may blow out a fuse and thus disable his car and derange the schedule.

The education of new employes does not end when the instructor, after perhaps half a dozen trips, goes to similar work elsewhere. The conductor or motorman is perpetually responsible for his conduct. His employer is not unjust in demanding this of him. A necessary and salutary system of inspection keeps him perpetually on his guard. I have seen the scheme by which breaches of discipline are recorded at the offices of the Boston Elevated Company; it is fairness both to the public and the employes. Every alleged infraction of a rule is reported upon in three items: describing the nature of the offence; the outcome of it, whether in any way disastrous or not; and the apparent motive for it. A great majority of the slips are, of course, due to carelessness or forgetfulness and are attended by no serious consequences. They result simply in the man's being haled before an official who gives him a fair chance to make his own defence, and who, if the offence is promptly acknowledged, —as usually happens—administers a moderate verbal reproof, of the kind that stimulates an ambitious young fellow not to be caught napping again. Wilful or malicious violations of the regulations, leading to serious trouble, are, of course, very rare; they receive severer forms of punishment, such as suspension or dismissal, which are well deserved, considering the loss of life and property which may be caused by a refractory individual. Every man in such an organization has a fair opportunity to be heard, but the discipline, while kindly, must be strict.

Each winter at New Year's time, I read in the papers of the distribution of a cash bonus of fifteen dollars each to every employe of the Boston Elevated Company who has maintained a certain standard of efficiency throughout the year. That little present, amounting to nearly $60,000 annually, is probably one of the best investments a public service company ever made. Every man in the service knows that he can avoid the black marks and so be sure of a little spare cash to turn over to the wife or the sweetheart "for New Year's gifts." That gives him an incentive to be a whole man on the job all the year through.

Opportunity is one of the great educators in the university of the street car service. These young fellows who enter the employ of the company do so knowing that there is no limit at which a capable and aspiring man will be stopped. There is room at the top and all the way up. No great street car company these days can afford to hold back an effective man while filling the higher grade positions with the more or less competent sons of directors or large stockholders.

As an instance thereof, every division superintendent of the big urban transportation company in Boston rose from the platform, and the president, Major General William A. Bancroft, though trained as a lawyer, has been identified with street railroading during most of his active career. There are many other stimulating instances of the same kind. Richard T. Laffin, of Somerville, Massachusetts, a horse car conductor in 1884, with wages of two dollars a day, was called in 1904 to the management of the rapid transit system of Manila at a salary said to be $40,000 a year; Hugh McGowan rose straight from the platform to the presidency of the street car systems of Cincinnati and Indianapolis; P. F. Sullivan is now president of the extensive Massachusetts electric companies. Young conductors and motormen are apt to hear of the case of E. C. Foster, who in the old days drove a jolting horse car across the marshes between Boston and Lynn, and who early in the present century was chosen president of the admirable street car system of New Orleans. The alert young fellows on the trolley car platforms know that every now and then, in the length and breadth of the land, positions worth five, ten, even twenty-five thousand a year await the man who understands electric transportation.

The results of all this training appear in the excellent service to which Americans have become accustomed in Boston and many other street car systems. The fellows on the platforms learn to handle masses of people pent in a very small space. In case of accident the conductor's voice rings out instantly in assuring tones, while his partner, the motorman, does his best to meet the emergency. Recently I happened to be on a car going at full speed along a country road. Suddenly there was a snap, a series of rather alarming flashes, and in a moment the car was surrounded by falling "live" wires. Before the fiery flashes had ceased the conductor's cheery voice was heard:

"All keep your seats. Don't move. Don't move. There is no danger if you sit still."

Had anyone stepped off at that moment there might have been loss of life. In a surprisingly short time the conductor and motorman had cleared away the worst of the wreckage, obtained assistance, and had the car moving again.

The conductor's manners generally are as unimpeachable as his record at the office shows his morals to be. Talk about a boarding school or a dancing class—neither is such a natural school of deportment as is the rear platform of a street car. I recall paying my fare with a two dollar bill, and receiving the usual bunch of small change with an apology from the conductor, saying that he had not yet taken in a bill. As the car entered the subway, he came around and said:

"I'll take back some of that small change if you wish. I've just taken a dollar bill."

That little act of courtesy was not suggested by the rule book, but it implanted a kindly feeling toward the company as well as the employe.

A surprising watchfulness is developed in the conductor during the faithful performance of his routine duties. He has to see that the company gets its proper and lawful revenue and that transfers are not misused. He has quietly but firmly to prevent infractions by passengers of the rules and regulations for the safety and comfort of all who travel. The care exercised by conductors over the getting on and getting off of their passengers is almost Chesterfieldian. They are particularly helpful to the old and to children. He never forgets to ring the bell twice for the car to go ahead or once for it to stop. Woe betide him should the car move a moment too soon or fail to pause at the desired stopping point; nor must he forget to call the names of streets.

The conductor learns diplomacy by handling many other difficult situations; he alone can move the "end seat hog," who will not make room for a mother with three babies because they happen to be Italians. The nationality makes no difference with the street car man, for the cosmopolitan training of the city soon teaches that all races are entitled to equal courtesy. Then there is the everlasting problem of the drunken man on the car, who appeared sober enough when he came aboard. His life must be guarded if he insists on standing upon the rear platform, and his language must be modified if he sits inside. He needs the eyes of a skilful physician to detect at a glance the signs of intoxication.

Then think of the motorman, with both hands incessantly engaged with his lever and brake, his foot forever on the warning bell. Think how he dashes through streets amidst throngs of wagons, automobiles and hurrying people, to say nothing of the little children at play who are continually being seized with a desire to cross the street just as a car is coming. The motorman has a great deal on his hands and more than enough to keep his mind occupied. The only wonder is that accidents are not double and treble what they are. No need of the legend, "Do not talk to the motorman," for no passenger ever yet discovered a motorman who would talk while on duty. The silent man on the front platform holds in his hands the issues of life and death. He knows it and wears a look of grave responsibility while on duty, however jolly he may be after he has left the car.

Some information contributed by a Harvard student who held a job as motorman suggest that while the actual work becomes almost second nature, there are evidently circumstances sufficiently nerve racking.

"The motorman very seldom gets any credit for stopping his car with almost incredible speed, but when a man or a child tries to run across the track—even when the car is seen coming and the bell is plainly heard—and slips and gets a leg crushed you hear an awful outcry about the 'reckless motorman.'"

In spite of such harrowing experiences it is said that few motormen ever break down from the vicissitudes of their calling and that men of a nervous temperament often apply for transfer from the rear to the front platform. The motorman's actual irritations are fewer than those of the conductor. He is able by the nature of his work to keep his mind upon pretty much one thing instead of being distracted by several things simultaneously, and he always has a fine supply of fresh air.

This great army of employes of urban and interurban electric transportation companies represent one of the most fascinating studies of modern industry. They are the living link between the great public service corporation and the general public. The competent street car employe is a scholar in the true sense; he has learned the difficult art of governing himself and others, and serves two masters constantly—his company and his public—performing his duties always with a smiling face. All things considered I am not surprised that the lady from London found the men "conducting" the street cars of Boston remarkably interesting.

DEVONSHIRE STREET STATION, EAST BOSTON TUNNEL

BOSTON'S STREET RAILWAY SYSTEM

By MITCHELL MANNERING

THIS is the story of a community and a corporation that dwell in peace together. It is not a fanciful tale and therefore the conditions about to be described are not absolutely ideal, but they undoubtedly make a nearer approach to Utopian conditions than exist between any other large public service corporation and the community in which it is located.

The street railway system of Glasgow is more often selected than any other as the best representative of publicly owned street railway systems in Europe, and the Boston Elevated Railway Company, which operates the surface, underground and elevated lines in Boston and vicinity, is usually taken as the best example of privately owned street railways in this country for the purposes of making comparisons and contrasts.

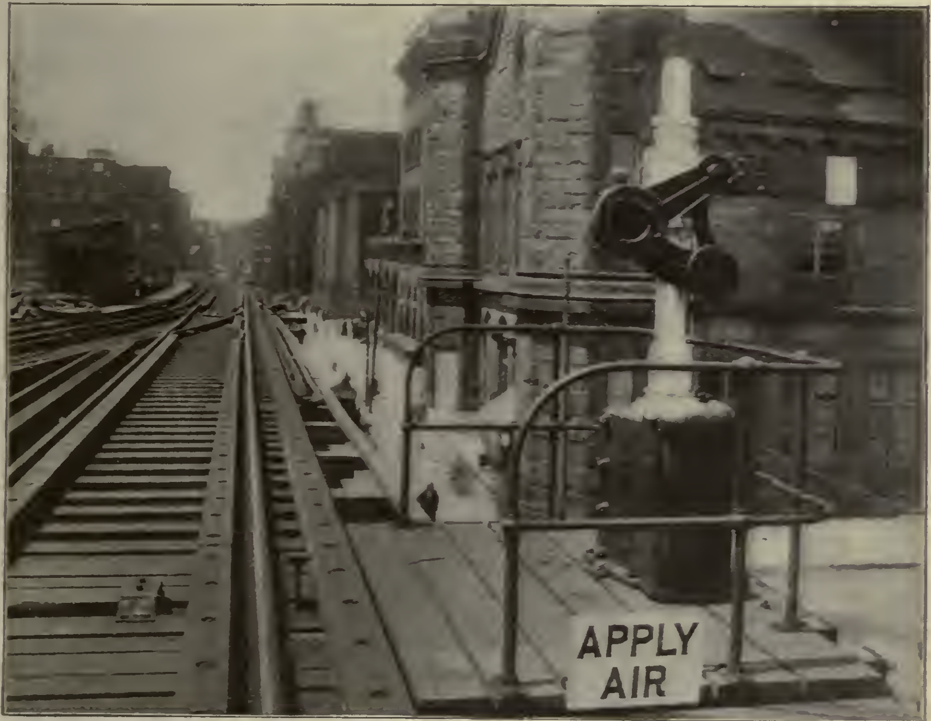
One important reason why the Boston company is selected out of all of the other American companies as the best example of the American street railway is because it is known to be honestly financed. Not only is there no watered stock upon which dividends must be paid, but the company is actually capitalized for considerably less than the actual cash that has been invested in the enterprise.

The second reason why the company is so often pointed out as an object lesson of the merits of the American system of public control rather than public ownership is that the management conducts the affairs of the company upon the theory that the directors and executive officers are trustees whose duty it is to promote and safeguard the interests of three classes of people; namely, the public, the company's employes and its stockholders. To the public the management owes the duty of supplying the most adequate and convenient facilities that the resources of the company permit. To the employes it owes the duty of supplying them with a dependable livelihood that will be permanent so long as faithful and efficient service is rendered. To the stockholders it owes the duty of protecting the safety of their investment and of paying such reasonable annual returns as is consistent with money safely invested in a permanent enterprise.

An honestly financed company conducted in accordance with the policy just stated deserves and should have the good will and co-operation of the public and it is therefore not surprising that investigation shows that this result has been achieved.

Massachusetts was the pioneer and is today the model which President Roosevelt has pointed to in the matter of public supervision and control of privately owned and operated public service corporations The Board of Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts is an extremely able body. It is trusted as implicitly by both the public and the corporations as is the Supreme Court. It is given supervisory power over the capitalization, construction and operation of railroads and railways in nearly every minute detail. It is not clothed with arbitrary powers as great as have been given to some public utilities commission, but its potency is practically as great. Where it lacks authority to order, it has the right to investigate and recommend, and to the credit of both the commission and corporations under its jurisdiction, a recommendation by the Railroad Commission is heeded as promptly and fully as though it had the most sweeping powers to direct and command.

Massachusetts street railway franchises differ from those usually granted in other states in that they are not for a stipulated period of time. In one sense they are perpetual because they never expire. In another sense they have no permanency whatever, for they may be revoked under certain circumstances at any time if such action is consistent with the public interests. In other words, a Massachusetts street railway franchise may be said to be granted during good behavior. The revokability of the franchises give the public authorities a drastic weapon intended for use in an extreme case, such as has never occurred, to compel an unwilling corporation to live up to its duties. The permanency of the franchise removes the temptation, if not the necessity, of making the business yield the largest possible return in a comparatively short time because of the limited number of years during which investors must make their profits, if any.



SEMAPHORE SIGNAL AND AUTOMATIC TRIP FOR AIR BRAKES

A powerful and highly illuminating sidelight is thrown upon the character of the management of the company by the proposal made in 1897 when the charter of the company was before the Massachusetts Legislature. The company voluntarily offered to pay for its privileges seven-eighths of one percent of its gross receipts whether the company earned any profits or not, and it further agreed to pay to the communities in which it might operate an amount equalling the excess above six per cent that should be paid in dividends if the business ever became so profitable as to justify dividends above that percentage. In other words, the company agreed to pay a substantial amount for the privilege of doing business and earning dividends up to six per cent, and, in addition, to make the public equal partners with the stockholders in net earnings above that sum. This proposition was accepted and is embodied in the charter of the company.

Other terms and conditions were agreed to by both parties in interest. The company agreed to give free transfers between its surface and elevated lines so that passengers could transfer from one system to the other for the purposes of making a journey in any given direction, in return for which the Commonwealth agreed that the company's rate fare should not be reduced by legislative or other action below five cents for a period of twenty-five years unless it should appear to the Railroad Commissioners that eight percent dividends could be earned at the reduced rate of fare. There were other agreements embodied in the charter; all of them being such as would naturally be made between two men who aim to use each other justly.

ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE USED AT THE SULLIVAN SQUARE STATION

As stated above, the Boston Elevated is one of the very few large systems in the country where stock watering is unknown. Not to the extent of a copper cent does water exist in the capitalization of the Boston Elevated railway system; neither in the surface lines, the elevated system, nor the leased city-built subways, all of which systems are operated by the Boston Elevated Railway Company. Instead, the securities outstanding represent cash received by the issuing companies to an aggregate amount of $4,202,668 in actual excess of the face value of the securities issued.

In connection with this, it is interesting to note how the Boston Elevated Railway Company compares in its capitalization per mile of track with the surface lines of street railway systems in ten of the principal American cities.

New York	$251,500
Philadelphia	239,000
St. Louis	215,000
Buffalo	215,000
Milwaukee	125,000
St. Paul	112,500
Toronto	100,000
Cincinnati	93,200
Cleveland	90,000
Boston	74,000

In 1908, the Boston Elevated carried over 273,000,000 people at a nickel apiece. There was not much left for stockholders after all prior claims had been satisfied. The wages of motormen and conductors was the highest single item. Nearly one and one-half cents of each fare was paid over to them. More than one-half cent was paid for power and three-quarters of a cent was needed to make good the wear and tear to rolling stock and road bed. Only one-tenth of a mill was used to remove snow because of the open winter, but in some years a full mill has been needed. One-third of a cent was required for interest on bonds, and one-half of a cent for rentals to other companies for the use of surface lines. One-third of a cent was spent for damages and legal expenses. Nearly one-half a cent went directly to the city or state; three and one-half mills for taxes and one mill for the rental of the subway and East Boston tunnel. The remainder—a little over one-quarter of a cent (.285) which was the profit out of each fare, was paid in dividends to the stockholders.

In 1908 the Elevated's operating expenses and fixed charges were $13,000,000, and its cars ran 52,000,000 car miles, making the average total expense per car mile, twenty-five cents; in other words, for every mile run each car had to take on five passengers to meet the expenses and fixed charges.

EASY ACCESS CAR

As an illustration of the continued new capital needed for improvements in public-utility companies it might be stated that the Boston Elevated Railway Company is at present committed to additions and extensions within the next five years which will increase the invested capital on which it must pay rentals, interest and dividends, $41,000,000.

The gross capital investment of the companies at the end of the last fiscal year, September 30, 1908, was $70,465,150. Actual securities outstanding total only $60,787,000. The company is now committed to the following extraordinary additions which will be in operation within five years, from the end of the last fiscal year, and on which interest must be earned.

Ordinary surface extensions	$5,000,000
Washington Street Tunnel (now complete)	9,000,000
Forest Hills Extension (nearly complete)	2,500,000
North Station—East Cambridge Elevated	4,000,000
Cambridge Subway	7,500,000
Beacon Hill Subway	2,000,000
Riverbank Subway	3,000,000
Malden Elevated	3,500,000
Equipment and power for expansion	4,500,000
	$41,000,00

A portion of the capital will be furnished by the city of Boston which, of course, pays in the first instance for the subways which it builds and leases to the Elevated. The balance must be obtained by the issue of additional securities of the Elevated and West End Companies.

The transfer system in Boston is perhaps more liberal than that found in any other large city and yet it is of comparatively recent growth. In 1888 no transfers were given. In 1898, the first year of the Elevated's operation, free transfer passengers were only one-sixth of revenue passengers, but the proportion has rapidly increased until in 1908 free transfer passengers were more than one-half of paying passengers, or, to be exact, fifty-eight per cent. Besides the increase in the purchasing power of a nickel through the extension of free transfers the citizens of Boston have made great gain through a the large increase of mileage since the Elevated took over the West End system.

THE WASSON SNOW PLOW

Employes of the Boston Elevated are distinguished in three different respects from the employes of most any other railway company in the United States inasmuch as they were the first to receive pensions when incapacitated; the first to receive wages graded in comparison to length of time in active service, and the first to establish two organizations for their mutual protection. The company has voluntarily increased the wages of its employes twice since 1898. To the men who have a long record of service it pays a higher rate of wages than any other company in the United States. It is probably the first company to recognize the principle that length of service deserves increased compensation. The number of employes ordinarily on the pay roll is about 8,200.

The early history of street railway operation in Boston is full of interest. It began with a horse railroad running from Harvard University in Cambridge to the Fitchburg railway at Union Square, Somerville. The length of the road was about one and one-half miles and its trips were scheduled to connect with passenger trains of the Fitchburg Railroad.

The first street railway corporation to receive a charter from the Massachusetts Legislature was the Dorchester and Roxbury in 1852. The first car was run in 1856, from Cambridge to Boston. Then followed an epidemic of street railway incorporation. Company after company was organized and all used horses for motive power. In 1887 the number of animals in use was about 10,000. At that time electricity had become a possible factor in transportation. The West End Street Railway Company was not slow to recognize the new power, and in 1888 an overhead system of electric propulsion was inaugurated on the Back Bay cars.

Previous to the adoption of the trolley, costly experiments had been made with storage batteries without success. Then careful investigation was made of the cable system. While this question was under discussion it was reported that the overhead electric system had been proved a success in Richmond, Virginia, and on investigation this report was so favorable that the West End Company determined to try that system on Beacon Street. Considerable opposition to the granting of rights to use overhead wires was made, but was finally overcome by an agreement to use underground conduits for carrying the wires in the Back Bay. This conduit proved a failure, but the overhead system gave so much satisfaction that the general right to use it in Boston was granted in 1899. The last trip made by a horse car in Boston was Wednesday, December 24, 1900.

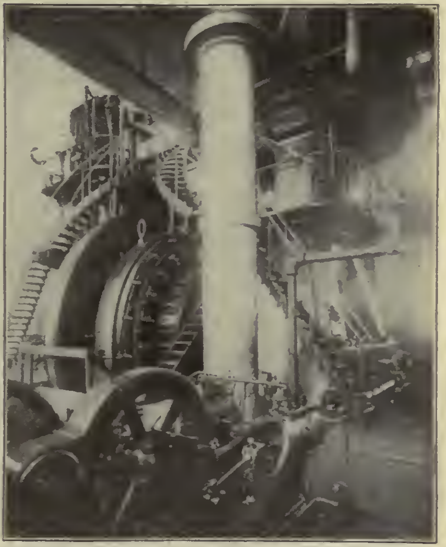
With the growth of Boston and the extraordinary demands for transportation there resulted a serious congestion of the business centre which called for some kind of relief. During the administration of Mayor Matthews, the construction of a subway was advanced as the partial solution of the trouble and this took shape in the form of legislation passed in 1893 and 1894. Subsequently the underground system was leased to the West End Street Railway Company and in October, 1897, the Boston Elevated Railway Company leased the West End.

The subway used by the Boston Elevated Railway Company is a tunnel 9,498 feet long under several of the principal streets, built by the city and leased for twenty years to the West End Street Railway Company.

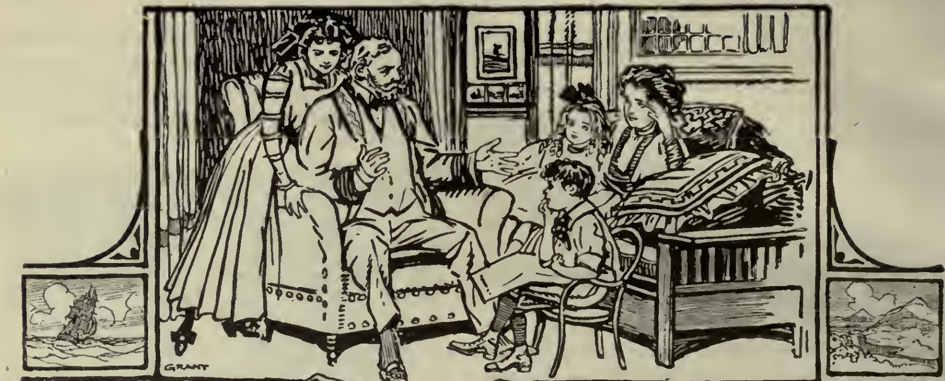
EMERGENCY MEN, COLUMBUS AVENUE

The opening to passenger traffic of the Boston Elevated Railway "L" Division of five miles from Sullivan Square, Charlestown, through the subway to Dudley Street was successfully inaugurated on June 10, 1901.

The system of the Boston Elevated is the fourth largest under one management in the country. The length of surface lines, including carhouses, aggregate 457.65 miles. This with the elevated mileage of 16.8 miles makes a total of mileage of 474.45. In order to operate a property of such vast magnitude a complete organization and a wide system of discipline must be primary requirements. That the responsible parties have mastered the situation admirably so as to meet the many difficult problems is evident to any one familiar with the conditions in other cities. If there is one thing that is particularly noticeable it is the universal harmony and goodwill that is apparent throughout the entire company. All matters arising in the management of the Boston Elevated Railway Company are determined by a committee of the Board of Directors, subject to the approval of the full Board. This committee consists of the President and two other Directors. The present Executive Committee consists of Major General William A. Bancroft, President of the Company, who is Chairman of the committee, Robert Winsor and James M. Prendergast.



RICE & SARGENT ENGINE IN THE LINCOLN POWER STATION



IN THE COSY CORNER

WATCH the eager faces of the listeners beside the hearth fire when an actual experience is being related! Absorbing interest is portrayed in every glance—is not the narrator one who has himself passed through a thrilling adventure? Have not his hands handled, his eyes seen, his ears heard those things which he so graphically describes? There may be embellishments, exaggerations—but he has been there, and his words glow with personal feeling.

Every night thousands of children, all over the country, plead for "a 'tory, a 'tory," before going to bed—they crave something that will arouse imagination. In later years the "grown-ups" may demand stern facts and clearest proofs, but they still desire "a story." The public crowd into lecture halls to hear the discoverers of the North Pole tell of the adventures they have experienced in the rigors of Arctic regions. They still desire the "whole story," the personal viewpoint—just as when they were children.

* * * *

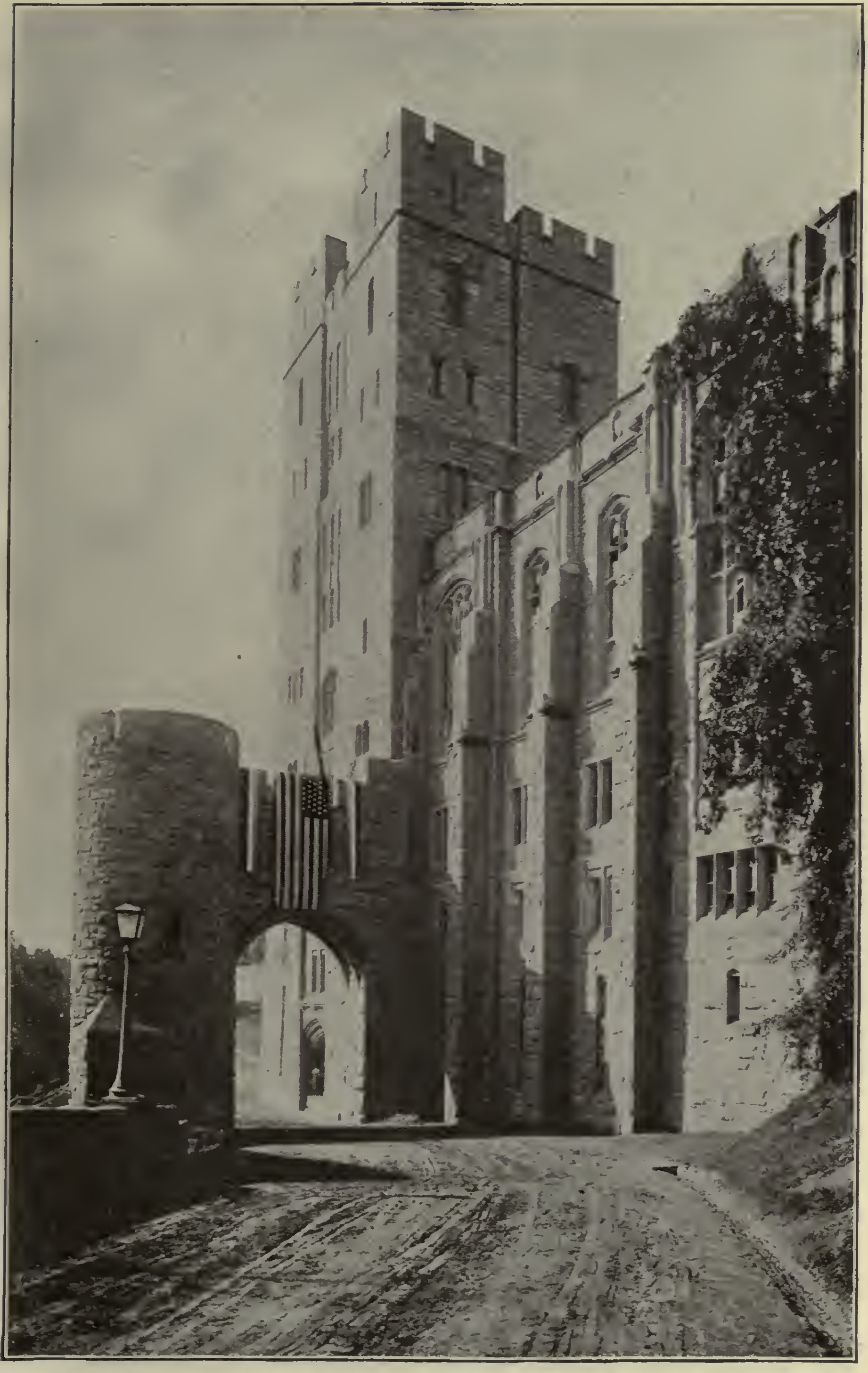
Now we are going to have "a cosy corner" in the NATIONAL. Every reader will be expected to "drop in and tell a story." All are invited to contribute some personal experience—something that has been heard, seen or personally experienced. Send this little story direct to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE "Cosy Corner"—we are all ready to listen when you begin, "That reminds me—"

Five hundred words is the approximate limit of each story—before the games begin—it may be a fishing or hunting incident, an automobile happening, the history of a baseball game, a fairy tale or a sailor's yarn. Each manuscript should be accompanied by suitable photographs if possible. Rare photographs may be sent without a story, having merely a line or two to explain what makes them valuable or unique—where, when and how they were taken. A picture taken in an unusual environment, anything of especial interest for any reason, will find a place in the "Cosy Corner." Send in pictures or notes that appeal strongly to you. These are the things that will prove of interest to others in the "Cosy Corner." Send in anything that will make the circle in the glow of the hearth "listen and look," as the sign reads at the railroad crossing.

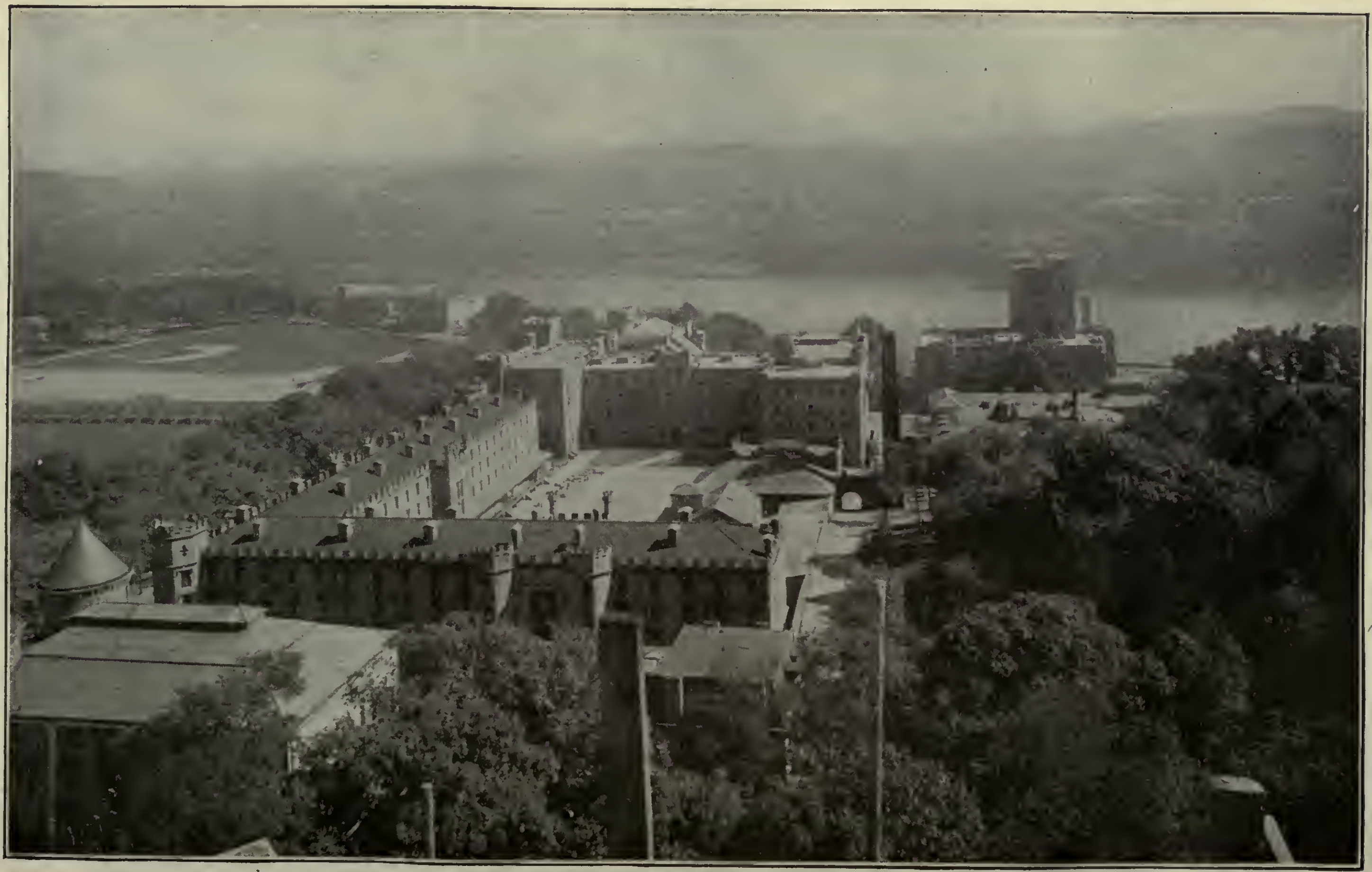
Prizes will be awarded each month for the best contribution, either photographs or word sketches, the first prize being ten dollars, the second five dollars and the third three dollars.

Join the NATIONAL "Cosy Corner" right away. We'll stir up the fire, and the old log will crackle and glow for you while you tell of "that happy vacation"—that incident which gave you a passing thrill that you thought worth rescuing from oblivion, and had almost neglected to record—until you heard of the "Cosy Corner." There are more entertaining and romantic and touching incidents in the daily round of life of each individual than is sometimes supposed.

Now for a story, a story! Address Cosy Corner Editor, National Magazine, Boston.



VIEW OF NEW ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AT WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY
Looking South from Library Road



PRESENT VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF THE NEW CHAPEL UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXI DECEMBER, 1909 NUMBER THREE

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

PRECEDING Christmas, the short session of Congress gives Washington a foretaste of the zest and gaiety appropriate for the holidays. In early December, even the hard-fisted business man begins to anticipate the felicities of the season by adding "a merry Christmas" at the bottom of his letters; his correspondence tingles with good will—at one end of the letter at least. Such suggestions have even been known to creep through the adamantine officialdom of the Capitol, where usage requires the formality of "Sir"—"and only 'Sir'—Sir."

At the Capital Christmastide has the old-time Colonial suggestion; holly grows near by, and there seems to be more of it in Washington than elsewhere; plenty of mistletoe is also brought from the prolific South. These preliminaries are the overture to the sterner exactions of Washington life, launched with the festivities and receptions of New Year's Day.

The home-going among departmental workers, and the shop windows glistening with evidences of festivity are features of each Yuletide at the Capital, where psychic suggestions of gift-giving and gaiety make it difficult to transact serious business at the short session of Congress preceding Christmas. All Washington is full of the "returning-home" leave-takings and greetings. Here at this season everyone shakes hands before going away for the holidays, and that handclasp has in it a truly Christmas suggestion. On returning, when the festive days have passed, the handshake has a different character; cynics say that it suggests the quick grasp of the pugilists before entering the ring for the "first round."

* * *

AT the first important session of the season, the President and his Cabinet were confronted with the sugar trust scandals. The determination was evident at the outset to get to the bottom of the charges, which will probably lead to a Congressional investigation to thoroughly sift all the evidence. The judicial temperament of the Executive Department in securing facts as they are brought to light, disregarding mere emotion in the exposure epidemic, is certainly reassuring.

The revelation at the New York Custom House, showing that the government was being defrauded by means of clock springs, used to determine the weight of imported sugar, has stimulated a keen vigilance in the officials to bring to justice every guilty official. Not since the days of the Credit Mobilier and Star Route frauds has Washington been so scandal shaken; but the investigation will continue without uprooting public confidence or shaking man's faith or the integrity of officialdom.

* * *

THE early appointment of Attorney-General George W. Wickersham by President Taft was accounted a fortunate cabinet selection. It is declared that the selection of so competent "a counsel for all the people," taken from a lucrative and purely legal career, indicates the President's high regard for his own profession.

In the case of Mr. Wickersham, there was

HON. GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM
Attorney-General

HON. RICHARD A. BALLINGER
Secretary of the Interior

HON. CHARLES NAGEL
Secretary, Commerce and Labor

no political record to influence the choice of the chief executive. The President realized Mr. Wickersham's ability and capacity to continue, enlarge and carry to a successful issue the unfinished work of his predecessors and Secretary Knox, and acted accordingly. His knowledge of the transportation interests of the United States and Mexico, in both railroad and city service, is founded on a most intimate knowledge and management of some of the greatest consolidations of local and national systems of the New World.

He is a Spanish scholar of distinction who reads Cervantes in the original and also speaks French and Italian. Like Caleb Cushing, his knowledge of the Spanish language and his love for its literature have aided in his public life. In view of growing trade relationships with other nations, the attorney-general's linguistic accomplishments may be invaluable in the future. His researches in French and Italian literature have greatly broadened his grasp of those languages, and increased his comprehension of national character and traditions so necessary to the man of affairs.

The Attorney-General is not tall in stature, but is strongly built, genial in manner and address, though direct and resolute. He has a strangely well-developed faculty for getting "at the bottom of things," and is broad, observing and versatile enough to understand clearly the practical as well as the legal aspects of the matters involved. Of Quaker descent, born at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1858, he is still in the prime of life. The son of a colonel of volunteers, and of the daughter of a noted publisher, he early acquired a love for the humanities, and worships still at the shrines of music, art, literature and invention. With the probable increase of commercial complications between our own and other self-protection countries, the liberal and practical accomplishments of Attorney-General Wickersham will weigh in even balance with his legal ability.

* * *

MENTION an ideal hero of the Civil War, and the familiar face and form of the late General O. O. Howard come to mind. At the age of seventy-nine he

HON. JACOB M. DICKINSON
Secretary of War

HON. FRANKLIN MACVEAGH
Secretary of the Treasury

HON. GEORGE von L. MEYER
Secretary of the Navy

passed away at his home in Burlington, Vermont, on a beautiful October day.

When the Civil War broke out, General Howard was professor of mathematics at West Point. When his resignation was refused at the academy, his reply rang with patriotic fervor:

"My country needs me."

The phrase has become a classic of that institution.

At the first battle of Bull Run he commanded a brigade and was made a brigadier-general. He lost an arm at the battle of Fair Oaks in 1862, but regardless of the loss he resumed his command in four weeks and was in action at Antietam, Gettysburg and Chattanooga. During Sherman's march to the sea he again distinguished himself, and was made a brigadier-general in the regular army. At this time, in writing to General Grant, Sherman said of Howard: "I find him a polished and Christian gentleman, exhibiting the highest and most chivalrous traits of character."

When the war was over he became head of the Freedmen's Bureau, and held that position for nine years. Later he commanded an expedition against the Nez Perces Indians on the Western plains. He entered the ranks of literature with a book describing this famous campaign, and paying a glowing tribute to Chief Joseph, head of the hostile tribe, who led the red men in the stirring campaign against the regular troops fresh from the battlefields of the Civil War.

In 1881-2 he was superintendent at West Point, and afterwards commanded the Department of the Platte at Omaha, and the Department of the Pacific and finally came to be commander of the Department of the East. He retired in 1894 with the rank of general. In 1898 the United States passed a bill placing him on the retired list as lieutenant-general and thanking him for meritorious service. The work of General Howard on behalf of the Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, which he founded, will long be remembered. No historic writer of the Civil War has been more popular than he; it was a delight to talk with him concerning incidents of the various campaigns and watch his flashing blue eyes as he related some stirring scene on the battlefield; his gestures with one arm were most pathetic and impressive, and the empty sleeve hanging by his side told the story of the brave and irrepressible commander who will never be forgotten. A kind-hearted gentleman, a true Christian, a noble character, the story of his life will illuminate the pages of history.

Copyright 1909, *Barker*

THE LATE GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

* * *

WHILE the President was away, the books, desks and other furniture of the executive office were removed to the basement of the White House. In the corridors which witnessed the passage of the yearly social processions that throng the executive mansion at receptions, the furniture held sway during "moving time." The famous tennis court of President Roosevelt has furnished the site for the improvements and additions to the executive office, and the new building is double the size of the structure erected for President Roosevelt.

It is most appropriate that the new office of President Taft should be entirely fitted with Philippine woods; though plain, the circular room is light and attractive, and is just the sort of apartment which one would expect to be the choice of an eminent jurist. Secretary Fred W. Carpenter will now have room enough to provide for the rush of visitors and the quick dispatch of business, which he handles in his quiet and forceful way. The total cost of the new building is $50,000.

When plans were submitted for making the White House a more suitable size for an executive mansion, the President insisted that the size of the house had nothing whatever to do with his physical measurements. It has, however, something to do with his method of handling business. More deliberate and exact than his predecessor, reporters say that one-half of the work required in Rooseveltian days suffices to cover the Taft routine. Many more persons call on President Taft than on President Roosevelt, but news is not more plentiful.

Strangers have wondered how the compressed Executive office, built under protest, could be made to serve the purpose so long; it has certainly saved a great deal of wear and tear on the White House carpets and nerves. Instead of going to the White House as in older times, business has been transacted of late years at the Executive office. The new office of President Taft is directly over the old Rooseveltian court. The secretary's office windows look toward the west, and on the east there is a new cabinet room, leaving the old one to be utilized by the clerks.

Through the tunnel every morning, Sundays excepted, about nine o'clock, come President Taft and Secretary Carpenter, and the morning's mail is quickly dispatched. The first assistant secretary, Mr. Rudolph Forster, takes down in shorthand what the President has to say and turns over the notes to the other stenographers, for at the White House all notes are transferable. In the meantime a large portion of the mail coming to the President has been handled by Fred W. Carpenter without being forwarded to the President's desk. Mr. Carpenter takes charge of all the detail work. When he turns the corner of a card and forwards it to the doorkeeper, it is a "sign manual" as significant as the initials of a customer on a note at a bank.

During the morning all engagements are attended to by Mr. Stone, the doorkeeper, and President Taft's deliberate manner often extends visiting hours through the lunch time. It may be that he will secure a little lunch himself, as in the old days at the War Department, by biting into a big red apple, but he keeps right on at his work until the sun has passed the meridian.

MISS A. H. SHORTRIDGE
The highest salaried stenographer in the government service

Mr. Mischler, who was with the President six years before he joined the force of the White House as confidential stenographer, is constantly within call; and some declare that "he is on the night shift." The buzzer never has to ring for Mr. Mischler, because he seems to know by instinct when he ought to be around with pen and notebook. He travels with the President and has many hundred utterances accurately recorded and filed for reference at a moment's notice.

* * *

IN the modest brick building devoted to the Agricultural Department, Secretary Wilson deliberately puts on and off his steel-bowed spectacles, or casts his eyes upward with head bowed, while he concentrates his sturdy Scotch brain on the crop conditions of this great country, whose importance is hardly understood even when we note the figures, $8,100,000,000, which is the value of the crop for the past year.

The Department is a nerve system reaching into forty-five states and assisting the farmers to carry on their work with the well-matured plans and system that a manufacturer adopts to secure his raw material and transmute it into the finished product. The soil is the raw material, the crops the finished product, and every possibility of increase is given the accurate and scientific study accorded in other lines of business to intricate chemical or mechanical experiments.

Every part of the United States is adapted to the raising of some profitable crop, provided conditions of climate and soil are understood. What more thrilling conception of the conquest of the earth by man can be conceived than to compel each atom of the earth to yield its hidden wealth for the benefit of mankind. Mammoth palaces, industrial plants, churches, schools, streets, cities and parks are all impressive features of progress—but they must be maintained by the products of the soil—the basic foundation of all life and all wealth, and the means with which to build and maintain these glories of civilization evidenced in stately edifices.

* * *

FEW people realize the governmental responsibility resting upon the shoulders of women clerks; the number is steadily increasing as women are found more and more suited for the intricate and irksome details of routine clerical work. It is only a question of time when the pay of men and women who work for the government will be equalized where the duties are of equal importance—the only guide to salary will then be ability and the service rendered.

At the present time the highest salaried woman doing departmental work in Washington is Miss A. H. Shortridge, of New York City. The State Department recently recognized her services by promotion to a salary of $2,500 per annum, the highest pay ever given to any woman worker by Uncle Sam. Miss Shortridge began with a position of $900 per year and has gradually worked her way up, by efficient service, to the distinction which she now enjoys. No wonder that the hard-headed, bread-winning women of the country are delighted to see one of their members honored as she deserves.

J. FRANKLIN BELL

The dashing hero of Philippine fame, and reorganizer of military instruction (see page 264)

THERE are three widows of former presidents now living—Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison and Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

The widow of President Garfield never quite recovered from the terrible ordeal of his death, twenty-eight years ago. She now makes her home in Pasadena, California, and is the same sweet, gracious, womanly personality that made the White House a happy home for James A. Garfield. She is always willing to speak of those old times, or to discuss the triumphs and achievements of her husband. Her affection for her home town, Mentor, Ohio, and her recollection of all that concerns it, are as strong today as when she left the scenes of her girlhood to become the first lady of the land. Mrs. Garfield is in no sense of the word "a society woman," and never appears at any festivity more notable than the meetings of a few old friends, who love her for the noble qualities that have always distinguished her.

Photo by G. V. Buck, Washington

MISS SIGRED GUDE
Daughter of the Swedish Minister at Washington

Photo by G. V. Buck, Washington

MISS INGEBORG GUDE
Daughter of the Swedish Minister at Washington

Not having married until after the retirement of President Harrison, though actually the widow of a president, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison was never the mistress of the White House. For many years she has been prominently identified with the social life of Washington, where she lives with her little daughter. She does not now enter so much into society, being occupied with the training of her daughter and the care of her home.

Still residing in her beautiful home at Princeton, New Jersey, Mrs. Grover Cleveland finds her days fully occupied with the education of her children. The home is rich with memories of its master, for no ex-president more thoroughly enjoyed his days of retirement. At heart a philosopher, Grover Cleveland spent his last years far from the turmoil of political ambition, wrapped in the happiness of home duties and country life, though he never for a moment lost his belief in the importance of his position as a good citizen of the United States. Mrs.

Photo copyright by Clinedinst, Wash.

COUNT MOLTKE, DANISH MINISTER
He is very wealthy and will entertain extensively this winter

Cleveland has always been an interesting personality, and as a White House bride the people feel that in some measure she belongs to them.

* * *

THE most imposing quarters held by a cabinet officer are those of Secretary Meyer, who has removed to the cabinet once vacated for the use of the public. It is called "the Green Room" and overlooks the executive offices across the street. Although no change has been made in the furniture, the room reveals individual taste in its artistic arrangement. In one corner stands the old desk which the secretary used as speaker of the General Court of Massachusetts. In another corner an old-fashioned "grandfather's clock," purchased by a naval attache on account of its naval features, marks the time. The face illustrates certain ships at anchor, and every time the clock ticks the tiny vessels rock to and fro. It was decided by Mr. Taylor, private secretary to Mr. Meyer, that this unique clock ought to have a place in the big room occupied by his chief, so coats were pulled off and the clock was moved.

Mr. Taylor says: "If anyone is curious as to the weight or dimensions of that clock, he may communicate with me; the stenographer and I moved it on a warm day, and we know something about it."

The Secretary's room has many visitors, and at almost any hour cabinet officials, admirals, commodores, captains, senators and congressmen are met there, just as when he was ambassador to Russia and Italy. Few men in public life are more thoroughly conversant with the courtesies and subtle conventionalities of public life than the popular Secretary of the Navy.

* * *

WHEN the Senate is in session Old Glory floats over the west wing of the Capitol; when the House of Representatives

COUNTESS MOLTKE
Wife of the Danish Minister. She is young and charming, and will make a delightful addition to the ranks of the younger matrons in the diplomatic corps

VICTOR HERBERT
The Composer and Conductor, Who Conferred the Awards for the Judges in the "Heart Songs" Book

Copyright, 1909, *Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.*

SECRETARY OF STATE P. C. KNOX

is in session the stars and stripes are unfurled to the east. The lantern in the dome is always aglow at night when Congress is sitting. This is an old custom handed down from the time of Jefferson and Adams, when newspaper "extras" were few and far between; and this means was taken to impress upon the minds of the people the fact that the august body on the hill was having a night session—and, as jokingly said, a poker game in the committee rooms. The old custom continued, and in response to public sentiment the dome is still lighted. Washington citizens will long remember how the lantern's pale glimmer was reflected in the rain-washed asphalt of Pennsylvania Avenue, when the first night session on the tariff measures was in progress. The dome lights of the Capitol are as a beacon, directing public interest to the stately pile which personifies the nation's law sources.

* * *

NOTHING more vividly portrays the tremendous expansion of the agricultural wealth of the country than the gigantic growth of the American railroads, a fact that was impressed on my mind as I sat in the rooms of the Interstate Commerce Commission and glanced over a stray table of figures:

GROWTH OF EARNINGS AND EXPENSES FOR TWENTY YEARS OF AMERICAN RAILWAYS SINCE 1888–89

YEAR ENDED JUNE 30	MILEAGE OF ROAD	GROSS EARNINGS	OPERATING EXPENSES†
1908–09*	......	$2,496,802,000	$1,755,652,000
1907–08	228,286	2,407,020,000	1,771,596,000
1906–07	225,227	2,602,758,000	1,843,171,000
1905–06	220,633	2,346,640,286	1,624,622,407
1904–05	215,507	2,112,197,770	1,481,286,902
1903–04	213,828	1,977,638,713	1,392,724,542
1902–03	205,237	1,908,857,826	1,316,349,314
1901–02	197,887	1,720,814,900	1,160,788,623
1900–01	194,975	1,612,448,826	1,092,154,099
1899–1900	191,862	1,501,695,378	1,018,447,852
1898–99	186,590	1,336,096,379	888,355,365
1897–98	184,533	1,249,558,724	859,892,250
1896–97	181,874	1,132,866,626	790,074,596
1895–96	180,891	1,125,632,025	792,865,046
1894–95	179,154	1,092,395,437	769,198,983
1893–94	176,221	1,066,943,358	749,185,959
1892–93	173,361	1,207,106,026	848,457,108
1891–92	170,607	1,169,036,840	816,219,435
1890–91	164,262	1,125,381,994	774,633,511
1889–90	157,076	1,086,039,735	743,968,439
1888–89	153,885	991,935,331	674,068,448

* Approximate. † Includes taxes.

COL. SAM TATE

At the head of the great marble industry in Georgia

Dry farming, irrigation, improved methods and selection of seeds are producing an immense increase in the yield. The advancement in railroad development and increase in mileage is the one great marvel of America.

Vice-President Canadian Pacific Railroad

Railroads are no longer built in the most inexpensive manner. To secure great traffic and hold it, the more practical policy has been adopted of building the "iron trail" from the very beginning so that it will be equal to all demands. Low gradients and strong bridges and heavy rails have proved to be the truest economy in the long run.

UNITED STATES SENATOR PENROSE
Of Pennsylvania

Statistics look almost like the details of a fairy tale. In 1850 it was estimated that the United States owned seven billion dollars, but in 1910 the national assets will aggregate one hundred and twenty billion dollars, with a likelihood of doubling again in the next twenty years. The per capita wealth has advanced from $307 in 1850 to $1,310 in 1904, and the estimate of the total population for the 1910 census is placed at the round number of ninety million.

* * *

ONE of the most important conferences scheduled for Washington next January is that looking toward more uniform state laws. The convention will open with an address by President Taft; and the topics for consideration embrace about all the important problems now agitating the public mind: taxation, railway legislation, banking, life insurance, fire insurance, pure food laws, vital statistics—including the vexed problems of marriage and divorce legislation—public health, good roads and motors, with a consideration of laws relating to women's work and earnings and their right to protection from moral and physical perils. It is hoped by an exhaustive discussion to create uniform state laws.

* * *

IT was like talking with a warrior returning from the front to have a chat with Colonel Goethals on a railroad smoker, yet what a contrast there was between his account of his duties and the grim work done by men on the fighting line in wartime. His was no recital of bloodshed and mortal conflict, though his eyes glistened as he told of victories gained in the industrial and constructive field, and spoke of the approaching completion of a project that will bring closer together the continents and nations of the world.

Fresh from the Isthmus, with the bronze of the fierce Panama sun on his cheek, he was very enthusiastic over what had already been accomplished and over plans for the future, which he said when completed would enable the workers to lay two thousand yards of concrete a day. The Colonel felt sure that the locks at Gatun, Pedro Miguel and La Boca would be ready in time.

The labor situation has adjusted itself, and no difficulty is experienced in obtaining the best class of workmen. Though the summer on the Canal Zone has been the

Photo by Harris & Ewing

ELIHU ROOT, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW YORK hottest ever known in that locality, the heat has not interfered with the progress of the work, for by this time the canal employees are thoroughly acclimated.

* * *

With the Chagres River in its annual flood the dams between Matachin and Gorgona were employed to gather in four feet of gravel drift. This economical trick was formerly practiced by the railroad men to obtain ballast for their road. Now, all the canal workers have to do is to gather in the toll paid by the Chagres and utilize it for the making of concrete for the immense wall and arches, whose artificial stone will withstand the strokes of Father Time's scythe for centuries.

COLONEL GOETHALS
In charge of the Panama Canal work

The remains of old machinery, used in making portions of the canal in other times, have been found in the jungle, all overgrown with the wild luxuriance of tropical vegetation; much of this has been shipped to the United States as ordinary scrap-iron at eighteen cents per hundred weight, while the boilers bring eighty cents per hundred weight. Some of the old French excavators have been found in perfect condition, excepting the leather.

Work on the locks has been pushed energetically by the contractors, who, having fixed their own dates, are very anxious to complete the job within contract time. One plant was in operation last summer and the other was ready in October.

It is expected that the Culebra Cut will be completed before the locks are finished. Some sections of the canal are of a strata which makes it unwise to take ships through at full speed, and the latest estimate on locking ships through the canal is six hours. It has been observed that persons who have visited the Canal Zone almost always return enthusiastic champions of the lock canal, and each year evidence accumulates to prove how futile it would have been to attempt a sea-level canal at this time.

* * *

On the Isthmus the liquor question comes up perennially for discussion and settlement. Since the government has taken hold of the matter, none of the towns that had not already obtained a license have been granted one, but as long as similar legislation does not exist in the adjoining Republic of Panama it is difficult to wholly exclude intoxicants, however evil their effect may be in that tropical climate. The general impression is that it would be unwise to attempt more stringent regulations at the present time. In fact, records show that there is less drinking in the Canal Zone where liquor is sold than where it is not—probably on the principle that "stolen waters are sweetest." Convivial residents of close towns seem bent on dispensing "strong waters" secretly and without limit.

The Tivoli Hotel enjoys the distinction of being the only hostelry owned by Uncle Sam. Last year it made a snug profit and promises to be an equally good investment for the future. The situation on the Isthmus becomes more and more interesting as a sociological study, showing what can be done when unnecessary competition is eliminated.

Colonel Goethals confirms the opinion of many visitors, affirming that the day is not far distant when the Ancon Hills on the Pacific side will be very popular as a winter resort. Thousands of people are already planning to visit the canal, and trips are being arranged by Raymond & Whitcomb and other tourist companies. The Hamburg-American line has for some time taken visitors through the canal. On Sundays, the work not being carried on, parties are permitted to pass by rail right into the heart of the workings and completed portions. Every opportunity is given for visitors to gain a good idea of what has been accomplished and what is going on.

Health conditions on the Isthmus continue to improve, although great economy has been effected by turning over the constructive work, necessary for proper sanitation, to the quartermaster's department. The old custom of taking quinine before every meal has been largely discontinued, a fact which speaks volumes for the improved conditions on the Isthmus. Colonel Goethals announced himself as one of those who no longer feel the need of this protection against bad effects from the tropical climate.

Perhaps a little grayer, perhaps possessing a few more wrinkles, but always with eyes agleam as he talks over the great work, Colonel Goethals in many ways recalls the demeanor of that quiet soldier who won the first victories for the armies of the Potomac, General Grant. Unassuming and kindly, it hardly seems possible that this is the man who is pushing toward completion the most gigantic constructive work ever undertaken by any government. The Colonel is back from a few weeks' rest at his summer home in Martha's Vineyard, where, with his family, he has enjoyed many recreation seasons.

* * *

It was glorious to hear, from the lips of one so well informed as Colonel Goethals, such cheering news "from the front," which amply verified the reports of splendid progress that have been circulated, but which seemed too stupendous for belief. In fact, the work has been prosecuted with an energy and skill that have produced results greatly exceeding even the glowing reports given to the press.

When the Canal Zone was first turned over to the United States, there were 600 West Indian laborers and a few side excavators and dump trains conducting work in the Culebra Cut, in order to hold the franchise. Active work did not begin until 1906, and the two stages of the undertaking stand out sharply: the preparation for the work and progress in the actual construction of the canal. Every energy and all the money, for the first two and a half years, were devoted to making the Isthmus healthy, and the triumph of scientific sanitation there is an object lesson to the world. In June, 1906, the type of canal was finally decided upon by Congress, and the work was at once pushed forward, under the care of three commissioners. Practically the same arrangements are in force today.

* * *

A SENATOR came into the cloak room in a rather pensive mood, and stood silent for some minutes—thoughtfully smoking. It was supposed that some problem of legislation lay heavy on his mind, until he broke the silence, without even a prelude:

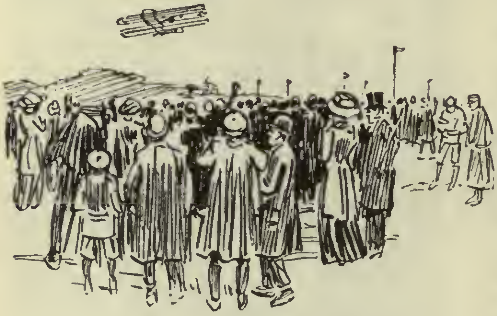
Sometimes I like to talk with cranks.

"I have been bothered with rats, and it makes me nervous because I have been reading so much about the bubonic plague. We had six cats in the house, but suddenly five left, leaving a lonesome Tabby. I tried a ball of yarn on him. Every time he jumped after that ball, he struck wide of the mark. Then I caught him, looked closer at him and, behold, the cat was cross-eyed!

"What puzzles me now is to decide whether or not there is an aristocracy of cat life into which a crooked-eyed cat cannot come. He was evidently an outcast and a pariah with his kind, for he carefully kept his corner all the time the other cats were around. Now, the rats left with the cats, and what I want to know is whether there is not some feeling of caste among rats as well as cats in refusing even to associate with a cross-eyed cat. No bubonic plague, gentlemen, with cross-eyed cats available. It's in the old Hindu Hoodoo book."

* * *

THE sensations of Darius Green were as nothing in comparison with my feelings when I saw the aeronaut, Wright, in his aeroplane, scooting along and swooping up like a bird from the College Park Field, in Washington. It was a keen, crisp morning in autumn, and at the hour of 6.17 A. M. the field was covered with frost. There was something weird and supernatural in the early dawn. The rattle of the engine, the flapping of the wings, the breathless attention of the spectators, as the machine arose and circled about the field, suggested an event of great importance.



We stood craning our necks

For some time Wilbur Wright had been stationed here, instructing Lieutenant Lahm how to run the machine, on behalf of the government. On this particular day he received $20,000 of the $30,000 awarded to him for the contract, which was not, as generally supposed, a prize to encourage invention, but the fulfilment of a direct contract submitted to the department, for "heavier than air machines." At first there were three bidders; one withdrew and the other never has been ready for the test, although some of his machinery has been shipped to Washington. The flights at College Park Field have been much more interesting than those at Fort Meyer, because the Field is better adapted for the purpose. It is a large area cleared for the "sub-edition" of Washington, and posts marking the corner lots still remain. This tract of land will be as notable in years to come as any of the ancient battlefields now surrounding the capital city.

That morning, "When the frost was on the pumpkin, and the corn was in the shock," we stood craning our necks, looking aloft at what seemed a simple contrivance, floating peacefully in the air. The simplicity of the modern airship is bewildering. When, in circling the field, it lowered a little, I could see the large runners, like those of a sleigh, and the whole machine had somewhat the appearance of a toboggan running down hill, as, returning to the ground, it slid along its runners.

The great machine went around the field, and reached the frame shop, where the new boards suggested the magic upspringing of some of the mushroom cities of the West. This structure, which the French call the "hongar," is to the flying machine what the garage is to the automobile, but in look and name the "hongar" does not appeal to residents of the United States, and it is doubtful whether the name and style of building will be adopted.

Inside the house, which is just a little longer than the width of a machine, every arrangement had been made for keeping the machine in good order, and here we had an opportunity to study, at close quarters, the construction. Two great sheets, above and below, constitute the main sails; they are made of the finest weave of cotton obtainable, and are doubled on thin spars. Behind these are two large propellers, six feet in diameter, made of strips of spruce; behind them are two vertical runners, above which is a plane contrivance recently added as an experiment, the day that I was there; it proved a great success. The passenger seats are next to the four-cylinder engines, and, strange as it may seem to the automobilist, are without carburetors.

There were three levers, so that each of the passengers, as well as the operator, can run the machine; the centre lever is used to command, and those on each side govern the bow of the ship, as it were. When the lever is turned down the machine dips downward, and when raised the machine shoots up. The lever in the centre regulates the great main sheets, which are concave, and seemed to adjust themselves to the wind; they can be raised at the corners, and made concave or convex as desired.

The propellers are operated with chains on either side, on the same principle as automobiles or bicycles. The gasolene tank is just above the engine, and next to that is the radiator, reaching the entire length behind the two seats, which are provided with dainty, soft cushions and backs suggestive of the luxury of the automobile. In front are foot-rests on a slender rail. The framework seems very slight and delicate, and the entire machine weighs only about two hundred pounds. All the wiring is done with piano wire, which stretch in all directions, like the ropes of a miniature ship; when the wind whizzes through the machine the noise of the propellers drowns even the sound of the engines. While I was there a man carefully inspected every wire, oiling where necessary, that rust might be prevented.

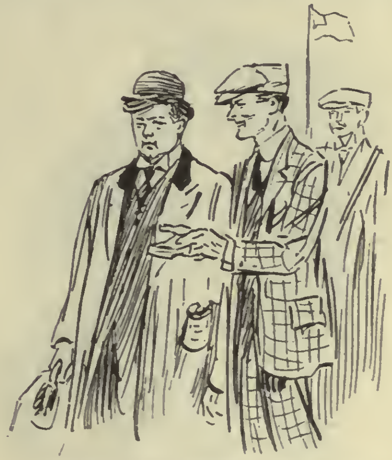
Around the house were coils of rope which suggested a boathouse. Lieutenant Lahm had taken his morning spin and was eagerly watching the automatic little instruments which note even the minutest variation in the velocity of the wind. Over the flying machine house is a weather vane, which gives the varying velocity of the wind. Now it is six miles an hour, a little later it may be nine miles an hour, for the wind rises rapidly.

The machine started from a little track, with arrangements like an oil derrick, to which was attached a heavy weight—the trigger was pulled and off went the flying machine, rising like a kite. The principle employed in aeronautics is akin to rapid skating over thin ice; the velocity of the airship must be at least twenty-five miles an hour in order to keep it steady in the air. The apparent danger of the ascent does not appall those accustomed to the flights. If the machine does not turn turtle there is no danger whatever to those who are in it.

Lieutenant Lahm has been up twelve thousand feet in the air, and seems especially adapted to such feats, being slight and trim in build, his wiry activity suggests the physique of a sailor. Air mariners consider every emergency. The day before I saw the machine go up, Mr. Wright found himself in the air without a supply of gasolene; he came down, obtained the omitted gasolene and went up again with surprisingly little loss of time.

The government is paying two hundred dollars a month rental for the College Park Field, and the route of the test trips is usually around the field a given number of times. There is a big red barn along the course, which serves as a hurdle for the high jump; near by a goat peacefully browses, and is regarded as a sort of mascot which goes with the field.

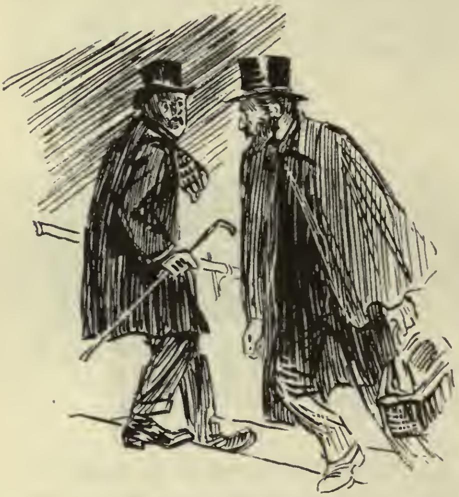
The field is located between the railroad and the trolley line, and a sociable sign gives directions to the airships, which term, however, is a misnomer, because strictly speaking an airship is not a flying machine, the latter being "heavier than air," whereas the older form of aerial ships were "lighter than air." The two propositions are as widely divergent as a steel twin-propeller steamer of our time, and an old-fashioned sailing ship. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of these College Park Field flights is the suddenness with which the machine ascends with abrupt startling velocity, resembling the discharge of a gatling gun.


Lieutenant Lahm, slight and trim in build

* * *

THE reunion of the Taft Philippine party held in Washington every year is an unique occasion. One of the impressive features of this trip was the work accomplished by Cupid, which resulted in the marital happiness of Miss Alice Roosevelt and Representative Longworth, and of two other couples; in each instance the groom belonged to the legislative branch of government service.

As a memento of the trip an entertaining volume has been published and dedicated to William Howard Taft. The frontispiece is a jolly Cupid, his face wreathed in ingenuous smiles, his features bearing a striking resemblance to those of the distinguished chief executive. Each member of the party has inscribed some sentiment suggestive of memories of the trip; some have kept strictly to the sober and philosophic, while others have strayed into the path of poesy, or essayed a flight of wit. The singular thing is that the most learned and serious appear to wax the giddiest in penning lines in this book. Dignified congressmen have for a moment forgotten the cares of officialdom, and become tourists again, all "Tafters" aboard ship. The first page is prettily illuminated, the central medallion at the top representing a ship, to typify the voyage. "L'envoy" was written by Miss Mabel Boardman, under whose direction the work of signing and illuminating was carried to completion.



"You will walk into the Thames."

*   *   *

EVERY Congressman and Senator who has been in Europe has a great deal to relate of his personal experience over there, especially if it has been his first trip abroad; the comments are a refreshing departure from the regular routine talk of the seasoned traveler. It was a cold day in autumn and the fire glowed brightly in the cloak room when Senator Vreeland began to describe a London fog.

"The worst ever known in the city—I could harldy find my way from Trafalgar Square to the Savoy hotel. The fog was so dense it seemed that one could almost cut it into slices; the odor was sickening, the fog made the eyes and head ache. Suddenly I found a cab horse's nose on my shoulder and realized that I had inadvertently stepped from the sidewalk into the street amid a clanging of bells, and wild shouting and whistling in the vain endeavor to warn the people, for the fog deadens sound so that it cannot be located. Hastening back to a place of safety I dashed into other foot passengers.

"Groping my way along the Strand, as I supposed, I found myself suddenly upon a long stairway; going down a few steps, pausing and going down a few more, I did not seem to arrive anywhere. Keeping the balustrade in my hand, I collided with someone who was coming up—here was my chance.

"'Can you tell me, sir, where I am going.'" I asked meekly in the gloom.

"'Assuredly I can, sir. If you keep on in the direction in which you are going you will, in a very few minutes, walk into the Thames.'

"'Are you sure?' said I, astonished.

"'Absolutely sure—I have just come out—the water is most invigorating, but beastly chilly, you know.'"

*   *   *

IT is possible to purchase at the Philadelphia Mint faithful portraits of presidents, from Washington to Taft, and sundry similar souvenirs. The coins are two dollars each, and there are over 300 dies in the medal department, including those bestowed by Congress since the opening of the mint in 1792, and given by Congress to heroes of the continental army.

The first dies for government medals were struck at the mint in Paris, under the supervision of the thrifty Benjamin Franklin, who insisted on having it as perfect as possible, as had been the rule of his life since the early days when he learned his trade in the old shop on Milk Street, Boston. This medal is about three inches in diameter; the original was purchased by the Massachusetts Historical Association for $5,000. A replica can be had for $2.

The latest medal given to the Wright Brothers is of gold, and is the only design on which two figures appear. This is creditable as showing the contrast between the recognition now given a great inventor, and the neglect of those great geniuses of a not remote past, who struggled for years with poverty, scorn and hope deferred, and often died before their achievements in the cause of science and civilization were recognized. In the Naval Department there are nineteen different medals on sale, from one of Paul Jones down to Admiral Dewey of the present day. The medal department of the government is constantly increasing its capacity in turning out government work, and medals for societies at a nominal charge.

* * *

AN Illinois farmer presents the country with an almost cobless corn. Perhaps the time is coming when the diner munching corn will not have to wrestle with the cob, and rising generations will bless the man who eliminated it. The new corn is described as having each kernel growing on the parent stem instead of adhering to a cob. The Illinois grower says that he eliminated the cob by taking the tip of each ear, and setting only the very top kernels, and shortly expects to evolve a perfectly cobless corn. The Agricultural College of that state is looking after the experiment. Of course, like all improvements, there are some disapprovers, who remark:

"Where would be the delight of munching corn if there were no cob on which to sharpen the teeth?"

* * *

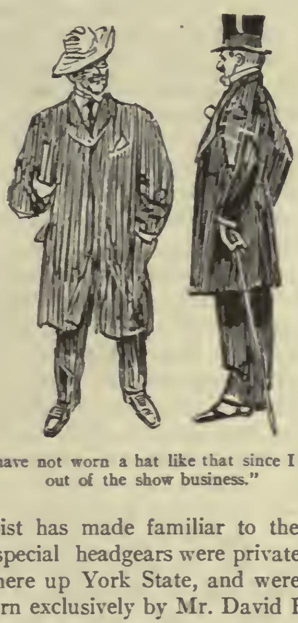
THE entire expense of the White House, including the salary of the president and cost of clerical and office assistance, is a little more than the sum allotted by the Hollanders to Queen Wilhelmina, and is certainly not an extravagant ratio of expenditure, contrasting the proportions of the two countries.

The total appropriation for this year, for telephone service, automobiles, housekeeping, care of conservatory and greenhouses, printing, lighting and the multifarious trifles necessary to keep up such an establishment, is $277,255, the lowest sum expended in the maintenance of the White House since 1904, except during the last two years of the Roosevelt administration, when a record was made by keeping down expenses to about $160,000 respectively. With the exception of these two years the expenses have been higher, chiefly owing to appropriations for repairs and additions which vary from year to year. The highest executive expenditures are about one-tenth of the civil list of Germany and one-eighth that of England.

* * *

OCCASIONALLY there comes a reminder of the days of David B. Hill, the sage of Wolfroost. Not many years ago he was the supreme power in the Democratic phalanx. He has always had a faculty for making courteous, but sarcastic retort when occasion requires.

One night, while Colonel Roosevelt was vice-president he met the Senator going to a reception at the executive mansion in Albany Mr. Roosevelt wore his Rough Rider hat and Senator Hill's head was covered with that "sky scraper" silk "tile" which the cartoonist has made familiar to the public. These special headgears were privately made somewhere up York State, and were bought and worn exclusively by Mr. David Hill, and he had never used any other style.



"I have not worn a hat like that since I went out of the show business."

"Senator," said Vice-President Roosevelt, cheerily, "you would be more comfortable if you would wear a hat like this I have on; it is easier on the head and preserves the hair," and he chuckled thinking of the sparse locks upon the Senator's head.

Drawing himself up, with all the dignity of the old-time Roman Senator, the sage of Wolfroost looked down at Mr. Roosevelt's boots and up at his hat.

"My dear sir," he said in solemn tones, "I have not worn a hat like yours since I went out of the show business."

ELIHU ROOT: CONSTRUCTOR

By MITCHELL MANNERING

IF the American people asked: "Who are the greatest constructive statesmen of our times?" one name would figure conspicuously among the answers. At the age of fifty-five, after he had won his way to leadership in the American bar, with a private practice yielding an annual income averaging a quarter million dollars, Elihu Root went to Washington to courteously decline the appointment as secretary of war tendered him by President McKinley. A gigantic task was set for him at a time of life when he might have considered the propriety of "resting on his oars" a little and allowing himself occasionally to drift with the current. Had he followed his own wishes at this time, Mr. Root would probably have devoted himself to his favorite studies, for all through life he has retained a love of learning for its own sake, inculcated by his father, who was professor of mathematics in Hamilton College. Despite his mathematical precision, Elihu Root is a philosopher at heart; glitter does not attract him, and though his patriotism led him to occupy himself for the public good, it might truly be said of him, as of General Gordon, that "he abhorred publicity and he never courted renown."

The career of Mr. Root is an effective reply to pessimists who are forever looking backward, into the musty pages of Greek and Roman history, for evidences of real statesmanship. What would have been thought of one of those ancient celebrities if, in the course of nine brief years, he had achieved but the half that may be credited to this one man? What should we think today if such marvels might be credited to Clay or Webster? It is the distinction of this modern "Constructor" that he has been the first to discover the changes needed in the work of men who were great in their day; he has not only discovered that revision was needed, but has known how to construct governmental departments on a modern basis. Like the old quill pen, compared with the swift stenographic process of today, were the modes of procedure in use in Washington before Mr. Root became secretary of war.

Two achievements alone would stamp Elihu Root as a great statesman: the reorganization of the army on the general staff plan, and the reconstruction of the War Department on a business basis.

As, in an important legal matter, he would have informed himself before the trial or settlement of every detail affecting the case, so he acquainted himself with the technical side of the War Department, studying the essentials and the unessentials, until he saw clearly how to take that great forward stride which merged and consolidated the cumbersome boards, bureaus and divisions of the War Department into one vast corporate institution; he threw into this gigantic task all the knowledge and experience gained in his lifelong dealings with large corporate interests.

During the Boxer troubles, when Secretary Hay was ill and President McKinley was absent from Washington, it was the calm secretary of war who grasped the situation in the twinkling of an eye, and with a few terse messages flashed over the ocean cables, set in motion the machinery that relieved the legation at Pekin; at that crucial time there was no more excitement in his mien and actions than if he had been issuing an order to establish a new camp for target practice.

At such momentous times he will sit, following out the matter under consideration while he makes geometric lines with a pencil along the edges of letters or papers lying on his desk, his hand moving quietly, apparently with the old-time boyish inclination to "whittle" and talk at the same time. Ascertaining facts, studying principles, digging deep down to fundamentals, no one can realize the strain of the systematic grind through which Mr. Root must have passed before he could calmly issue orders and make plans that have readjusted conditions hitherto accepted as inevitable by the governments of the whole world.

Mr. Root is an earnest believer in individual responsibility and collective, unified action; he deals with facts and has a clear comprehension of results as produced by perfect organization. In his own words:

"This is the time for organization. Great results are produced only by that. Individual effort, individual brilliance, individual heroism accomplish but little, except as they have an effect upon masses of men. Effective and harmonious organization is the moving power of the world today."

Acting on such beliefs, Mr. Root, when secretary of war, established a war college, and made soldiering an honored trade as well as an ornate profession. A legislative earthquake occurred when he secured the passage of a bill creating a general staff; yet the methods he insisted upon have been in operation for nearly seven years, and the only wonder we feel now is that they were not thought of sooner.

* * * *

The splendid volunteer army that went to the Philippines was handled with ease, and the coalition of the militia with the regular army is another monument to the constructive ability of the secretary of war of that time. When the victory over Spain made it necessary to take charge of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, that constructive mind was ready with special forms of government to meet the problems growing out of the varying conditions in each island. No sum of money could cover the intrinsic value of the legal service rendered to his country at that time by Elihu Root. In the insular possessions he brought order out of chaos; government by brute force was eliminated; the work of pacification was carried on; soldiers were converted into civilian governors, magistrates, policemen, street cleaners, sanitarians, educators and mayors. Militarism never appealed to Secretary Root, as such, and he quickly found a way to make the army useful when its fighting days for the time were over. He wanted results and got them. In 1899 his "Instructions for the Government of Cuba and Porto Rico" stated the exact position and rights both of the natives and of the United States, and this document is today the basis of the statutes of those two countries. His study of the Cuban situation resulted in the Platt Amendment, the saving clause in the history of the pacification of the Queen of the Antilles.

Day and night, for no one knows how many hours out of the twenty-four, Secretary Root's attention was concentrated on the Philippine problem. In April, 1900, the immense task was completed with the issuance of the "Instructions for the Philippines," originally drafted in Secretary Root's own handwriting. President McKinley never hesitated to give him entire credit for the colossal work of framing a constitution, a code of laws, civil and criminal, a system of judicial procedure and a system of civil government for a large archipelago, in which complexities of racial problems had to be handled in minutest detail. Despite the difficulty, that completed task of April, 1900, stands as a model state paper of its kind, and it is a noteworthy fact that no amendment of these "instructions" has ever been made.

* * * *

The Alaska boundary dispute; the Fishery Arbitration Treaty; the San Domingo situation, wherein our government acted practically as receiver for a demoralized American republic; the adjustment of the Rio Grande boundaries; the Algeciras matter; the Japanese-American pact; world treaties with world powers—these were all handled by Secretary Root, and his influence has been felt throughout the whole world in the reorganization of the consular service, whereby he quietly brought diplomatic circles into line with United States development.

In the State Department Mr. Root proved himself a specialist, as he had in the War Department, and today in that department there is a responsible expert at the head of each phase of the work. The progressive ideas of Secretary Hay, by which he intended to insure the status of the Pacific and the autonomy of China, were carried into execution, in a solid and permanent manner, by Secretary Root.

* * * *

Further evidence of his ability appears in his grasp of the South American situation, which he has long regarded as a paramount factor in trade development. His trip to South America and around the Horn was a triumphal progress, culminating in a visit to Cuba and Panama. Terse in thought, action and speech, his addresses during this tour are a text-book of American ideas and ideals. A close student of the past, a keen observer of the present, an able prophet of the future, Mr. Root at once recognized in these republics the future field for United States trade operations, and the result of his South American trip was the organization of the business-like and effective Bureau of American Republics, which has demonstrated to twenty-one nations the value of harmonious organization.

This system of international exchange will do more than all the formalities of repeated peace conferences to obviate disastrous wars. In dealing with the "republics to the south of us" Mr. Root again showed his constructive ability in international, as in national, matters. He does not achieve success by the glamour of personal magnetism—a success which could not last—but by reasonableness and strength.

Though not effusive, Elihu Root's departure from the departments of which he was secretary was deeply regretted. He has not the boisterous, hail-fellow-well-met geniality that salutes a man with a slap on the back and a joke, but he is absolutely just and always kind. His manner of entering an office, with that measured stride of his, suggests his character. No gold lace or official jauntiness appeal to him; he is a lover of work; perplexing problems are not an annoyance to him, but rather a source of interest, and he gives them the same attention that he would an intricate legal problem, determined to make it "court-proof." He is a close student of men, and in a few minutes can elicit a surprising amount of relevant information, without any apparent effort on his part.

Like his predecessor, John Hay, Elihu Root has won the confidence of the diplomatic corps by conducting public matters on a high moral and judicial plane. In his nine years of public service he has never violated the sacred confidence reposed in him. When an official duty lies before him, he considers that alone, and all personal considerations are eliminated.

Like all mankind, Elihu Root loves unexpected appreciation. That side of his character was apparent when he looked at the dainty tokens of friendship presented to him by a number of American school-teachers whom he met in Argentina; they had gone there to take charge of some of the "Sorrento Schools," and were delighted to do honor to their distinguished countryman, when he visited the South American republics. Some of these American teachers have been pensioned by the appreciative Argentine government in return for their noble work.

* * * *

His nine years of experience in almost every form of executive work has especially fitted Mr. Root for the high position he now occupies as senator from New York State. Seldom has any public man been so well versed in the duties of three co-ordinate departments of government; his early years acquainted him practically with the entire gamut of judicial forms. The principles and convictions for which he fought in his years of legal work were the substratum on which he organized the War and State Departments in later life. Now, in the legislative branch of government, the same qualities of mind, the same constructive force, the same old-fashioned principles, the same intimate knowledge of men and methods will again be used for the good of the nation.

Impervious to criticism, Elihu Root continues to maintain his convictions. When a New York paper appealed to him for answers to a series of questions propounded to ascertain his views on various subjects, he replied:

"I do not want to go into a kind ot civil service examination regarding my fitness for the Senate. . . . When men get to answering questions put to them for the purpose of determining whether the people shall favor them for office, the temptation is very strong to make the sort of answers that the people are supposed to want, and I do not think it is at all certain that the best and most honest men would come out at the top of such an examination."

Direct in action, honest in purpose, diplomacy and legislation have never meant to him the whisperings of greed or duplicity; every warrior who watched his work in the War Department, every representative of a foreign nation who knew him as secretary of state, will watch with the rank and file of the American people the work done in the future by Elihu Root.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE CENSUS

GLIMPSES NOT GIVEN TO EVERYONE WHO GLANCES

By WHITMAN OSGOOD

SO far the Thirteenth United States Census has been a lucky one.

It has been divorced from its incompatible helpmeet—politics. Certainly, *mensa et thoro;* probably *a vinculo.*

It is being directed largely by young men, presumably full of energy, enthusiasm, selflessness; soldierlike, willing to work themselves—to death, if necessary; for glory, too, like all ambitious, ardent and idealistic young people.

It seems to be, too, a genuine "practice what you preach" living-up-to civil service principles.

It promises to be a scientifically conducted census for the reason that well-known scientists have been assisting in shaping its plans, methods and procedure; and criticism is being applied *before* census taking, instead of *after* it.

Furthermore, "fitness" is the slogan concerning every man, woman, Jack and Jenny of the force.

Qualifications, capability, experience, expertness; again fitness, and yet again fitness, for the work to be done; these, and not political fealty, are said to be the considerations influencing the organization of the additional census-taking force, from supervisors down to laborers, some seventy thousand in all.

Moreover, it is, as a matter of fact, the first decennial Federal census possessing the advantage of having the permanent census bureau form the nucleus of the larger temporary organization.

It has been expected that, for the latter reason alone, the Thirteenth Census will be memorable for celerity of census-taking and accuracy of scientific analysis.

Therefore, to sum it all up, expectation should become realization, in view of all the additional contributory reasons making for haste and honesty.

How politics came to be separated from the census can be epitomized. Up to 1899 the decennial enumeration was political "pie" or "watermelon" for the dominant party. It involved the appointment without competitive examination of a staff, clerks, supervisors, enumerators, special agents, and others, numbering eventually up to seventy thousand men and women.

In 1899 public hue and cry resulted in the institution of an examination by the census office of applicants for the clerical positions in the twelfth census. Then the Permanent Census Bureau was established in 1902, and the survivors of the force, after the Twelfth Census was over, were taken under the protecting wing of the Civil Service. Next came preparations for the Thirteenth Census, and President Roosevelt vetoed the first bill submitted by Congress, as it failed to embody his views relative to the competitive examination of the clerks.

In July last Congress submitted to Presiden Taft, who approved, a census act providing for a "test" examination of applicants to be prepared by the Census Director and conducted by the Civil Service Commission. It occurred October 23 all over the United States. Not satisfied with this alienation, or rather separation, of the census from politics, President Taft, an experienced jurist, you know, made it an actual divorce by ordering Secretary Nagel and Director Durand to discharge any supervisor or enumerator who does not abandon political activity during Federal Census service.

And discharges are said to have been made!

It's up to the Senators now, as the law requires them to confirm the appointees, and there is interest in guessing if they are going to refuse confirmation on the retail or wholesale plan; either, or both.

In all likelihood there will be no hullabaloo.

The country is convinced that qualified

men, whether politicians or not, should take the census, if correctness and economy are considerations.

Now we get down to the day of E. Dana Durand, the present Director, saying nothing about Director North, who resigned.

"It will take a corking good man to fill your place, Durand!" Secretary Nagel is reported to have said, as he promoted the Deputy Commissioner of the Bureau of Corporations to the directorship of the Census Bureau.

That's it in a nutshell.

It was a promotion earned by Mr. Durand's statistical eminence and practical work, in connection with the Federal prosecution of Standard Oil. It was, too, the first step in the civil service progression which is now, in the Census Bureau, many steps beyond—too far to turn back.

A corking good man indeed filled North's place—the youngest man ever made Census Director, only thirty-seven years old.

To be a Taft man is almost certain to be a Roosevelt man, and Mr. Durand is probably both! Which means, it would seem, that cardinal principles, not personal considerations, move him in action. President Taft and Secretary Nagel, having separated the census from politics, and being resolved to let science control that which should be scientific, followed up their determination by giving Mr. Durand carte blanche in the selection of the additional census staff authorized by Congress for the Thirteenth Decennial enumeration period which began July 1 last, and ends June 30, 1912. The census-taking occurs April 15, 1910, it should be borne in mind.

It was but natural Mr. Durand should choose from among his own associates and familiars—young like himself and pursuing parallel paths. In this he showed his own self-confidence in his judgment, and time should prove his wisdom.

Obeying the rule of civil service reform and letting down the ladder of promotion to the climbers below, Mr. Durand picked for his chief clerk, A. H. Baldwin, aged forty-two, from a division chiefship in the Post Office Department. Out of a minor place in the Department of Commerce and Labor, he drafted Robert M. Pindell, aged thirty-nine, to be his appointment clerk. Porto Rico yielded up its Secretary of State, William F. Willoughby, aged forty-two, to be the assistant director. He was formerly a statistician in the Bureau of Labor, and a much-appreciated friend of the Director, who highly esteems Mr. Willoughby's scientific attainments and executive ability.

Mr. Durand's private secretary, Hugh M. Brown, another youngster, used to be private secretary to former Secretary Garfield of the Interior Department. Dr. J. A. Hill, the statistician for the Immigration Commission, was made Chief Statistician of the Division of Revision and Results. And so on. From other departments he secured the transfer of desirable men and gave them greater responsibilities.

Then picking the efficient clerical men and women from the permanent census force, in which they had labored for years at inferior pay, fixed by law, he placed them in the hundred higher salaried positions within his gift.

So he has demonstrated his recognition of all the varied applications of the civil service reform principle.

As the Federal Census is simply a gigantic inquiry, whose most vital function is performed by schedules filled with questions, it was to be expected from Mr. Durand and his scientific training that he would make cocksure that the questions should inquire exactly and comprehensively. Above all else, they should be simple and stated in words falling familiarly upon the farmers' and others' ears. Out of such conditions accuracy grows.

This end was accomplished by enlisting in their vacation time this summer a score or more college professors, instructors and other experts, all B. S.'d and Ph.D'd on the subjects of political economy, farm management, manufactures, etc. There was Bailey of Yale; Doten of the Massachusetts Technology; Willett of the Carnegie Technology; Spurgeon Bell, formerly of "The Economist"; Boynton from the University of Kansas; Taylor from the University of Wisconsin; Warren of Cornell; Carver of Harvard; Howard of Northwestern University, and others as well known.

They were divided into several groups of conferees, all acting in conjunction with Assistant Director Willoughby and Chief Statisticians J. A. Hill, William C. Hunt, Le Grand Powers and William M. Steuart, discussing and advising regarding the schedules for population, agriculture, manufactures, mines and quarries. The tentative schedules prepared by the several chief statisticians were submitted to these experts for examination, criticism and suggestions.

Better to have benefited by their advice in advance than suffer from their criticism afterward.

Thus it was Mr. Durand exemplified the desirability of applying criticism *before*, instead of *after*, the census-taking process.

Added to this precautionary measure, Mr. Durand called in experts from other government departments and also sent the schedule for agriculture to state commissioners of agriculture and others posted in farm affairs. The manufacturers' schedule was placed before representatives of leading trade and manufacturers' associations and private concerns, likewise the mines and quarries inquiries.

If all these schedules, in which every question has been carefully weighed as though it was gold dust, fail to elicit the exact information desired, the blame, if any, cannot be attached to the director, his staff, or his experts, both professional and practical.

The schedule carriers and canvassers, in Mr. Durand's estimation, are quite as important as the inquiries. Their interpretation of the several schedules is to be communicated to the people. Upon their intelligence, their honesty, their fidelity, depends the success of the census-taking. Here again politics was derailed from the track, as stated before, and the director picked his supervisors to the total number of three hundred and thirty from among former members of his advisory staff, notably Willett for Pittsburg, and Bailey for Connecticut; from professors in other universities, such as Hotchkiss of Northwestern and Hicks of Cincinnati; from experts in farm management; from men interested in the betterment of mankind; from those who have held places of civic usefulness; from the farm; from the store; from the editorial desk, from the ministry; from the law; from the bench, etc. They can vote but they cannot use the Census Bureau machinery for grinding political axes. The majority do not wish to, and the very small minority, if active politicians, must resign their party posts and prove that their resignations have been accepted.

"This order will be strictly enforced," sang out President Taft, referring to his ban upon political activity, and Secretary Nagel and Director Durand took it up and sent it onward like a guard-post call repeated along the picket line in war times. It passed all the posts and reached the last man among the supervisors and would-be enumerators. It was made census and political history by the removal, it is stated, of several appointed, but not yet commissioned, supervisors for disregarding its prohibition.

Getting down to the mutton, now, the Thirteenth Decennial Census for the chief political purpose of reapportioning Congressional representation, will be taken as of the day and date April 15, 1910, beginning then.

It will employ three hundred and thirty supervisors, controlling districts conforming as far as possible to the size, etc., of the Congressional districts. Some states are each a single district, such as Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, and others.

Chief Arthur E. Seymour of the supervisors' division of the census, keeps the supervisors hewing up to the line.

The supervisors' districts are again cut up into smaller areas and sixty-five thousand enumerators will patiently and perseveringly question the people who, it is hoped, will co-operate more cordially and correctly than ever before.

To handle all the results sent Washingtonward, the Bureau force will be increased to nearly four thousand clerks, stenographers, typewriters, machine operators, etc., being taken on largely between April 15 and August 1, next year. Added to these there will be eighteen hundred chief special agents and assistant special agents garnering manufactures statistics. Other special agents will direct the enumeration in Hawaii and Alaska.

Congress has appropriated ten million dollars for the Thirteenth Census and may be asked for four million more. Not counting the latter, but including the ten million, Congress has expended over fifty-seven million in census-taking to date, beginning with the first census in 1790. Director Durand hopes to save a million dollars or more on the Thirteenth Census as compared with its predecessors, taking into account the larger scope and size of the impending inquiry.

Congress requires the director to obtain information relative to population, agriculture, manufactures, mines and quarries. It restricted the inquiries under each head, but gave Director Durand authority to determine the form and sub-division of inquiries necessary.

The census of population is taken with reference to the conditions existing on April 15, 1910.

The census of agriculture has reference to the calendar year 1909, so far as farm operations are concerned, and to April 15, 1910, as to farm equipment, or rather, inventory. The schedule will be carried by forty-five thousand of the sixty-five thousand enumerators, and these will be chosen from the progressive farmers and crop reporters.

The census of manufactures, mines and quarries covers the calendar year 1909 only, and the eighteen hundred special agents will begin January 1, 1910, to gather these statistics. A "test" examination on November 3 was provided for them.

For these places persons who have had some sort of statistical education or experience will be preferred.

It is believed all the supervisors will be commissioned by November 1, and the Bureau then begins the preliminary instruction to fit them for selecting qualified men as enumerators and for schooling them on their enumeration work. An examination to test the latter also may be prescribed by the director. Usually they are furnished a schedule and a printed fictional narrative concerning a number of supposed families, and from this they are required to glean sample census facts and set them down on the schedule just as if they were really at work. At the twelfth census nine thousand enumerator candidates failed to pass and were eliminated.

In cities of five thousand and over population, as ascertained at the preceding census, the work of enumeration must be completed within two weeks. In all other areas thirty days are allowed.

The supervisors are paid fifteen hundred dollars each and also given a dollar for each thousand of population, or majority fraction of a thousand, returned by their enumerators. Some are paid for traveling and office expenses. Some are allowed a clerk. Provision is made also for the employment of interpreters. The supervisors average about seventeen hundred dollars each and are actually employed about eight to twelve months in completing their work. The enumerators are paid a per-diem rate in sparsely settled districts and a per-capita sum, varying in amount, in the other areas. The average pay of the enumerators at the Twelfth Census was sixty dollars each and the average time about twenty days per man. The enumerators will not be designated by the supervisors and approved by the director until after February, after which their preliminary schooling continues, until April 15 next.

The executive staff of the Census Bureau at the present moment is composed as follows:

Director, E. Dana Durand; Assistant Director, William F. Willoughby; Chief Clerk, Albertus H. Baldwin; Disbursing Clerk, Thomas S. Merrill; Appointment Clerk, Robert M. Pindell, Jr.; Chief Statistician for Population, William C. Hunt; Chief Statistician for Agriculture, LeGrand Powers; Chief Statistician for Manufactures, William M. Steuart; Chief Statistician for Vital Statistics, Cressy L. Wilbur; Chief Statistician for Revision and Results, Joseph A. Hill; Geographer, Charles S. Sloane; Private Secretary to Director, Hugh A. Brown; Expert Chief of Division, Disbursing Office, George W. Crane; Expert Chiefs of Division, Population, Wm. H. Jarvis and Edward W. Koch; Expert Chief of Division, Vital Statistics, Richard C. Lappin; Expert Chiefs of Division, Manufactures, Joseph D. Lewis, Frank L. Sanford and Jasper E. Whelchel; Expert Chiefs of Division, Agriculture, Hickman P. Childers and Ernest H. Maling; Expert Chief of Division, Supervisors' correspondence, Arthur E. Seymour; Expert Chief of Division, Publication, Voler V. Viles.

As soon as the filled-in schedules come into the Census office they are examined for verification of the enumerators' pay vouchers and for preparing the population returns for the processes of detailed tabulation. About four million dollars will be paid for the enumerators' count alone, and fully ninety per cent. of the vouchers will be passed forward for payment within ninety days from April 15.

It will take about six weeks, or to June 1, 1910, before the first announcement of population tabulation by cities is made, and others will follow from day to day until about August 15, following, when the count of principal cities will probably be completed. Around September 1, next year, a preliminary statement of the details by states and territories may be expected and less than a month later the verified statement of the entire enumeration area should be given to the press. These estimates are based upon the dates of similar announcements during the Twelfth Census.

Director Durand and his chiefs are confident that these dates will be actually anticipated or beaten, because the electrical punching to be employed in the Thirteenth Census was not known in the one before. Also, the forthcoming census will find, it is said, automatic electrical tabulating machines much improved over the last census tabulators.

To state it briefly, census-taking is the card index system in its most gigantic proportions.

Symbols are devised to represent the various items of data as extracted from the schedules. Editors take the schedules and insert the symbols over the items in the various columns and form divisions. Then the card punchers follow, and the plungers in their machines punch out of the cards similar symbols printed in the fields on them. A mechanical arrangement operates to prevent error and waste. The holes in the cards then supply the means of tabulation. The punching machine is like a typewriter with electrical connections. The clerks can average about three thousand punched cards each a day.

Next, the punched cards are placed in the tabulating machines which through the holes count first the enumeration areas represented, then number, color, sex, age, conjugal condition, nativity, etc., in all the varying details and classifications contemplated by law and necessary to scientific statistics. Each machine will make about twenty-five thousand tabulations a day.

The Bureau has contracted for the building of three hundred punching and one hundred tabulating machines from patented models by James Powers, a mechanical expert on the permanent census force. Previously the Bureau leased its machines. Under Secretary Nagel and Director Durand it is believed five hundred thousand dollars has been saved by the use of the Bureau's own punching and tabulating machines.

Cards numbering ninety millions for this vast index system, or one for each person in the country April 15, 1910, have been ordered, and each will be tabulated six times, making a total tabulation of five hundred and forty millions. After the punching, and the verification of the cards selected at random, against the schedules, the latter are filed away and, as the index cards do not bear the names of the persons counted, all personal identity is lost, and the cards henceforth are only known by the number given each to show the area of enumeration.

Following this mechanical stage will come the preparation of tables, maps, comparisons, rates and analyses; then the issue of bulletins and finally the publication of the great reports. Director Durand contemplates reducing the number and size of these tomes. A great saving of money and time will be effected.

The work of taking, compiling and publishing the Thirteenth Decennial Census must conclude June 30, 1912. Not one of the temporary force of three thousand clerks is eligible for transfer to other departments under the civil service. The length of service of satisfactory employees will range from six months to two years, averaging one year. They will commence at a minimum salary of six hundred dollars per annum and promotions to at least nine hundred dollars will be reasonably rapid. All appointments will be on probation.

For all of which the Thirteenth Census should be a lucky one.

It begins with the permanent census force as its head; with its derivations composed, it is purposed, of scientific experts, well-qualified supervisors, capable enumerators, improved electrical machinery and other superior advantages.

But after all is said and done on the census-taking side, if the fact-giving population fails to co-operate cheerfully, completely and comprehensively, the vital elements of accuracy and reliability will be as much wanting as before.

It is hoped that "the moral uplift" which has opened the peoples' eyes upon many subjects will also prompt them to make the approaching Census the most accurate and effective of all, which is the ambition of Director Durand, Secretary Nagel and the President.

WEST POINT AND MILITARY EDUCATION

BY

COL. CHAS. W. LARNED,
U.S. MILITARY ACADEMY

NO chronicle of the upbuilding of the American nation is complete that does not tell the story of West Point, its genius and accomplishment; for from the early dawn of the Nineteenth Century the men of this school of war and science have been identified with every phase of national development, both civil and militant, and prime movers in the multifarious activities which built and safeguarded our social fabric. They have filled every important public office from President of the United States to municipal officials, including governors of states and mayors of cities; and as presidents, chancellors, regents and professors of universities, colleges and academies, they have exercised a powerful influence upon education. In the industrial field they were the pioneer engineers of our Eastern and transcontinental railroads, and presidents and chief engineers of many completed systems; as civil engineers, lawyers, editors, authors, clergymen, physicians and architects they have contributed prominently to science, arts, letters and ethics; as bankers and bank presidents, manufacturers, farmers and planters, they have added more than their share to the national wealth.

It will doubtless surprise most Americans to learn that out of the small total of 4,121 graduates during the first century of the existence of the Military Academy, from 1802 to 1902, 2,371 entered civil life at some period of their career; and that their accomplishment is represented by the following varied list of occupations, in which 446, or nearly nineteen per cent., attained distinction.

CIVIL OCCUPATIONS OF GRADUATES OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY FROM 1802 TO 1903

President of the United States	1
President of the Confederate States	1
Presidential candidates	3
Vice-Presidential candidates	2
Members of the Cabinet of the United States	4
Ambassadors	1
Ministers from the United States to foreign courts	14
Charges d'affaires from the United States to foreign courts	2
United States consuls-general and consuls	12
Members of United States Senate and House of Representatives	24
United States civil officers of various kinds	171
Presidential electors	8
Governors of states and territories	16
Bishop	1
Lieutenant-governors of states	2
Judges	14
Members of state legislatures	77
Presiding officers of state Senates and Houses of Representatives	8
Members of conventions to form state constitutions	13
State officers of various grades	81
Adjutants, inspectors, and quartermasters-general and chief engineers of states and territories	29
Officers of state militia	158
Mayors of cities	17
City officers	57
Presidents of universities, colleges, etc.	46
Regents and chancellors of educational institutions	14
Principals of academies and schools	32
Professors and teachers	136
Superintendent of coast survey	1
Surveyors-general of states and territories	11
Chief engineers of states	14

Presidents of railroads and other corporations	87
Chief engineers of railroads and other public works.	63
Superintendents of railroads and other public works.	62
Treasurers and receivers of railroads and other corporations	24
Civil engineers	228
Electrical engineers	5
Attorneys and counselors at law	200
Superior general of clerical order	1
Clergymen	20
Physicians	14
Merchants	122
Manufacturers	77
Artists	3
Architects	7
Farmers and planters	230
Bankers	18
Bank presidents	8
Bank officers	23
Editors	30
Authors	179
Total	2,371

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF THOSE ATTAINING DISTINCTION IN CIVIL CAREERS 1802 TO 1903

President of the United States	1
President of the Confederate States	1
Presidential candidates	3
Vice-Presidential candidates	2
Ambassadors	1
Ministers plenipotentiary	14
Charge d'affaires	2
United States consuls-general and consuls	12
Members of United States Senate and House	24
Presidential electors	8
Governors of states and territories	16
Lieutenant-governors of states and territories	2
Bishops	1
Judges	14
Presiding officers of state Senates and Houses	8
Members of conventions to form state constitutions	13
Mayors of cities	17
Presidents of universities and colleges	46
Regents and chancellors	14
Superintendent of coast survey	1
Surveyors-general	11
Chief engineers of states	14
Presidents of railroads and corporations	87
Chief engineers of railroads and public works	63
Superintendents of railroads and public works	62
Superior-general	1
Bank presidents	8
Total	446

This extraordinary percentage of distinguished achievement in the walks of peace is parallelled by the pre-eminence of West Point in its own field; for, after four years of the most desperate conflict of the century, its graduates led all the armies on both sides, and held, almost without exception, the chief commands.

Such clear-cut success in both fields of human activity must find its explanation in the methods of the school from which it emanates, and cannot be attributed to fortuitous circumstances or conditions surrounding the individuals. West Point set out to accomplish a special technical result, but she achieved a comprehensive product of remarkable effectiveness. The function of a military school is, primarily, to educate a young man for the duties of military command and the life of a soldier; but the success of its endeavor depends first, upon its interpretation of the essential requirements of the military career; and next, upon the efficiency and sufficiency of the training necessary to develop them. West Point conceives that the fundamental training of a soldier should be that of a *sound man—morally, intellectually and physically;* and that the acquirement of military technique should go hand in hand with the development of character. In this connection I do not think I can do better than to repeat what I have said elsewhere concerning West Point's methods and ideals.

Let it be admitted that all educational institutions are more or less imperfect; that all, including military schools, sin to a greater or less extent against Light; yet there remains the incontestable fact that the latter do undertake that which, as a class, the civil schools renounce—the education of character; and that, in retaining control of the student in all his relations to life, they have assumed a pre-eminent function.

Of all military schools I believe the Military Academy of the United States to be supreme in this regard. Defects there are, without doubt, in its operation; some due to the constraint imposed by its limited functions, and some to mistakes in method—it is a human institution. A limitation of range and a certain amount of violence to personality and independence of initiative is inseparable from the technical specialism of a military career, and compels the trimming of idiosyncrasy to the fashion of a common pattern; but for citizenship and for the moral and virile elements of personality, as well as for physical rectitude and vigor, the work of West Point is so great and unique that, had it no other function, its product would be an invaluable asset to the country.

At the period of adolescence, when character is plastic and impulse wayward, before the stereotype has set, control and restraint are the essential forces for impressing permanent form upon young manhood. If the material can be removed from contaminating impurities, fused in the furnace of hard work, and kept in its mould until it has set, the best has been done that education can do for character, provided the mould is a noble one. What West Point does for its cadets is precisely this. It takes its youth at the critical period of growth; it isolates them completely for nearly four years from the vicious influences that corrupt young manhood and from the atmosphere of commercialism; it provides absorbing employment for both mental and physical activities; it surrounds them with exacting responsibilities, high standards and exalted traditions of honor and integrity, and it demands a rigid accountability for every moment of their time and for every voluntary action. It offers them the inducements of an honorable career and a sufficient competence as a reward of success; and it has imperative authority for the enforcement of its conditions and restraints.

At West Point the main formative influences are:

I. Restraint. For over four years, with the exception of one furlough of two months, the cadet is in a place of ideal natural beauty and completely aloof from every form of vicious influence, but with sufficient social enjoyment and abundant, unremitting physical exercise.

II. Discipline and Compulsion. By which all faculties, mental and bodily, are directed into channels of professional activity, and kept working at full, normal pressure without undue relaxation or possibility of evasion.

III. Tradition. The cumulative moral sense of the spirit of the Corps for a century, by which its standards have been formed and vitalized.

IV. Personal accountability for every conscious act.

V. Mental Training. Resulting from a wisely selected and a vigorously maintained high minimum standard, exacted relentlessly by daily recitations and frequent rigid examinations admitting of no neglect; together with habits of concentrated study at regular hours.

VI. Reward. The diploma of West Point, which is a comprehensive guaranty of character and of all around actual accomplishment, physical and mental, having but few parallels on earth; and a commission in the United States Army—an honorable life profession with certainty of advancement.

This machinery produces a type of man of a quality and temper altogether distinct and with habits of thought and action and views of personal responsibility free from the bias of either political or commercial interests; and, while West Point does not profess to prepare either military geniuses or moral prodigies, it does propose to itself to turn out a subaltern officer well grounded in the elements of all branches of the military profession, possessing a character trained to see straight; a mind trained to think straight; a body, physically sound, disciplined to live straight; with high ideals of personal integrity and truth; with respect for law and authority; and with habits of life that are clean, simple and regular. I believe that to educate such a student body in a community is a sufficient justification for the existence of any institution irrespective of its special function; and that, in an age where commercialism and politics tend to lower standards of integrity and to heighten standards of luxury and wealth, the possession to a nation of a body of citizens trained in such a school is an invaluable civic asset.

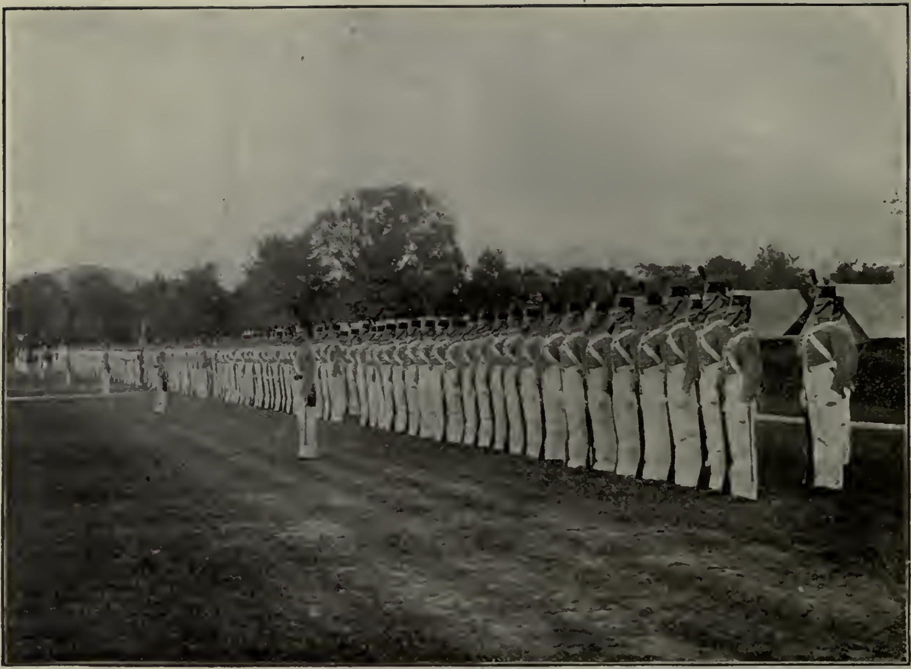
West Point's function is not, therefore, the production of war geniuses, but of the well-balanced, broadly trained, clear-thinking subaltern—disciplined in mind, body and habit, and fit for special technical development; possessing at the same time that general grasp of the military art which qualifies for high command when it comes. It is very doubtful if modern conditions foster the one-man genius of Napoleonic tradition. The mechanism of war is now of such technical complexity; logistics involves such a mass of preparatory details; strategy of approach covers such immense areas, and the battle tactics of great armies in the field are so beyond the grasp of a single eye and will that the function of staff control grows larger and larger, and ability in the lower grades grows of more and more importance. That army whose whole personnel is the better equipped morally, mentally and mechanically is the one which will prevail. This broad equipment of junior officers is the aim of the United States Military Academy.

Founded in 1802 as a small experiment, and identified with the Corps of Engineers, which was by law to be stationed at West Point and constitute a "Military Academy," it began a precarious existence with but a handful of students, and almost suffered extinction in the course of its first decade. It was not until the character and genius of Thayer were in administrative control that its organic history really began. Under his wise and firm guidance it crystalized into the characteristic body of doctrine and practice to which it has steadily adhered, and which gives it a position quite alone in the educational world.

ORDNANCE MUSEUM IN NEW ADMINISTRATION BUILDING
Interior arrangements not completed

For the century of its existence, from 1802 to 1902, it cost the nation $22,259,274; an average of $222,592 annually. This total of twenty-two millions about equals the annual cost of the small, regular army before the Spanish War. Including the special appropriation of over seven millions for new buildings, grounds and water supply, the aggregate cost of one hundred and seven years, to June 30, 1909, has been $34,627,052, which is about one-third the present annual cost of the regular army; the difference being that, whereas the larger sum is mostly absorbed in the maintenance of an inadequate fighting force of sixty or seventy thousand men for a single year, the expenditure on the Military Academy and the War, Staff and Service Schools preserves alive the knowledge of the military art, and gives us a body of trained experts who are at all times the organizers and directors of national defense.

Military education in the United States was at first centered in the Military Academy, but it became apparent that the broad grounding in general technical and military science there given must be supplemented by that specializing study only to be had at post-graduate schools of application; and there has grown up, at first gradually and in recent years rapidly, a well-organized and logically connected system of these schools, culminating in the War College at Washington. This specializing system was essential, not alone as a supplement to West Point, but as a



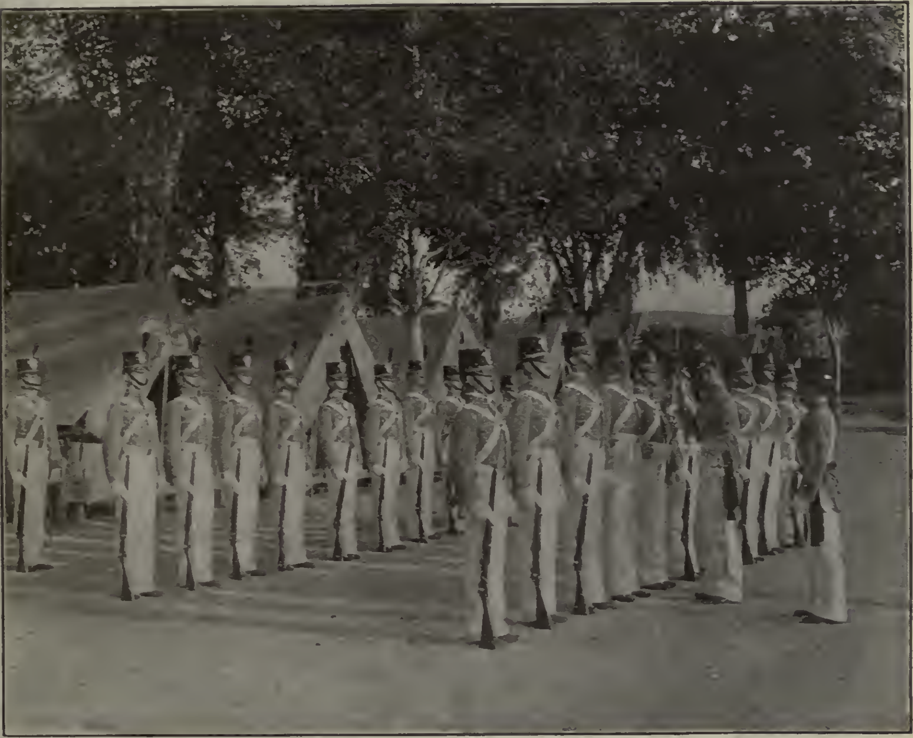
DRESS PARADE IN CAMP

SIEGE BATTERY DRILL

means of developing the large body of officers entering the service from other sources, and who are presumed to be sufficiently grounded by antecedent study in the elements of science and technology to enable them to pursue the courses in these special schools with profit.

Besides the Army War College, our educational system consists of the Army Staff College, the Army School of the Line and the Signal School, all at Fort Leavenworth; the Coast Artillery School at Fort Monroe, which has recently absorbed the School of Submarine Defence formerly at Fort Totten; the Mounted Service School at Fort Riley; the Engineer School at Washington Barracks. The Army Medical School, being concerned only with the Medical Corps, stands apart from the rest. In addition to the foregoing, there are also post and garrison schools for officers and enlisted men, at which attendance is compulsory; and, at stated intervals, officers are required to take rigid examinations in the various branches of military science. Besides all this, officers must also pass severe additional examinations for promotion to all grades up to Colonel.

This would seem to be a pretty drastic course of schooling for the gilded military satrap and pensioned idler, and certainly there is not much ground for complaint that anything within the compass of theoretical and practical education which can be taught him has been overlooked or neglected. It may be that the thing has been somewhat overdone, but it is, perhaps, better so than that it should be underdone.



OFFICER OF THE DAY INSPECTING GUARD IN CAMP

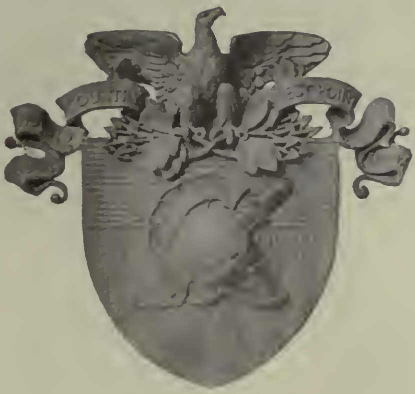
War is a technical profession which is impressing into its service all the sciences and arts. In common with them it is also in a state of constant transition and development, and cannot be acquired as a finished art once for all and salted down in the hold of the brain for the voyage of life. "Still achieving, still pursuing"—the officer must hustle in common with his professional brother of civil life in order to keep up with the procession and in time with the band. The leading military nations are pushing their equipment and technique with unwavering and intensive persistency, and are exploiting every field of technical development which contains a promise of increased military effectiveness. The pace set by the leader must be followed by every one of the giants among the nations. No one can allow itself to be placed at the mercy of another. Military education has, therefore, become a *sine qua non* of national safety, and cannot be abandoned or diminished without peril. Indeed, for a nation which adheres to a policy of minimum armament, the importance of an advanced education for its limited body of officers increases in proportion to the diminution of its standing and reserve forces. It must, therefore, be the policy of our government to prepare the small number of our commissioned officers in the most thorough way for a wider range of responsibility than that necessary for any special function of command. To limit the education of an infantry subaltern to the range of his company duties would be a fatal mistake for a nation which evolves its active army from the body of its citizens when the emergency arises; and I believe it would be a sound policy to greatly increase the commissioned personnel of our peace establishment, even though the standing army be maintained at a minimum, in order to educate a considerable body of officers for field, staff and general command; and equally, the same policy should make of the peace establishment a school for the education of subalterns for the war extension.

CADET, PRIVATE
Campaign Uniform

The steady trend of modern military preparation is toward a scientific specialization and organization of the technology and contributory activities of warfare. To eliminate chance from every department of the game in which it can be controlled or minimized by foresight and a highly perfected mechanism is the aim of modern armament, in order that the operation of accident and circumstance shall be as closely circumscribed as possible, and the engine in the hands of the commander at all times so perfect, the path of its operation so closely calculated, and all contributory auxiliaries so smoothly and accurately operative as to leave him free to concentrate upon the personal equation of war his whole genius and attention.

CADET, ADJUTANT

This high organization of the military profession has gone hand in hand with a steady progress toward its humanization and the amelioration of its destructive features. Atrocities which not long ago were the common attribute of war are today unthinkable. Massacre, pillage and the devastation of peaceful communities are no longer possible. In every way there is a constant and rapidly growing tendency to limit the range of its destructive activities, and to minimize the suffering inseparable from physical combat. War is coming to assume the aspect of a huge surgical operation, in which the surgeon seeks to operate quickly and effectively at the critical spot with as little pain and bloodshed as possible, and to reduce the vital energies of the patient no more than is inseparable from the result necessary for cure. The point of view formerly taken looked with indifference upon the means employed to subjugate an enemy, and it was deemed quite proper and commendable to let loose all the worst passions of degraded humanity, on the general principle that war is war, and that to make it horrible terrifies your opponent, and either forces early submission or makes more effective his overthrow. War is rapidly ceasing to be "Hell," in that sense. It remains bitter and somber, but it is more and more ceasing to be outrageous. It is the operation of force and it must entail suffering; but it is the suffering of an operation and not of assassination. It is no longer a tiger of lust and cruelty preying upon the helpless. It is highly probable that the forces now operating for the reduction of war to an exact science and the increase of its study in military schools and operations will rapidly reduce its scope, its destructive effect, the total amount of suffering, its inhumanity, and its passions to a minimum. It is quite possible that an insoluble issue in politics or international economics may be brought to the arbitrament of arms without hatred or even rancor between the contestants. Hatred and vicious motives will far more likely remain with the selfish political and commercial interests that force the issue than with the actual participants in the fighting. War will never cease until the motive impulses of human selfishness are subdued in the human race; but in the meanwhile its study as an art and a science will immensely contribute to civilize it. Nothing could be much more foolish and untrue than the assertion that military education tends to make a people bellicose. Modern military education cultivates assiduously the virtues that go to make a good citizen and a healthy, disciplined, temperate man. It is only the uneducated soldier who is to be dreaded, both in peace and war.



COAT OF ARMS
UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY

The function of the Military Academy in our military educational system is now and must continue to be to educate a limited number of military students in the basic principles of general and military science, and in the general functions and principles of all branches of the art of war, as a body of officers specially qualified for subsequent development in the service and in its special schools for field, staff and general command. It gives its graduates a unique advantage over those of foreign military schools in that they possess a wide and fairly intimate knowledge, both theoretical and practical, of the duties and technique of all arms of the service, which fits them for perfecting themselves in the special duties of each; and it ensures them a broad comprehension of the war functions of every arm, which knowledge is of growing importance with every increase in rank and responsibility. Any officer is a better specialist, also, in his own branch who has this extensive grounding in the principles and duties of every branch of the service; while the administrative and executive power which such an experience gives to any army or corps commander cannot be overestimated. Besides and above these merits there rises the inestimable advantage to the army and nation of a school whose traditions and system conserve high ideals of integrity, of duty, of discipline, of responsibility, of patriotism, and which conserves a civic and military standard. These alone are worth all the institution has cost, and these are the fruit of patient endeavor, of long experience, of a great tradition. To protect and nourish these ideals it is necessary that West Point shall maintain its individuality and academic character, and that it shall never be confused with or subordinated to the special service schools. The Military Academy is a great national institution, military in its genesis, its methods, its ideals; but it is an *institution of learning*, not a military post; it is an *academy*, not a school of practical application; and to subordinate its institutional to its military attributes would be to degrade it and paralyze its highest functions.

THE CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE ARMY

By FLYNN WAYNE

PERHAPS there is no more misunderstood—better, less understood—position under our government than that of Chief of Staff of the Army, at least so far as the general public is concerned, and it would be difficult to give to the layman a clear understanding of that position by a mere recital of the functions and routine duties involved. In our Army it is a new office, though one thoroughly understood and appreciated by military students, since it has long been known to and is now the rule in the best foreign armies. As the most effective way to convey an idea is by illustration or comparison, it may facilitate the object of this article if we employ some standard of comparison, and in doing this some standard that is familiar to the civilian must of course be selected. A statement of the circumstances and necessities which led to the creation of the office of Chief of Staff will also go far toward describing it.

Photo by Rice, Washington

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CHAFFEE
The dominating spirit in the relief of foreigners in Pekin during the Boxer rebellion

Nearly everyone knows in a general way what the office of Commanding General of the Army implied, though to some persons who were more, but not fully, acquainted with that of Adjutant General of the Army there was much difficulty in distinguishing between their respective spheres. In consequence of the fact that the Adjutant General was allowed considerable latitude in issuing orders in the name of the Secretary of War, it sometimes happened that the Adjutant General exercised greater practical authority than was possible to his Superior, the Commanding General of the Army, and entirely independent of the latter. Indeed, too, there was such apparent overlapping of authority, and such an indistinct line of demarkation in some instances between the province of the Commanding General and that of the Secretary of War that there arose undesirable situations which could not be regarded as helpful except to the extent that they emphasized the necessity for reforms. Ever since and including the incumbency of George Washington as Commanding General of the Army there had existed a very perceptible sensitiveness in this regard, and even such other popular heroes and able soldiers as Grant, Sherman and Sheridan found the path strewn not alone with roses.

But the fault was in the system rather than in the individual, and the remedy lay, therefore, in a change in that system; in other words, it lay in a reorganization of the method of administering the affairs of the military establishment. That which was finally adopted to replace the old one was a form of what is generally known as the "General Staff System," which provides for a General

Staff Corps and a Chief of Staff and eliminates the position of Commanding General. It followed, perhaps more or less naturally, that the discontinuance of the office of Commanding General of the Army and the provision for a Chief of Staff led to a popular impression that the one was simply a successor to the other; but this is far from being in accord with the real facts.

Photo by Rice, Washington

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BATES
The author of the famous treaty with the Moros in the Philippines.

The Commanding General of the Army had original and independent authority, subject only to that of the Commander-in-Chief (the President), over the line of the Army; *i. e.*, over the rank and file of the combatant force as distinguished from the Staff Departments, which latter included the Administrative and Supply Departments and other noncombatant corps, such as the medical and pay corps. He could act independently and in his own name on all matters relating to enlisted men, and on all matters affecting officers of the line and the disposition of troops which were not specially reserved for administration by the Secretary of War or the President.

While the Chief of Staff exercises no independent command, save in his own corps (General Staff), the law provides that he shall have supervision, under the Secretary of War and the President, of all troops of the line and of the several staff departments, *viz.*, the Adjutant General's, Inspector General's, Judge Advocate's, Quartermaster's, Subsistence, Medical, Pay and Ordnance Departments, the corps of Engineers and the Signal Corps, and that he shall perform such other military duties, not otherwise assigned by law, as may be assigned to him by the President. In short, he has supervision over the whole military establishment. This supervisory power covers, according to the regulations governing the Army, primarily duties pertaining to the command, discipline, training and recruitment of the Army, military operations, distribution of troops, inspections, armament, fortifications, military education and instruction, etc., together with such duties connected with fiscal administration and supply as are committed to him by the Secretary of War. It also covers all matters arising in the execution of acts of Congress and executive regulations made in pursuance thereof relating to the militia.

It is the duty of the Chief of Staff to keep the Secretary of War constantly informed of defects discovered, and under his direction to issue the necessary instructions for their correction. He is also charged with the duty of informing the Secretary of War as to the qualifications of officers, as determined by their records, with a view to proper selection for special details, assignments and promotions. All orders and instructions from the War Department, and all regulations affecting the Army or the status of officers or enlisted men therein, are issued by the Secretary of War through the Chief of Staff.

To be sure, only a comparatively small portion of the business with which he is concerned is actually seen by the Chief of Staff, as in all large business enterprises the great mass of detail is looked after by subordinates;

but even with due allowance in this regard, there is still left an enormous amount of administration that requires his personal attention. In the performance of the duties indicated above, and in representation of superior authority, the Chief of Staff exercises all functions necessary to secure proper harmony and efficiency of action upon the part of those placed under his supervision. As harmony of action was one of the objects sought in the creation of the position, the maintenance of harmony and coordination constitutes one of the most important functions of the Chief of Staff.

There is now no Commanding General of the Army, the supreme authority in all matters resting with the constitutional Commander-in-Chief and with the Secretary of War as his representative. Thus there is no divided or uncertain authority. All orders are issued by the Chief of Staff in the name of the President or of the Secretary of War. Of course it was not to be expected that a civilian President or Secretary of War would be versed in military matters, especially in the higher functions of command and administration; so it was only logical to provide for a constant adviser and assistant who should be learned and experienced in these respects, as well as wise in counsel. In order to further insure effecting the objects of the reorganization and minimize the possibilities of discord, the law made the position of Chief of Staff one of selection, so that that official would be *persona grata* to the Commander-in-Chief. Naturally, this selection had to be restricted to reasonable limits, for it would be a manifest menace to the morale and esprit of the Army should an officer of too low rank be chosen for this place, and it was therefore confined to officers not below the rank of Brigadier General.

It can readily be seen that the officer enjoying the confidence of the President and the Secretary of War, picked from the ablest and most experienced officers in the Army to keep the Commander-in-Chief informed of the needs of the service and to advise him in determining national plans and policies of the greatest consequence, is in a position to exercise very great influence in shaping the military affairs of the nation, and occupies the highest and most important office in the Army. The facts that his tenure of office depends wholly on the will of the President and that he has no independent command, however, serve as decidedly effective checks upon possible abuse of his office.

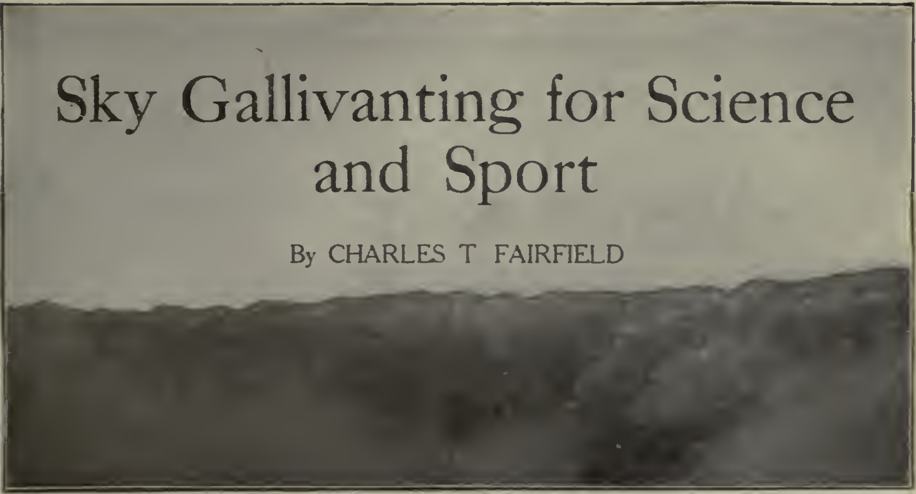
Photo by Rice, Washington

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL YOUNG

The last commanding general of the army and its chief of staff

Sky Gallivanting for Science and Sport

By CHARLES T FAIRFIELD



"THE CUMULUS CLOUDS LOOKED LIKE ENDLESS BURSTED BALES OF COTTON"

WHEN you take a balloon flight, take a camera with you. No matter if you forget other desirable paraphernalia—sweater for extra clothing, postal cards to drop to friends, township and road map of the surrounding country, megaphone, lunch and a bottle of water—don't forget the camera. And no matter whether you ever handled one before on earth. The Professor hadn't. At first it took him ten minutes to get it opened for business, meanwhile pulling off the back of it a half-dozen times. And when he was 8,000 feet high, above the clouds, and wanted to get into the picture a particularly beautiful opening of green landscape he manoeuvred five minutes before he discovered a pearl sweater button in the peep-sight, and then pointed the camera away from him, instead of toward him! That's as little as he knew of cameras and picture taking! Yet of ten exposures in his first balloon flight, seven proved to be exquisite pictures, to be prized forever. So, when you fly in balloons, take a camera loaded for business.

The sun rose in a cloudless sky on the midsummer morning that the Sky Pilot "Billy" took The Professor and The Boy on their first balloon trip. The "getaway" was scheduled for 8 o'clock, but was delayed for 40 minutes, to receive the benefit of a freshening breeze. Meanwhile the spanking 35-mile northwest wind that came up drove fleecy herds along, and when the start was made the sky was flecked with cumulus and nimbus clouds.

In a way, probably, all balloon trips are very much alike. In a multitude of respects each one differs from every other one, depending on atmospheric conditions, air currents and clouds. In several cities in western New England ballooning is no longer a novelty. It's a dull week when the aero clubs are not "making a flight," as they call it, for somebody's benefit or other. Nevertheless, when a flight is made it is the principal topic of conversation and interest in the country roundabout.

So when the activities incident to the inflation of the 40,000 cubic feet balloon for the maiden trip of The Professor and The Boy commenced the crowds gathered early. The urchins were on hand and showed their interest in aeronautics by lugging from the balloon shed the fifty bags of sand, fifty pounds each, which hold the bag captive during inflation. From an eight-inch pipe, run from the immense gas holder to the center of the aero park, the big yellow envelope was filled at the rate of a thousand cubic feet a minute. The final adjustments of weight were made by unhooking from the rim of the car one by one the bags of sand unnecessary for ballast. After a little "jockeying" the balloon was ready to ascend by pouring out gradually part of the contents of one bag. At the getaway eight bags of sand were aboard.

A bird's-eye view of the incomparable results of the work of the Great Landscape Artist—that's what the balloon gives you over that beauty spot of nature in western New England. From the height of a mile, more or less, you get the whole panorama with the sweep of the eye. What you see foot by foot from carriage or automobile, you get by mile from a balloon. That's the first impression of at least one tyro at ballooning.

A MOMENT BEFORE THE GETAWAY

The ascent gave no sensation of rising. The sky traveler is at rest in the car and the surface of the earth passes under him in an ever new and ever beautiful panorama. The houses become reduced to the size of toys. The roads look like white threads laid on a background of green.

Within five minutes the balloon was at a height of 4,000 feet, as registered by the barograph. Fenced fields and farms, outlined by walls, fences or rows of trees, looked like subdivisions of a great garden. In five minutes more, at the height of a mile, no less than twenty-five lakes were in sight; and the Berkshire hills with the magnificent estates stretched away in all directions like a beautifully kept park.

Sailing a little east of south, the Connecticut River came into view like a tiny black ribbon and the wooded and lake-dotted stretches of southern Massachusetts and Connecticut were ahead. Farmers stopped in the fields, teamsters halted in the road, women and children flocked to the doors to see the passing gas sphere.

Soon after the start the balloon got in the shadow of a cloud—and the cloud stuck to her like a plaster for a half hour or more. "Billy" could neither brake "her" nor "put on his high speed clutch" but simply had to pour out sand continuously in order to keep the elevation. The Boy asked him why he referred to the balloon as "she." He said: "It's because 'she' can't be governed." The Boy was willing to concede the feminine gender, but rather thought the answer should be: "It's because 'she' is always above us."

Finally, when the cloud dissipated, the gas expanded and the balloon rose. The loss of sand in the shadow shortened the trip at least two hours. When again in the sunlight only about 125 pounds of ballast were in stock.

Above the clouds, at a height of nearly 9,000 feet, the view was surpassingly grand. The cumulus clouds in every direction looked like endless bursted bales of cotton. Through the openings could be seen vistas of green landscape. The black ball-like shadow of the balloon on the clouds wore a rainbow halo,—a complete circle of prismatic colors. Not one in the basket suggested, however, a hunt for the pot of gold at the foot of that particular rainbow!

The Boy had taken with him a dozen nice, fresh Vermont country eggs, with which to experiment. A certain famous globe trotter and enthusiastic aeronaut claims that on one of his balloon trips he was able from the distance of a mile to hit a stone wall. This being true, the terrific factor of the balloon in warfare can be well imagined, if bombs are substituted for eggs.

The Boy was a little skeptical about one's ability to see an egg for a mile, but the experienced air-navigator assured him that if a white-shelled egg is used it can be seen through its entire descent by the sun glints on its surface as it turns over in the air. The certainty was made, therefore, that the eggs were not only strictly fresh but that they had snow-white shells.

A noted scientific expert recently made a balloon trip, taking with him eggs with which to experiment. The excitement of the trip and the entrancing view led him to forget his eggs, and when he landed in a high wind the box of eggs was at hand, unopened, and not one broken! This led The Boy to repeat to himself constantly: "Eggs, camera, postal cards!" He was determined that he would not forget these—even if he forgot everything else.

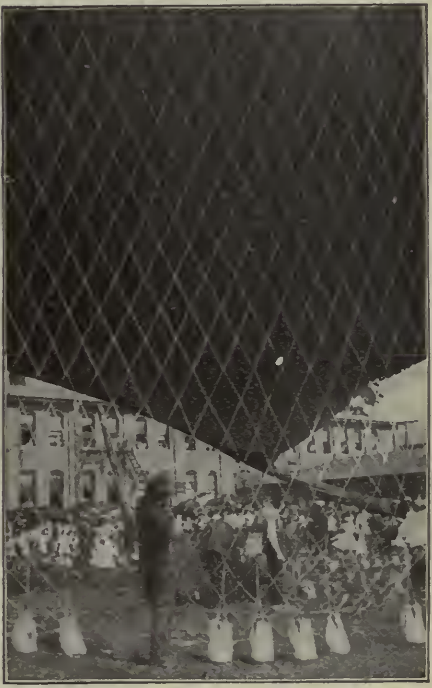
The first egg thrown was at a barn in the center of a field, from a distance of about 4,000 feet. It came within possibly 500 feet of the mark. A cleared patch of ground from a somewhat higher altitude was then made the target, and as far as could be judged was missed. Even with the aid of strong marine glasses, with which the descending egg was followed, it could be seen for approximately only 3,000 feet and was then lost to view.

It was discovered, that looking over the edge of the basket, the trail rope, which is about 375 feet long and which is to a balloon what a keel is to a ship, made a line along which to aim. Sighting along this rope the mark at which the egg was thrown was more nearly approached. The eighth egg thrown from a distance of over 5,000 feet struck, as nearly as could be estimated, the roadway at which it was aimed. At least, it was very close to it. The highway, however, ran parallel to the course of the balloon. An attempt to hit a roadway crossing the path of the balloon was a failure.

After firing conscientiously twelve eggs The Boy reached the conclusion that the experienced aviator must have had one of three distinct advantages over him: he was either a much more accurate egg thrower, or his eyesight was keener, or his imagination more vivid.

The Professor took the trip primarily to make meteorological observations in furtherance of the degree of master of science for which he was studying in absentia. The varying air currents, temperature, atmospheric pressure were observed and recorded. The wind velocity was greater near the earth, being over forty miles an hour at the height of 3,000 feet, while at 9,000 feet it was about eighteen miles an hour. The lowest temperature was at 6,000 feet, forty-four degrees, a drop of twenty-two degrees from that at the surface.

While The Professor was busy with his science The Boy wrote and threw out of the basket many postal cards addressed to friends. Each card was enclosed in an envelope on which was written: "To the Finder—Please open, read and mail the card within." The right to read a postal card is natural and inalienable and presumably most of the cards will be found, read and forwarded eventually. Some of the envelopes may have dropped into streams and swamps and thus have been lost. At least a portion of them reached their destination, and the point where they were picked up showed that they had floated and fluttered ten miles before landing.



INSIDE THE ROPES

Every living thing in western New England seemed to take the passing of the balloon as a matter of fact, except the chickens. The approach of the balloon set them to flying about wildly and cackling at a great rate. The hen's cackle can be heard distinctly at the height of a mile. The peculiarity of the general cackling of the hens can be explained only on the ground that they saw the eggs drop from the balloon. As The Boy put it: "It is a hen's prerogative to cackle when an egg is dropped."

THE ROADS LOOKED LIKE WHITE THREADS LAID ON A BACKGROUND OF GREEN

When the sand ballast was reduced to seventy-five pounds it was deemed best to make an early landing. For an hour the balloon had raced over farmhouses, roads, brooks and woodland lakes as black as ink, hillsides, forests—not a railroad in sight. And a town with a railroad looks good to a party of balloonists when the return home is thought of! Soon a thrifty little city was sighted and a cleared field on its outskirts was picked out for the terminus. At this time the balloon was at the maximum elevation of 9,000 feet.

"Billy" valved her, and the statoscope showed that the descent was rapid, although there was no sensation of dropping. The only way in which the rapidity of the drop was manifested was by a terrific pressure on the ears, due to the sudden change of altitude. The Boy was rendered almost deaf temporarily and for a few hours afterward his head felt as if he had been in swimming and stayed in the water too long. From force of habit he would frequently tilt his head and strike it with his hand to "get the water out" of his ears. The barograph showed that the drop of 9,000 feet was made in a trifle over eleven minutes.

What at the altitude of 9,000 feet appeared to be cleared ground, with good terminal facilities, proved on approach to be a cemetery. The Boy thought it unseeming to land in a graveyard, so about 500 feet from the ground every superfluous article was cut from the basket and the landing was just beyond in the gardens of a florist.

The rip cord, opening a wide gap in the bag, allowing the gas to escape instantly, was used when about twenty feet from earth, and the grounding amid the flowers was comparatively easy—easy for The Professor, for he in the excitement of the descent and in the fear that the balloon would fall on him had climbed into the rigging where he had a position of vantage, with his knees between The Boy's shoulder blades.

The florist and his charming wife were delighted, as were all the neighbors, who quickly gathered, to see the aerial visitors. It was the first balloon that had ever favored them with a call. They made the aeronauts promise that on their next trip they would land in the very same flower bed. One of the florist's hothouses was missed by about fifty feet, but none of the party was a glass eater.

The work of gathering up the immense balloon and its trappings was the first real work that had to be done. And it is hard work! In just an hour everything was packed and ready to express back to the starting point, and the sky navigators were on their way to the city, two miles distant, in the emergency wagon of the local enterprising and popular undertaker. Just why an undertaker's wagon was the first vehicle obtainable was plausibly explained by The Boy. The balloon was seen headed for the cemetery and the "mortuarian," with an eye to business, was on the ground forthwith to take home the corpses. The dead silken bag was the only corpse he transported.

But the three balloonists were very happy as they perched on top of the wagon load.

AN EPOCH IN ADVERTISING

By MITCHELL MANNERING

NO four centuries in the history of the world have shown such remarkable development as the past four decades. Not the least marvelous feature has been the growth and expansion of business, and the banquet given by N. W. Ayer & Son, at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, commemorating the fortieth anniversary of the establishment of their business, emphasized in the mind of many guests the changes that have materially altered the conditions of life and broadened relations existing between dealer and customer, employer and employe, in an up-to-date concern.

The historian who studies the business development of the last half century finds himself occupied with the brightest pages of our national records. Forty years ago the country was just emerging from the perils and losses of a great civil struggle. There were no transcontinental railroads, no telephones, no general use of stenographers and typewriters, and little appreciation of the benefits derived from systematic advertising.

Near the spot where the Declaration of Independence had birth, another great and new idea was evolved when Mr. Nathan W. Ayer and his son, F. Wayland Ayer, established an advertising agency in Philadelphia, creating an institution which partook of their own high ideals and noble purposes. And at the banquet a fitting tribute was paid by the son to his father's character and career. The keynote of the evening was the future, rather than the past—"the best is yet to be" was the spirit that animated that distinguished gathering, which included prominent advertisers, newspaper and magazine editors and many well-known business and literary men from all sections of the country.

At the reception 263 employes of the Agency were present, and the young lady who presides at the "information desk" in the office was on hand to direct guests to the reception room; the complete friendliness and confidence existing between the employes and the partners of the firm were suggestive of the spirit of the Quaker City, the brotherly love and kindliness for which it stands.

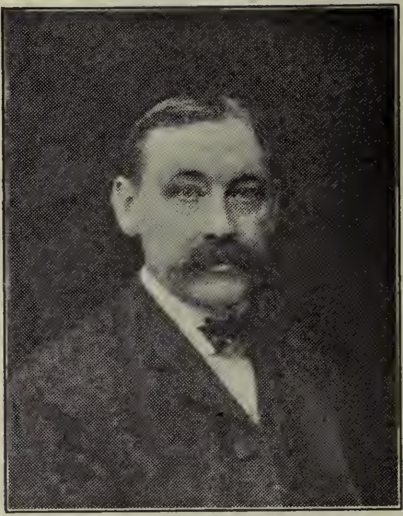
* * *

In the great banquet hall of the hotel, the stage was decorated with a graceful background of palms and foliage, against which glowed in letters of electric light the trade-mark of the firm, which has become so conspicuous in the annals of American advertising, "Keeping Everlastingly at it Brings Success." Above this

FROM THE EMPLOYES OF THE N. W. AYER & SON ADVERTISING AGENCY

FROM THE MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

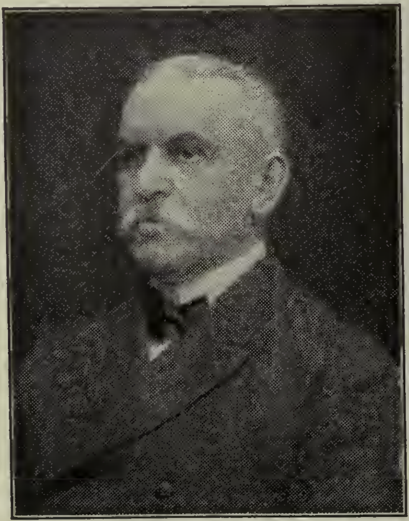
LOVING CUPS PRESENTED F. WAYLAND AYER



A. G. BRADFORD

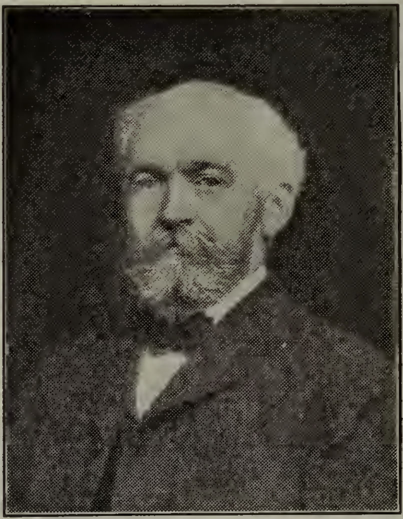
motto were the initials, "B. A. I. S. 1869," a legend which aroused much curiosity and suggested that the firm understands that the creation of curiosity is the secret of advertising. Everybody asked: "What does this 'B. A. I. S. 1869' stand for?"

"Been at it since 1869," was the answer—a most appropriate motto for this banquet and the fitting corollary for the great seal of the firm, "Keeping Everlastingly at it Brings Success." Many of the Ayer & Son family have been "at it" with unceasing persistency for years: Mr. H. N. McKinney has earned his degree, "B. A. I. S. 1875"; Mr. A. G. Bradford ranks, "B. A. I. S. 1884"; Mr. J. A. Wood ranks "B. A. I. S. 1888," and a handsomer lot of postgraduates never adorned a platform.



H. N. McKINNEY

The tables in the banquet hall were profusely decorated with flowers; the bright-faced lads and lassies and the heads of departments alike emphasized the loyal affectionate family spirit which characterizes the personnel of this agency. The menu was a work of art, from the "Sea Food Cocktail," that gave the preliminary fillip to the appetite, to the black coffee and cigars which followed the last delicious course of good things. Reminiscences of Delaware planked shad and inimitable grape fruit salad insinuate themselves betwixt memories of the more exalted "feast of reason and flow of soul."



JANIS A. WOOD

A handsome loving cup was presented to Mr. Ayer by the employes of the Agency, and another cup trophy was the gift of the American Publishers' Association, both evidencing the esteem in which all connected therewith by business ties hold the N. W. Ayer & Son Agency. A handsome brochure, bound in scarlet leather and telling the story of "Forty Years of Advertising," was presented to each guest, and every copy of that little book will be treasured as a souvenir of a delightful occasion. Each one present also received a bronze medal struck for the occasion.

F. WAYLAND AYER

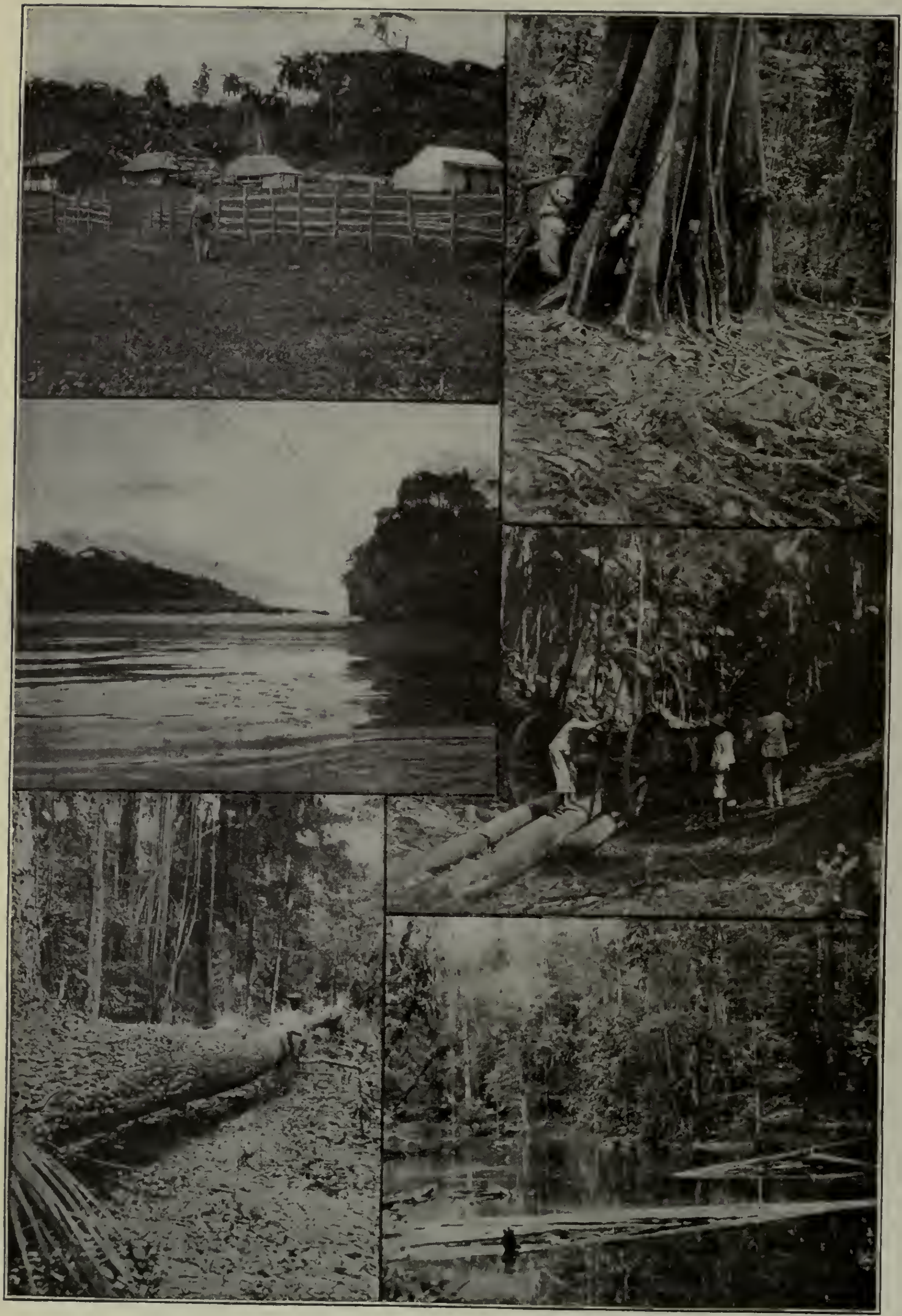
The good fellowship at this feast was only surpassed by its widely representative character. Every city, town and hamlet where a newspaper is published has been brought into touch with the firm of N. W. Ayer & Son, and all sections were represented at the banquet, for the growth of this business has been coincident with the development of American journalism. The independent and high-minded Ayer standard and policy have helped to place advertising on a higher plane than it ever held before, and have made it almost a profession, differentiating it for all time from the work of the "soldier of fortune" or the adventurer who chiefly engaged in this business in earlier days. In his address Mr. Ayer aptly voiced the low estimate placed on advertising as a business, even by his own personal friends, one of whom said to him in years gone by:

"I have a high personal regard for you, but little for the business which you represent."

A beautiful tribute was paid by Mr. McKinney to his associates for a third of a century; he spoke of how they had stood together in sickness and health, and had proved themselves true friends as well as loyal co-workers. There were the usual happy birthday tributes, and in the programme advertising had a good "inning." Mr. Dingee, the oldest customer of the Agency, who began to advertise his roses forty years ago, was present and seemed to enjoy his distinction.

The five hundred people gathered at the festival will never forget the day in 1909 when they were the guests of the Ayer Agency; everything was done for their comfort, even to providing rooms at the hotels. No one thought of the flight of time, and if from force of habit a watch was glanced at, it was at once returned to the pocket with the thought, "I cannot miss any of the fun—never mind the time."

The senior partner led the gathering in singing "God be with you 'til we meet again," and every guest joined heartily in that old hymn which has closed so many partings, and never were good wishes more sincerely spoken than those offered to Mr. Ayer and his associates as the guests clasped hands with them and passed out, bearing away many happy memories of a delightful occasion.

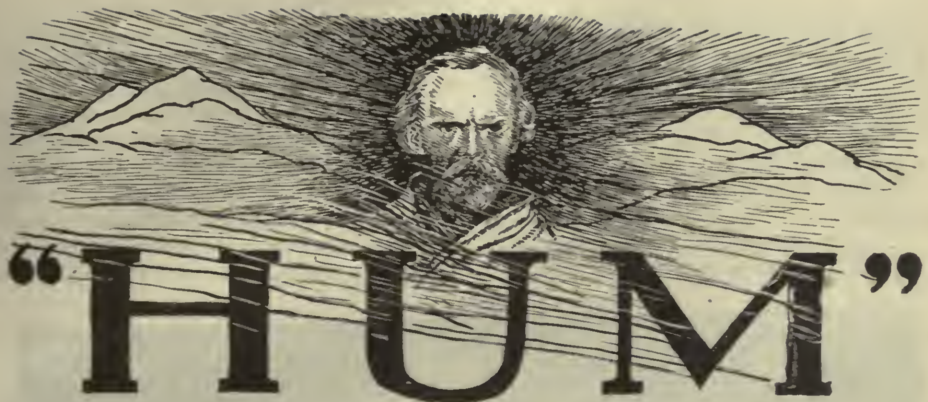


SCENES ON A CUBAN PLANTATION

Plantation Buildings at Cayo-Guin
Cueva Bay
A fallen jucaro, measures 44 inches at the top,
27 inches in diameter 65 feet up

A Drague Tree
Logging wheels in use on Sigua Plantation
Cueva River at end of tidewater

(See page 310)



"HUM"

A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

Copyright, Reid Publishing Company

Chapter IV

IT WAS no easy task, but Hum finally consented. For some reason unknown to me then, and, I think, not clear to him, he disliked to give exhibitions of psychic phenomena. It was not until I told him that Mrs. Durand expressed a wish for a strong mental picture, that he yielded. "She can appreciate it," he said. "She will know it is genuine."

He asked me to make all arrangements and gave me minute instructions as to how he wanted his audience grouped. "There must be no confusion, no delay," he said. "Call me when you are ready. I will be below. Not too early," he added as I left him.

I called Hum at nine o'clock. As he entered, his face, usually placid, expressed extreme concentration. He stopped about twenty feet from us; glanced over the group and, without preliminaries, said in a low voice, "Be quiet all, and look directly at me."

We became motionless, as if bound by some deepening spell. Then a low musical vibration filled the chamber. To me,—and as I afterwards learned, to the others,—it seemed an impression rather than a sound. I doubt whether any one casually entering the room would have noticed it. A mistlike veil infolded the bent figure. Slowly parting, it disclosed a beautiful girl clad in rich oriental costume, holding in her right hand an antique vase of flowers, subtly fragrant.

I glanced at Mrs. Durand, as a cry of recognition escaped her lips. A pallor gathered on her face as, with a sigh, she leaned back in her chair. The vision lasted perhaps ten seconds, then the mist reformed, unrolled, and the Hungarian stood as before. He put out his hand as if seeking support, then withdrew without speaking.

His departure loosened the spell. Captain Mathers broke the silence:

"Are you ill, madam?" he asked with solicitude.

"N—no, Captain," she replied in a dazed way, "not ill, I think, but I feel strangely. Why," she exclaimed, brightening, "it was Josie Wallace, as I last saw her! My darling Josie Wallace," she repeated, closing her eyes. A moment later she addressed Mr. Leonard in a trembling voice:

"May I trouble you to call my maid?"

As Clarisse entered she rose. "I fear," she said, "I have been emotional—but it was so wonderful—so amazing! Good-night, all!"

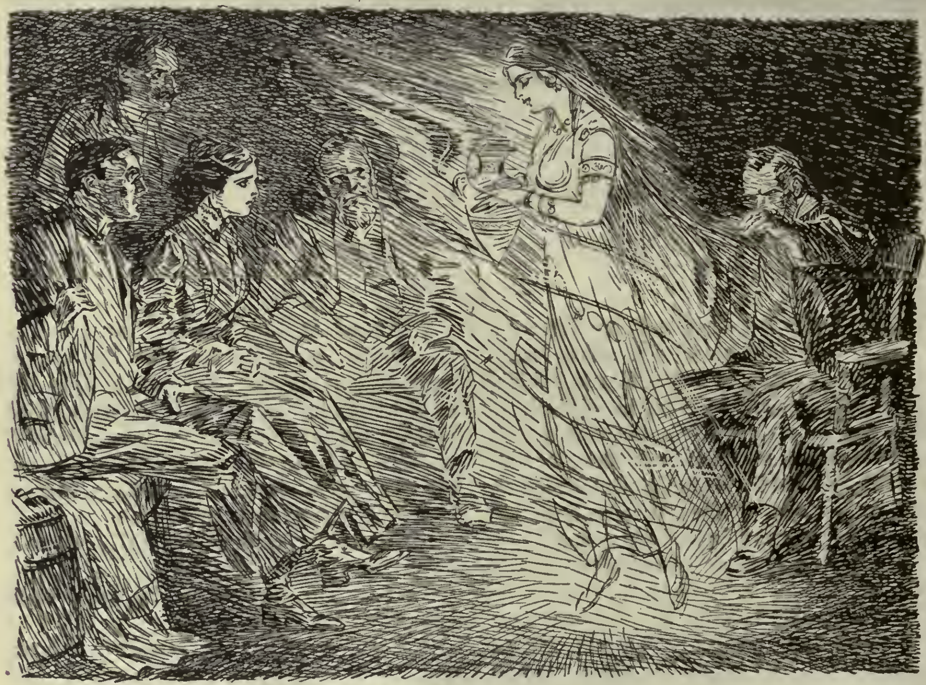
I looked at the captain. He sat with his head bowed. As I touched his arm he straightened and burst out:

"Mr. Hatfield, I have sailed the sea for years; seen wild and strange things; but this knocks the reefs out of them all. Where did you fish up that—man, I suppose—though if he didn't mess with us every day, I should say he was more than human?"

"Oh, he is human enough," declared Brindley, with knitted brows and compressed lips; "but he has a gift; doubtless inherited from some ancestor. However, he has a remarkable mind, and he is a good fellow. It was well put."

"Seemed something like a trick," ventured Leonard.

"No, sir," emphasized the skipper. "He's too well trimmed a craft for any such fool business. Besides, the madam recognized the girl. That's ballast enough for me!"



A mistlike veil infolded the bent figure.

"Good!" shouted Tom. "Hum is no gay deceiver."

The captain turned to me.

"Haven't noticed any breeze from your quarter, messmate."

"No, I am too far at sea to sight a port."

"That's jolly," he beamed; "one more cruise and you'd know all our lingo. Well, I fancy it's about that way with all of us. We might tack and gibe 'round 'till daybreak without making headway. I'm going to turn in. I feel sort of uncanny, as the Scotch say."

We followed the skipper's prudent lead.

Thus the days passed while the Mohegan held her course. Days that yet linger in my memory as a delightful dream.

Hum, when not with the sailors, passed hours with the doctor in earnest argument.

"Brindley is undergoing a thorough housecleaning," asserted Tom; "when Hum gets through, you will think his nibs has moved."

I often saw Hum absorbed in conversation with Mrs. Durand or listening, with rapt attention, to passages she read from her books.

"She is a repository of scientific and occult knowledge," he said to me. "A wonderful woman!"

Our lady had recently confessed a fine contralto voice, and thus it came about that she and Tom met often at the piano. Then delicious melodies and fragments of duos came to me. They are still with me. I cherish them, for they recall the most irresistibly attractive woman I had ever met. Whether, when on the sunlit deck, she told me of foreign shores and wove incidents of travel into fadeless tapestries; or under the moonbeams, opened to me vistas of immortality my thoughts had never penetrated; or flashed fairy-lights upon the Orient until my pulse quickened;—she was the same fascinating woman. Then I would look at her, in silence, until she asked my thoughts. For I marveled that she could soar to such sublime heights while her emotions drew her so strongly earthward. I realized the unstable equilibrium between the clay and its essence, and recognized that this very quality made up the sum of our daily lives.

Strange enough, one chord on my lyre remained unswept. Often, in the seclusion of my room, I asked why; and strove to force an answer, but none came. Sometimes, I knew—figuratively speaking—that a little hand roamed in search of the subtle combination,but the fair owner had naught of coquetry. She was genuine—else the word is wrongfully defined.

Something within told me our halcyon days were numbered, but I asked no questions. I did not care to know the inevitable. One royal day I met the captain at his noon reckoning.

"Come below, Mr. Hatfield, let's examine the chart." There was a quality in his voice quite different from the usual cheery ring. "Yes, it is true," he said as his finger followed the lines to a point, "we are near the end of our voyage. See! here's where we are; and there's the coast of Africa; and right there is Cape Town. We are nearer than I thought. Egad, I've neglected the log—purposely," he added, thrumming the table as he looked out of the window.

"Why, Captain, I thought seamen prided themselves on quick trips."

"So they do, Mr. Hatfield; so they do—ordinarily; but don't you know that sometimes—circumstances alter cases?"

"And this means we'll soon part," I said.

"All too true, shipmate. I'm sorry. We've had a remarkable voyage. I've enjoyed every knot of it. Never had such a crew, thanks to Hum. He's a queer fish. Why, he has been before the mast and knocked about a good bit, I fancy; but what a mind, what high principles! I'll bet a gill of old Jamaica there's some quality blood in him. But I can't for the life of me understand that affair in the saloon. Why, I saw that girl as plain as I see the chart. I'd know that face, if I met it, anywhere 'tween Greenland and Patagonia. I say, messmate, if you ever meet a woman who looks like her, jot it down in your log book. We might ship together again, though it's not likely."

"Stranger things than that have happened, Captain."

"Hardly think so, sir, considering your destination. Ah, your destination!" he repeated slowly and gravely. "And there's Selby—every inch a man! Excellent company—he can knock the blues out of a chap quicker than anyone I ever met." Again he thrummed and looked seaward; then turned to me appealingly:

"Don't do it, my son! Shift your course and steer for the diamond mines. Make your fortune; shoot big game; have a good time; and then go home, safe and happy, with me the next time I come down."

I shook my head.

"And Mrs. Durand," I suggested.

"Aye, she's a rare one; made of the right stuff, with some mixture I know nothing about. Handsome as a picture and—a widow! Jove! I don't see how she holds her widowhood. If I weren't an old sailor with a family, I'd cruise 'round there myself. Brindley is a good fellow, too, but odd looking as a skate. Hey, it's not often a skipper strikes a school of such fine fish."

"It is pleasant to learn that your passengers have pleased you," I said. "We have all appreciated your kindness and—"

"Anchor right there!" he interposed. "I'm not done yet. There's one on the list I haven't checked." He rose and grasped my hand. "Mr. Hatfield, you are one of the noblest and truest men that ever trod a ship's deck. May God bless you!"

"The last shot and the heaviest, Captain. It went home. I shall never forget you."

"Heigho," he sighed; "the best of friends must part. I feel down in the mouth. Let's see if Rawlins can't mix a bracer."

* * *

The steward's brace did not arrest the fall of my spirits. Close to the African continent, near to the gate of the unknown and to the line that must divide us from past and present associations, perhaps forever. I weakened. Then Mrs. Durand's injunction—"let nothing turn you from the course you have chosen"—came to me and I sought her, to be reassured. There was a quality in her voice; an expression in her eyes—uplifting, sustaining.

I found her on deck, gazing where floated the "golden bowers of rest."

"Would you dwell in those enchanted realms?" I asked, as I met her welcoming smile.

"Gladly! but they are so far away; so unattainable; so intangible. Why, they are formed by fairies in a poet's brain. And yet, daily, my heart yearns for the iridescent fields of romance they suggest. Sometimes I cross the borderland for a brief sojourn; otherwise, my life would be unendurable. Would you be lord of those isles?"

"Once I could have answered that question easier than now."

The opal gleamed. There came to me the breath of flowers as she drew from her robe a dainty handkerchief with which she dallied for a moment, then murmured: "How long ago?"

Her slight pallor had yielded to a soft, rich glow. The fallen eyes were raised and sparkling; the mobile lips parted just enough to disclose the hidden pearls.

"It was not an æon," I admitted.

A rippling laugh—and then, with enthusiasm:

"'Lord of the Isles!' Ah, that recalls the Scottish bard! I have been in nearly every place of interest named in his works. I have actually laved my feet in Monan's rill," she laughed.

"Was the moon dancing?"

"Ah, you know those sweet lines! No, indeed, the sun was glaring. To catch the witchery of that spot, one should visit it by moonlight, at midnight. Then, even the air is rich in romance. Do you get the picture?"

"I scarely know. My life has been so occupied with material things that—"

"Let me finish what you would express," she touched my arm. "You have failed to recognize the locked chamber within. Far, far away, the key is held by one who, sometime, will open the portal and bring forth the hidden treasure."

She turned from me quickly. When our eyes again met the rose glow was gone.

"Captain Mathers is beckoning!" she exclaimed.

"Come up here, you dream people. I've something to show you. You're cloud gazing. Have a look at something else than vapor."

When we reached the bridge he greeted us soberly:

"Now look way over there, close down to the horizon. See anything except sea and sky?"

"No, Captain," we both confessed.

"Well, I can't for the life of me see why not. It's as plain as the binnacle; a little dark line."

"But we haven't nautical eyes," said Mrs. Durand. "What a pity!"

"Madam," said the skipper, gallantly raising his cap, "if I had your eyes, I wouldn't barter them for the best pair of nautical eyes ever planted in a man's foretop."

"Why, Captain Mathers!"

"It's God's truth, my dear lady."

"But the dark line," I asked, "what is it?"

"What is it? Why, it's the coast of Africa. If nothing happens we'll be docked at Cape Town by noon tomorrow. And nothing will happen," he added.

"You speak with conviction," I suggested.

"To be sure! One doesn't like to blow his own horn—least of all Sam Mathers—but I will just this once. I have never had a serious accident since I commanded a ship."

"How do you account for it, Captain?"

"I never stow cargoes of catastrophies in my thinking cap. They breed mischief."

"That is a new idea," I said.

"New? Why, man, my grandmother taught me that when I was a child. I have followed it ever since. H—m! I suppose our pleasant party will break up."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Durand, "the longest, fairest, happiest day must end. Our life is one of ceaseless change."

"If I could have my way," the captain said, "I'd moor the old ship for a few weeks and we'd keep house awhile longer—go on picnics, excursions, and—"

"Land on the weather bow, sir!"

"Aye, aye, sir. I've noted it, Mr. Leonard."

"Let us go aft," appealed Mrs. Durand, the pallor again dominant, a noticeable vibration in her voice; "This will be our last evening; possibly, our last interview."

"Willingly," I assented.

* * *

We chose a quiet spot by the taffrail. The smoke from the steamer curled fantastically as it floated northward. The golden isles were gone. Whither? The "little dark line" was, we knew, momentarily growing more definite. And then?

I felt that my companion was asking herself this question as we sat silently listening to the relentless throb of the engines. For her eyes were downcast and she wove her gossamer veil through her fingers—to and fro.

"May I have a fragment of the mental fabric?"

"The whole, Mr. Hatfield. I am thinking of your journey. You go to verify a tradition; to find an unknown race. Will it startle you if I say I have heard this tradition, or a similar one, in India?"

"In India?"

"Yes, it has existed for ages. But among those people not one has had the ambition, enthusiasm or ability to verify it. Oh!" she exclaimed, her color deepening, "it is a joy to know that this triad of qualities manifests in some one; a joy to look upon so strong and brave a man."

"Shall I succeed?"

"Yes, you will succeed. Trials and hardships are before you; weariness and heartsickness. You will see death lurking in many forms, but you will pass through the vale of shadows unscathed"—she threw open her well-rounded arms—"it will be glorious!"

"You give me more comfort and hope than I can express."

"Give you 'comfort and hope,'" she repeated, her voice more vibrant. "I have traveled so widely I scarce know where to find a novelty. I have hazarded this journey in search of one. I am going to the diamond mines and other places where a woman may go. And yet"—she hesitated—"I have never heard those words before."

"Never? It seems incredible."

"It is true!" The gemmed hands trembled. "No one but you has spoken them."

Slowly turning the opal ring, she glanced at me, a faint smile hovering.

"Did you never care to visit the diamond mines?"

"No, I have not been attracted by them; but honestly, I must confess I would abandon our expedition, to visit them now—had not a fair woman once said to me: 'Let nothing turn you from the course you have chosen!'"

She flushed.

"Pardon me," I implored.

"Not so, my friend—it is I who should ask your pardon. Oh! it is painful to realize how frail is the bark on which, in fancied security, we explore the domain of the spiritual. How easily it is wrecked by our earthly attractions. Ah! here comes Clarisse—it is supper, I presume. I do not care for it."

"Nor do I. It comes as a discordant note in a delicious harmony."

"Is it supper, Clarisse?"

"*Oui, Madame.*"

"Come here, child. Pardon me, Mr. Hatfield, if I speak with my maid."

The interview ended, she said to me gaily: "How fortunate we are of one mind. We will have a little repast later. You shall be my guest."

"Charming!" I exclaimed. "This delightful hour will be prolonged. We shall see the moon rise. It will be fine tonight."

"Yes, superb!" Her gaiety vanished. "Many another night it will be the same—when its rays fall on a weary traveler seeking rest in the African wilds. I shall think of you."

"Not oftener than I shall think of you. Mrs. Durand, you spoke of 'earthly attractions'—I fear I did not understand you clearly."

"No? It is thus: We clothe ourselves, as it were, in ethereal robes; ascend sublime heights in search of the spiritual essence; quaff deeply at metaphysical fountains; and foster the belief that we are free. Yet all the time we are slaves—bond men and bond women—to the material." She drew her scarf closer. "I think you understand. Now, away with such thoughts! This is no time nor place for philosophy. Tell me of your glorious quest. I envy you!"

"Mrs. Durand, I have a thought I scarcely dare to utter, for fear it may offend you."

"It would be impossible for you to say aught to wound any true woman. What is it?"

Her eyes appealed. The scarf escaped from her shoulder, unveiling her beautiful neck.

"It is this: Why not go with us? Forgive the suggestion. I could not resist the temptation."

"Why should you? I understand."

She leaned towards me—her finger interlocked—her eyes dreaming—

"But one reason restrains my impulse to act on your suggestion. You have awakened what I believed to be dead—aroused to renewed activity forces dormant for years."

"And the position might be equivocal," I said; "but we are gentlemen—Hum, a man of years—your maid would—".

"Oh, no! It's nothing of the kind. I care not for petty conventionalities. I despise many ideas cherished by some women, submitted to by others. I act by my own sense of right and propriety."

She rose, went to the bulwarks and gazed at the horizon where the faint glow heralded the coming of night's queen. Musing awhile, she turned and quickly detached something from her chatelaine.

"See!" she exclaimed, "the moon is about to rise. At the moment of its advent, I want you to accept this."

On her palm rested a singular trinket. A slender, tapering, curved bone—about an inch in length—white and glistening; mounted in a circlet of gold studded with diamonds.

"It is an East Indian charm," she went on hurriedly; "it is rare. It comes from a dangerous place. I want you to wear it, as I will wear its mate. It has served me—it may aid you. It will, at least, recall our —voyage."

"Our voyage? Then let it be a memento of you."

"Be it so."

As she turned to catch the first gleam, I was about to lift the jewel—when her fingers closed.

"Not yet—one moment—hold out your hand."

Her own rested on mine—I can feel it now. Suddenly a crescent of light kissed the sea.

"Now!"

As she passed the gem to my palm, she sought my eyes—her own illumined by a mystical fire.

"To go with you," she said, "would be the most enchanting episode in my life. The danger and hardship fascinate me. I can surmount formidable obstacles."

"Then why do you hesitate?" I asked as I concealed the opal's glow.

"It is your right to know," she said. There was a tremor in her voice. The hand—that, like a delicate cameo, rested in mine—quivered. "I thought I knew myself, but I do not. I believed I was mistress of my emotions—I am not!"

"Dear Mrs. Durand, your words are enigmatical."

"Yes, I am conscious of the fact. They must be, to one endowed with your nobility of character. How can I tell you?"

Her oriental slipper patted the deck. The warm hand withdrew and nestled in the wavelets of hair rippling across her brow.

"It is simply this, my dear friend: You have a wonderful career before you; a thrilling prelude; a charming intermezzo; a triumphant finale. I — might — derange — the score."

"You?"

"Yes, even I." Her fingers lightly sealed my lips. "Please, please do not ask more."

The other shoulder knot had loosened, the scarf fell. I raised the soft, fragrant fabric.

"May I replace it?"

"Yes."

I stopped the caresses of the moonlight.

"Oh, it is gorgeous tonight!" she exclaimed. "Why must it fade? The same old dear that danced on Monan's rill, in the far away glen."

"Is your heart in the Highlands, my fair Seeress?"

The words came softly, "You do not need to ask."

"*Le soupe est servi, Madame*," announced Clarisse.

* * *

The table betrayed Clarisse's nationality. Verily, had she died, she had earned the epitaph, "She hath done what she could." The steward's hand, also, was in evidence. The hand so willing to give and—to receive. A few pieces of rare china, seldom seen; some potted plants in bloom, belonging to the stewardess; an old silver candelabra fresh polished, with wax candles.

The steward knew how to cater to the madam. She knew, equally well, how to cater to him. A quiet game, entailing no loss.

The supper was excellent. Mrs. Durand was an accomplished entertainer. By birth and inheritance she was "La Grande Dame." She knew and practiced all the graces of the table. Here, her self-control was marvelous. We endeavored, with poor success, to confine conversation to conventional lines; but there were periods when our thoughts sketched pictures that antagonized even the most entertaining colloquies.

"Clarisse," said Mrs. Durand, when the last course was served, "place the Bohemian flask by monsieur. Now go and take a run on deck in the moonlight."

"*Merci, Madame.*"

"Mr. Hatfield, before you is some of Hungary's finest wine. I do not, as a rule, advocate stimulants. They clog the avenues to the higher life. 'Then why do you have them?' I hear you ask. Simply, because there may be, at times, physical conditions demanding their aid; and on a long journey, one should not be unprepared. Besides," there was a captivating twinkle in her eyes—"it is pardonable for one, occasionally, to be a child again, and gather daisies by the wayside. Say you not so?"

"Yes, my fair hostess; pardonable and natural."

"You are quite the philosopher, *mon ami. Bien, servez, s'il vous plait!*"

I poured the rich wine. The bouquet filled the cabin.

"Now," I said, rising, "let me drink to your worth, your wisdom and your welfare."

"Thank you. Worth—not much, I fear; wisdom—a trifle, perhaps; welfare—I am indifferent."

"I do not like to hear you speak thus, Mrs. Durand."

"No? Then I will never do so again."

She toyed with her glass—watching the play of the light on the wine drops 'round the brim as she twice repeated her name.

"*Mon ami*—it may sound strange—but I do not like that name. My prejudice is justifiable."

"But it is correct," I asserted. "I know no other."

"Yes, unfortunately, it is correct; but"—again she sported with the glass—"I was christened—Isabel."

"A redolent name, my dear hostess."

"Do you think so? Sometime—you will?"

"Is it your wish?"

She nodded and put out her hand, but quickly withdrew it.

"Am I daft?" she cried. "A wave of forgetfulness swept over me. We must talk of other things. Will you remain in Cape Town some days?"

"Yes, we have more supplies to purchase, and we may have to wait for a coasting vessel. And you?"

"Until I perfect my plans. There is a hotel, I suppose?"

"Yes, the St. George's."

"In that case, we shall meet again."

"Certainly, and often," I said, passing the fruit.

"Not so, *mon ami*," she sighed, "it would be unwisdom. What time is it?"

I told her the hour.

"Ah, is it so late? Then this, too, must end. Time is borne on pinions that never weary, never falter. Well—fill the glasses once more. It is my turn now. Come here."

I stood at her left. The opalescent ray blended with the amber of the wine, and the rose warmed on her cheek as she raised the chalice—

"May you be rooted and grounded in the love of the woman who will dwell in your heart."

We drained the beakers. Her hand trembled so, I extended my arm to catch the fragile cup. It touched her neck. She rested her head on it and gazed at me with impassioned eyes, while her warm breath fanned my cheek.

Then I knew. The little hand had found the elusive chord. I bent lower. Her fragrant hair swept my face.

"Go with me, Isabel," I whispered.

"Go — with — you? Hath Heaven any richer request?" she murmured.

Tears, fresh from the labyrinth of the emotions, dropped on cheeks rapidly growing pallid. Her voice sounded weird.

"No—it cannot; must not be!" she exclaimed.

"Why not?" I implored.

I felt the pressure of her arm as the words came sad and slow:

"My fealty to my Maker, to my true self, and to her who will be your wife—forbids. Do not tempt me beyond my strength. Let us say—Good-night."

CHAPTER V

Cape Town, ordinarily a welcome and cheering sight to the wave-tossed traveler, looked gray and dismal through the thick veil of mist. Even the frown of the "Devil's Peak" was subdued and the "Lion's Head" had lost its dignity.

A motley crowd of Hottentots, Kaffirs and Malays watched the steamer creeping to her berth. These conditions depressed two men who, beyond this line, were to encounter the hardships, the uncertainties, the mysteries of the unknown.

Tom and I stood watching the warping in of the Mohegan.

"Good heavens!" he said dubiously. "Let's toss up the sponge and go somewhere else. Let's go to the diamond mines."

"The diamond mines?" I asked evasively. "Why go there?"

"Sure enough! Now, see here, Hat—cotton to it like a man. I haven't had conjunctivitis and screened my eyes during the voyage. Mind what I say, or your real loss will exceed your potential gain. A beauty is better than a bubble any day. Hurrah for the mines! Good times, superb company, a splendid beginning, and—a glorious ending, eh?"

"I have half a mind to do it, my dear comrade."

"Multiply by two at once, and shake hands."

"How about Hum?"

"Oh, we might buy him off. Here he comes now."

"Thick weather, comrades," he said cheerily; "but by tomorrow you will think you are somewhere else. That great wall of rock back of the town, which you can just see now, is the Table Mountain, with its two companions the 'Devil' and the 'Lion,' as the natives say. When the sun shines it forms a massive background to the luxuriant growth of oaks and firs at the base; to the vineyards, gardens of flowers and shrubs, and the numerous beautiful villas. And then, the sunlight on all—it is wonderful. The old Government House over there—the new Parliament House, just beyond—the Bishop's Palaces, on the left. Straight in that direction, about three miles, is the National Observatory. There, in the center of the city, is the fine Botanical Garden; this side, a short distance, the Public Library, of some forty thousand volumes."

"Why, Hum, have you been here before?" I asked.

"Yes, once, in 1875. It was then a town of, at least, thirty thousand inhabitants. It must be much larger now. Oh! it will be fine in the morning," he asserted, with enthusiasm. "We will cruise 'round. The doctor and I are going ashore. I shall try for some information about the coast vessels. We shall meet at dinner—St. George's, I presume. Until then—" he waved his hand, smiling.

Tom and I looked at each other. It was a new departure for our fellow traveler; his manner of speaking; his smiling, graceful adieu.

"He divines our mental condition," I said, "and seeks to re-enforce us."

"Undoubtedly," my comrade agreed. "It would be pretty rough to go back on old Hum."

"Of course it would. We shall do nothing of the sort."

The simple sum in multiplication remained undone.

Dinner at the St. George's, that evening, was not a brilliant affair. The atmosphere was saturated with the sadness of farewell. Mrs. Durand was absent. I thought it was well.

"It is like parting from old friends," the doctor declared. "I shall have the advantage of you."

"How so, Doctor?" Tom asked.

"I shall not go beyond here. I intend to make collections, and if the Mohegan remains long enough, go back on her; otherwise, wait over until the captain's next trip. However, it will all be very different."

"Doctor," laughed Tom, "may I quote from an esteemed friend? 'That was well put.'"

Brindley smiled lugubriously. "This spread is not much like the captain's," he commented. "There's only one Mathers."

"What seems to be the matter with Captain Sam?" Tom asked, soberly and with apparent anxiety.

We looked at one another interrogatively a moment—then came the old saw—vociferously. Half a dozen servants appeared suddenly.

"They came to see if anything was left," explained Tom.

"Yes, the captain is all right," asserted Hum; "right every way—and we are all right, and will so remain, if we will only expect sunshine and not anticipate shadows."

"Any news concerning the coast, Hum?"

"Yes, Mr. Hatfield, a small steamer, the Buzzard, will leave in two days. The skipper is a regular Yankee, with a genuine vernacular. When I say the ship resembles the Mohegan in form, that is the end. However, we will fit ourselves to the conditions: we shall get along nicely."

Some hours later, as Tom and I knocked

out pipes preparatory to turning in, I said, "My boy, I don't believe we should amount to much without Hum."

"No," he laughed, "we could both stand on a nickel."

To see Cape Town, select needed articles, entertain Captain Mathers, with Mr. Leonard, at dinner; and make my farewell call on Mrs. Durand, was hustling work. But we had no choice, as it would be some time before another steamer would sail. Besides, Hum seemed anxious to get on.

When Mrs. Durand entered the somber drawing room, her face appalled me. "You are ill," I said.

"Slightly, my dear friend. I have not felt like myself since—we landed." She smiled a little sadly. "It will pass when I readjust myself." . . .

At parting, I said, "I feel sure we shall meet again."

"Yes," she said, tremulously, "I know that we shall meet again, but then the conditions will be irrevocably changed. May God hold you in his safe keeping."

Another week on the Mohegan, and the current of my life would have altered.

* * *

On the morning of January 7th, 189—, we watched from the coaster's deck the final preparations for departure.

"Hey, yer, up thar!" shouted the skipper; "I reckon some folks want to say good-bye. They're durned late."

I went forward, to see our friends of the Mohegan in line on the dock. I rushed below. "Captain," I asked nervously, "have I time to go ashore?"

"Powerful sorry, mate! They've shipped th' bow line, an' I'm just goin' to pull th' engine-bell."

I went back to the deck. As the bow swung from the wharf and the stern hawser came home, a shout went up from the dock, while a white scarf waved adieu.

The Buzzard—a sluggish, unsavory, unkempt craft, manned by a forbidding-looking crew, among whom the captain's iron rule and the rope's end alone maintained discipline. When the Yankee's thin lips closed tight, he meant business, and he had enough brawn in his make-up to command respect. A tall, angular man, with a stooping gait and a nasal twang, who seldom shaved and rarely appeared in a coat. The cuisine? Well—my companion described it as "a medley of fractional shares, in a well-watered stock, printed on soiled paper and distributed at random."

Little wonder that Tom and I were, at times, depressed and heartsick to a degree that would have been fatal to our expedition, but for Hum's assiduous and sustaining attention. He divined our moods, and lightened our darkest hours with hope.

Our only amusement, if it could be so called, was when the Buzzard stopped at trading ports. Then, the captain's native shrewdness became incandescent as he bartered with crowds of natives gathered in anticipation of his arrival. His rapacity justified the name of his ship.

The shore was still visible when Captain Buritt invited us to his cabin. Nothing recalled the chart room of an "ocean greyhound." A few soiled maps, tarpaulins and oil-skins on the walls, some decrepit chairs, a rickety lounge covered with faded chintz, a pile of boots in one corner, some black pipes, hanging in leather loops, a grimy chronometer, and, in a cage, an inquisitive parrot chattered incessantly.

"So, ye're goin' to L'ango," he said, filling the vacancy caused by a retired quid. "Goin' thar to trade? Thet's what I do."

"Oh, no, Captain, we are not traders," I assured him.

"No?" His anxiety subsided. "Goin' to hunt?"

"No, not to hunt animals."

The skipper rested one leg on the other and embraced his knee as he aimed for, but missed, the cuspidor.

"Wal, what be ye goin' to do?"

I gave him an epitome of our plans, adding that we might want his advice.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, again going wide of the target; "I'd say yer was crazy bugs as had jest flew th' coop of some 'sylum."

"Thanks, Cap," returned Tom gruffly. "A New England compliment, I suppose."

"Wal, 'twas sort o' brash, young chap; bein' as I knowed 'twan't true. But I'll be flabbergasted! Durn me ef I don't like yer pluck, an' I wish ye luck, but I'm 'fraid 'twill be the last of ye. I'll be durned ef I see how ye kin win. 'Twon't be much of a jackpot ef ye should open it, but ye'll find, fast 'nough, 'twill cost a pile to come in."

The Puritan rose and opened a closet. "Naow I'm goin' to drink to yer luck," he announced, producing a black bottle and a glass that had never known water; "will ye jine me?" We declined.

The commander took what he called an "eye opener"; replaced the "drinking tools," adjusted an enormous chew, and went on: "See here, boys, it's my 'pinion ye are huntin' a hole; but ef I kin sarve ye in eny way I'm yer man."

"Captain Buritt," asked Hum blankly, "were you not, at one time, a deacon in a New England church?"

The trader's fishy eyes drew closer together; the hollows in his cheeks deepened; his goatee reached further down.

"Sartinly. Uv course I was. How in h—Halifax did ye know it?"

But Hum made no answer. I relieved the strain.

"How far is it to Loango?" I asked.

"'Bout five weeks' run, sir," he said in an awed voice.

"Any hotel there?"

"Yes—thet is, old Dinkelspiel keeps a Dutch tavern. 'Tain't nothin' to brag on. He'll giv' ye plenty uv salt pork, fish an' sassengers. The beds? Wal, it's yer choice whether ye occupy or camp out."

* * *

Early in March we landed at Loango. The prospect was as cheerless as was the small German hostelry, where the accommodations were poor enough. The host, however, was fat and jolly; his charges moderate; and he made life endurable during the few days we were organizing our expedition. Besides, he rendered us valuable service by finding an old negro who told us in bad English, that the year before he had seen a Masgnina boy who lived with a tribe about a week's march from Loango—a piece of information that caused Hum's eyes to dance.

Buritt plucked the natives for two days. Tom said, "If the old bird stayed a week, all the men and half the women would be bald, and the Buzzard's next speculation would be in wigs." He visited us, at dusk, on his last day. "Mr. Hatfield," he said, "I jest wanted to ask ye what sort uv a crook ye've got with ye? He gin me a turn. How'd he know I'd bin an officer in a church?"

"Can't say, Captain, but he seemed to know the fact."

"Wal—I'll be d—d—dashed to Dorchester! Gosh! I hope he won't say nothing 'bout it. Wal, I must be joggin'," he said, putting out a brawny hand, "so's to git aboard 'fore dark. 'Tain't likely I'll ever see ye agen. Wharever ye go and whatsomever comes to ye—don't neither of ye forgit th' American eagle. Good-day!"

"Good-by, deacon!" shouted Tom.

The skipper made no audible reply, but his left eye closed as he put his thumb to his nose.

* * *

I do not intend to weary my readers with an account of the multifarious events incident to a journey across the trackless wilds of Africa. Such experiences have been pictured by able pens. I shall confine my history to those happenings only which are closely associated with my story.

We left Loango at sunrise with twenty stout fellows, who spoke some English, under the leadership of Hum. I shall always remember that day as one filled with a peculiar enjoyment rarely repeated. The uninitiated can but faintly realize the pleasure of passing through scenes and conditions that awaken ceaseless anticipation of novel experiences.

We traveled through a fine rolling country that rose from the coast. The natives we met were friendly. They often gave us milk and yams in exchange for trinkets, but we could gain no further information concerning the Masgninas. Hence our surprise when, on entering a village at nightfall on the sixth day, Hum shouted joyously as a black boy ran to him with a cry of recognition. A long parley in a strange tongue followed. Then Hum, much excited, told me that the boy was a Masgnina who had escaped at the time of the battle and after many vicissitudes had been found by this tribe.

"He has in some way learned," he said, "that a remnant of his people live with a tribe by a broad river called the Bahlba; but he doesn't know where it is. However, it is the entering wedge. We must have this boy, for he is bright and will be of service to us."

The following morning I bartered with the headman for the boy Moto. He finally yielded when I offered a dozen yards of gaudy calico.

Tom looked at the goods. "Never let this boy know his commercial value," he said; "however, he is promising. I will teach him English and make him expert with the rifle."

When I asked about the Bahlba River his majesty maintained a moody silence. "More boodle!" cried Tom. "One of those tin whistles will open his beak."

It did. He told me that to reach the river we must go a "little north of the rising sun" and cross a mountain range down to a plain through which the river ran.

"Two moons away," he said; "bad men on mountain." Then he blew his whistle and executed, with ill-concealed delight, what Tom described as a "shadow dance."

For the next fifty-two days we threaded our way eastward, overcoming countless obstacles and at times yielding to fatigue that despair would have intensified, but for Hum's constant care and solicitude. He seemed to send out a psychic influence that always relieved the strain when it neared the breaking point. Two persons and two articles he guarded with jealous care—Tom and me; our portable boat; and the coil of tarred rope. Early on our journey I had asked him about the latter, and he replied vaguely, "It will be useful when crossing rivers and descending places."

"But," I objected, "the tar is hard on the hands."

"True," he admitted, "but it is preservative. Though it somewhat offends our hands, it may gladden our eyes."

The ambiguity of his phrase vanished later on. My companion's affability and fondness for children were winning cards with the natives. He could sketch the faces of the headmen and their wives in a way that evoked delight, sometimes awe, among these simple folk.

An abundance of game contributed to the well-being and well-doing of our men. Tom said it was "debatable which was the best avenue to man's higher nature—his heart or his stomach." Moto had become quite proficient in English and remarkably skilful with the rifle.

"His unerring aim is due to the fact that he was rifled when young," his teacher casually observed one day, when the lad knocked over a hare at two hundred yards.

At sunset on the fifty-second day from Loango, we reached the mountain range. The peaks glowed, and the evening tints fell upon the vast expanse of country we had crossed. The fine effect of light and shadow and mingled colors, entrancing and restful, invited us to pitch our tents and lay our evening fire. The campfire shut the gates to night prowlers and opened the portals to mirth and song.

While we were at supper, a burly negro, armed with a spear, came into our camp and made signs for food. His hunger appeased, he rose, nodded thanks, and vanished in the woods. Wamba, our cook, had watched him narrowly.

"Master, that man Mahale robber," he said. "They bad people! Make trouble! Must watch!"

The incident was slightly gruesome and suggestive. It became more so after nightfall, when we saw here and there on the mountain slopes what appeared to be small fires. I asked Hum's opinion.

"I think the man belongs to a band who intend to attack us," he said. "The fires are signals to indicate our approach. We must be prepared for them."

"Well, keep Moto with you and watch," I directed. "Mr. Selby and I will have the guns in readiness."

The glowing sunset was succeeded by a drizzling rain that finally quenched our fire. Tom and I sat on a log trying to extract some comfort from the weed.

"By Jove, it's fierce!" he exclaimed. "Odd, too, how opposites occasionally work to the same end. I'm as wide awake as I was at old Dinkelspiel's. There the cause was definite and assured; here it is out of sight and uncertain. I long for my snug room on the Mohegan. Anything you would relish just now, old man?"

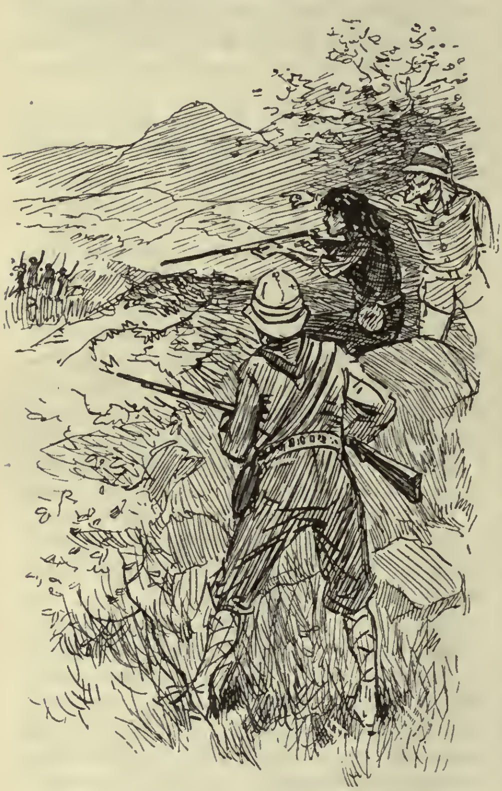
"Yes, several things; among them, a large share in Hum's undying hope."

At dawn we started on a tiresome march up the mountain. It was long past noon when we crossed the summit and commenced the descent. So far, we had seen nothing of the Mahales. As we emerged from the timber belt a mile below—Hum, some distance in advance, made a cautionary signal as he turned to meet us.

"There is a pack of robbers lying in ambush at the base of a ledge we must pass," he said. "They have crossed the mountain in advance and are waiting for us. Let us try the effect of a volley over their heads."

Our fire was answered by a shower of arrows. Then Tom and I with Hum and Moto crept to the top of the brush-covered ledge. A hundred feet below there were at least fifty ugly specimens, heavily armed, ready to kill us.

"Hum, I object to taking life," I said, "but we shall have to put sentiment aside. We are in a bad position."



"He is the leader, boy. Send him where he belongs."

"The situation admits of no delay, Mr. Hatfield."

"Moto, come here," I said softly. "Do you want to try for that big fellow on the left?"

"Oh, yes, master. He no good."

"All right, my boy, let him have it."

"Give him h—," cried Tom, much excited.

A whiff of smoke—the savage sprang into the air, pitched forward heavily, gasped once—then straightened.

"I got him, Mr. Selby! He no rob any one."

"Never again, boy!" approved Tom. "You're a good shortstop."

The gang sprang up and rushed in the direction of our carriers.

"Now's our time!" shouted Tom. "We've got the drop on them. See! Our men are prepared."

A few rods further, and the enemy received a volley in front, while we gave them two from the rear. As the smoke cleared, we saw those who escaped our double flank movement fleeing up the mountain.

"A good piece of work," commented Hum, "but our trouble is not over. They will come back with a force large enough, they will think, to overpower us."

We kept on until sundown; then halted by a spring in the forest. As we dared not light a fire, the dreariness surpassed description. Every one except Hum was restless, anxious and watchful. Tom and I burned more tobacco that night than on any previous occasion. As we sat on the ground fighting despair, he suddenly broke out:

"Not much like a snug corner by the taffrail with the fair widow."

"What do you know about that, Thomas?"

"Oh, lots, comrade. Fact is, I was about to join you when I recalled an old saying."

"Sagacious Selby! We may need some of your foresight before we get down this mountain. How about the piano and the charming duos?"

"Scarcely worth invoicing, Frank. The truth is, I was worth only so much a ream in music to her. Scott! What a hole this is. What the devil are we doing here, anyway?"

"Better go to sleep, Tom. You appear a trifle fagged. I will stand guard."

"Not much, old man. Fagged? Well, I guess not! No, I'll do the sentry act. I can watch, if I can't pray."

We started, at four o'clock in the morning, in a chilly rain which increased as we went on. The ground became softer; our progress, at each step, more difficult. Precipitous ledges, stiff brush, animal holes and jutting rocks made marching heavy work. We were glad of a brief halt. Brief indeed, for an impulse caused me to order an advance. The men demurred, having had but little rest and no hot coffee, but Hum, in some way, persuaded them to go on.

We had made but little headway when those in the rear were startled by a sharp cry of horror and pain. Rushing forward, we overtook Hum and the gunman. Together we pressed on to a deep crevasse that had been skilfully masked with small trees, brush and turf. Here a horrible and indelible sight met our gaze. At the bottom lay three of our men, speared to death by the robbers, who were dancing and gesticulating in wild frenzy. A forcible, though not elegant exclamation from Tom caused me to turn. In our rear, a few rods away, were more of the gang ready to sweep us over the edge. In another direction I saw the rest of my men running down the mountain pursued by a larger force of the ruffians. Obviously, the Mahales planned to exterminate us. We turned and fired rapidly at those behind us.

"They are checkmated, thank God!" exclaimed Tom.

We soon saw that we must forestall the probable action of the miscreants in the pit; for when they realized that their companions could not drive us forward, they doubtless would climb up and attack us in front.

"Hum, what shall we do?" I implored.

"Give me Moto," he said, glancing at the yelling demons. "Riddle the black devils behind. Check their onslaught. We will manage the others. Moto, do you see the man with only one eye down there?"

"Yes, Mr. Hum, I see him good."

"He is the leader, boy. Send him where he belongs."

"Hold!" shouted Tom. "I'll center that bull's-eye." The savage threw up both arms and fell backward.

"Ki, yah, yah!" screamed Moto, dancing in glee.

"Stop that," ordered Hum. "Help Mr. Hatfield."

Meanwhile, the gang in the pit, infuriated by the fall of their leader, rushed for the top of the crevasse.

Then something happened — something weird, uncanny, inexplicable. Something that we saw but partially as we recharged our guns—but enough to fill me with indefinable anxiety. As the robbers reached the edge of the rock, Hum met them—one by one.

A shriek of terror, only—and each face grew hideous in death as the hands relaxed and the body bounded to the bottom.

Our concentrated fire had been effectual. Hum noticed it.

"Now, quick!" he cried. "While the smoke lasts we must join our men. They are fighting the natives below."

Gathering up what ammunition we could we followed him. He stopped abruptly and pointed ahead. Our men were standing on a plateau, surrounded by yelling fiends, ready to kill them should they attempt escape. Evidently the robbers intended to hold them for some purpose until their comrades arrived. Fortunately we were not seen, but communication with our men was impossible. Meantime, we heard the cries of those who had escaped our terrible slaughter beyond the rock. They were coming to join their companions.

"Hum, we are in a trap!" I exclaimed. "What shall we do!"

His keen eyes turned quickly to the right and left.

"I must do it," he said deliberately. "I must do it to save you. When you hear the cry of a jackal, run down close and fire rapidly in the air. The confusion and smoke will enable our men to escape, and will aid me."

I was about to speak, but he was gone. Tom and Moto stood as though petrified. Presently, a piercing wail rose above the din.

Grasping our rifles tightly, we ran down and fired. As the smoke lifted, we saw our men running in all directions, while Hum—seemingly everywhere present—caused man after man to droop and die.

We stood aghast. Then Moto pointed to the remnant of the band hurrying toward us. The tables were turned, however. We waited quietly until they were within close range, then massed our fire. A heap of what had been human beings marked the end of our peril.

We looked at the slain. The work of our rifles was terribly in evidence; but the Hungarian's swath of death furnished no clue to the dark mystery.

Our men were panic-stricken. It was long before we were able to gather up our belongings and prepare to leave the scene of carnage. We dragged the bodies of our brave fellows from the pit and gave them hasty burial. I looked at the others. Moto seemed to divine my thoughts. "No plant," he objected; "big birds come often; carry all off."

I acted by his advice.

After short rations were served, we hurried away. In the foot hills the ground was covered with small volcanic stones which impeded our progress; but as night was closing in, another fine spring invited us to tarry. It sparkled with welcome and hope. We literally slept on our arms, prepared for emergencies that did not come. The next morning we pushed on to a fertile plain apparently not far from a watercourse. Here we rested three days. Once more the campfire illuminated dark faces at supper, but mirth and song were gone. The carriers seemed gloomy and discontented. I knew they grieved for their dead; but I also suspected that they were afraid of Hum. I did not wonder, for Tom and I felt uncomfortable at times.

"Hum, if this discontent increases, it will endanger our expedition," I said.

"Have no fear, Mr. Hatfield," he smiled. "The men will go to the Bahlba with us, but they will not take the chances of the interior. When we find the Masgninas we will make new arrangements."

I wanted to ask him about the incidents at the crevasse and the plateau, but something restrained me.

(*To be continued*)

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

Textual Prologue: St. Luke i: 30.

FEAR not, O Mary," angels say,
"High favor hast thou found with God—
For unto thee is born this day
A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

* * *

O ringing chimes of Christmas time!
O glowing stars of sacred night!
Thy tongues proclaim His birth divine
And Heaven's aflame with holy light!

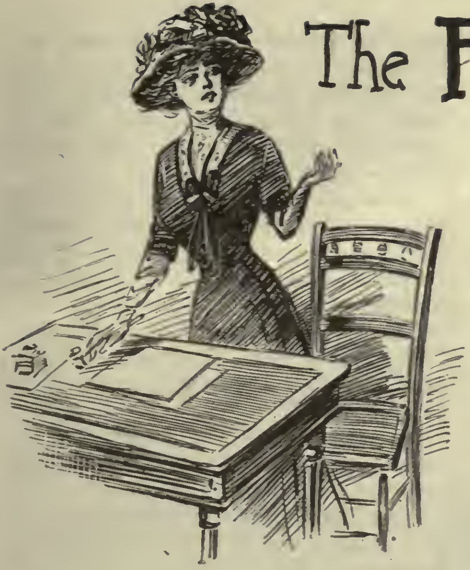
Still does that heavenly vision glow
Down through the ages, pure and bright;
As in those days of long ago,
When shepherds watched their flocks by night!

Those voices of that angel throng
I seem to hear now once again:
"Glory to Him," they praise in song,
"His peace on earth, good will toward men!"

Thus is that wondrous story told—
What comfort do its tidings bring!
Sweet and dear as ever of old—
And Jesus is the name we sing!

O Little Child in Thy manger bed
In far-away Judea's land,
Thy "Star in the East" still shines o'erhead,
And we would join that pilgrim band!

—*Henry Young Ostrander.*



The Fidelity—Club

By—Mrs. E. E. Hornibrook

"NOW, is not this jolly?" said Mrs. Fred Hensley, familiarly called "Mrs. Fred." "Here are four of us, still brides, you may say; all married within the past year. I didn't think of that—honestly, I didn't—when I asked you, dears, for this afternoon. I waited until we were settled in our own house."

"And now we are here," responded Mrs. Hughes, "on this festive occasion—hem: what delicious tea!—we must signalize it in some way."

"Good—good—yes!" chimed in a trio. "But what shall it be?"

"Let us form a club!" exclaimed Mrs. Fred, clapping her hands. She was the youngest and smallest of the party and childlike in her motions. "Look at all the clubs the men have. Why, they say this country is getting to be a nation of gypsies; husbands and fathers only coming home to eat and sleep. We who have a beautiful home life must protest against this."

"Then we shall have to call it 'The Woman's Stay At Home Club,'" put in Mrs. Barclay.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Fred, thoughtfully. "That is not attractive. It sounds as if we were 'shut-ins.' We want something catchy."

"If we mean to catch," murmured Mrs. Emerson. She was not a talker, but when she ventured an opinion it was worth having.

On the strength of her being the longest of the quartet in matrimonial bonds, and having a baby at home in charge of a nurse, Mrs. Barclay, who had spoken somewhat satirically, assumed the right of way.

"What is to be the object—the primary object of this organization?" she inquired.

"Why, the strengthening and upholding of the sacredness of marriage," replied Mrs. Fred, setting her foot down with a little stamp. "Mutual confidence is indispensable. There must be no secrets between husband and wife. For us to harbor a doubt, or ever know a jealous revolt, might mar our whole lives."

."Then name it 'The Woman's Confidence Club.'"

Mrs. Fred's under lip drooped like a child's. "Doesn't that sound too much like what the papers call swindlers, 'Confidence Men'?"

They all laughed at their hostess' sally.

"Then perhaps we had better choose another," she said. "Will 'The Fidelity Club' do?"

"If you don't put 'woman's' in the possessive case," remarked Mrs. Emerson timidly. "That might suggest an unjust reflection."

This led to further discussion, but finally the motion, with its amendment, was adopted.

Of course Mrs. Fred told her husband, a big, hulking, soft-hearted fellow, of the profitable afternoon she and her visitors had enjoyed. To him it was a joke, but he loved her girlish whims, as innocent as the gambols of a kitten. There were marriages of convenience and inconvenience, she explained to him, as well as love matches; marriages in cells and cages, and even on the rear platform of an electric car. No wonder that unions so lightly formed should end disastrously. The number of divorces was a disgrace to the nation. Should not those who are divinely mated combine to bring about a better order of things? Others would be led to join the club by and by, and its influence be extended.

* * * * *

"Ethel," Fred Hensley said, as he was leaving for his office one day, "if you have no special engagement this morning you might look through that old trunk of mine in the attic. I have lost a pair of good sleeve links. Perhaps they are in the rubbish."

His wife nodded. She rather liked the job, for she was an orderly soul and knew her husband to be the reverse. Often she reproved him for sticking half-burnt matches around the flowering plants in their handsome jardinieres, or scattering cigar ashes over her lovely Mexican centre-piece. But one cannot be too hard upon a man who has not been brought up in the way he should go.

Before the rummage, however, she had a task to perform. She had an efficient housemaid who was devoted to her mistress. At first Mrs. Fred had the impression that the young woman was a widow, but afterwards learned that she was a deserted wife. In her new-found zeal as a social reformer it behoved the head of the Fidelity Club to inquire into the cause of this disrupted union.

"Mary," she began after a few preliminaries, "was your husband steady when you married him?"

"'Deed an' he was, ma'am," answered Mary meditatively,—"for an Irishman."

"And if you were not sure he would make a good, true husband, why did you marry him?"

"Ah, but I had an eye to that," was Mary's ready reply. "I tuk him out of an evenin' an' let him get full, to see how he'd behave. An' 'deed, ma'am, he was lovinger, he was so, than in his sober sinses, an' not the laste bit on for makin' trouble."

This strange logic, with its point of view and precaution, almost upset Mrs. Fred's gravity. After a few words of advice she beat a retreat to the attic.

Now there are few things more interesting to a newly wed woman than revelations of her husband's bachelor days. An old trunk is a history, a faithful record of the past. It is not only the wifely instinct that is awakened, but the maternal. Pity for the poor helpless creature, man, in his former forlorn condition, mingles with a gratifying sense of improved relations. She could even mark the stages in growing self-consciousness by the discarded clothes and later styles. The boots, like David Copperfield's, were eloquent as to his state of mind. The ties and gloves—

But what of these? A pair of soiled white kids, which could only belong to a woman; a tall woman. Mrs. Fred measured them up to the elbow on her own small hands and rounded arms.

"They must be sevens," she said spitefully, throwing the gloves from her with a gesture of disdain. "And I only take five and a half."

But there was more to follow. The next dive into the trunk brought out a white kid slipper of a size to match the gloves.

What did it mean? Fred had more than once declared that he never really loved any woman until he met his fate in Ethel. As a boy he had courted the favor of a schoolgirl some years his senior, but she had thrown him over just as he was getting tired of the game. Those things could not have belonged to a growing miss, but to a full-grown, if not over-grown, woman.

One thing was clear. Her husband prized those feminine mementoes, or he would not have preserved them. He must have forgotten that they lay beside his old evening clothes, which should have been in a suit case. This very fact caused a revolt in Mrs. Fred's mind, and a twinge of jealousy thrilled her. The President of the Fidelity Club was at a loss. In truth, she did not think of that blessed organization, or doubtless she would have risen to the occasion.

Well had it been if this was all. In feverish haste the young wife pursued her investigations. At the bottom of the trunk lay a portfolio, and she took it out. It held two photographs—one of a tall girl in evening dress, a rose in her hair, and long gloves reaching to the elbow, one hand resting on the arm of Fred Hensley, who was gazing at her adoringly; the other photograph had the same figures, only in more elaborate costumes, the girl's in profile. The man now held both her hands, his eyes searching hers. Poor Mrs. Fred could only too well imagine the answer they met.

No need to question further. The meaning was plain; there could only be one meaning. She was sure of her husband's affection; it was not a doubt of that troubled her, but she had irrefragable proof now that he had wilfully deceived her in saying he never before exchanged love passages with another woman. How could he stoop to falsehood, he whose code of morals was so high? Well, she must only get used to the fact that the first passionate ardor of early manhood was not for her.

Utterly bewildered, she sat down amid the rubbish, feeling that "the foundations of the world were out of course." Her brain was in a whirl, and it was some time before she could collect her scattered senses.

How could she meet Fred? What action should she take? Should she treat the discovery lightly, and laughingly question, while her heart was sore, her curiosity burning for avowal? But she was a poor actress and would probably break down. Then he might think she doubted his word and get angry. No, she must escape, have time to cool off before the meeting.

She would go to Aunt Ellen—Aunt Ellen who had brought her up when left an orphan, and from whose home she was married. Aunt Ellen was a wise woman and would ask no questions; she was not given to prying into others' affairs, always saying she had enough to do to attend to her own.

A factory bell was ringing for twelve o'clock, and Fred would be home at one. She must hurry. Leaving directions with Mary and a note for the master, she dressed hastily and went out.

The note ran thus:

"Dearest Fred: I am going to Aunt Ellen's and may be late, so do not wait for me.—Ethel."

* * * * *

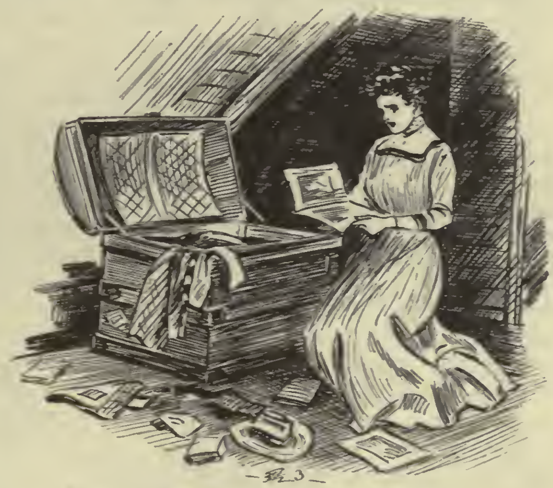
"Where are you, little woman?" Hensley exclaimed as he entered the house an hour later.

He read the note in a puzzled way. Aunt Ellen must be sick, but why did not Ethel say so? He questioned Mary, but could gain no intelligence. Neither letter nor special messenger had come in his absence.

"Perhaps it was only a presentiment," he said to himself with a tender smile, for his little wife was given to presentiments.

Aunt Ellen did not ask questions. She took it for granted that the husband had to leave town to view some piece of property, as real estate men often do, and her niece did not undeceive her. Once or twice he had taken his wife on such occasions, but she laughingly complained that it spoiled her enjoyment of beautiful scenery, for instead of delighting in nature she found herself thinking how much was the land worth a foot.

Aunt Ellen thought her guest somewhat absent-minded, but perhaps there was a reason for that. It seemed an interminable time to Ethel until she could escape to the vine-sheltered piazza, and sit alone, brooding over her late discoveries. Her hands lay lightly in her lap, for she had not brought any needlework. The time dragged heavily.



At the bottom of the trunk lay a portfolio. She took it out.

Suddenly she remembered that this was the day for the Fidelity Club. They were to meet at Mrs. Barclay's. How could she have forgotten it? Was she, who had proposed its formation, to be absent? She looked at her watch; there was still time. Hurriedly she explained to Aunt Ellen that she had just remembered an important engagement. Aunt Ellen looked her surprise at this sudden start, but accounted for it in her own mind by reflecting that "those who get the most humoring don't always know their own minds."

Mrs. Fred arrived at her friend's house out of breath and without due preparation. One or two outsiders, who had been lured in by the zealous leaders, were present. Mrs. Barclay was voted to the chair. She took it with becoming hesitation, though she had foreseen.

"We have formed a woman's club," she began, addressing the newcomers, "for enforcing the sacredness of marriage. So sacred is it that in the Scriptures it is regarded as the type of a higher spiritual union. And yet it is lightly entered upon, and the bond as lightly severed. Now we wish to become a power in this matter, to express our opinions freely, to exert an influence."

Here the speaker paused. There was a general murmur of "Hear! Hear! Well said!"

"In our marriage relations," she continued, having come to the meeting primed and loaded, after rehearsing the speech in her chamber, "we must have an interchange of entire confidence, never harbor a doubt [here Mrs. Fred Hensley winced], trust implicitly."

"Should the life of each before marriage be confided?" asked a timid voice.

"Undoubtedly, if there is anything that should be told."

"When?" questioned another.

"That depends upon the nature of the revelation," was the grave reply.

After this there was profound silence. A few minutes elapsed before some one suggested that the chairman continue.

"It is related of the famous Doctor Johnson," she went on, "that when the wife of a noted churchman remarked that in the forty years she had been married to her bishop they never had a quarrel, he only exclaimed, 'How very insipid!' How like the rugged nature of a solitary! It is to this peace at home we would attain. Often a harsh word or thoughtless action leads on to disruption. As the poet says:—

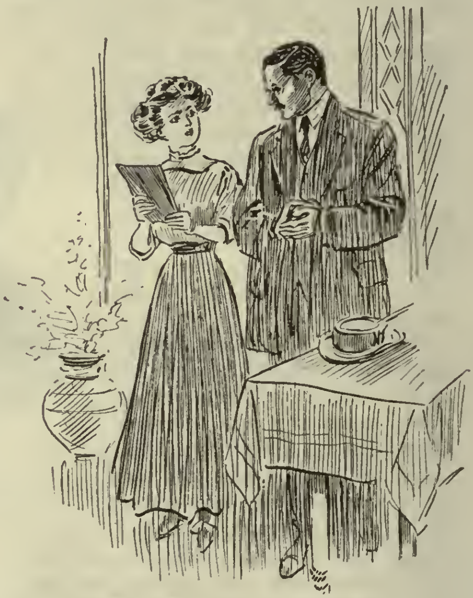
'A something light as air, a look,
  A word unkind or wrongly taken,
Oh, love that tempests never shook!
  A breath, a touch, like this hath shaken.'"

The silence that ensued was profound. Then the meeting broke up. With few words Mrs. Fred hurried away.

Directly she got home she ran up to the attic. Thence she brought the obnoxious photographs, and set them where they would attract her husband's eye when he entered the living room. "No," she murmured a moment later, "that means accusation." Finally they were placed on a small table, faces downward!

"Got home, little girl?" called a voice from below. "How is Aunt Ellen?"

"All right," was the wife's careless reply. "But"—holding up a photograph—"who is this?"



"Why, that is Jack Hyde!"

Hensley laughed.

"Why, that is Jack Hyde, to be sure. Where did you find him? We got up characters and things down in the country, and he made a fine woman. The guests dressed him. There was some fuss over gloves and slippers, for, though he was a small chap, his feet and fingers were not ladylike."

"O Fred! and I thought it must have been a woman, and—and an old sweetheart."

The confession was not finished.

CANADA AND CONSERVATION

By WILLIAM WHYTE

Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railroad

THERE is a story of a king's prisoner in some medieval time whose duration of life was left in his own hands by the terms of an ingenious sentence. In a wall of his cell was placed a water spigot. The source and quantity of supply he was not permitted to know, but he was bidden to use the water freely or sparingly, as he pleased. Only, when no more water came he must die. The flow was so great that he was relieved of fear, and he sported with it riotously until it became mild, then weak. Here returned the fear. He grew miserly of water. Every drop might mean an hour or a day. Then, though it was after many years, he dared not drink at all, and so died, choking, even before the trickle ceased. He had wasted his resources, and conservation came too late.

From Cape Breton to Virginia, the original English settlers of America found themselves in a country of natural opulence so great, especially in timber, water and soil, that such an eventuality as exhaustion or even appreciable impairment never suggested itself. That was only three hundred and fifty years ago—and less. They came from a land where thrift and care had been taught by centuries of experience, but the old ways were soon forgotten and never renewed. Until very lately, there was no uneasiness, no economy. On the contrary, a tremendous incoming swirl of humanity swept across the continent after the eighteen-sixties, carrying with it the same recklessness, the same waste, so that forests have faded, streams have at some seasons washed bare the lands and at others left them parching. Iron and coal have shrunken to a known supply sufficient at the present rate of use for not much more than another hundred years. Oil and gas fields once thought perpetual have died out, and in some of the older sections the soil itself has become sterile. We have sported with our resources until the end of them has begun to threaten, but we are more fortunate than the old king's prisoner in knowing what is left; and beyond that remainder, we know how we may bring back out of nature's eternal reservoir a restoration of original opulence, to at least the most important of the things we had.

The conference held at Washington in February by the United States, Canada and Mexico, was the first move toward what is hoped will be a world-wide system of conservation, whereby may be preserved for each people the best it has for itself and the most useful for others. The questions and policies involved are stronger than national boundary lines, since nature knows nothing about such things, and her stores and streams underlie or cross them in such a way as to require treatment in the mass and by the centralized best judgment of all the peoples. This first move is therefore of continental scope, and is concerned directly with things that lie at the very base of the daily individual life and sustenance of everyone living between the two great seas.

The commissions to which the work will be entrusted will do it well, undoubtedly, having their governments back of them in common and all the skill of the world at their command. But back of the governments must be the force of the people, the power of public opinion and a clearly informed purpose. There cannot be too much publicity, too wide a diffusion of exact knowledge touching exact needs. No doubt this will be forthcoming. It is no part of my present intention to go into the matter as a propagandist at large, but there are some phases I wish to speak of in particular—not as a statistician nor a Jeremiah, but as one whose own life's work has brought him into contact with a few facts in nature that apply intimately to the well-being of his countrymen.

The governments will deal eventually with all resources of whatever kind, but there are two so closely related that they are practically one, and on that one rests more than on all the others. I mean timber and water.

Cement is coming to the relief of iron and steel. Newer methods of combustion are decreasing waste and realizing more fully the heat contents of coal. With the precious metals we need not trouble, seeing that the arts and exchanges will care for them, and that they are precious principally because they are so cunningly hidden in the earth that their exhaustion is not imaginable. And the last hundred years have disclosed the operation of a law in economics through which, when art exhausts the supply of any natural thing of daily use, an abundant substitute presents itself. For example, fifty years ago, as whale oil and its illuminants were flickering out, petroleum came in and brought with it a troop of by-products such as never before had been heard of. Coal itself has had its ups and downs since it succeeded wood and peat, and has been forced to give up substitutes, secondary but preferable, as electric light and energy. It is too soon to say that a method will yet be found whereby art will parallel nature in gathering and directing that fluid, or element, or whatever it is, which somebody has explained as "a manifestation of an attribute of matter," and the rest of us know as "the current." But while it is too soon to say so, it would be indiscreet to say the contrary. So many "impossibilities" of a few years ago are the commonplaces of today that a man who says any new thing is impossible comes dangerously near to stating his own limitations. Many wise men whose works have given weight to their words openly hope for a primary control of electricity. When or if that comes, anxiety about the supply of coal and oil and natural gas may be dismissed.

And so with everything else but wood and water. Hewers of one and drawers of the other shall we remain until the end of time. Too much of both have we been, these latter days. The example of our neighbor to the south teaches us, if we be capable of learning, that we must hew less wood if we would still have water to draw, and that we must not draw it wastefully.

That is the point. The United States has come to the edge of a period where distress is imminent, through utter improvidence and the indulgence of private and corporate rapacity in dealing with the natural water supply and stripping the earth of trees. Canada, with less than a tenth of the population, but a greater superficial area, has been gleefully toddling along on her own side of the fence, swinging her little axe and burning her little fires just like her big sister, but without the plenitude of numerical power to do as yet more than initial harm. Here is where Canada may profitably stop and see what the big sister has done with her resources, and shape her own conduct in ways of righteousness, accordingly.

The timbered area of what are now Canada and the United States was originally about a billion and a quarter acres. Nearly four hundred and fifty million acres have been stripped, practically all within the last fifty years, mostly within the last thirty-five. The rate of destruction has been very swift. It must be checked.

In the United States scientific forestry is practiced on seventy per cent. of the publicly owned forests, but on less than one per cent. of those privately owned. There are taken from the forests each year twenty-three billion *cubic* feet, while the new growth is less than seven billion. Since 1870 not less than fifty million dollars and fifty human lives have been destroyed each year by forest fires. The methods of cutting and treatment are such that only 320 feet of timber are used out of every thousand feet that stood in the forest. There are some three million private owners, over whom and whose methods practically no control is exercised.

The regions at the headwaters of great rivers, drainage basins of first instance, have suffered most from wanton cutting. The affluents of the principal waterways furnished cheap and easy access to the timber markets, and this, with their surrounding growths of splendid wood, invited the lumbermen. For a generation or two the axes rang and the rivers were scummed with rich freights of logs, until the trees thinned out and the streams rebelled, rising in the spring, when nothing held back the thawing snows, and in the summer either roaring over banks with sudden rains, or for lack of rain shrinking to runlets that any thirsty herd of cattle might drink at once. The soil of the uplands, going off with the melting snows, began to wash away to the underlying rock and gravel, while the soil of the valleys and lowlands went out with the floods.

The disturbance of those natural arrangements which worked out to a seasonable equalization of water supply changed the face of the immediate basins of the Mississippi and the Ohio. No one ever will know the money measure of the havoc thus wrought, as against the personal gain to the so-called lumber kings who caused it. To check it, and in so far as may be to restore the old conditions, the United States has been obliged to come forward with the institution of a system of dams in the upper reaches of those rivers to govern their flow throughout the year. Reforestation and afforestation, both slow processes, have begun, and in time the evil will be corrected, so far as human skill may go.

These are but two of many instances that might be cited. The maritime provinces of Canada could furnish others, though none so glaring. But an indication of the tendency in Canada is furnished in the statement made by W. C. H. Grimmer, Surveyor General of New Brunswick, at the annual meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association held in Toronto last February. Mr. Grimmer said then that timber limits in New Brunswick, which in 1898 were rated at eight dollars per mile, were held in 1908 at two hundred to five hundred dollars per mile.

Great Britain's Royal Commission on Coast Erosion last year made a survey of the timber resources of the world, more especially as bearing on the supply for the British market, which takes about thirty million pounds' worth annually. The commission's investigation confirmed the belief already prevailing that the sources of supply hitherto depended upon were becoming exhausted, and found an explanation in "the reckless exploitation and the destruction of forests by fire and other agencies in the United States, Canada and Northern Europe, while the use of timber is constantly increasing," no substitute for wood having yet been found.

Northern Europe, as referred to in that report, must not be taken to include the German empire. That country, when first the Romans and then the Huns assailed it, was one vast forest. In the centuries of its history as separate states and principalities, it was almost denuded of trees. But through the far-reaching wisdom of the governing body now directing it from Berlin, this has been changed. About one-fourth of Germany today is wooded, and under the best and most practicable set of forestry laws on the books of any country forestation is not being fostered, but enforced. The interior supply is far short of the demand, and probably will be always. But no tree comes down without another being planted, and the growths along the watersheds and courses are so cared for that already the natural waterways are coming into restoration. The great estates of that empire are not permitted to be dealt with for private purposes to the detriment of public weal—a point in which England might see a little light.

Germany, moreover, though in that behalf Canada was first, has had an eye to the development of artificial waterways. One may travel across nearly all the states of the empire by motor boat on rivers and commercial canals. Canada has nothing to learn from any other country about that, but rather, considering population, something to teach. The United States has been taking this to heart, and is contemplating new enterprises, one of which will tap the Great Lakes at Chicago, and furnish water transportation through to the Mexican gulf.

It is not in this article that I will broach the question of joint action with the United States in maintaining the level of those lakes, nor of governing international streams that furnish power. Whatever that question may involve will come within the purview of the conservation body itself. My present wish is to show and emphasize the necessity for taking a course completely opposite to that followed in the United States at and after a stage of development such as our own is at present. In this, it is by no means required that we await any initiative outside ourselves.

Canada has made a beginning. The Eastern provinces may have much to repair. The Western have much to build up. And the West has not been idle, though perhaps the provinces have been willing to lean upon the Dominion government for a good deal that they might have done or be doing for themselves.

The great forests of Canada are northeast and northwest of Ontario, and on the eastern slopes of the Rockies. To the west of Hudson Bay and up to the Arctic shore are wide sweeps of land now wooded, and others, boggy or otherwise unattractive to agriculture, where afforestation now would provide enormous wealth in the future.

The Dominion forest reserves all lie in the northwestern provinces. There are twenty-six of them, including parks, where timber is managed the same as in the reserves proper, but excluding the eastern slopes of the Rockies, though the same management is followed there also. The work of creating reserves is still in progress. Last year the region around Watertown Lake, in southern Alberta, was examined for this purpose, and a recommendation was made that 195 square miles be set aside. Recommendations have also been made that 130 square miles be added to the Spruce Woods reserve in Manitoba, 238½ square miles to the Pines reserve in Saskatchewan, 45 square miles to the Beaver Hills reserve in Saskatchewan, and 192 square miles to the Cypress Hills reserve in Alberta.

Aside from the Dominion reserves in the west, there are important provincial reserves in Quebec and Ontario of comparatively ancient origin. The Ontario government has several such, and a new one, covering a million acres in the Rainy River Valley, was set aside this year. In Quebec the Algonquin Park reserve has 1,280,000 acres—two thousand square miles, an enormous territory. It may not be amiss to say that the recently created Hunter's Island reserve, in declaring which the province of Ontario and the state of Minnesota joined, was brought about largely through the efforts of a Canadian railway official, Mr. Arthur Hawkes.

On the extreme west of the country, in British Columbia, the forests need to be looked after, and the present water law requires change. A correction of the unused records is necessary. Many of the streams are greatly over-recorded. An overhauling of the whole system seems to be called for, beginning with this feature. There are questions of the right to store water for later use, and of how much the government should or can do in extending irrigation works. The acre-foot measurement should be substituted for the miner's inch, and the duty water shall perform should be specifically defined. Title to the water itself being vested in the crown, the extent to which private enterprise may go ought to be settled. British Columbia is vitally interested in the care of its water supply, since irrigation has come to play so large a part there, and this means care for the timber on the mountain slopes and at all heads of streams. The irrigation conventions held in that province have taken these matters up, and should have the ear of the provincial legislatures. In this, the United States has direct interest, since both the Kootenay and the Columbia Rivers take their rise in British Columbia, so that the cutting of the forests in country tributary to them would have an injurious effect on the rainfall and the volume of water, not only in Canada, but in the states.

The western provinces thus far have fairly well conserved their timber and, therefore, their water resources, but energy is needed in two directions—the planting of trees on farms and along highways, and rigorous regulations for the prevention of fires. The railways especially should be obliged to institute a system of forest ranging, and means of communication by wire or telephone throughout all wooded regions traversed by their tracks. Then again, the same general rule as to seasons of comparative safety and danger from fires are now made applicable all over the Dominion. In this aspect, at least, the existing system needs revision. The greater danger lies in the western provinces, where population is more thinly distributed, railways farther apart, telephone service not so complete, rainfall less and not so frequent, and the winds not only drier (in fact, they are dry), but of about double average velocity.

Between Ontario and British Columbia the whole west of Canada is forestable. The eastern provinces, as noted, are stirring to repair their losses and withhold the axe. His Excellency Earl Grey has put his hand to the work and gone into co-operation with the Forestry Association and the Department of Agriculture. At the Toronto convention referred to, his lordship urged the seriousness of the case upon the attention of the whole people, and was not unmindful of the western plains.

Not so long ago, the people of Manitoba were told they could grow no trees except the Manitoba maple, the poplar and the birch. Look at our elms today. Broadway in Winnipeg is one of the most beautiful streets in the world, and the elms have made it so. The foliage has become so thick that the trees will have to be thinned out. Of all the elms planted in Winnipeg the records do not show that one per cent. has died.

For several years officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway have co-operated with the Forestry Department of the government in the work of planting trees in the prairie country, at the same time doing their utmost to demonstrate to farmers generally the simple proposition that trees on their farms will draw moisture, while serving as a protection against wind, snow and hail. If I were Minister of the Interior, I would require every homesteader, on receipt of title to government land, to plant trees on his farm, and I would undertake to show him that the purposes were not only utilitarian, but that in breaking the monotony of the prairie view, the trees would serve to beautify his home.

We railway men are not altogether unselfish in our anxiety to protect the forests of Canada. These forests protect our interests. If our railway-building in the mountains is to be safeguarded, we must require the preservation of the trees. On the other hand, the wheat growers on the prairies have also a selfish interest, which fact they will recognize if they are wise. The prairie provinces are fertile, because of the mountain streams. Take away the trees at the headwaters, and the streams are gone. When the Cypress Hills were stripped of timber, the railway was the first to suffer in the loss of its bridges, which were swept away in the sudden rise of the rivers.

For settled conditions at their best, water is a first necessary thing. For dependable water, we must have woods. The city of New York has recently expended $150,000,000 in the construction of works to ensure a water supply. Without state protection to the forests of the Catskill Mountains, whence the supply is drawn, that money would be wasted, and New York be left arid. I think this case is clearly to the point.

"The sole source of water is the rain," says Dr. McGee, secretary of the Dominion Inland Waterways Commission, "and on one-sixth of this (in the final analysis) depends the habitability and productivity of the country." Each adult man, according to this same competent authority, takes into his system at least one ton of water in the course of a year, and each bushel of grain requires in its making from fifteen to twenty tons of water. Now, without trees to protect and disburse this water, all of which in one form or another comes from the sky, what would be the possibility of life, animal or vegetable, in any part of the world, that by our standards may be adjudged enlightened? Here, then, is one of our very first concerns, as a people in possession of a country still new, to preserve the forests, to spread tree growth over the plains, to protect the streams. Let us join hands earnestly and heartily with the two other countries sharing with us this most favored of all the continents in conserving all its natural resources, but most of all the woods and waters. And let us first of all be assiduous in setting and keeping our own house in order.

THE MASTER BUILDER

SPIDERS swinging high their line
Gave to me an art divine,
And a starry true design.

Then I gathered up each tool,
And I shaped with lofty rule
Fabric bright and beautiful.

Glad birds winging on their quest
Seeking feathers for a nest,
Dropped to me a music blest.

Not a filmy web I made,
Nor a nest by light winds swayed,
But a Spirit unafraid!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

MEDICAL ORGANIZATION

By E. J. SPRATLING, M.D.

AMONG all primitive peoples the first ray of dawning civilization lights the path of the medicine man, and ere the sun of conscious thinking has risen far this medicine man and his brother of the other valley have banded themselves into a close corporation or guild. This is done partly to exalt themselves above and partly to separate themselves from their fellows and thus make easier the claiming and obtaining of the coveted privileges and emoluments.

As this medicine man through the generations waxes fatter and more gaudily arrayed, he grows also apace mentally, and when his mentality broadens its horizon, it sees away off on the very edge of its material world some little spirits—just little ghosts living in the spiritual world beyond.

In a few more hundred years there's priest and medicine man all in one. After a few more cycles have flown, the flowers in the theological garden have grown so beautiful and enchanting that the priest has only the time for the cultivation of them, and must perforce put the medicine man duties upon other shoulders.

So in a few thousand years more we have on one side of the Tiber, St. Peter's, and on the other the great Polyclinic. So it is everywhere—a temple for soul-cleansing and beside it a temple for body-curing. Always, everywhere, each is presided over by a close corporation—a guild.

Try as the man of medicine will, he cannot rid himself of the habits and thoughts and traditions engendered during the long centuries of dual calling. He cannot for the life of him think of himself as of the people. He wraps the robe of ethical dignity about himself as did his forebear, the priest-medicine man, wrap the gaudy robe of his office; and he feels that he would be unclean should he handle a medical subject in plain language.

And that is why doctors from time immemorial have had the strongest of guilds; they are encompassed by their exclusiveness. To be a medicine man has ever called for years of privation and preparation. Before the days of the Medical School it even called for long periods of personal attachment and subserviency to another. It was an apprenticeship long, tedious and arduous, but when finished the lucky candidate received the voice of the master.

Drop down a few more cycles and we find the province of medicine too big to be governed by one hand; so we have the barber surgeon by the sign of the striped pole—representing flowing blood—and the apothecary by the sign of the mortar and pestle—representing the mixing of ingredients—poisons presumably.

The barber guilds required years of menial service before the apprentice was allowed to handle the lancet and the leach.

The poor apothecary's boy must burn the midnight oil through many, many moons and grind the dragon's tooth to powder impalpable many times over, ere he could don the apron and place the pill under the tongue of the patient.

Is it any surprise that the medical profession is a close corporation, jealous of its prerogatives, grasping after dignity, seeing that it is dammed by secret guildom and sired by a superstitious mystic priesthood?

Now that we have learned the parentage, let us take a look at the child.

The practice of medicine among the highest civilizations of today is divided primarily into two schools—those who use drugs and those who do not. Of the first we have allopaths, giving drugs to produce symptoms unlike those shown by the patient; homeopaths giving medicines producing symptoms like those already present; eclectics selecting the best of the various remedies and methods. Allopathic physicians are called regular and are untrammelled by "ism" or "creed"; the other two are called irregular and are somewhat influenced by dogmas.

They of the second great class who do not use drugs are divided into too many groups for each to be mentioned, but among them we find the Eddyites, the Osteopaths, Dowieites, and all others who lay on hands and inspire.

The Emanuel movement is an expression of the highest thought evolved to date. Yet does it not seem singular that the highest type should go backward thousands of years for its prototype—the medicine-man priest? This movement combines all the therapeutic agencies. Its apostles use drugs, religion, cleanliness, suggestion, occupation, happiness, contentment of mind, indiscriminately to obtain the one end—health.

Elbert Hubbard is one of our greatest physicians working outside of, but parallel to, this Emanuel school.

With all our various surgical schools and medical sects organization is an absolute necessity. For without organization how could we maintain high fees, and without high fees how could we wear pointed beards and ride in red automobiles? Yes, to put the great mass of the medical profession on a level commercially commensurate with the effort that it has taken and the time and money expended in getting ready to practice medicine, high fees are a necessity.

The profession is overcrowded and, left to the devices of the individual members, would quickly arrive at a chaotic state. Only by forcing its members to be regular can it maintain a solid phalanx to face the ever-increasing commercialism of the general body politic.

If an army allowed each soldier freedom of will and movement, there would be no battles won, and so of every priesthood, and so of every body of citizenry. The highest plane to be obtained is the one on which each actor will use his talents for the good of all his fellows, and thus make himself an integral part, instead of a unit.

Discipline means organization, and it ought in turn to mean centralization of power and distribution of benefits.

Should the American Medical Association sitting at Chicago say to the doctor in Mississippi, "Join us and we'll give you the benefit of the best medical thoughts of the day," that would be fine; he from Mississippi would join him from Rhode Island, and both would be better prepared for work and happier. But should the same American Medical Association say to the physician in Rhode Island, "You must charge but one dollar a visit for your work, because your brother in Mississippi can only get that much," the Rhode Island man would quickly turn mechanic or bricklayer, for he could not keep himself on a ten-dollar level with one-dollar fees. Likewise, if he said to the Mississippi doctor, "You must not make a visit for less than ten dollars because it takes such a fee to support your Rhode Island brother," the poor fellow's books would quickly become filled with unpaid bills, or his clients would suffer through lack of attention.

In a community where the per capita wealth is three hundred dollars, the manner-of-living level is in the same ratio as it is where the per capita is twelve hundred dollars; and to maintain a relative standing in the twelve-hundred community the doctor must have four times the income of his brother in the three-hundred surroundings.

We medicine men have not yet risen to the point of realizing and acting upon that great self-evident truth. We have centralized our power, but we have not yet distributed our benefits. We have learned to practise ethics among ourselves, but we have not yet learned to be honest toward the outsider; and by the outsider is meant anyone who is not a member of our own little association or academy. There are a few great souls, of course, in every crowd who are not measurable by the current standard, nor to be weighted down by the usual handicaps.

But do you know that this actually occurred:

A lady's five-year-old daughter had diphtheria; the conditions became alarming, so she telephoned for the attending physician, and at once also for a locally famous surgeon. The attending physician, in turn, called the lady and told her that he was then contending with an exceedingly difficult accouchement and for her to please call, in his name, another doctor for the one visit. She called her next-door neighbor, whom she had only known as a smart-looking young doctor. He arrived before the noted surgeon, who on arriving asked, "Has Doctor A arrived?" "No, he could not come, but Doctor B is upstairs now. Go right up."

"Madam, Dr. B is not a member of the Association. You will have to get Dr. A, or some other regular physician."

She tried and failed, and in desperation plead with the noted one to go to the child and even offered to send the young doctor away, and, most amazing of all, she received the answer: "Madam, I'm called as the consulting surgeon, and even if Dr. B were not there I could not enter that child's room till invited and conducted there by the attending physician."

The noted surgeon died a year ago, almost in poverty. The smart-looking young physician is happy and prosperous. The little patient bids fair to be a noted beauty and social favorite. This case is extreme, but many extremes have been perpetrated in the name of religion, of charity, of society, of regularity, of ethics.

Let us not condemn the medical men for organizing, but let us pity them for following like sheep the bloody trail of some old bellwether, who has left sign posts along the way reading, "Regularity," Prejudice," "Fanaticism," etc., leading ever to one goal; namely, the altar stone inscribed "Medical Ethics," to which men, women and little children are brought in endless procession for sacrifice.

Did you ever know, gentle reader, a professionally friendly consultant to disagree with the attending physician?

Did you know that if he should disagree he would not be called again?

Of course, it is best that the two agree as nearly as possible, and still be honest, especially that they do not make hair-splitting arguments over little differences, because that would tend to unsettle and alarm the family and friends. But for a consultant to accept a fee and simply agree, or pretend to agree, blindly, with what the other says, is clearly fraud and obtaining money under false pretences.

There is no tyrant like an oligarchy. The tens make laws for the millions to obey. Should the tens in New York City, paying two hundred dollars a month for tiny swallow's nests of apartments, and other things in proportion, say that the hundreds living in the Styx, owning big rambling houses and lots that are almost farms, for twenty dollars a month, and other things in proportion, shall charge their neighbors for ordering paregoric and soda for the baby's colic? A man living in a community in which one hundred dollars a month is a big income ought to be satisfied with it, whereas, if one thousand dollars income is the average among his associates, he should not be satisfied with less.

The practice of medicine is at best one of the semi-parasitic occupations; in other words, it is not *per se* a productive work; and as every dollar of wealth represents ultimately the actual labor of someone, the actual work of someone's hands, no one has the moral right to receive it without first rendering value therefor, and that value must be gauged by the ability of the giver to reproduce that dollar. To a day laborer who makes a dollar a day, a visit costing him a dollar is a heavier charge than a ten-dollar visit would be to his employer, who owns the mill.

If my time is worth to me ten dollars a day, and I get ill and there are two available doctors, one at two dollars a visit and the other at five; now, if the two dollar man would allow me to remain ill ten days, I lose one hundred and twenty dollars, but if the five-dollar man would get me out in five days, I'm out of pocket only seventy-five dollars.

Does it not seem absurd to have a fixed fee bill? That is why the really great men in every walk refuse to be bound by one.

Should you have a surgical affection which would mean death without a successful operation, supposing your life to be worth twenty-five thousand dollars, if Dr. A is sufficiently skilful to give you nine chances in ten of living, while Dr. B could give you only one in ten, would it be fair for both to expect the same fee? That is what the medical guilds attempt to force them to expect. And that is why the Medical Associations are so often the butts of jokes.

The guild is meant to be communistic, to be for the good of the mass of its members; and so necessarily it injures the brilliant and benefits the dull members in its leveling efforts. Manufacturers have long ago learned that it is best for both employer and employee that pay be for work accomplished rather than for time expended in doing it. Lawyers have found it better to charge on a basis of earning. Preachers are paid on a basis of church income. Traveling salesmen are paid on a basis of goods shipped, so it profits them nothing to take an invalid order.

And yet doctors who literally grow rabid at the mention of commercializing medicine, continue content to work by the visit, be paid by the hour rather than by accomplishment, because they are ruled by the mediocre majority, whose interest is always subserved by a uniform scale. Price in everything ought to be controlled by supply and demand; this is just as true of brain force as it is of bread.

In a town where there is ten thousand dollars worth of practice at standard prices to be done, and ten doctors to do it, if a uniform scale of prices were to be enforced, one man would do about three thousand of it; three would do one thousand five hundred each; and six would do from one hundred, or so, to one thousand each. Now, if no fee bill were to be enforced, the three-thousand man would make perhaps five, four of the others fifteen hundred each, and the other five an average of eight hundred. But in making eight hundred apiece they would have given at least twice as much attention as to have made an average of six hundred. On the other hand the top-notch man would have made no more visits for five thousand than he would have for three thousand. Formation of mutual aid, and teaching, and counsel societies is an index of high civilization; without organization we would quickly arrive at anarchy, whereas with a too rigid discipline we have despotism and rebellion. In fact, unity of belief would engender the worship, or at least the blind following, of dogma, and that smothers out individual effort.

Within the last generation too many high-type men have entered the different schools of medicine and cults of healing art for its progress to ever again be seriously impeded by the despotic will of the mediocre majority. In the great medical centers already the societies are rather the thought exchanges than means of coercing and bulldozing. And a review of expert medical testimony as given in courts of justice leads one to think it high time that the societies co-ordinate more thought and take cognizance of and even censor the utterance of its members in public. If a bank should not truthfully represent its status, other banks would quickly sever relations with it.

Why should an expert medical man testify "Yes" today and "No" tomorrow on the selfsame set of facts? Because he either needs a teacher, a censor, or a jailer.

Instead of banding together to bulldoze legislatures into protecting us, why not teach one another to convince legislators that we are worthy of emulation and imitation and that we have a science, the mastering of which ought to be protectingly encouraged, also an art, the practicing of which ought to be pitched on such a high plane that our imitators would ever look upward?

It seems a singular stroke of ironic fate that just as the American Medical Association is organized as a thoroughly militant army the various legislatures should open the license flood-gates and put the states' seals upon almost any "ism," or "ology," or "path." Is that because physicians are not good politicians? No, it is that they are standing in the way of their own watchword, "Evolutionary Progress"; they are standing in their own sunlight, and can't read the handwriting on the wall.

Why do they not embrace each new therapeutic agent that does good work? If rubbing and stretching will relieve the taut nerve and the shortened muscle, why not?

Yet the various schools are trying to limit its devotees to the use of certain sets of therapeutic agents. In that connection doesn't it seem silly that the legislatures should create different examining boards for each healing sect? Isn't it just as necessary that the one as the other knows the human body—its anatomy, and physiology, its all but boundless capabilities and its limitations, its health condition and its diseased states? If I heal by faith ought I not to be able to avoid leaking hearts and broken bones, else I become ridiculous? If I be a disciple of Still and cure by rubbing, ought I not to know a cancer or a tuberculosis, else I do damage and lose the patient time, thus becoming a criminal? Should my patient's heart be weak and weary should I not know it lest I give veratrum and deserve the gallows? Then why the several examining boards; why not make all conform to the standard of mental cultivation and knowledge that would at least render them harmless? After that, each fellow could ride a hobby horse instead of a juggernaut.

We have the many examining boards because the great central regular board failed to be big enough and broad enough and deep enough to encompass its opportunity. It thrust the dignity of belligerents upon all the little side issues and thus made game cocks out of what otherwise would have been innocent chicks, glad to be scratched for. We regulars drew the corporate net of our guild too closely.

Doctors are not allowed to appear as such in the secular press; so then we are not surprised that the quacks average twice the income of the legitimate physician. The quack calls the people in, while the people call the doctor in; the business bearing is obvious. This is an era of advertising, and at this we are but babes. The reason for that is, however, that we cannot advertise our wares as of definite quality. When the government buys a battleship, it must make so many knots an hour, a gun must penetrate so many inches of steel. We could afford to and surely would advertise, if we could guarantee to cure ninety cases of any given disease in the hundred. The priest takes your ten pieces of silver and gives you a certified passport into heaven, but he is a theological quack or he would not do it. Doctors can't advertise except as quacks, because they have no guaranteed wares; even the "No pay, no cure" charlatan requires a cash deposit. The ideal medical society attempts to control the business judgment of no man, but rather to make each member's earning capacity greater and to create among them a high-toned *esprit de corps*.

No honest man would advertise what he could not be sure of delivering.

In a field so broad as medicine it is possible for the individual to cultivate personally only tiny patches; consequently the great bulk of what one man knows must be learned second-hand. Now, to get even a bird's-eye view of this vast field, one must stand on the shoulders of the myriads who have gone before him as well as on those who are now about him.

Evils of organization are born of individual selfishness and are not a fault of organization *per se*.

The public need not fear that the doctors will by their close corporations ever again limit their usefulness. Three things will prevent this : the great popular diffusion of knowledge, mutual jealousies of the doctors, and the inherent ambition of so many master minds to excel. Then, too, the great medical thought creators are working outside of and independent of the various associations; they are largely with state and endowed institutions and not really a part of the guildom of medicine.

Authority for the masses is a necessity, but when that authority becomes too severe or bigoted there arises rebels to curb it.

Authority is a blessing, autocracy a curse; the one gives liberty, the other enslavement. And now, after a world-old struggle in the enslavement of ignorance and doubt and superstition and, worse than all, half knowledge, the roseate hues of appreciative learning are beginning to streak the dawn with tiny finger of light pointing unerringly toward the radiant future when the physician will be a mighty instrument—yes, a part of the Maker—in the uplifting and betterment, the real beatification of mankind.

And so he shall end as he began—a medicine-man priest.

But, unlike the past, that glorious future will find him working ever in the light of conscious knowledge, dimmed by no dogma, bounded by no creed.

RESOLVE

I SAID in my soul, though the light go down,
  And the flame of the sunset sink in death;
Though darkness gather with ominous frown,
  Yet still in the stars shall I put my faith,
  And still shall I trust in the morning breath!

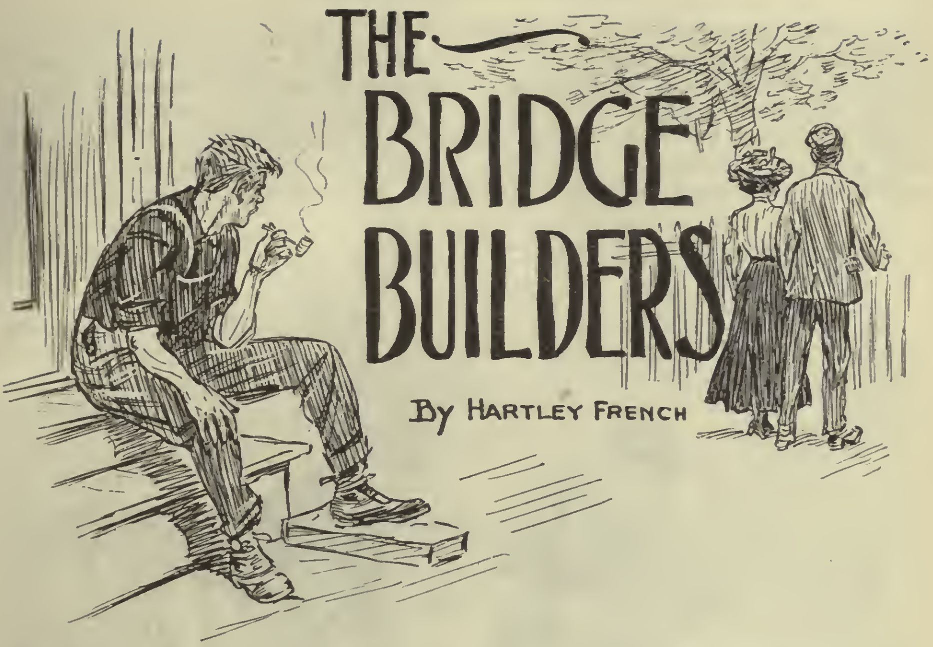
I said in my soul, though the roses fade,
  And the robin and linnet cease to sing;
Though pride of summer in ruin be laid,
  Yet still shall I trust in awaking spring,
  Still shall I trust in the winnowing wing!

I said in my soul, though pleasure abscond,
  And fleeting delights of the earth all cloy;
Though rapture be broken like magic wand,
  Yet aye in my bosom without annoy
  I still shall believe in the things of joy!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

THE BRIDGE BUILDERS

By HARTLEY FRENCH



MOST temperance people would not approve of the way in which Jim Daly was cured of his fondness for an occasional friendly glass. Friendliness was Daly's foremost quality. It glistened in his dark red, curly hair; it radiated out of every wrinkle of his tanned face, and shone forth from his large, frank hazel eyes, which the dizziest heights of bridge cables, swinging aloft like the skipping ropes of giants at play, never made quiver.

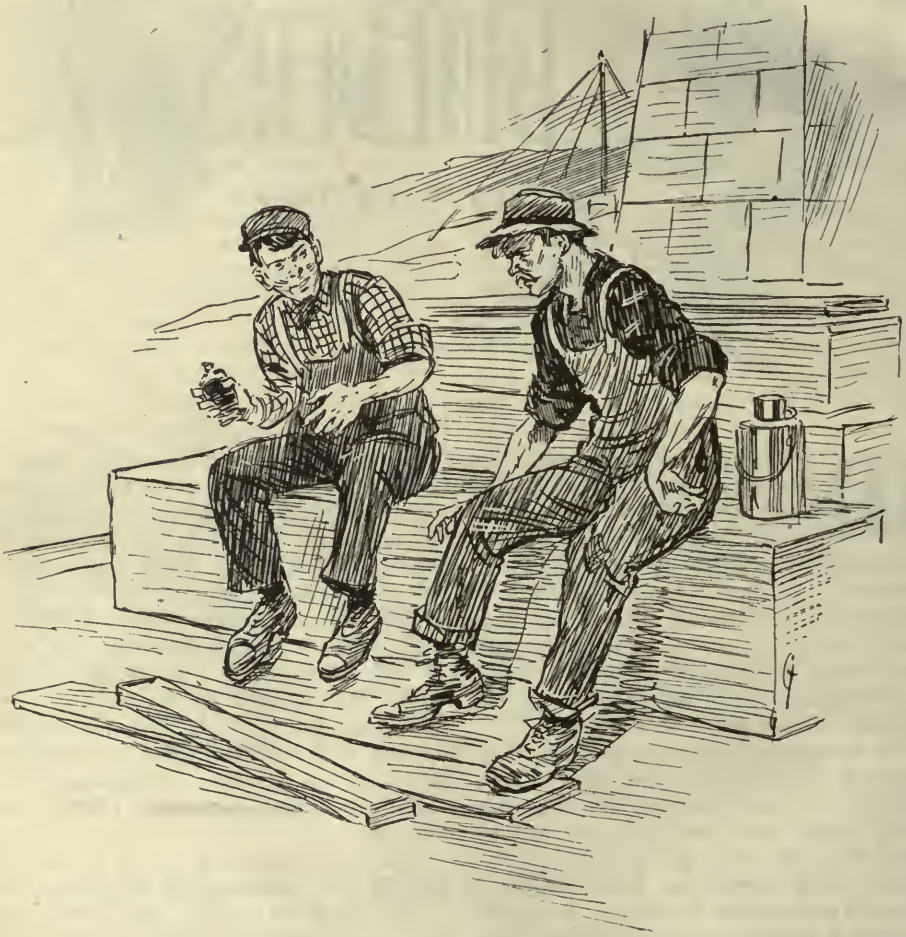
In fearlessness and daring, Daly was equalled, in the whole Union, only by Otto Jespersen, a burly Swede. The two were great friends, both well liked generally by the other men, although Jespersen's occasional fits of silence and moodiness made him less popular than his friend. Both were selected to go lay the cables of a large bridge in Canada, near Buffalo.

They both boarded at the house of Madame Grobin, a French Canadian, and before a week had passed, both of them were desperately in love with little black-haired Gervaise, the daughter, a lively, impish girl of twenty, coquettish to her finger tips. And what a dance she led them! It seemed as if she wanted to drive them to blows, to find out which of them was the stronger, just as the female moose watches two bulls gore each other savagely, desperately, murderously, and then goes off with the panting victor, leaving the bloody dust of the fighting ground behind. In civilized communities the fighting grounds are in offices, stores, banks, stock exchanges, workshops.

But Gervaise did not succeed in making them fight. They remained friends in spite of their rivalry, even when Jespersen saw, at last, that the prize was for the other man. Of course Daly, on his part, felt friendly toward him; he felt friendly to everybody, now more so than ever. It was easy to be friendly toward the other man, when he had the girl.

And Jespersen used to sit on the steps in the still July evenings, and watch Daly and the girl go off for a stroll. The Swede's face was as unexpressive as the wooden post against which he was leaning. He used to rub his little scrawny yellow moustache, which was no more scanty than his hopes or ambitions for the future. He used to go up to his room early, so as not to see them come back. And when he lay, night by night, on his narrow cot in the room above, watching the stars change from hour to hour, listening in the silence of the night to the murmur of the distant falls, until the lark tinkled in faintly her harmonious call to another day, he would have answered, if you had asked him what he was thinking about:

"Oi tink it's all a vara queer plaace. It maaks me feel soa strange—" But no one asked him. Daly had hard work to make him talk at all of late; when spoken to, he replied with *yes* or *no*, or not at all.



"Take a nip o' this whiskey, me lad!"

One broiling hot noon, when they sat on the dock after their meal, Daly said:

"Sure, Otto, me bye, is it sick you are, today? The eyes of ye, man, they are as glassy looking as me bottle there."

"Naw, naw, the sun, she var' hot. My head spin a lill'l bit," said the Swede in reply.

"Och, jist take a nip o' this whiskey, thin, me lad. It'll tighten ye up and straighten ye out in no time," replied Daly cordially.

At first Jespersen refused: "Naw, the whiskey too hot. The beer much betta."

"Come now, none o' that, man, I tell ye. A dhrap or two of good red whiskey never hurt a man yet. Down wid it, man, and thin have another."

Twice Jespersen drank, at first not much, the second time long and deep.

As, soon afterwards, he swarmed up the iron cables and swing-trestle-work, higher and higher, his blood felt as hot as the metal ropes and wire-woven cables, baking in the terrific July heat, which scorched his horny hands. His temples pounded as loud, so it seemed, as the thudding strokes of Daly's rivetting hammer.

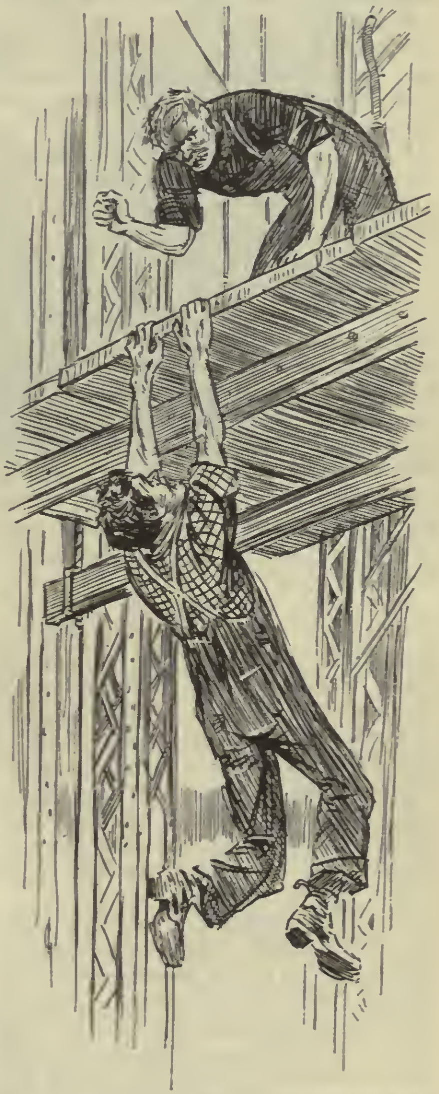
The two men were alone in mid-air, the Swede on a small platform at the top of the tower, Daly on a swinging seat where he sat rivetting crossbeams twenty feet below. Jespersen's work was to heat the rivets red-hot in a small charcoal furnace, and when ready drop them to Daly below him. The Irishman would catch them adroitly in a small pail, grasp them one by one with a pair of clippers, put them in the holes, and then hold the automatic hammer against them until the quick pulsing blows had welded them solid. The hammer was driven by compressed air delivered by tube, a rubber tube wound with wire; it hung from where he sat to the engines, forty yards below. The wind blowing from the north swung the pipe dizzily. Daly's suspended seat jounced backward and forward, too, uncomfortably, so he put his arm around a slanting girder to steady himself. At that particular moment the Swede happened to be looking down at him. It suddenly seemed to the former that, instead of circling the metal beam, his fellow-workman's arm was clasped around Gervaise's waist. Jespersen believed all at once that he saw them there below him in mid-air, as he had seen them the night before, the girl's head on Daly's shoulder, languorously, exultingly, and that the man's arm was about her, pressing her to him.

And just then the Swede went mad.

To Daly, holding out his pail as he looked up for the next red-hot rivet, his fellow-workman's eyes appeared as red as the little bit of glowing metal he was getting ready to drop. When Jespersen had it all in readiness, he aimed it carefully at Jim's left eye, and let it drop. It fell, but fortunately a gust of wind caused it to deviate a little, so it missed him narrowly, fell down, down, toward a passing ferry boat beneath, and plumped sizzling into a dray-horse. The animal's scream was so piercing that it reached even as high as Otto's platform. The sound, such was the Swede's mad frenzy, was as oil upon the flames.

"Hey there, Otto, be aisy wid thim bolts," sang out Daly anxiously, as the next one missed his ear by a fraction.

The Swede had now but two left red-hot in his small stove. He threw them both at once. The first one missed, the second gouged one of Daly's fingers. By this time Jim knew what had happened. His companion's lips were flecked with foam, which dribbelled upon the iron, as the madman wildly edged his way over the girder to descend. Both his hands were free; in his belt he had stuck his narrow iron hatchet.



Jespersen was after him, crouching on the brink, glaring . . . gloating.

Daly saw him coming down, ladder-fashion, putting his feet on the slanting crosspieces of a hollow column. Jim cast his automatic hammer into its clasp, and quickly untying the rope which suspended his seat, lowered himself as rapidly as he dared toward the next platform beneath. But the wind was roaring strongly; he was swayed dangerously backward and forward in his slow descent.

In their race, the two men were now only separated by a short interval. Nimbly as an ape, the frenzied Swede fearlessly lowered himself rapidly. They arrived at the platform beneath at the same time, Daly entirely unarmed, the Swede with a hatchet. The odds were much against the fugitive. Against the other's gigantic strength, even without his weapon, Daly's struggles would be of little avail, as he knew only too well.

He dashed his cap into Jespersen's twitching face, and then rushing to the edge, he turned around and swung himself over. He intended to descend down the crosspieces of the girders, as his pursuer had done above, but to his horror his feet swung clear, touching nothing. Twisting his head around, he discovered that he was at the center of an arched span, dangling jerkily, with nothing near by to grasp hold of, while beneath space yawned wide, like the jaws of a huge monster waiting to mangle him.

Momentarily blinded by Jim's cap cast into his face, the madman impulsively raised both hands quickly to throw it aside; the sudden movement caused his hatchet to slip from his belt upon the loose planking of the platform. Unfortunately the implement fell squarely in the middle of one of the boards, and so did not fall down below into the current. No sooner had the man he was chasing swung himself over the edge, than Jespersen was after him, crouching on the brink, glaring at him, exulting, gloating.

He foamed out wild curses at him in Swedish, mad, passionate, hellish words of jealousy. Daly looked up at him imploringly; the fact that the Swede did not immediately jerk his fingers loose from their grip upon the edge made a wild hope pass through the Irishman's brain that perhaps the lunatic had got back his wits, that perhaps he would show him mercy. He redoubled his prayers, earnestly, with whispered gasps, for his strength was leaving him and he felt that he would not be able to hold on very much longer. The heavy wire-bound compressed air tube which he had been using in his seat above a few minutes before swung, moved by the wind, and rubbed against his bleeding finger, just at the spot where the red-hot bolt had so cruelly scored him. The pain was so great that he almost let go his hold. But he held on grimly. The madman drew back from the edge a moment—to get a rope to let down, as Daly fondly thought; but in reality, as appeared in a moment, the Swede had simply turned around to get his hatchet. The exultant grin of joy on the man's face was devilish in malignity.

He swung his hatchet up and down in the air once or twice to get the heft of it; then he bent down by the platform edge to split in the hanging man's countenance. Daly closed his eyes. He heard a muffled thud, a loud hiss, followed by a piercing yell. Opening his eyes again, he got a glimpse of Jespersen's sprawling body in mid-air, passing over his head. The madman's hand had slipped slightly as he raised his weapon for the final stroke, and the keen-edged hatchet happened to cut the rubber compressed air pipe. The edge of the blade was so thin and sharp that it had passed between the wires wound about the pipe. The heavy pressure of the air within, striking him squarely in the body, had blown him off the platform.

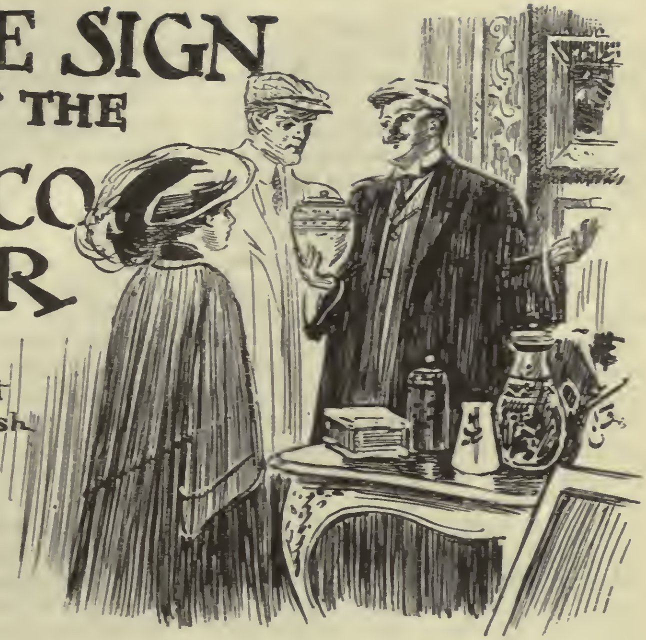
Pluckily the scared Celt worked his way to the corner of the iron beam to which he was clinging, and got his feet upon a crosstie. He was so weak that he could not climb up; some other workmen soon got up to him from below and hauled him in safely.

He asked if Jespersen was saved, but they told him that he had fallen into the river flat upon his stomach, having the life crushed out of him instantly.

When the physician bandaged up Jim's finger a half hour later, and heard the story from beginning to end, he told the iron worker that it was the whiskey, probably, that proved the immediate cause of the Swede's lunacy. Such was Daly's fright at his adventure that he himself never drank the tempting fluid again. But as time went on in his married life, and he got better acquainted with the French girl he had brought down with him from Canada as his wife, he feared sometimes that whiskey would be his best refuge from her.

AT THE SIGN OF THE TOBACCO JAR

By George Ethelbert Walsh



THE Bentleys lived in a small apartment on the upper West Side of New York, without any apparent ambition to rise above the routine of their daily work. Bentley spent his days in one of the mammoth dry-goods stores, and seemed satisfied with his three meals a day, a roof for night protection, and an income that would pay for the ordinary necessities and a few of the luxuries of the day. His wife was similarly contented so far as outward appearances indicated, and among their friends and relatives they moved as a model happy couple enjoying life from day to day.

But the apparent is not always the real in life. These two, outwardly satisfied, cherished a notion that some day they would like to travel, and travel to them meant a trip to Europe. Sometimes, if we wish a thing earnestly enough (and incidentally work and save for it), it is bound to come our way in time. So these two, simple and inexpensive in their habits and tastes, found themselves one day aboard an ocean steamer booked for a journey tc the great world beyond the Atlantic. Like two young lovers eloping they snuggled close to each other and began to see life through rose-colored glasses again.

"It seems too good to be true, Tom, dear," murmured Evangeline, as she sought his hand under the steamer rug.

"I think we've earned it," was the masculine point of view. "The Lord knows we have saved and economized enough to pay for it."

Evangeline assented, and turned her attention to a study of their ten-day neighbors. They were all kinds and sorts, such as you might expect to see any day on Broadway—men and women of wealth, tired business men off for a vacation, couples from the inland towns with clothes cut to fit, smartly dressed people, the young bride and groom stoutly facing the world through one pair of eyes, ministers, professors, teachers, trades people, buyers for the great houses, fashionable dress and millinery artists taking a flying trip to study European fashions, gamblers, men of leisure and men of culture, students, scholars and idlers.

"My, Tom, where are all the people going?" murmured the little wife in surprise. "Where do they all get the money?"

Tom withered her with a superior glance. "You ask that, Evangeline—and you a New Yorker?" he queried with a tolerant smile. "You'd think you were a stranger to Broadway and Fifth Avenue."

But there was no silencing the emotions released for the first time in years. Evangeline commented on everything and everybody with all the freshness and originality of a schoolgirl just out of the class-room. This innocent amusement finally brought its reward. Leaning over the ship's railing near them was a stout, sedate, red-faced man of uncertain age and of more uncertain occupation. He smiled once, cleared his throat twice to speak, and then essayed perfunctorily, addressing either one or both as you choose:

"First trip abroad?"

Thomas stiffened his relaxed frame, and then, remembering that on ship everybody was a neighbor to everybody else and that ordinary conventionalities were dropped when you once got out of sight of land, he smiled back and answered:

"Yes, our very first."

"Then you'll enjoy it," responded the stranger. "It's my twenty-first, and I'm sick of it. I hate the stuffy staterooms, the smell of the bilge water and the whole d——" (no, he didn't say that, but stopped short of the emphatic word on account of Evangeline) "business."

Thomas forthwith entered into conversation with him and got so many points about what to do and what to see and what not to do and what not to see, that, as he expressed himself later to Evangeline in their stateroom, "I feel as if I were a veteran traveler."

He had learned for one thing that Henry Sutherland was an expert buyer for an American house, a judge of merchantable goods that made his services worth ten thousand a year to his employers; "but," in his own words, "I'd swap the ten thousand a year for your little flat in New York and a nice little wife to look after me when I have a cold or a stiff neck." He sighed to emphasize his words.

"Poor fellow, it must be hard to roam constantly over the world without a home," murmured Evangeline sympathetically in the seclusion of their narrow sleeping quarters.

"Well," spoke up the practical Tom, "I'd like to have his ten thousand and a chance to travel."

"And no wife to look after you," replied Evangeline with a saucy shake of her head.

Tom made amends by a process which lovers generally adopt to show their eternal constancy of affection. Evangeline was in a mood to accept it without question and to return it with interest.

When they reached land Henry Sutherland knew their whole contemplated itinerary and the name and time of sailing of their steamer for home.

"I may go back on the same boat," was his parting farewell, "or I may run across you on the continent. I expect to make flying trips everywhere. It's my business, you know."

It was considerate of him not to force his company upon them and thus spoil their first real vacation, and during the four weeks of their wanderings to and fro on the continent no Henry Sutherland appeared to break into their pleasure festival of new scenes and experiences. Once or twice, in the loneliness and isolation from everything American, they expressed a real wish that they might stumble across their friend of the steamer, but that was only when, tired out by the crowds and the chatter of alien languages, they felt the need of a friend or companion who could talk "home talk."

They returned to London a few days before the scheduled departure of their steamer, intending to rest and prepare for the complete enjoyment of the homeward ocean trip. Then Henry Sutherland appeared, smiling and companionable as when they left him. It was like meeting an old friend who knew all about your ancestors and your natal place; a friend to whom you could talk unreservedly and frankly. It was in a restaurant they met, and they celebrated the event by dining together—"at Henry Sutherland's expense," he insisted vigorously.

"I want you to remember me when you get home," he said by way of explanation, "for I'm going to take my first dinner in America with you when I get back, and then you can pay the piper. You see," with a frown, "I can't go back with you. I must stay over here another day or two, but I may catch a fast steamer later and still beat you to New York."

They discussed the relative speed of the different boats and very many other topics which occurred to them, but which would be absolutely of no interest to the reader. They dined well and late, and parted company at an hour when footpads rake in the most of their booty. The next day they met again, this time at the hour and place appointed by Sutherland. It was in an obscure shop which dealt in second-hand articles (antiques for tourists), patronized by many Americans anxious to secure spurious tokens to remind them of their unquestioning guilibility.

"Here, Tom," Sutherland said (he was calling him Tom readily by this time), "I've bought you a little remembrance. This tobacco jar is rather unusual and unique, I think. Take it home and keep it stuffed full of good cigars until I return to America. Then we'll smoke them and talk over old times."

Tom took the tobacco jar and expressed his obligations. Evangeline tried to be enthusiastic, but somehow she couldn't account for the tastes of men. Now, if she were choosing a tobacco jar for a friend, she would purchase one of those beautiful inlaid ones or that hammered metal beauty on the top shelf or the one with a carved head for the cover. But then she wasn't choosing, and she held her peace.

This incident in the second-hand curio shop begins the real story of the tobacco jar, but neither surmised the web of circumstances which was beginning to be woven for them.

Sutherland saw them off—almost wept when they parted on the pier—and waved them a farewell as long as they could see him. "A mighty fine chap," said Tom. "Yes," assented tired Evangeline, "but a little eccentric in his tastes."

They reached New York in ten days, seasick and thin, but rugged and blushing in color. The voyage had been a rough one, and they had less love for the boisterous old Atlantic than ever before in their lives. Evangeline staggered up two flights to her tiny little flat and threw herself on her best Bagdad-covered couch.

"Oh, Tom, there's no place like home," she cried.

Tom didn't wince at this revamping of an old chestnut, but sat down heavily on a chair and stuck his feet on the top of the nearest center table.

"I say, Evangeline, this *is* comfort."

And for two whole hours they drank in the exquisite scenery of their "four-and-a-bath," with window views of New York's ragged skyline. It was better than seeing London from the top of a 'bus or Venice from the cushioned seat of a gondolier; it even surpassed Paris by electric light or Rome under the white Italian moon. You see, they had been away from home just long enough to make them appreciate all the comforts of flat life.

They were snugly ensconced in their home, slowly shaking out the salt from their systems, and getting back their land legs and normal appetite, when Henry Sutherland was announced and burst upon their quiet seclusion like a whirlwind from the turbulent Atlantic.

"Got back on the 'Lusitania' half an hour ago," he rattled on tumultuously, "and hurried straight up here. Haven't even reported to the firm or taken a drink. Gad! It's like living to see you two here. Tom, you're among the few really fortunate men of the city."

He slapped Tom so heartily on the back that he almost convinced him that he was the most lucky of mortal dogs.

"But I won't make that dinner engagement with you tonight," he continued. "I know just how you feel—tired and anxious to rest. I'll just take a quiet smoke with you, and then go. Got your tobacco jar filled with good ones?"

"Why—er—no," stammered Tom in confusion. "You see we haven't really had time yet to unpack. But here's a good Havana I picked up on the steamer."

Sutherland ignored the proffered cigar.

"Where's the tobacco jar? I want to get a look at it again. I—you won't think me mean, Tom, if I ask you to return that gift to me. You see, there's something about the workmanship of the jar that appeals to me. Now a present is a present, and a friend has no right to recall it. But I want you to give that back to me, and I'll buy you another worth ten times as much. You understand, don't you, old man?"

Tom didn't understand, but he said he did. Moreover, he dug down into the bottom of his steamer trunk and hauled the unoffending little turned-wood jar to the top. Sutherland's eyes looked at it greedily and his hands were outstretched to grasp it before the thin tissue paper was unwound.

Then he grunted, scowled, and cast a sharp, inquiring glance at his host. Tom didn't notice this, but he did notice the words which followed.

"Why, what have you been doing to it? This isn't the one I gave you."

Tom felt aggrieved at this insinuation, and replied quickly:

"Why, certainly it is. How could it be any other?"

Then, for the first time in their friendly intercourse, Sutherland laughed a hoarse, grating, unsympathetic laugh. His face was flushed, and as Tom looked at it, he thought it was malicious and brutal.

"Oh, we'll see whether it is the same one," the man said thickly.

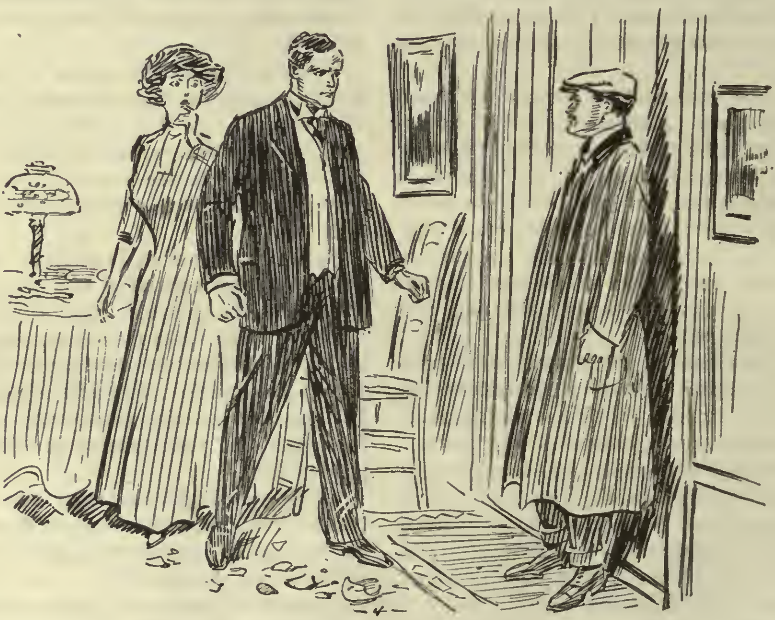
Evangeline, looking on at this little incident, had a better chance to study the character than Tom, and she confessed afterward it made her think of one of the stage lightning change artists. With the brutal expression there came a growl that was a fit accompaniment to the look.

"We'll see," he muttered.

Then they all saw, first, a few quick, deft passes with a stout pocket-knife, and, second, a sharp twist of the muscular hands, and a rending and splintering of the prized tobacco jar. Henry Sutherland stared hard at the inside of the broken jar, and then cast it angrily to the floor.

"Hell! It's not the one!" Flinging the bits of wood to the floor he turned fiercely and threateningly upon poor, innocent Tom.

"You infernal thief, if you don't disgorge, I'll break every bone in your body; and you, too" (turning upon Evangeline) "you she hypocrite! You're a nice pair of innocent babes! Well, you took me in once, but I'm not so soft as to let you off free."



"I'll give you ten seconds to get out of this flat."

Tom was naturally slow to anger and slower to action, but when the brute included Evangeline in his denunciation the color flew into his face and his big hands clenched. He was no small, puny counter-jumper, this man of destiny, and his month's vacation had put new sinews and muscular power into his long arms. Sutherland measured him with a swift survey, and concluded that it were wiser not to come to a physical encounter.

"I don't know what you mean," Tom began in a low, vibrating voice, "and I don't care. I don't even know what you're looking for or what such actions indicate: but I do know that you've insulted my wife in our home, and if it wasn't for the past kindness you've shown us, I'd pitch you head-first down those two flights of stairs without a word of explanation. But I'll give you ten seconds to get out of this flat, and if you ever enter it again, I'll pummel your red face into a jelly."

There was no mistaking the meaning of the words or attitude. Sutherland edged toward the door, from which point of escape he spoke back:

"Then you don't mean to disgorge? You refuse to make any—"

"Time's up!" growled Tom, and he closed his watch with a snap and advanced toward the door; but Henry Sutherland vanished through it and disappeared.

Tom waited until the outside door had closed, and then white and breathless returned to the apartment. Evangeline was very pale and nervous.

"The most unaccountable thing I ever heard of," he said, picking up the broken remnants of the tobacco jar. "What sort of a hoodoo can this thing be that it should drive a man into such a frenzy of anger?"

He studied it carefully, and not finding any clue to the mystery he pitched it toward the open grate, but Evangeline was too quick for him. She rescued the pieces and said:

"Let us keep them until we hear from Mr. Sutherland again," she explained.

"I don't want to hear from him again!"

"But we probably shall, Tom, for there is some mystery here too deep for our feeble intellects."

But on the morrow they heard from another, who, Tom surmised, was sent in post haste to interview the couple before they could escape. The man wore the insignia of one of Uncle Sam's able sleuths attached to the Treasury Department. He forthwith charged Tom and Evangeline with high crimes and misdemeanors, employing little circumlocution in choosing his words, but maintaining a more dignified attitude than the late Mr. Sutherland.

"Smuggling?" gasped Tom, when the full significance of the charge was understood. "Smuggling diamonds—diamonds worth a hundred thousand dollars? Good Lord, I haven't seen that amount of diamonds together in a life-time—certainly not this side of a jeweler's case."

The government agent smiled, craftily and without malice (he was used to dealing with all kinds of criminals and hypocrites), and retorted:

"Yes, that is about the size of it, and you're under arrest—both of you."

Tom didn't relish this, but he knew that a threatening attitude would not go in this instance.

"How—how could we smuggle diamonds in with us?" he stammered.

"Very simple—very simple. You had a wooden tobacco jar?"

"Yes, we did, and here it is—what remains of it."

He was thankful now that Evangeline had rescued the pieces from the fire. He handed them over to the agent of the government, who took them and looked critically at them.

"Yes, I know," he replied after a pause, "but you had two, and it is the other one that had the diamonds concealed beneath a false bottom."

Sudden comprehension dawned on two minds, but the mystery of it was unsolved. Tom smiled grimly.

"That is the only tobacco jar I brought home," he said honestly. "If there's any other in my luggage you're welcome to find it. I know nothing about it."

"Naturally I didn't expect you to confess it," the detective continued in his suave, smiling way. "But it will go easier with you to own up and make such amends as possible."

Tom took time to think. He sat down and twiddled his thumbs. Then he got up and said:

"I'm as much at sea, officer, as you are, but I'll put the case to you direct. I guess Henry Sutherland is at the bottom of it; he informed you, and I suppose there must be some foundation for the charge. I believe now that scoundrel tried to use me as his agent to smuggle those diamonds in the country. That's why he was so anxious to get back that jar. But the mystery is, where are the diamonds?"

Tom told his story in a straightforward, convincing fashion, omitting nothing of essential importance, and Evangeline corroborated and amplified the recital from the woman's point of view. Henry Sutherland was painted in his true colors, and the detective seemed almost convinced by their tale. Still, there was the disappearance of the smuggled diamonds to explain.

"How do you know there were any diamonds smuggled in?" demanded Tom in desperation. "Have you any further evidence than that furnished by our erstwhile friend and enemy?"

"No, but it's my duty to sift the whole matter to the bottom. Until I can do this, you two must submit to arrest, and Henry Sutherland will be held as a witness, too. He must either prove or disprove his assertions."

Tom bit his lips in perplexity. The indignity of arrest would seriously injure his social and business reputation. He looked pleadingly at the government agent, but saw no sympathy in the hard-set jaws. Then he turned to Evangeline. Something in her pale, nervous face startled him. Poor Evangeline! she would take the arrest more to heart than he!

"Is there no other way out of the difficulty?" he asked savagely. "It is an outrage to place us under arrest on the unsupported testimony of a stranger. How do you know that this is not a trick to cast suspicion upon us while Sutherland escapes with the diamonds? How do you know that he didn't bring in a tobacco jar with diamonds concealed in the false bottom? Ah, that is it; that's the solution of the difficulty!"

Light of hope and expectation dawned in Tom's face, but the astute officer did not respond in kind; he shook his head and rose with menacing finality. Tom rose with him and grimly resigned himself to the inevitable.

"All right," he snapped out. "I'll clear myself, but this scoundrel—"

He didn't finish his sentence. A glance at Evangeline suddenly checked all articulate speech. She was tragic in her misery and apprehension, and Tom experienced a new fear of the ordeal facing them. Then, with a quick, dramatic movement, she flung her arms around his neck and sobbed:

"Oh, Tom, Tom, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" he murmured in surprise. "Forgive you, Evangeline? Why, there's nothing to forgive; it's not your fault. It's Sutherland's—the brute!"

"Yes, yes, I know," she said hysterically. "But—but it was my fault—all mine."

"Yours?" stammered Tom in amazement. "What do you mean, Evangeline? You know about the diamonds? You know where they are?"

"No, no, not that," she sobbed. "I didn't say that. I'm not so bad as to smuggle or steal, Tom, but—"

"Go on; go on!" Tom urged impatiently when she hesitated. "I—you know, Tom," she confessed after a paroxysm of tears, "I didn't like the tobacco jar which Mr. Sutherland gave to you. It wasn't a pretty one, and I couldn't understand why he didn't select one of the others. You remember my telling you that I admired that metal jar or the one with the carved cover? I simply couldn't understand why he should ignore them and give you the old thing."

Again she hesitated and stammered, and Tom, unmindful of her tears and blushes, motioned for her to proceed.

"Well," she continued, drawing a deep breath, "when you and Mr. Sutherland were talking at the other end of the shop, I—I thought I could make a quick exchange. Another jar just like it, but much prettier, stood on the—"

"You exchanged the jars?" gasped Tom in amazed surprise.

Evangeline nodded and hid her face in her hands.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed her husband.

"It was all done in a second, Tom, dear," she murmured faintly. "I had the jar under my coat, and I—I didn't know, of course, that—"

"And a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in the bottom of it!" groaned Tom, as if the very thought hypnotized his mind.

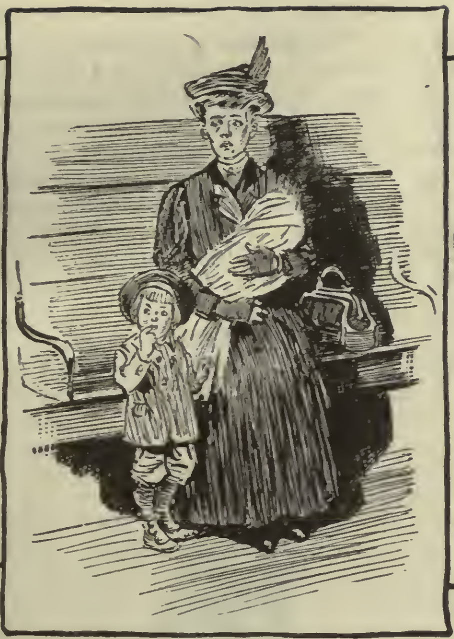
"Oh, Tom, Tom—don't! You'll break my heart!"

This heart-rending appeal aroused him, and he steadied his voice with an effort to reply. "Never mind, dear, they were not our diamonds. But think of it! A hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in that tobacco jar for some lucky devil to pick up for half a dollar! It's too much—too much!"

He groaned so audibly that Evangeline shivered and once more concealed her agitated face against his shoulder.

Then, turning to the officer, Tom said: "You heard her confession?"

The man nodded, and picked up his hat to depart.



The Governor's Last Pardon

By—Fannie C. Griffing

OUTSIDE the Governor's office the bright sunshine sparkled on the green lawns and the busy streets beyond.

Within, the cool shaded rooms and long, echoing halls were full of busy, hurrying men, many with anxious faces. The Governor himself was busy as any, but on his face there rested an expression of perfect peace and contentment. With this day his tenure of office would expire, and already he was looking forward to the pleasure of rest and freedom from the routine of business; of liberty from the thousand demands that for the last four years had been made upon every moment of his waking time. And as he worked, he smiled, as a vision flashed before him of the long, happy days to come, when, free from official cares, he could devote himself to humbler duties, confident that naught could affect his place in the hearts of the people, or the history of the State he loved and had served so well. As he labored this last day, it seemed as if all had waited until this final crowded twenty-four hours for their business, so incessant was the stream of documents awaiting his signature, so urgent the demands to see him personally; so many the requirements he must fulfill in order to leave the office in good shape for his successor. Could he accomplish it? The task seemed herculean, but he would do his best, as he had ever done, labor until the last moment, and the long rest would be all the sweeter.

The busy morning passed, and the busy afternoon began, and still the chief executive labored at his desk.

Sergeant Mike O'Brian of the local police went about his duties with a gloomy face. He regarded the retiring Governor, as his ancestors did their king, as something more than mortal. His big Irish heart was filled with resentment that the Governor must resign his office to another. What fools the people were, not to insist on his serving another four years, instead of tamely accepting any old crank in his place! Well, they'd soon find out the difference, huh!

In gloomy dejection, the big Sergeant paced his beat, and proceeded to meet the north-bound train, just now due, the scrutiny of whose passengers was one of his daily duties.

Following in the wake of the hurrying arrivals, the Sergeant strolled into the ladies' waiting room, and glanced about him, keenly on the alert for any "suspicious characters."

Near the door sat a small, thin and shabbily dressed woman with two young frightened children. One she held clasped in her arms, while the other clung closely to her skirt.

Evidently just from the country, and bewildered and frightened by the unaccustomed sights and sounds of the city, her helpless ignorance and indecision were pathetically appealing.

Noting her anxious and troubled expression, the kind heart of the good-natured Irishman prompted him to pause, and patting the head of the child by her side, he asked kindly:

"Waiting for somebody, madam?"

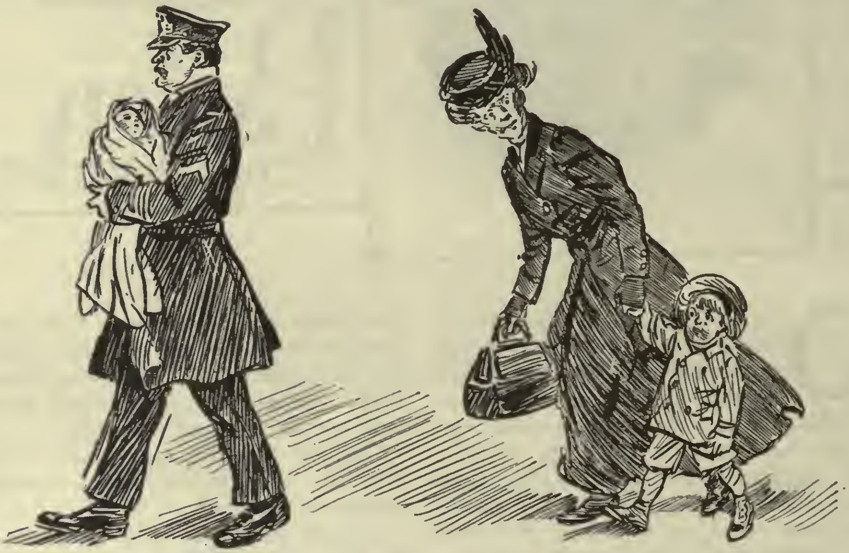
"No, sir." was the timid reply, and, trembling, she rose. "No, sir," she repeated, "I ain't waiting for anybody, but I'd like to know where to find the Governor."

"The Gov'ner?" O'Brian exclaimed, much surprised. "Why, what do you want of him?" The sad and sunken blue eyes of the country woman slowly filled with tears, and placing the child she carried on a seat, she clasped her thin, trembling hands tightly together, and faltered:

"It's about my husband, Mister. He's in the penitentiary here, an' I come to try an' see the Governor, an' ask him to pardon poor Tom. I've heard that he's a good man, an' I thought if I could tell him"—a sob choked her, and with trembling hands she wiped the tears from her face.

"What's he in for, an' for how long?" O'Brian asked huskily.

"He killed a man, Mister, but he never meant to do it, for he was drinkin' at the time. He's been in for three years, now, an' I've had a terrible time since they took him away—" again she choked. "I had to come by myself," she resumed, struggling to control herself, and encouraged by the evident sympathy of the big policeman: "An' I had to bring the children, for I hadn't any folks to leave 'em with, I was never here before, an' don't know where to find the Governor. I made up my mind to try an' see him, for me an' the children was about to starve—" she checked herself, a faint color staining the thin white face that had once been pretty.



With the child in his arms he led the way.

"Well, you will have to hustle pretty lively to see him today!" exclaimed O'Brian, struck by a sudden recollection. "For this is his last day in office; his term will be out tomorrow!"

"O Lord!" gasped the woman in dismay. "An' to think I might a been too late! I *must* see *him*, for 'twas over his election poor Tom got into trouble! Please tell me how, Mister!" and she gazed at the big Irishman in agonized appeal.

"I'll help you all I can," O'Brian responded quickly. "An' we must hurry! I'll take you up to his office right now, an' try to get him to see you! Here, give me that kid, I'll carry her!" With the child in his arms, he led the way into the street, the grateful mother following with the little boy.

The ante-chamber leading to the Governor's private office was filled with a throng of anxious, preoccupied people, too absorbed in their own affairs to give more than a passing glance at the pathetic little group that the burly policeman guided to a seat.

With a whispered "You jest wait here!" he left them, and boldly entered the door marked "private" without knocking. The tired little mother with beating heart awaited his return, the baby clasped tightly in her arms, while the little boy pressed closely to her side, and gazed with wondering childish eyes at the strange faces about him. In a few minutes Sergeant O'Brian reappeared with a smiling face. "He'll see you!" he announced briskly. "An' I think he'll help you! Now brace up, an' keep a good heart, an' it's a pardon I'm thinkin' you'll get! Tell the Gov'ner everything, an' be quick about it! Don't waste time!"

Again he took the baby girl, and, white and trembling, the country-bred woman rose and followed her guide into the presence of the Chief Executive.

The emotions of the peasant entering the presence of a sovereign were hers, so great had been her limitations. A tall and handsome man rose from the desk at which he was seated, and bowing to the shabby little woman as if she had been a duchess, motioned her to a chair and reseated himself. "Be seated, madam! How can I serve you?" Her frightened eyes saw a tall and stately figure, clad in cool white linen; bright, dark eyes; a strong, kind face, and long, waving black hair tossed back from a domelike brow. A winning smile parted his finely cut lips, but terror at the almost kingly power which to her he embodied seemed to paralyze her faculties. She strove to speak, to answer the kindly smile, but her throat was dry, her tongue refused to move, and in a trance of embarrassment, she gazed at the waiting Governor—speechless!

The eyes which could flash such lightnings of wrath for the wrong-doer now filled with pitying tenderness as they rested on the frail little figure, with its shabby garments and toilworn hands. Then his rich, deep voice broke the silence: "Sergeant O'Brian tells me that your husband is confined in the penitentiary here, and that you are anxious to obtain a pardon.

"What was his crime? Relate the circumstances as briefly as possible, as my time is limited. If possible, I will help you!" The kindly words broke the seal of silence on the woman's lips, and she poured out her story in a torrent of broken sentences:

"My husband killed a man, sir, an' was sent here to the penitentiary for ten years. 'Twas the time of the last election, sir, an' poor Tom was drinkin'—'twas his only fault—an' so was the other man. They got to fussing over the election, an' both shot. Tom happened to hit, an' the man died, so they sent him here. I was left by myself with two babies, an' I sure have had a terrible time! I hadn't any folks to help me, or stay with me, an' I was near to starving sometimes. I'm scared to death of the niggers, too, an' soon as I could leave the baby, I set out to earn the money to come here an' beg you to pardon poor Tom.

"He's served three years an' more, now, an' his health's gettin' bad, they say. He's suffered enough for what he didn't know he'd done till he got sober!

"It took me over a year to earn the money to get here. I sold eggs an' vegetables an' blackberries that I picked.

"I just did have enough to get here, an' I hope you can pardon Tom, sir, for I don't know what I'll do, by myself! He wrote me to try an' see you, that you was a good man, an' perhaps you'd let him out, as 'twas about you he got into trouble—"

"About me!" exclaimed the Governor, in much surprise. "How was that?"

"They was fussin' over the election, sir," she explained timidly. "Tom was on your side, an' always voted for you. The other man was agen you, an' poor Tom, he was a braggin' over you bein' elected, an' the best man."

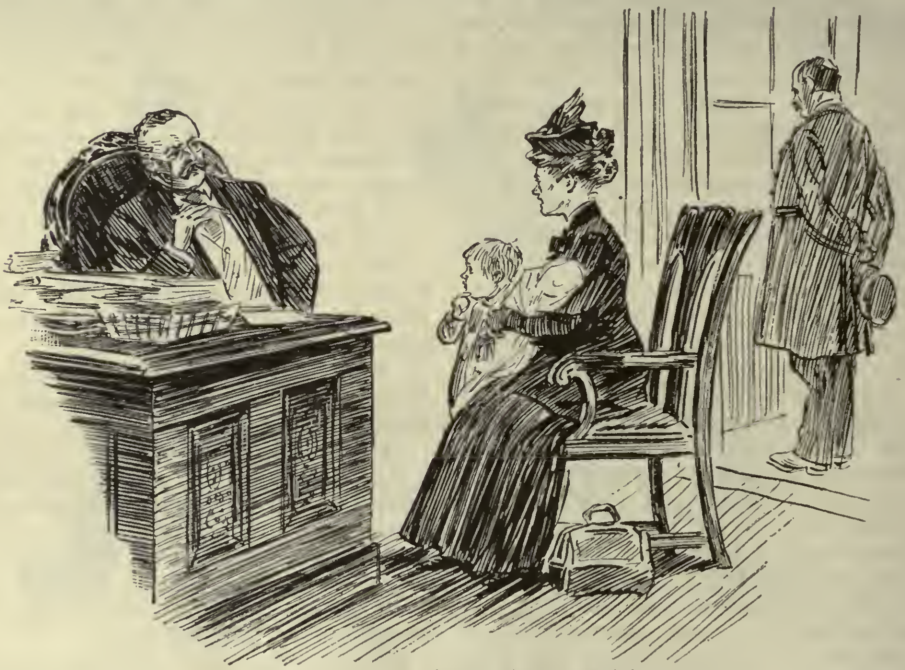
The Governor raised his hand. "What's his name? How long has he served? From what county?"

"His name is Thomas Atkins, sir, from C—— county. He's served over three years. Oh, sir, if you will only let him out! I haven't seen him since—" she choked; and wheeling quickly to his desk, the Governor drew a sheet of paper before him, and dipped his pen in the inkstand. With a coarse but clean cotton handkerchief the poor wife wiped away her tears, and clasping her trembling hands, waited in an agony of suspense.

Rapidly the Governor wrote, signed and

folded the pardon, slipped a ten dollar bill into it, and, inclosing the whole in an envelope, rose and approached the convict's wife. "Madam," and bending from his stately height, he placed the envelope in her hand, "your husband is free; here is his pardon! I can truly say that I have never signed a pardon that gave me greater pleasure! I will assist your husband after he reaches his home, and, as you are a stranger here, I will place you in the care of Sergeant O'Brian, who will attend to your every want, and see that your husband is released.

"O'Brian!" and he turned to the burly policeman, who was using his handkerchief vigorously, and muttering something about a "confounded cold." "I place Mrs. Atkins in your care! You will take her at once to the E—— hotel and see that she has every attention. Accompany her to the penitentiary, and see that her husband is released. Remain with them as long as they are in the city, and see them to their train." Again he turned to the waiting woman: "And now, madam, I must say good-by. I am truly glad to have been able to grant your request, and hope you will reach your home in safety!"


"'*Twas about you he got into trouble!*"

The strong, kind hand pressed her thin, toilworn one, patted the heads of the wondering children, and, accompanying the little group to the door, the Governor bowed them out with a smile like sunshine.

A happy little woman, looking ten years younger, followed the big policeman into the street, hugging the precious paper to her breast and hardly able to believe in her good fortune.

Some hours later, Sergeant O'Brian assisted a reunited and happy little family on board a southbound train. The father, pale and emaciated, wore a new suit, hat and shoes, and, weak as he was, carried the baby girl, clasped closely to his breast.

The face of the little mother was absolutely transfigured with the greatest happiness her starved life had known. "An' just to think," the burly Sergeant muttered indignantly, as, after shaking hands all around, he swung himself from the already moving train: "To think there's some fools as says the Gov'ner abuses his power, an' pardons too many folks!

"Dash it, much do they know! I'd like to crack their heads."

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By—FREDERICK HULZMANN

MUSIC is indissolubly associated with Christmas, and "Sing the glad tidings" finds a response in millions of human hearts in clubs, churches, crowded city streets and scattered homes all over the country, and in humble miners' camps as in far-off missionary settlements. Every year, true to the festive spirit, the old carols, songs and familiar works of famous composers are eagerly sought out and sung over again.

There are extensive libraries of Christmas music on talking machine records, manufactured in response to the steadily growing demand. By the use of these records many homes are enlivened with glad Christmas strains, that otherwise would have been debarred from that pleasure. Musical records bring to every fireside circle in the country a wide selection of the masterpieces of both composers and singers, a privilege which is especially appreciated at Christmas time. In thousands of homes, in many public entertainments and in many churches all over the land these Christmas records will play an important part this year.

Speaking of churches, Sunday-School Christmas trees come to mind, with gift-giving in private and public. In this connection there is a hint that the festive season for 1909 will see a greater number of talking machines given as Christmas presents than ever before. One family, that has long owned a machine, reports that the children are clubbing together to buy a set of Christmas records for use on Christmas Day.

* * *

IT occurs to me that the home of the owner of a talking machine can be made much more bright and attractive at Christmas time by arranging a special musical programme, suited to the season, and inviting in a few friends. Whether classical music announcing the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem is desired, or humorous sketches of Kris Kringle in his happy rôle of Santa Claus, the records are right there on the lists, ready for selection.

Perhaps the owner of the Victor Talking Machine will turn to the great oratorios, "The Messiah" and "Elijah" by Handel. From the former he may choose the solo "Why do the Nations?"—sung by Witherspoon—and "Comfort ye My People," and "Every Valley shall be Exalted," sung by Harry McDonough. He may wish for the contralto solo, "He shall Feed His Flock," sung by Madame Homer, of grand opera fame. Attractive selections from "Elijah" are "If with all your hearts," sung by the well-known tenor, Evan Williams, and "It is Enough," and "Lord God of Abraham," two excellent basso solos by Herbert Witherspoon. By way of variety "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," may be added; this is from Handel's "Theodora," sung by Mina Hickman.

* * *

IN the household where the Columbia Graphaphone reigns over the musical department there will be no difficulty in making a very delightful Christmas programme, beginning with "The Silent Night," arranged as an instrumental trio and followed by "Ring the Bells for Christmas Morn," by Mendelssohn mixed quartette. One of the new December records, "O Holy Night," sung by Thomas Chalmers, with the chorus of the Church of the Ascension of New York City, is the best of its kind ever issued.

This selection can also be had as a baritone solo, sung by George Alexander. Another piece that can be obtained in two different arrangements is "Silent Night," which is supplied as sung by the Metropolitan Trio of mixed voices in one record, and in another is arranged as an instrumental trio.

Besides the standard Christmas music, there are many records of popular songs and Christmas carols, that call up old-time Christmas singers, with mufflers and lanterns carolling through the village streets, to sing in the raw midnight air of Christmas Eve. The clear ringing of the chimes and the harmony of the instruments, as the tunes of the favorite Christmas hymns peal out, make these records especially popular.

* * *

IN the Edison home, the listeners may hearken to the stirring strains of the "Hallelujah Chorus," from the "Messiah," which can be had either as a mixed chorus or as a band selection. "The Heavens are Telling," from "The Creation," can also be obtained as a band selection. "Hear Ye, Israel," sung by Edith Chapman; "In the Garden of my Heart," sung by Reed Miller, and "It is Enough," sung by James F. Harrison, fill out a musical programme likely to suit even the most aspiring family circle. If other numbers are desired, in the band selections may be found, "Christ is Come," a record which introduces bells and chimes and is rendered by Anthony and Harrison and a mixed quartette. "O Silent Night" can be obtained as sung by the Edison quartette. In the December list of records just published are two famous old hymns, "Angels from the Realms of Glory" which has been especially arranged as a band number and includes a quartette of mixed voices and a well-trained chorus, with an appropriate introduction of Christmas chimes; the other hymn is the well-known "While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night," the beautiful Christmas Carol. that proclaims to every Christian nation the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem.

While these suggestions give the groundwork of a Christmas programme, many variations will occur to those arranging for the holiday music in the home, especially where there are children who will appreciate the many Santa Claus and humorous records not mentioned in the programmes outlined above.

DECEMBER RECORDS

The Edison Amberol records for December are:

305	Angels from the Realms of Glory......	Edison Concert Band
306	When the Evening Bells are Chiming Songs of Auld Lang Syne..	Manuel Romain
307	Bach's Air....	Victor Herbert and His Orchestra
308	Down Where the Big Bananas Grow...	Collins and Harlan
309	Life's Highway..........	Ada Jones and Chorus
310	The Bride of the Waves.....	Herbert L. Clarke
311	In the Garden of My Heart....	Reed Miller
312	The Golden Wedding....................	Ada Jones and Len Spencer
313	Selection from "The Gay Huzzars"....	American Symphony Orchestra
314	Good Luck, Mary....	Billy Murray and Chorus
315	The Garden of Dreams................	Elizabeth Wheeler and Harry Anthony
316	Waltz, Caprice.	Samuel Siegel and Roy H. Butin
317	Paddy Duffy's Cart	Edward M. Favor and Chorus
318	Annie Laurie..........	Knickerbocker Quartette
319	Manhattan Beach and El Capitan Marches..	Sousa's Band
320	In the Gloaming..	Will Oakland and Chorus
321	He was a Wonderful Man............	Ada Jones and Billy Murray
322	Medley of Country Dances..	Eugene A. Jaudas
323	Strawberries..................	Arthur Collins
324	To Thee Waltz....	New York Military Band
12065	She's My Daisy................	Harry Lauder
12070	I've Loved Her Ever Since She was a Baby......................	Harry Lauder
12080	Bonnie Leezie Lindsay.........	Harry Lauder

STANDARD RECORDS

10257	While Shepherds Watched.............	Edison Concert Band
10258	You Can't Stop Me from Loving You..	Manuel Romain
10259	I'm Going to Do What I Please..	Ada Jones
10260	Mendelssohn's Spring Song.............	Victor Herbert and His Orchestra
10261	In the Shadow of the Carolina Hills..	Arthur C. Clough
10262	Swanee Babe...............	Premier Quartette
10263	Ring Me Up Heaven, Please, Central.	Will Oakland
10264	Lincoln Centennial March.............	United States Marine Band
10265	Whose Baby Girl are You? ..	Grace Cameron
10266	Dreamland Faces.:.....................	Elizabeth Wheeler and Harry Anthony
10267	Bl-nd and P-g..................	Josie Sadler
10268	Lily of the Prairie Medley............	American Symphony Orchestra
10269	Let's Go Into a Picture Show..	Byron G. Harlan
10270	Shadows................	Anthony and Harrison
10271	Broke........................	Edward Meeker
10272	The Yankee Shuffle............	Sousa's Band
10273	Foolish Questions..............	Billy Murray
10274	How Do You Do, Miss Josephine?.....	Collins and Harlan
10275	Uncle Josh Invites the City Folks to Visit Him Down on the Farm.......	Cal Stewart
10276	Carolina Brown Two-Step...............	National (London) Military Band

* * *

The Columbia double disc records for December are:

A752	Lindas Mexicanas—Marcha (*V. M. Preza*)	Banda de Policia
	The Motor Car Galop (*J. Gilchrist*)....	Royal Regimental Band
A753	Medley of Christmas Carols (*Arranged by C. A. Prince*)..........	Prince's Orchestra
	Der Zigeunerbaron (*Schatz-Walzer*)......	Columbia Orchestra
A754	Diavoletta—Mazurka (*Camillo Renzetti*)...	Charles Adams Orchestra Bells, Orchestra Accompaniment
	Al Fin Solos—Scottish (*Lerdo*) Orquesta Tipica	Lerdo

A755 High and Low Mazurka....Martin J. Schlig
Xylophone Solo, Orchestra Accompaniment
Quartette Number One—Andante (*Rossini*)...... Lufsky Instrumental Quartette
A756 Dreaming of Mother and of Home, Sweet Home (*Holmes*) ....Columbia Quartette
Vocal quartette—male voices—Orchestra accompaniment
A Broken Idol—What Makes the World go Round (*Williams and Van Alstyne*).... Miss Stevenson and Mr. Stanley
Soprano and Baritone Duet, Orchestra Accompaniment
A757 God Be With You—Sacred (*Tomer*)...... Columbia Quartette
Vocal Quartette, Male Voices, Orchestra Accompaniment
Heaven is My Home—Sacred (*Tonzo Sauvage*) ....Henry Burr
Tenor Solo, Organ Accompaniment
A758 Blitz and Blatz in an Aeroplane (*Duprez and Roberts*) ....Duprez and Roberts
Descriptive talking, with incidental music by orchestra
Then We'll All Go Home (*Williams and Van Alstyne*) .... Ed Morton
Baritone Solo, Orchestra Accompaniment
A759 I've Lost My Gal (*Van Alstyne*) .... Miss Stevenson and Mr. Stanley
Soprano and Baritone Duet, Orchestra accompaniment
That's the Time a Fellow Wants His Ma (*Maurice Scott*) .... Jack Charman
Baritone Solo, Orchestra Accompaniment
A760 A Broken Idol—A Little China Doll (*Williams and Van Alstyne*) ....Elsie Stevenson
Soprano Solo, Orchestra Accompaniment
Angels Guard Thee (*Benjamin Godard*).. Bernard Turner
Tenor Solo, Orchestra Accompaniment
A761 Come and Spend Christmas With Me (*Helf*)...................Byron G. Harlan
Tenor Solo, Orchestra Accompaniment
Captain Baby Bunting (*Helf*) Byron G. Harlan
Tenor Solo, Orchestra Accompaniment
A762 Busby Polka—Accordion Solo....Peter Wyper
Father O'Flynn, Etc.—Irish Jig—Accordion Solo ....Peter Wyper
A5135 O Holy Night—Cantique De Noel (*Adam*)
Thomas Chalmers with Chorus from the Church of the Ascension, New York City
Silent Night—Christmas Carol — Tyrolese Hymn ....Metropolitan Trio
Vocal Trio, Mixed Voices
A763 Stabat Mater—Pro peccatis (*Rossini*).... Giuseppe Pimazzoni
Ave Maria (*Luiga Luzzi*)..Giuseppe Pimazzoni
A764 Il Trovatore—Il balen den suo sorriso (*Verdi*)...............Giuseppe Pimazzoni
Faust—Dio Possente dio d'Amor (*Gounod*) Giuseppe Pimazzoni
A765 Carmen—Toreador Song (*Bizet*)........... Giuseppe Pimazzoni
Dinorah—Romanza sei vendicata (*Meyerbeer*) ....Giuseppe Pimazzoni
A5136 Don Juan's Serenade (*Tschaikowsky*).... Kirk Towns
Gipsy John (*Clay*)................Kirk Towns
A5137 Ivanhoe—Woo Thou Thy Snowflake (*Sullivan*).......................David Bispham
Il Trovatore—Il balen (*Verdi*).David Bispham

* * *

The Victor records for December are:

5748 The Enterprisers Military March (*Lampe*) Pryor's Band
31752 Hungarian Rhapsody No. 9—Finale—Le Carnaval de Pesth (*Liszt*)......Pryor's Band
58018 Faust—Ballet Music—No. 2 adagio—Cleopatra and the Golden Cup (*Gounod*).......... L'Orchestre Symphonique
52022 Songe d'Automne—A Dream of Autumn (*Joyce*) ....The Bohemian Orchestra
31757 Gems from "The Broken Idol" (*Williams and Van Alstyne*) "A Little China Doll" —"Love Makes the World Go Round"— "Marie"—"Signs of a Honeymoon"— "Alabama"....Victor Light Opera Company
31753 Schubert's Serenade (*Franz Schubert*).... Duet by Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler
5751 Can't You See (*Bryan and Gumble*)........ Duet by Elizabeth Wheeler and Harry Macdonough
5749 Hilda Loses Her Job.................... German Dialect Specialty by Josie Sadler
31756 Danse Caprice (*Grieg*)..Vienna String Quartette
5750 Chant sans parole—Song without words (*Tschaikowsky*) ....Vienna String Quartette
31754 Aida—Duet, Act IV—The Fatal Stone (*Verdi*) By Arthur Pryor and Emil Keneke accompanied by Pryor's Band
16368 Irish Dances—No. 1, Allegro non troppo (*Ansell-Godfrey*) ....Pryor's Band
Irish Dances—No. 2, Allegretto...Pryor's Band
16376 Popular Medley, No. 1—"My Pony Boy" — "Hammock Love Song" — "Creole Days"—"I Love My Wife, But Oh, You Kid"..................Pryor's Band
When the Autumn Moon is Creeping Thro' the Woodlands (*Rosenfeld-Solman*).... Oakland
16372 Home of the Soul..Whitney Brothers Quartette
I Am Praying for You............Stanley Burr
16370 Blue Feather (*Mahoney-Morse*)..Jones-Murray
Run, Brudder 'Possum, Run....Collins-Harlan
16378 The Yankiana Rag—Oh! That Yankee Rag..............................Murray
A Couple of Good Ones..............Whitney
35085 Red, Red Rose ....Clough and Haydn Quartette
My Wild Irish Rose.................... Macdonough and Haydn Quartette
16374 Polka Scherzo......................Page-Butin
Semprona Waltz ....Clarke-Keneke
16377 Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet........ Haydn Quartette
It's Hard to Kiss Your Sweetheart When the Last Kiss Means Good-Bye.Van Brunt
16379 Corn Huskin' Barn Dance.............. Victor Dance Orchestra
"A Stubborn Cinderella"—Selection..... Pryor's Band
16375 Floating Along—Intermezzo-Two-Step...... Pryor's Band
Yankee Patrol (*Meacham*)....Victor Orchestra
16373 Mammy Chloe and Her Joe—A Southern Sketch ....Jones-Spencer
Kitty Magee ......Whitney Brothers Quartette
16369 I Cannot Sing the Old Songs (*Claribel*) Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler
Forsaken (*Koschat*)..Whitney Brothers Quartette

NEW RED SEAL RECORDS

87030 Madama Butterfly—Finale ultimo—Butterfly's Death Scene (*Puccini*).Geraldine Farrar
87031 Madama Butterfly—Ieri son salita—Hear What I Say (*Puccini*)......Geraldine Farrar
Twelve-inch, with orchestra, $3.00 each
88192 Tosca—Vissi d'arte e d'amor—Love and Music—In Italian(*Puccini*) .Geraldine Farrar
88193 Bonnie Sweet Bessie—In English (*Gilbert*) Geraldine Farrar
87032 The Children's Prayer—In English (*Reger*) Ernestine Schumann-Heink
Liebesfeier—Love's Fire—In German (*Weingartner*) ....Ernestine Schumann-Heink
88196 Titus—Sextus Aria—In Italian (*Mozart*)... Ernestine Schumann-Heink
88197 Mondnacht—Moonlight—In German (*Schumann*) ....Ernestine Schumann-Heink
88198 Orfeo—J'ai perdu mon Euridice—I Have Lost My Eurydice (*Gluck*)............ Jeanne Gerville-Reache
88194 Don Giovanni—Serenata, "Deh vieni alla finestra"—Open Thy Window, Love (*Mozart*) ....Antonio Scotti
Falstaff—Quand' ero paggio—When I Was Page (*Verdi*)..................Antonio Scotti
88195 Falstaff—Monologue, "L'Onore! Ladri!" —Honor, Ye Ruffians! (*Verdi*).Antonio Scotti
87502 Contes d'Hoffman—Barcarole—Oh, Night of Love (*Offenbach*).................... Geraldine Farrar—Antonio Scotti
89027 Nozze di Figaro—Crudel perche finora—Too Long You Have Deceived Me (*Mozart*) Geraldine Farrar—Antonio Scotti
89026 Madama Butterfly—Tutti i fior—Duet of the Flowers (*Puccini*)................. Geraldine Farrar—Josephine Jacoby

A CUBAN PLANTATION

By FLYNN WAYNE

SINCE the close of the Spanish-American War, many alert and enterprising Americans have availed themselves of the radically changed conditions of life and business in Cuba. Immense tracts of rich, virgin territory have already, in some cases, proved to be the sure foundation of profitable development.

In the midst of a group of gentlemen interested in the agricultural development of Cuba, I met Mr. Emile Utard, long and widely known in connection with the New York house of the world-famous Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud of Paris; he gave me much interesting information as to what had already been accomplished by American capital and enterprise in Cuba. Although a foreign and independent country, the island is so near to our shores and so intimately connected with our markets by heavy investments, increasing trade and rapidly improving transportation, that it offers astonishing opportunities to men of action and foresight.

Mr. Utard's explanation threw a bright light on the possibilities of such properties as the Baracoa Plantation, in which he is interested. The plantation includes about 73,000 acres, known formerly as Cayo-Guin and Baez Plantation, and offers splendid conditions and resources for lumbering operations, and growing cocoanut and cacao trees, citrus fruits, cotton and coffee, and produces honey, wax and cocoanuts.

Situated on the eastern extremity of the long, northern coastline of the "Queen of the Antilles," the property lies about ten miles from Baracoa, long famous as the principal source whence the highly colored and delicious "Baracoa bananas" were originally shipped. For about six miles the plantation extends along the coast to Maguana Bay, buttressed by strata of limestone and coral, which form a natural sea wall rising from six to twenty-five feet above mean high-water mark, broken naturally only at the river outlets. Back from this natural rampart is a level shelf of land, that looks almost like a boulevard. About four hundred yards in width, this natural roadway is in turn broken by a more ancient sea wall, largely corroded by time and weather, above which rises abruptly a parallel range of hills, from one hundred to three hundred feet in height. These gradually merge into loftier elevations inland, capped by the broken and irregular mountains of the northern coast range, of which the Silla de Baez and Mount Magirre, about three thousand feet high, are the greatest elevations.

The land is well watered and equally well drained by six rivers, including the Maravi River, which forms the southern boundary. All the others have their source within the Baracoa Plantation, and the broad valleys of the Baez and Cueva afford good locations for roadways to a large part of the property. The wonderfully productive soil is often very deep and abounding in vegetable humus, giving it great and enduring fertility.

While the rainfall is heavy those slopes which have been cleared and planted with cocoanut palms, coffee, corn and cacao never as yet have suffered from the wash of the tropical storms.

Of six bays on the property, two afford safe anchorage for ships of any size. Maravi, the largest, has a long, narrow channel and from three to eight fathoms of water at the inner anchorage. At Baez Bay a small amount of dredging on the bar to widen the river channel would admit shoal water craft through the Baez River, also navigable fo some hundreds of yards inland.

A stalwart forest growth covers nearly the whole territory, averaging a stumpage in the sections explored of over twelve thousand feet to the acre. There are large tracts of pine and other woods which already have a standard value both for the production of tar, resin and turpentine, and also for lumber, to be utilized for cabinet work and railroad ties. Over eighty varieties of trees have been discovered and classified, most of which are evergreen, rarely losing all their leaves at once in any one season. Some twelve or fifteen of these woods have a recognized value in the markets of the world; a number of other timbers have a market limited to Cuban cities and other West Indian points, where the toughness, hardness, lightness or beauty of the wood has established a reputation of value. These and others are being introduced to the notice of the world's workmen who only occasionally have been privileged to avail themselves of their varied uses and beauties.

Sample plats carefully measured and examined on the La Cueva and Baez River bottoms have shown from 124 to 136 trees to the acre, and on rolling land in the same localities as high as 170 trees, giving a stumpage of from 8,306 to 17,906 feet per acre. Much of this is lumber which brings as high as $200 and even more per thousand feet; it furnishes railroad ties so hard and durable that they will last two or three times as long as those of wood ordinarily used.

"This magnificent property," said Mr. Utard, "is at present practically standing idle, because my business cares make it impossible for me to avail myself of the fine opportunities it offers for the establishment in one of the healthiest, most beautiful and fertile sections of the 'Queen of the Antilles,' a profitable lumbering business and a princely plantation on the cleared land. I have thought that possibly the quickest mode of development would be the founding of colonies surrounded by many beautiful and profitable small plantations.

"The Baracoa property," he continued, "has been cruised over and most carefully examined by the well-known timber expert, Mr. A. B. Patterson, now of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture at Washington. His report suggests strongly that by building saw-mills on the Baez and La Cueva Rivers, and using shallow draught steam-lighters for loading large timber-ships in the outer roadstead, this vast tract could be at once immensely productive.

"Logging operations should be preliminary to clearing the ground wherever suitable for the production of cocoanuts, bananas, pineapples, cacao, cassava, peanuts, rubber, coffee, and other crops. Long before the logging operations of the Baracoa Plantation could be completed, the value of the agricultural productions of its fertile lands would even exceed the lumber output.

"In addition to other lumbering, there would be a constantly growing business in cutting and shipping to the United States and European markets the hickory-like Cuban woods, which are urgently needed to supply the enormous demand for the American walnut, shagbark, hornbeam and other tested woods, that have made United States carriages, sleighs, tool-handles and other manufactured articles justly famous for combined lightness, elasticity and strength.

"Among Cuban woods already marketed and found in quantity on the Baracoa Plantation, are the agua, whose trunk is covered with cone-like thorns and attains a diameter of two feet. Its wood ranges from nearly white to yellow, and in grain and suitability for fine work rivals satinwood. Cuaridiao has a light grayish scaly bark, with white sapwood and reddish heart-wood, and is used for buildings, wagon work and tanning. Drague has a fluted hole, of large size, with a white, soft wood like basswood. Jucaro, the wild olive of Jamaica, one of the most common trees on the estate, attains a diameter of forty-eight inches, and, perhaps, sixty feet of clear length and very slight taper. It is in great demand especially for wharf and floating structures, as it is almost immune from the attacks of insects.

"Majagua de Cuba has leaves like our basswood and the flowers and general appearance of yellow poplar; its bluish green heartwood brings from $100 to $150 per thousand feet in the Havana market.

"Najuci resembles cedar, and in color, durability and large size is very desirable; also the trees exude a gum of medicinal value. Another tree, the yamagua, is reddish in hue and may be called a medium hard wood.

"The wild fruit trees found here include the aguacate, guapau or breadfruit, guayaba or guava, jobo or West Indian plum; limes, lemons, mangoes and oranges are all grown, and also fruit unfamiliar to the palate of citizens of temperate climes, the mamey, zapate and zapatillo."

Native woodsmen earn from sixty-five to ninety cents a day, and the value of their output is estimated at $1.50 to $1.75 per diem. Mr. Utard lamented that they use the axe and waste a great deal of material where it could be saved if they knew how to handle the American saw-and-wedge system in felling.

These more modern methods could be introduced and would add thirty per cent to the returns on all woods.

While a general market exists for only twelve varieties, at least thirty-four have color, grain, strength and durability which are being eagerly sought for by manufaucturers in the United States. The railroads, hard-pressed for cross-ties, the wagon manufacturers for hickory, the cotton manufacturers for dogwood and persimmon for bobbins, will all find in these Cuban woods an adequate, if not superior substitute, for the woods which they already know. The Cubans have found twelve different species of wood suitable for cross-ties, which have been proved to last for twelve or more years. Some of the woods have been too hard to drive railroad spikes into, making it necessary either to punch or bore holes, or use screw pikes, such as are sometimes employed in European railroads.

Within a very few years at most such lumber as abounds on the Baracoa Plantation will all be needed to supply the United States, whose own timber resources are rapidly being depleted.

Some years ago the raising of hogs was introduced on the Baracoa Plantation with great success, but Mr. Utard explained that while remunerative, the animals damaged the cocoanut trees, thus detracting from their value as a stock proposition. In Cuba the hog is permitted to run wild at his own sweet will among the underbrush. Hog dogs, kept for that purpose, are loosed and they charge and catch the hog by the ear, as a collie dog herds sheep.

Where an opening in the underbrush gives access to the sunlight, grass of a fine quality grows rapidly, showing a fair, green promise for the dairy interests of Baracoa Plantation. After the timber is removed from such land it is turned over annually for a few seasons to kill the underbrush, and then these cleared spaces grow abundant grass and prove very profitable for grazing cattle and goats.

To secure quick returns Baracoa lacks only capital and labor; the returns from the timber sold alone would be sufficient to plant cocoanut groves in the slashings as fast as the ground was cleared. It has been suggested that it would be well to encourage European immigration to this part of the island, and bring in sturdy Swedes and Norwegians as tenants of the plantation. This has been done in other places along the north coast, thus securing workers to develop the rich resources of, and establish farms and modern industries in the "Pearl of the Antilles."

The well-wooded and fertile Baracoa Plantation offers to immigrants a healthful and beautiful country whose future possibilities can hardly be overrated. Whoever may purchase the land from Mr. Emile Utard of New York, who owns the controlling stock, and develop this fertile tract, will doubtless hereafter figure in history as the founder of an important part of Cuba Libre.

The wonderful fertility and natural resources of the property have been clearly demonstrated by the returns from a small portion of the property that has been cleared and developed. Preliminary operations show a net profit of $10 per acre, and there is no question that eventually the Baracoa land will pay immense profits, as has been the case with similar plantations in Cuba. The exceedingly bright prospects, which are practically assured in this property, need only to be understood to secure the interest of men who delight in handling large industrial affairs.

The company will gladly furnish fullest details and give capitalists who may be interested ample opportunity for a most thorough investigation. A copy of Mr. Patterson's report may be obtained by addressing Mr. Emile Utard, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE STORY OF "HEART SONGS"

By THE EDITOR

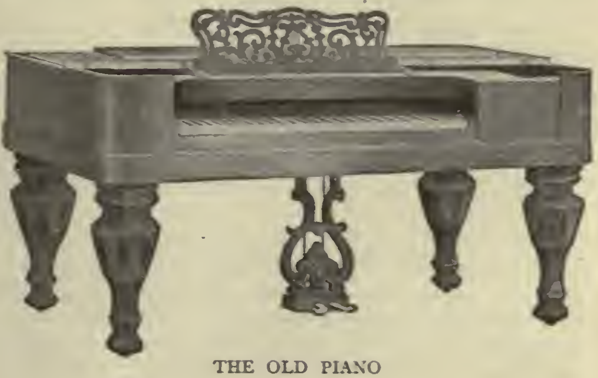
ON the old, square piano lay faded, yellow sheets of music, and tattered, worn song books, with familiar well-thumbed covers. In the glow of the lamp, evening after evening, for years, a mother sat at that piano surrounded by her boys. What cared they that the music was patched and sewn with varicolored scraps of soft yarn! Had not each piece its own tender or gay associations? One by one those boys were taught to read the notes, and the programme around "Mother's piano" was very varied—there were songs, classical music, simple lays, jolly, rollicking rounds; and hymns for Saturday nights. How difficult those black dots looked at first and how absurdly familiar and simple they became after a few evenings around the piano! What a task it seemed to master the score of the Hallelujah Chorus, and yet with mother at the instrument every phrase became as simple as a lullaby. No matter how long and hard her day had been, or how difficult her music pupils had proved, she never was too tired to teach her boys the art she loved, as long as the young brains below those tousled heads of hair remained wakeful enough to master her instructions.

Each sheet of music had its own story; it was not merely a piece of paper with printed notes upon it. There was always a reason behind those black marks—mother knew what the melody meant; or she remembered some curious circumstance connected with the pieces. The boys were told the story of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, P. P. Bliss, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mozart; she even taught an appreciation of Wagner—almost a heresy in the musical world of that time. The endless variety made the practice hours a delight, and with the love of music in the hearts of the boys there grew up an appreciation of home and parents that has ever been prized by those sons beyond any learning, any possessions that have come to them in later years. Never once was a thought entertained of taking up music as a profession—to those boys the art was a sacred expression of the love of home and mother.

Close to the pile of classical music in that home there lay many stirring national and patriotic airs, popular songs and simple ballads, always taken up at the end of the singing hour, before retiring for the night. Among these was a little German ballad, "All is quiet, all is still," with a violin obligato—for each boy played some instrument. Not one of those sons can ever forget that simple German air, and that patched sheet of music is one of the old home treasures.

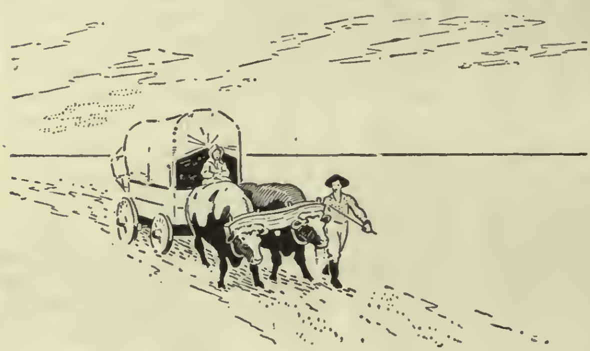
There were other singing hours—rehearsals for concerts, for operas, for church services and festivals—if these more businesslike "practices" were somewhat dreaded or disliked, the boys became reconciled to them because they knew that the drudgery would be followed by a delightful evening with mother at the home piano.

When the sons went out into the world, how they looked forward to coming back home, for even the briefest visit! No matter at what hour of day or night they arrived, the first notification, the first welcome, must be at the piano. At mother's request not one of those boys entered the house, after even a



THE OLD PIANO

short absence, but he sat down to the piano and sang his favorite song. What a pleasure it was for mother sometimes to awaken in the dawn and hear one of her boys, come unexpectedly from afar, lustily singing the song that she had taught him when he was a little lad. Strange to say, the neighbors did not object; they smiled and said that they always knew when one of the boys had come home. In those reunions every spare moment, whether late at night or early in the morning, was devoted to the home shrine—the old piano. What a delight it was to pick up the familiar pages of music, old melodies "out of fashion" today, and sing them all again while mother played the accompaniment.



It was a bridal party traveling in a prairie schooner across the rolling green waves of the Iowa landscape, in the late sixties. The young people were starting out to build a home on the banks of the Cedar. In that caravan, among the simple, homely household chattels, was a square Steinway piano, and what a romance hung about that instrument! The home was established. There were happy days of pioneering, when all life seemed rose-colored and the hours of hard work were full of inspiration. Iowa in those days was like a scroll of Paradise, a fertile spot of hidden wealth, that waited in the soil to be wrought out by the sturdy hands of the cultivator, rather than by the pick and shovel of the miner.

As time passed, the boys left the old home, but the piano remained with the mother; and who shall tell of the lonely hours that were cheered by the presence of the piano. Even in that little village there were rivalries and jealousies, but through it all there never was a time when the owner of the piano did not have her sure and certain triumph. The mentor in church music, the leader of choirs, the conductor of cantatas and operettas, she never had a day of idleness from the time she started out to teach the art she loved. But there was a mortgage on that home which it seemed impossible to lift. The boys went farther West and later on there came another pioneer trip—this time to the plains of North Dakota, and there in a little rough shanty, twelve feet by twenty-four, the music of well known operas blended with the wild winds that blew around the humble home. Those were happy days, for the boys and their parents were once more united. When the young people had been established in a life career, the piano once more reigned supreme in the Iowa home, from which the mortgage had been lifted. Who that attended the musical festival, given to celebrate the release from debt, will ever forget it! Of course all the sons had returned. There were the old friends and neighbors of the early days—some of them tottering with age, who yet had ventured out to hear once more the strains from the well-known piano, that was regarded as a complete orchestra for all these musical events. In the years that followed, the sons were scattered again to the four corners of the nation, but never a Christmas passed without the performance of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" at the old home, and the difficult accompaniment was played by those beautiful hands that neither time nor toil seemed to wither.

As the years passed, the boys brought home their brides, and the bride of many years ago played the wedding march for each in turn upon the old piano, whose ivory keys were now worn hollow by the continual practising of students and the many hours of playing by the owner.

What words can paint the picture of those last days, when an incurable malady had set in, and the mother and music teacher reached out to play on the keyboard the "Swan Song" of Schubert. There was no gloom in that picture; the blue eyes still sparkled with hope and happiness that no illness could dim.

What a tribute it is to her memory, when, even at this late day, we never hear her name mentioned except in terms of love and respect, and always with some allusion to the music she brought forth from her stalwart square piano. Can we ever forget the singing of those favorite hymns, as she was taken for the last time from her home? Those sacred words were sung by her four boys at her request, but sung in broken voices and with blinding tears, even when they realized what a blessing it was to have had such a mother.

But the harp was not yet unstrung. The well-loved piano was taken to an island in far-off Lake Superior, and there, in a little cottage, it still awakens the echoes and recalls the tender memories of that beautiful and helpful life. There among the cedars and birch trees, in the historic spot close to where Father Marquette and his voyageurs landed in 1664, the old piano yet peals forth its message to those who are taking days of rest in the summer home.

* * *

Long ago, the plan and purpose of "Heart Songs" grew in the evenings around the old piano. It has required years of effort to collect favorite songs from homes all over the country, but the time spent in lookng up these "loves of long ago" and more modern pet pieces, has reaped a rich reward. Carefully the sheet music and numerous books have been gone over and it will no longer be necessary to search old trunks in attics, or antique music cabinets, for our best loved songs—they are all bound together in one book—old friends in a pretty new dress—a beautiful "Heart Songs" book, the fruit of years of thought and planning. Over twenty thousand persons, representing every state and territory, sent in contributions to this famous book.

Never before has a collection of so wide and varied a range been put between the covers of a single volume. Song after song was examined by the judges and laid aside, until the real favorites were reached—just as one searches through piles of music in the cabinet for one especial piece, and incidentally finds songs fragrant with memories of long ago, or rich with newer associations, that are laid by to be sung when the search is finished. Yes, "Heart Songs" is the very book that contains those selections that you are looking for—those songs that you would like to keep close to the piano ready to take up in the leisure hour and say:

"Come, let's sing this next."

The book is opened—from "grave to gay, from lively to severe"; from plaintive lay to stirring chorus—the memories gather in great chords that echo back the past, like a message from Heaven. The gentle blue eyes of mother seem to beam again upon us as the dear old songs are sung, which disperse the dark shadows and thrill the heart with thoughts of those whom we have "loved long since and lost awhile."

* * *

The foreword of the volume furnishes a comprehensive idea of this remarkable book of undying melodies.

"'Heart Songs' is more than a collection of music—it is a book compiled directly by twenty thousand people, who not only sent in their favorite songs, but in accompanying letters told how these songs had been interwoven with the story of their own lives. All have been sent in by men and women who loved them; who cared little for the prizes, but desired to add a truly worthy contribution to the collection of Heart Songs. The personal associations of these melodies add to the familiar words a new thrill of heart interest. Each song recalls to the individual reader some tender, sad, joyous or martial association. It is a book which will be to American musical literature what 'Heart Throbs' is to prose and verse.

"For four years contributions have poured in from all parts of the republic—from neighboring Canada and Mexico; from distant isles of the sea and almost every continent on the globe—yet the harvest was overwhelmingly American, and although sectional features have added much to the variety of songs and to some extent represent days of strife and dissension, the mass of heart tributes shows how nearly and closely all true American hearts beat in unison, and how the bonds of music are universal.

"The original plan was to divide the contributions into ten classes as indicated in the announcements:—Patriotic and war songs; sea songs; lullabies and child songs; dancing songs, lilts and jigs; plantation and negro melodies; sacred songs and hymns; love songs; songs from operas and operettas; popular concert hall songs and ballads;

college, school and fraternity songs. It was soon discovered that no balanced classification could be made—the tremendous preponderance of love songs, hymns, college songs, ballads, operatic and patriotic airs, any one of which might have been adjudged correctly to two or more classes, soon convinced the judges that to make the book a true reflection of the contributors' tastes and feelings—a Heart Song book in the true sense—some classes would have to be abridged and selections made with a view to securing those songs about which cluster personal and heartfelt associations.

"In the mails came the yellow, ragged, timeworn music that had been on 'mother's' piano when as a young man 'father' timidly turned the music and with a glance silently responded to love's message. Old songs and hymns came in, betwixt covers that were familiar thirty, forty and fifty years ago. The old-time singing school was represented, and many a stirring strain that had made the crisp winter air ring, as the refrain was sung on a sleigh ride.

"Contributors in the far West sent in songs that have the breezy 'go' and dash of the intrepid pioneer. Eastern readers preserved for us songs that have been factors in history-making, and the consensus of opinion on patriotic songs reveals 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'Dixie' and 'America' as the standard all over the land.

"The old-time sea songs, the chanteys and stirring airs, sung at capstan and halyard, were sent in by those whose memories of old days were kindled when a request came for music having in it the tang of salt air, the rush of sharp bows against crested seas, and the vikings of forgotten voyages and old wars. 'A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew,' 'Blow, Boys, Blow,' 'A Life On The Ocean Wave' came in side by side with 'Sailing,' 'Nancy Lee' and many others which suggest the scud of the white foam and the careening deck.

"The lullabies include some rare gems—plaintive minor airs of the past century, rich with sacred memories of mothers crooning over old wooden cradles, but modern selections, Emmet's 'Lullaby' and the sweet refrain from 'Erminie' were not overlooked. 'Rock-a-bye, Baby' proved a very popular favorite.

"Many of the lilts and dancing tunes are full of suggestions of a remote past, and martial events possess a close kinship to love songs because of romantic memories of festal nights when dainty feet kept time to the strains of 'Old Dan Tucker,' as the couples mustered reluctantly for 'the last dance.'

"Southern contributors brought to light stirring and plaintive melodies that swayed the hearts of millions during the dark days of the Lost Cause, nor did the North forget songs that were sung with heartache and tearful eyes, or cheered march and bivouac. The remarkable interest centering in the old darkey songs—the melodies of the Jubilee singers, breathing of old plantation days, show that the folk songs of America and even our national music of the future must bear the impress of the race that gave us this class of music. This is already indicated in the popularity of 'rag time,' which has already found its way into well-known symphonies, reflecting the *motif* that rings through such an air as 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.'

"Strange to relate, the chief difficulty was in the selection of love songs. While a wide range of selection was offered, the contributors were more insistent on the merit of these particular songs than on any other music sent in, because these melodies had meant so much to them in the days of 'love's young dream.' The man or woman who had found a thrill in singing 'Bonny Eloise' could not understand how 'Sweet Genevieve' and more modern songs could mean so much to others. Consequently the judges reduced them all to the common denominator of heart interest and found that the old, old story is ever new, and always bewitching, no matter how the melody may vary. 'Annie Laurie' is the one great international favorite ballad of all English-speaking people.

"There was remarkable unanimity in the choice of hymns. The universal selection seemed to turn to 'mother's favorite,' which had meant so much at the turning point of life's highway. The choice of 'Lead, Kindly Light' and 'Come, Thou Fount,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' and other hymns loved by many celebrated men, proved these songs to be also the favorites of people all over the world.

"In operatic selections the familiar arias of Verdi, echoed around the world, were most in favor. The song of Manrico in the tower appeared to touch more hearts than any other aria sung behind American operatic footlights. Popular opera airs were mingled through the other classes.

"The long list of concert songs submitted contained many beautiful and rare selections, but the greater number were songs that have been household words for many a day, and some are still largely sold after nearly a half century of publication. These contributions throw an interesting light on national character. The popularity of 'Old Folks at Home' and 'My Old Kentucky Home' was emphasized, and 'Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground' was a strong universal favorite. The melody and sentiment of the songs of Stephen C. Foster come close to the affections of the American people, and Dan Emmet, Henry C. Work, Root and other composers who flourished between 1840 and 1880 are well represented. 'Old Black Joe,' 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginny' and many other sweetly human songs were sent in by large numbers.

"The choice of college songs proved to be a matter of location. There were prime old favorites that have been inherited from the halcyon days of early schools, and are full of patriotic sentiment; many of these are almost classics, being standard tunes with only a variation in the words. 'My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean' and 'The Quilting Party' appeared equally attractive to various alma maters.

"Like 'Heart Throbs,' this book represents the history, the sentiment of the American people of today, as well as of the various European races who, in this new world, have been moulded into a great and powerful nation. 'Heart Songs' is a valuable and striking gauge and indicator of the popular taste of the people now comprising the republic of the United States of America. Few 'rag time' songs were sent in; operatic selections were not largely in favor. Love ballads, patriotic, sacred and concert melodies were the most popular.

"Songs that have entertained thousands from childhood to the grave and have voiced the pleasure and pain, the love and longing, the despair and delight, the sorrow and resignation, and the consolation of the plain people—who found in these an utterance for emotions which they felt but could not express—came in by the thousands. The yellow sheets of music bear evidence of constant use; in times of war and peace, victory and defeat, good and evil fortune, these sweet strains have blended with the coarser thread of human life and offered to the joyful or saddened soul a suggestion of uplift, sympathy and hope.

"It is not unlikely that a second volume of 'Heart Songs' will be demanded by the American public if the publishers can judge by the orders already received for the first. There is ample material not drawn upon, and still more contributions indicate that the mine has only begun to yield its treasury of heart songs."

PRIZE AWARDS IN THE HEART SONG CONTEST WERE MADE TO THE FOLLOWING:

Tuthill, Miss Ella, Box 102, Pringhar, Ia.
Turner, Mrs. J. L., Brewer Me.
Thomas, Miss Carrie, Memphis, Tenn.
Sweetser, Mrs. Clara E., Cumberland Center, Me.
Sturdivant, Mrs. P. D., 27 Whittemore West Roxbury, Mass.
Shefley, Miriam, 515 Moon St., Marion, Va.
Sigsbee, Mrs. A. L., 820 Elm S., Quincy, Ill.
Rominger, Chas. H., Nazareth, Pa.
Rogers, Lulu K., Barnesville, Ga.
Pound, Mr. John, Dover, N. H.
Robbins, Mrs. L. E., Quanah, Tex.
Pointer, Mrs. May, Macon, Ill.
Norrell, Mrs. M. G., 1151 R. R. Ave., Augusta, Ga.
Morrison, Mrs. S. C., 298 Main St., Brunswick, Me.
Morehead, M. A., No. Webster, Ind.
McCauseland, S. A., Lexington, Mo.
McCaughy, Mrs. J. B., Camden, Ark.
Kincaid, Mrs. Wm., 15 Howard St., Phillipsburg, N. J.
Cooper, Mrs. T., 40 St. Botolph St., Melrose Highlands, Mass.
Cook, Mrs. R. J., Des Moines, Ia.
Clark, Mrs. Margaret, Waverly, Ia.
Cawthorne, Elsie M., Grass Valley, Ore.
Burrill, Gertrude B., Brewer, Me.
Bernard, B. Caldwell, Senatobi, Mo.
Wilson, Mrs. D. T., Deer Creek, Ill.
Waring, Mrs. Jennie S., Lynn, Ky.
Van Wyck, Jennie, Hopewell Jct., N. Y.
Tyler, Mabel, Ute, Ia.
Toler, Nettie, Lawrence, Kan.
Smith, Geo. W., Hudson River State Hospital, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Swetman, Mae E., Phoenix, Ariz.
Silber Mrs. T. H., Wellsville, O.
Sessions, Mrs. D. L., Avon Park, Fla.
Sanderson, L. W., 17 Hough St., Dover, N. H.
Sanborn, S. W., Waban, Mass.
Preston, L., 1307 S. 14th St., Denver, Colo.
Peak, Howard, Ft. Worth, Tex.
Johnson, Mrs. Polk G., Clarksville, Tenn.
Jackson, Mrs. E. A., Wadsworth, Nev.
Hurd, Mrs. G. W., Dundee, Mich.
Harris, Clarence, 726 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Hall, Carrie, Winthrop, Mass.
Frantz, Mrs. E. B., Cedarville, O.
Fowler, 413 Auburn Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Ellesbie, Mrs. J. E., Marion, S. C.
Easterly, C. K., Bartlesville, I. T.
Drennan, G. T., New Orleans, La.
Dickerman, Miss Amelia, Ransomville, N. Y.
Dial, T. B., Madison, Fla.
Deveraux Mrs. F. E.
De Witte, Estella, 1612 Jennings St., Ft. Worth, Tex.
David, Mrs. Edna, Greenville, S. C.
Byrne, Miss Nell, Tilden, Tex.
Brown, Viola Gardner, Box 33, Marengo, Ia.
Brooks, Jenny, Stafford Springs, Conn.
Blood, Mrs. L. M., Bucksport, Me.
Blaisdell, M. F.
Wright, Miss J. Alta, Chebausee, Ill.
Whitehouse, A. Y., 200 Carr Ave., Cleveland, O.
Underwood, Matilda, Mechanicsburg, Pa.
Taylor, Miss Belle, 401 Fannin St., Austin, Tex.
Ryan, Miss Cora, 844 Bridge St., Morgantown, W. Va.
Robison, Mrs. James A., Greenwood, Ind.
Rhoads, Miss May, Milton, N. Y.
Reid, Mrs. S. R., Morrillton, Ark.
Proctor, Edna Dean, 2312 Warring St., Berkeley, Cal.
Pickering, J. H., Bluefield, W. Va., Mercer Co.
Pettie, Mrs. J. H., Avoca, N. Y.
Patton, Mrs. C. G., So. Attleboro, Mass.
Nisbit, Mrs. J. B., Washington, D. C.
Nelson, Rev. F. B., Wheelock, Vt.
Morse, Guy B., 2523 Chicago Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Lisk, Nettie, Grahamsville, Fla.

McDermott, Grace, 8 Varney St., Forest Hills, Mass.
McArdle, Mrs. J. H.
Lindholm, Viola, Columbia, Miss.
Lancey, Anna J.
Kimlin, Julia, Quincy, Ill.
Kent, Anna Huber, Farmer City, Ill.
Kenny, Dora L., Watkins, N. Y.
Kelly, Jennie, Emmetsburg, Ia.
Kelly, Chas., 163 No. Walnut St., Akron, O.
Keith, A. M., 252 N. Hoffman St., Baltimore, Md.
Huntington, Geo., Northfield, Minn.
Hart, Mrs. T. H., Ellerbe, N. C.
Hanson, Mrs. Thos. A., 74 Lafayette St., Pontiac, Mich.
Gray, Mrs. A. A., Palmyra, Va.
Gilbert, Clara D., 144 R. I. Ave., Washington, D. C.
Green, G. E., Hollister, Cal.
Gardner, Mrs. Charity, 1529 Newton St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Galbraith, C. P., State Librarian, Columbus, O.
Floyd, Lillabelle, Lockesburg, Ark.
Fisher, W. A., Minneapolis, Minn.
Eisenbise, Mrs. Edna, Lanark, Ill.
Darlington, Mrs. M. C., Lucasville, O.
Bowles, Mrs. James W., Waynesville, N. C.
Bearce, Mrs. E. G., West Peru, Me.
Ameden, Miss L. Lucinda, Roubax, S. Dak.
Ater, Mrs. E. M., Williamsport, O.
Alloway, Christine, Huntingdon, Quebec, Canada.
McArdle, Katherine, Omaha, Neb.
G F. B., St. George, Del.
Meachers, Mrs. R. E., Berlin, N. Dak.
Moore, Mrs. Harvey L.
Alkison, Norman B., Grangeville, Ida.
Pearce, Josephine, Thomasville, Ala.
Acker, C. D., Los Banos, Cal.
Ackerman, Miss Ella, Cottageville, S. C.
Adams, H. C., Belmont, N. H.
Adams, Mrs. Lexura, Ft. Anne, N. Y.
Adams, Sarah T., Lowell, Mass.
Adlitmer, B. S., Berkeley, Cal.
Alden, Emeline B., Centerburg, O.
Alford, F. M., Avon, Conn.
Anderson, A. M., St. Paul, Minn.
Anderson, Hazel, Wellington, Kan.
Anderson, N. L. G., Jenningston, W. Va.
Armstrong, G., Houston, Tex.
Ashby, Nell, Madisonville, Ky.
Ashmore, Mrs. M. E., Elizabeth, Ill.
Avril, Chas., Denver, Colo.
Avery, Miss Myrtle M., Oldtown, Me.
Bailey, Mrs. M. J., Custer, S. Dak.
Bailey, Minnie, Summerville, Ga.
Bailey, Zetta, Harrisville, Pa.
Baldwin, Mrs. A. C., Austin, Tex.
Baker, L. D., Comstock, N. Y.
Ballard, L. W., Lewiston, Me.
Bancroft, Mrs. S. C., St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Banta, Hattie A., Hanover, Ind.
Barnard, Mrs. J. W., Little Rock, Ark.
Barnard, Miss Florence, Little Rock, Ark.
Barnes, Ellen, Battle Creek, Mich.
Barnhart, Mrs. E. G., Tiffin, O.
Barnm, Mrs. Gahilma, Charlotte, Mich.
Barnum, S. L., San Francisco, Cal.
Barnum, S. M., San Francisco, Cal.
Barkyte, Miss Kate, Sme Prairie, Wis.
Barnes, Adelia L., Maquoketa, Ia.
Barnes, Geo. H., Roxobel, N. C.
Barr, Madie Arnott, San Diego, Cal.
Baskin, L. F., Okolona, Miss.
Bean, Ella A., Wellington, Me.
Beane, M. E., Coventry, Vt.
Beanan, R. E., Atlus, Okla.
Beddome, B., Lacombe, Canada.
Bell, Mrs. Geo. W., Augusta, Ga.
Bell, Mrs. N. E., Sparks, Nev.
Bennett, Mrs. F. B., Lamoure, N. Dak.
Bennett, Ethel, Lamoure, N. Dak.
Benson, Mrs. Courtney, Grand Rapids, Minn.
Berdan, Miss Eliz., Chicago, Ill.
Berrill, Mrs. N. E., Brewer, Me.
Betcher, May R., No. Liberty, Ind.
Bicknell, Florence, Watkins, N. Y.
Bilibro, Miss Mathilde, Gadsden, Ala.
Billington, Lillie L., Springfield, Ill.
Bitner, E. F New York City, N. Y.
Blackburn, J. F., War Eagle, Ark.
Blodgett, Miss Fannie, Ripon, Wis.
Boar, James W., Waynesville, N. C.
Buffington, Miss M. P., Dorchester, Mass.
Bohri, Chas. F., Clark, S. Dak.
Boker, Daniel C., Wunsan, Wis.
Bolt, Mrs. T. J., Villisca, Ia.
Bond, Ida Frances, Worcester, Mass.
Boldir, Mrs. Mary E., Mt. Vernon, Ia.
Braun, Mrs. Annie E., Breckenridge, Minn.
Bowers, J., Stafford Springs, Conn.
Bowman, Mrs. John C., Lancaster, Pa.
Bradley, Miss, Haverhill, Mass.
Brace, Helen D., Washington, D. C.
Brake, Genevieve, Auburn, W. Va.
Brierly, Lillian E., Ocean Grove, N. J.
Brigge, Mr. Walter, Lyons, Ia.
Briggs, Mrs. Florence E., Davenport, Ia.
Brookings, Mrs. E. D., Yankton, S. Dak.
Brown, Mrs. Annie L., Breckenridge, Minn.
Brown, Mrs. F. W., Monango, N. Dak.
Brown, H. W., Mineral, Va.
Brown, Mrs. J. W., Westmount, Que.
Brown, Milly E., Cleveland, O.
Brown, Miss S. E., Lynedock, Ont.
Brown, Miss Minnie L., Rochester, N. Y.
Brown, Mrs. V. Morgan, Evansville, Ind.
Brown, Mrs. N. S., Glenwood, Ia.
Broxbahn, Thos., Middlefield, N. Y.
Brumage, Rebecca, Roseville, O.
Buckley, Jennie M., Delphi, Ind.
Buey, Martha Davis, Ellisburg, N. Y.
Burke, Mrs. E. J., Mt. Peru, Me.
Burkhead, Mrs. Nora, Armstrong, Ia.
Burkanan, Mrs. A. C., Harrisville, Pa.
Burrows, Arthur S., Rev., Worcester, Mass.
Burstow, H. L., Lancaster, Mass.
Burt, R. W., Peoria, Ill.
Butler, Harriet, Marburg, Canada.
Cady, A. L., Ashu, Okla.
Cajune, Louisa A., Toledo, Ia.
Caldwell, Helen L., Rogersville, Tenn.
Calvert, Miss Kathryn, Chicago, Ill.
Campbell, E. R., Iron Hill, Md.
Campbell, K. L., Orangeburg, S. C.
Carpenter, H. A., Apponaug, R. I.
Case, Mrs. Kate E., Craftonville, Cal.
Cashun, Maud J., Lynn, Mass.
Carson, Mrs. M. L., Chino, Cal.
Carson, Mrs. M. E., Webster Groves, Mo.
Caster, A. J., Los Angeles, Cal.
Carter, Dr. R. K., Blue Ridge, Pa.
Cathie, Annie Gordan, Dorchester, Mass.
Catten, G. C. G., So. Attleboro, Mass.
Cavaness, A. A. B., Baldwin, Kan.
Chamberlain, Mrs. Sara, Cannonsburg, Miss.
Chamberlain, A. Otis, Cambridge, Mass.
Chapell, Oceanna, Dorchester, Mass.
Chase, Miss A. C., Jackson, Miss.
Chase, Mrs. Everett, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Chase, John P., Bangor, Me.
Chase, Susie J., Waterford, N. Y.
Cheesman, Jennie E., El Paso, Tex.
Chemo, Mrs., Carson, Colo.
Cheny, Mr. A. J., Chicago, Ill.
Chick, Edith P., Madison, N. H.
Christian, Mary E., Richmond, Va.
Clanford, W. L., Seminary, Miss.
Clarence, Mrs. Grant, Cedar, Ia.
Clark, Mr. John E., Pembroke, Me.
Clarke, Rachel, Cochituate, Mass.
Clifford, Mrs. L., Newburg, Ia.
Cobenour, Tannie M., Missoula, Mont.
Cohman, Miss E. S., Eagle River, Wis.
Cos, Lydia Pearl, Chicago, Ill.
Colburn, A. B., Allegan, Mich.
Colt, Sarah Isham, Roxbury, Conn.
Colby, Mrs. Calvin, Sterling, N. Y.
Cole, Mrs. Harry, Akron, O.
Collins, Miss Mary, Akron, O.
Commerford, Geo., Manchester, Ia.
Conklin, Helen, Monclora, O.
Conner, Dan'l, San Pedro, Cal.
Conner, Mrs. W. E., Sedalia, Mo.
Conway, Richard, Muskogee, Ind. T.
Cook, Mrs. C. A., Greenville, S. C.
Cook, Miss Sallie J., Cool Springs, N. C.
Cook, Sherman, Wellington, Me.
Corbin, Miss Lucy, Columbia, O.
Corliss, Mrs. John L., Reed's Ferry, N. H.
Carnell, Mrs. M. E., Chicago, Ill.
Cossgreve, James E., Clarington, Pa.
Cotton, Mrs. W. F., Warnego, Kan.
Cowan, S. L., Grangeville, Ida.
Craig, Mrs. Agnes, Asher, Okla.
Craig, Miss E., Boston, Mass.
Crambiet, Carrie, New Athens, O.
Cramblet, J. P., New Athens, O.
Crave, H. B., Plainfield, N. J.
Crenshaw, Mrs. A. C., College Park, Ga.
Crickard, Lida, Delaware, O.
Crisvill, Mrs. G. S., Franklin, Pa.
Crosby, Mrs. W. H., Fort Ann, N. Y.
Crocher, Sarah P., West Dover, O.
Crossette, G. W., Cleveland, O.
Cunningham, Mrs. R. J., Bridgeport, Ill.
Currier, Mrs. J. F., Oneida, Wis.
Courtright, Mrs. J. O., Lincoln, Ark.
Crirrill, Mrs. G. S., Franklin, Pa.
Curry, Geo. A., Gastonville, Pa.
Cushman, Maud I., Lynn, Mass.
Darby, Mrs. B. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Dair, Mary M., Burnside, Pa.
Daugherty, Miss Lallie, Owingsville, Ky.
Davies, Helen E., Rockland, Me.
Davis, D. W. C., Norristown, Tenn.
Dawes, Geo. H., Tomahawk Lake, Wis.
De Baun, Mrs. Jas., Milwaukee, Wis.
Dellinger, Maud, W. Hills, O.
Delp, Miss Mae, Elk Creek, Va.
Dehl, Orina R., Eureka, Ill.
Derthick, Mrs. G., Indiahoma, Okla.
Denton, Mrs. Minnie, Boston, Mass.
De Vassee, John, Coalburg, O.
Dickerman, E. P., Galena, O.
Dickinson, Miss E. B., Hurtsboro, Ala.
Dickerson, W. H., Earlville, Ill.
Dickerson, T. N., Denver, Colo.
Dickinson, H. E. Hart, Sullivan, Ind.
Doak, A. H. K., Springfield, Mass.
Doak, Mrs. J. A., Derry Station, Pa.
Dobb, Mrs. Elena, Cromanton, Fla.
Donaldson, Mrs. M. G., Mahoning, O.
Donly, Mrs. Winifred Fancher, Austin, Ill.
Dorser, Miss Lillian, Jonesboro, East Tenn
Dorsey, Mrs. H. E., Moro, Ill.
Doro, Mrs. J. B., Franklin, Colo.
Dow, Mrs. Mary F., Beloit, Wis.
Doyle, Margaret, Roxbury, Mass.
Dudley, Mrs. E. F., Dixon, Cal.
Duggins, Edward, Oliver Springs, Tenn.
Dunder, Mrs. G. W., Hurd, Michigan.
Dunklee, N. E., Rutland, Vt.
Dunton, Mrs. Minnie, Boston, Mass.
Dalcho, Alice, Boston, Mass.
Dye, Miss Effie, Portland, Ind.
Dysart, Mrs. W. E., Los Angeles, Cal.
Easley, Mary, Anderson, Tex.
Eastman, Emily, Westfield, Mass.
Eastman, Mrs. Laura B., Wilmington, Del.
Eaton, N. E., Lowell, Mass.
Eberhard, Alwilda, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Eddy, A. E., College City, Cal.
Edward, Miss Ella, Clinton, Ia.
Edwards, Mrs. Nora, Harvey, Colo.
Edwards, Junius W., Harris, Colo.
Elbro, Mathilde, Gadsden, Ala.
Elder, Mrs. Lida M., Ryan, Ia.
Elderdice, Jas. L., Ruthsberg, Md.
Elliott, Mrs. R. W., Griggsville, Ill.
Esler, Stella M., Grand Ledge, Mich.
Estes, Mrs. Jessie, Medford, Okla.
Eton, Carrie Beatrice, Neb.
Falconer, Mrs. G. C., Shubuta, Miss.
Fairbanks, F. B., Waterville, Vt.
Farnham, Geo. W., New Haven, Conn.
Fancher, Mrs. Eliz, Austin, Ill.
Fellows, Henrietta, Wichita, Kan.
Fellows, Mrs. R. M., Harrison, Ark.
Feltan, Mrs. M. W., Gatesville, N. C.
Fenne, Alfred.
Fenton, Miss Florence, Vineland, N. J.
Fernald, Mrs. E. K., W. Medford, Mass.
Fieldhouse, Mrs. Mary H., Elkhart, Ind.
Fifield, Mrs. H. O., Wellington, O.
Finch, Miss Nellie, Marion, Ind.
Fish, Wilbur G., Ludloweville, N. Y.
Fisher, Mrs. C. M., Los Angeles, Cal.
Fisk, Nettie, Grahamville, Fla.
Flanders, Mrs. Ada B., West Lynn, Mass.
Flanegan, Ormonde O., Tannersville, N. Y.
Flanagan, Mrs. Katherine, Key West, Fla. (M. D.)
Fleming, Mrs. Ella, Millersburg, Ky.
Fleming, Mrs. F. D., Jackson, Mich.
Flord, Sarah E., Selena, Tex.
Fockler, E. B., North East, Md.
Fogg, Mrs. M. E., Dorchester, Mass.
Foote, Mrs. J. R., Pawhusha, Okla.
Fordyce, A. E., Union Springs, N. Y.
Fort, J., Marshalltown, Ia.
Fortner, Mamie, Plano, Tex.
Fowler, Mrs. Sallie, Liberty, Ala.
Fox, Mrs. Charlotte E., Fayette, Ia.
Frances, Mrs., Hillsboro, N. Dak.
Frank, Joseph E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Frazee, Mrs. Walter, Saginaw, Mich.
Freeman, Charles H., Bloomington, Ill.
French, Mrs. L., Austin, Minn.
Friedrich, Julius A. J., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Funk, T. A., Decatur, Ill.
Furman, Mrs. C. V., Penfield, N. Y.
Fuztz, Mr. Edgar R., Lewiston, Pa.
G. W. J Des Moines, Ia.
Cachatte, Miss Anna., Louisville, O.
Gage, E. L., Walalua, Hawaii.
Galligan, Miss Kathyrn, Philadelphia., Pa.
Galloway, L., Dundee, Mich.
Gans, Miss Mamie, Mobile, Ala.
Garfield, J. H., Santa Baroara, Cal.
Garret, M. J., North Jackson, O.
Garrison, Mrs. C. M., Ithaca, N. Y.
Gass, Olive, Plattsmouth, Neb.
Gates, Mrs. Chas., Unadilla Forks, N. Y.
Gault, Mrs. R. A., North Jackson, O.
Gavin, Mrs. Agnes, Appleton City, Miss.
Gay, Mrs. A. H., La Porte City, Ia.
Gaylord, Miss Emma H., Binghamton, N. Y.
Gibbes, E. M., Nordhoff, Cal.
Gilliland, Mrs. Ella S., Ripley, O.
Gleeson, Mrs. M., Deer Lodge, Mont.
Glessman, L. E., Findlay, O.
Glover, Mrs. A. E., Gordon, Neb.
Goodwin, Herbert, Columbus, O.
Goodhue, Stephen W., Indianola, Ia.

Gordon, Thyrza S., Harbor Beak, Mich.
Gordon, Miss Mae, Berlin, N. B.
Gore, G. C., Clarkton, N. C.
Gifford, Miss Vada, Lewiston, Neb.
Gill, C. N., Trenton, N. J.
Granger, A. M., Randolph, Mass.
Grant, Dr. J. J., Nash, Fla.
Grant, Mrs., Clarence, Ia.
Green, Kate, E. Nashville, Tenn.
Greenbank, G. H., Olympia, Wash.
Greenlee, Miss E. M., Mason City, Ia.
Griffith, D. E., Coneisville Mo.
Griffiths, Mrs. E. F., Sanatakasm, Cal.
Gross, M. H., York, Pa.
Grube, J. C., Fort Worth, Tex.
Haekley, Mrs. Anne E., Stanford, Ky.
Haldg, Miss P. M., Roxobee, N. C.
Haight, Mrs., Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Haines, Nancy, Woodland, Cal.
Hale, Mrs. Susie J., Hudson, Mass.
Hall, Mrs. Alice, Winthrop, Mass.
Hall, Mrs. E. C., Jr., Winthrop, Mass.
Hambly, Olivia, Dansville, N. Y.
Hampon, Miss Joy, St. Louis, Mo.
Hardison, Howard H., West Franklin, Me.
Hardy, Miss P. M., Roxobel, N. C.
Harghic, Mrs. May E., Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Harmon, H. W., Effingham, N. H.
Harr, Miss Frances, Hillsboro, N. Dak.
Harriman, Mrs. H. E., Bucksport, Me.
Harrington, Mrs. J., St. John, Canada.
Harris, Mrs. David, Herr, N. Dak.
Harris, Flora, Burchinal, Ia.
Harris, W. L., Salem, Mass.
Harrison, Mrs. Flora, Windham, O.
Harrison, J. T., Mt. Pleaub, O.
Harrison, Mrs. Rose, Jackson, Tenn.
Harrum, J. V., Mt. Pleasant, Ga.
Harty, Ada A., Willoughby, O.
Harvey, Miss Grace, Cleveland, O.
Harvey, Mrs. J. M., Worcester, Mass.
Haskell, Mrs. Geo. W., Haverhill, Mass.
Hatch, Mrs. L. B., Primhar, Ia.
Hanauer, Miss Louise, South Bend, Ind.
Hauback, Mrs. Chas., Washington, D. C.
Haught, Mrs., Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Hauks, U. S., Soldiers Home, Cal.
Hayes, Mr. J. O., Edenvale, Cal.
Hayman, H. G., Reynoldsburg, O.
Haynes, Eliza, Ozark, Mo.
Haynes, Mrs. Edith C., Albuquerque, New Mex.
Haysum, G. H., Randoldsburg, O.
Hazeltine, Mrs. L. R., Salem, Ore.
Heagan, Mrs. Lizzie P., Belfast, Me.
Heap, Herman B., Jones, La.
Heckman, Louise, Hachita, New Mex.
Hedge, Mrs. William, Bellingham, Wash.
Heffugce, R., Silver Creek, N. Y.
Henneberry, Ella L., Deer Lodge, Mont.
Henry, Mrs. Cawlen V., Chicago, Ill.
Henson, S., St. Menphis, Tenn.
Herald, Mrs. E. E., Hartford, Conn.
Herbert, Columbus, O.
Herbert, Major Sidney, Maitland, Fla.
Higgins, Mrs. Harriet M., West Newton, Mass.
Higgins, Pauline Browning, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Hilbrandt, Mrs. Mary E., Granville, O.
Hiler, Mrs. Ellen E., Ludington, Mich.
Hill, R. B., Atlanta, Ga.
Hinckley, Miss H. N., Dorchester, Mass.
Hinckley, Sara G., Danville, Pa.
Hiv, Miss Frances, Hillsboro, N. Dak.
Hixson, Mrs. Emma, Arlington, Wyo.
Hoagland, G. R., Fall River, S. Dak. (Hot Springs).
Hobart, Miss Mary, Ford River, Wis.
Hobbes, Walter F., Chicago, Ill.
Hodge, Mrs. A. E., Nantucket, Mass.
Hodges, Mr. Ernest, Johnstown, N. Y.
Holcombe, Julia, Pennington, N. J.
Holdridge, Miss Iva M., Lockport, N. Y.
Hood, Frances L., Frances, N. Dak.
Hopkins, Miss Sarah, Denver, Colo.
Houston, Mrs. Lora F., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
How, Mrs. Frances, Hillsboro, N. Dak.
Howiett, Marcia, Oshkosh, Wis.
Hoy, Lou E., Shannan, Ill.
Hubbard, H. L., Detroit, Mich.
Hubbard, Mrs. M. J., Roseland, Tex.
Hughes, Mrs. J. O., Chicago, Ill.
Hurd, Mrs. Carrie M., Long Island, N. Y.
Hurlett, Miss M. E., Austin, Tex.
Hurley, Katherine T., Saranac Lake, N. Y.
Hursey, M., Buffalo, Wyo.
Hussy, Lizzie J., Skowhegan, Me.
Hyde, Mrs. Carolyn, Burr Oak, Mich.
Imus, M. De Leon, Chelan, Wash.
Ingram, Mrs. Isabelle, Northumberland, Va.
Ives, Mrs. L. M., New Boston, Ill.
Jackson, O. A., North Jackson, O.
Jackson, Mrs. Emma, Olean, N. Y.
James, Mrs. Lucy M., New Bedford, Mass.
Jacobs, Ida B., Kuna, Ida.
Jarvis, Anna, Philadelphia, Pa.
Jobes, Mrs. L. D., Erie, Pa.
Johnston, Katherine, Erie, Pa.
Johnston, O. A., North Jackson, O.
Johnson, J. E., Louisville, Ky.
Johnson, Miss, Camden, N. J.
Johnson, Mrs. W. B., Johnson City, Tenn.
Jones, Miss Amelia, Delhi, Ia.
Jones, Rev. J. L., Cove, Ore.
Jones, Mrs. Theo., Bellingham, Wash.
Jones, Mrs. M. A., Concord, N. H.
Keizer, Inez G., La Crosse, Wis.
Kellinger, Maude L., Cincinnati, O.
Kelly, Blanche, Spearfish, S. Dak.
Kelly, Mr. Howard H., Hanis, Colo.
Kelly, Florence G., Elmira, N. Y.
Kelly, Mrs. O. J., Dahlonega, Ga.
Kelso, Mrs. T. P., Wichita, Kan.
Kemp, Mrs. J. B., Greenville, Miss.
Kenney, Dora L., Watkins, N. Y.
Kenudson, Maud, Waterloo, Ga.
Kent, Mrs. J. L., Lynchburg, Va.
Kepner, Sewall, La Porte City, Ia.
Ketcham, Mrs. Helen E., Vergennes, Vt.
Klunell, Mrs. Helen, Columbus, O.
Kimball, C. W., N. Dixmount, Me.
Kimball, H. R., Rouse Point, N. Y.
Kimber, C. F., Phoenix, Ariz.
King, E. O., Highland, O.
Kinney, O. B.
King, L. M., Arvilla, N. Dak.
King, Martha Davis, Ellisburg, N. Y.
Kinney, Mrs. C. G., Schaghticoke, N. Y.
Kinson, Eliz. Martyn, Indianapolis, Ind.
Ked es, Mrs. W., St. Paul, Minn.
Korman, Mrs. R. L., Asbury Park, N. Y.
Krantz, Sylvia, Wooster, O.
Lacey, Mrs. N., Denver, Colo.
Lamson, Josephine, Dorchester, Mass.
Laird, Miss Leola, Perry, Okla.
Lancert, Mrs. F. C., Roxbury, Mass.
Lagler, Fred J., Dallas, Tex.
Lavender, William, Rock Island, Ill.
Laugley, Mary E., Los Angeles, Cal.
Lawhan, Mrs. H. A., Augusta, Ga.
Lawler, Mae, Jersey City, N. J.
Lairton, Mrs. Sophia, Janesville, Wis.
Leavitt, Mary A., Gomar, Miss.
Lee, Mrs. G., Quincy, Ill.
Lermond, Miss T. E., Thomaston, Me.
LeRoy, Mrs. Bella Faunt, Wichita Falls, Tex.
Liebenberg, Stephen C., Witpoort, Africa (Transvaal).
Levinger, Miss Nora, Canton, O.
Liggett, Mrs. Jessie, Ostrander, O.
Lightsey, Miss Ada C., Daleville, Miss.
Lindsay, R. S., Oberlin, O.
Lindholm, Mrs. B. P., Lexington, Miss.
Lindsey, Mrs. Alice, Campbell, Tex.
Lockwood, Mrs. Cora E., Olean, N. Y.
London, Helen, Kaseyville, Miss.
Long, Mrs. Mary S., Statesville, N. C.
Lord, H. A., Lowell, Mass.
Loud, John J., Weymouth, Mass.
Louis, M. L., Falco, Ala.
Love, Mrs. Carrie E., Beatrice, Neb.
Love, Margaret A., La Junta, Colo.
Loveing, Mrs. J. B., Ayer, Me.
Lowndes, Mrs. Oliver, Stamford, Conn.
Luce, Mrs., San Marcos, Tex.
Lucius, Mattie M., Fort Jesujs, La.
Lueders, Nellie, Santa Barbara, Cal.
Lutz, J. F., National Soldiers Home, Tenn.
Lyon, Miss J. M., San Rafael, Cal.
Maddock, C. B., Elyria, O.
Magee, Alice Gashill, Duluth, Minn.
March, Pearl, Shellsburg, Wis.
Maricle, Mrs. Eliza M., Morrison, Ill.
Marine, Mrs. Jennie, Lynn, Ky.
Mark, Mrs. Guy E., Worcester, Me.
Martin, Salena S., Chicago, Ill.
Martin, Mrs. Dora, Erick, Okla.
Maulguess, Mrs. G. E., Sinclairville, N. Y.
McCarrel, R., Blauvelt, N. Y.
McClannahan, Miss Ruth, Dixon, Ill.
McClintock, Mrs. R. J., Jacksonville, Fla.
McCrae, Miss C. H., Birmingham, Ala.
McDonald, Miss Ada, Chicago, Ill.
McElain, Mrs. J., Middlesex, N. Y.
McEsler, Stella, Grand Sedge, Mich.
McGilivary, Jessie S., Knowlesworth, N. Y.
McGleu, Eleanor B., Groveland, Mass.
McGoffey, Ernest, Lewiston, Ill.
McKay, Geo. F., Cheney, Wash.
McKeand, J. C., Buffalo, N. Y.
McKinney, Mrs. Anna E., Perry, Okla.
McLukey, Mrs. M., Duluth, Minn.
McNur, Mrs. H. P., Douglass, Ariz.
McNeil, Mary Alice, Oxford, Ind.
McNeill, M., Melbourne, Canada.
Mercer, E. J., Jackson, Mich.
Merchant, L. S., Buffalo, N. Y.
Merrifield, Mrs. L. E., Averill Park, N. Y.
Merrill, Mrs. W. O., Sargeantville, N. J.
Merrill, Mrs. Una J., Shushan, N. Y.
Merriar, J. P., New Haven, Conn.
Mez, Celests Ball, Blackwell, Okla.
Milford, Mrs. P. L., Elk Creek, Cal.
Millard, Mrs. J. L., Reno, Pa.
Mills, Mrs. S. B., Waukesha, Wis.
Mills, Howard W., Sheridan, Mo.
Miller, Abbie E., Lomax, Ill.
Miller, F. A., Cheyenne, Wyo.
Miller, Mrs. Maggie, James Bow, La.
Miller, Mrs. J. T., Meta, Mo.
Milton, Catherine R., New York.
Minick, Paul, Wichita, Kan.
Montague, Mrs. Geo. E., Sinclairville, N. Y.
Montgomery, C. E., Jamesville, N. Y.
Moore, Rachel B., Richmond, Ind.
Moore, Eunice, Baltimore, Md.
Morgan, Mrs. F. M., Charlotte, Mich
Morgan, Mrs. Herbert, W. Chesterfield, N. H.
Morrill, Mrs. H., Augusta, Ga.
Morrissett, Miss Vivian, Dansville, Va.
Morrison, Mrs. S. B., Corydon, Pa.
Munger, Anna, Worcester, Mass.
Munson, Mrs. Mary K., Pasadena, Cal.
Murdock, A. E., East Dedham, Mass.
Murig, Mrs. Kate, Lake Charles, [illegible]
Murray, Jessie, Morance, S. Dak.
Murray, John S., Dallas, Tex.
Murray, Mrs. Kate, Lake Charles, La.
N, Mrs., The Stanton, Washington, D C
Nagel, Miss Alma, Davenport, Ia.
Nash, Mr. J. J. Grant, Jefferson Co., Fla.
Nelson, Mrs. D., Deer Creek, Ill.
Nelson, Mrs. Marian M., Pueblo, Colo.
Ness, Mrs. T. W., Brookline, Mass.
Newton, Mrs. Sophia, Zanesville, Wis.
Nichols, Mrs. Geo. H., Holliston, Mass
Nicholls, L. Edna, Stillwater, Okla.
Night, Mrs. H. H., Stratford, N. H.
Nolen, Nancy, Carrizo Springs, Tex.
Norman, Miss Jennie, Clintonville, Wis.
Norrell, Miss Bertie, Augusta, Ga.
Norris, Miss A. J., Crawford, Ida.
Nunemaker, Mrs. J. C., Louisville, O.
Oakley, Mrs. A. H., Madison, Wis.
Oatman, E. A., West Walnuth, N. Y.
O'Connell, Mrs. B. B., New Haven, Conn.
O'Conner, Maggie, Lowell, Mass.
Odell, Mrs. Chas.
Ogden, Benson, Pontiac, Mich.
Oliver, Mrs. Jas. J., Augusta, Ga.
Ormsby, N. Catherine, Warsaw, Ill.
Ostrander, B. J., Philadelphia, Pa.
Overholt, A., Columbiana, O.
Owens, J., St. John, Canada.
Owen, Mrs. Laura, Madison, O.
Packard, Mrs. L., Dorchester, Mass.
Palnn, Mrs. H. H., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Palmer, H. L., Chicago, Ill.
Palmer, H. R., New York, N. Y.
Palmer, Mrs. P. L., Ashley, Ill.
Park, Catherine, Nadean, Mich.
Parker, M. E., North Tewksbury, Mass.
Parsons, Mrs. Maggie W., Lake Mills, Wis.
Partridge, Miss S. W., Monticello, Fla.
Patt, Miss Rose H., Terre Haute, Ind.
Patterson, Mrs. J. S., Norwood, Canada.
Patton, Mrs. Esther, Cle Elum, Wash.
Payne, Mrs. A. L., Danielsville, Ga.
Pearson, Mrs. Isaac H., Coolidge, Me.
Percival, Helen M., Glover, Vt.
Perley, Mrs. O. P., Ipswich, Mass.
Peroutky, J. W., Kewaunee, Wis.
Phillips, D. G., Macon, Ga.
Phillips, R., St. Louis, Mo.
Phillips, Theo, St. Louis, Mo.
Pickett, Catherine H., Superior, Wis.
Pierce, A. B., Augusta, Mich.
Peirce, Mrs. M. M., Auburn, N. Y.
Pignet, L. S., Woodbury, N. Y.
Pinet, F. L., Erie, Kan.
Pitney, J. H., Eagle Bridge, N. Y.
Pochine, Agnes, Spencer, Ind.
Pollard, Mrs. O. H., Lexington, Ky.
Potter, Jane, Pollock, Ida.
Powell, Mrs. J. E., Dorchester (Ont.), Canada.
Power, Mrs. Thos., Deadwood, S. Dak.
Powers, Miss Dora A., Westfield, Mass.
Pratt, Sarah S., Indianapolis, Ind.
Prescott, Miss Nellie, Raymond, N. H.
Prince, Mrs. W. P., Wadsworth, O.
Puffer, Master Kennett, Shellrock, Ia.
Putnam, Ketch, Grafton, Mass.
Quaintance, Bucyrus, O.
Quehear, Mrs. May, Phoenix, Ariz.
Quinn, Mrs. Katie, Crisfield, Md.
Rainsford, R., Cambridge, Mass.
Ramabhadram, N., Tiruturapundi, India.
Randall, Nettie L., Berwick, Me.
Reeder, Ethel, Springfield, O.
Reid, James V., Oakland City, Ind.
Rentrop, Mrs. A. L., Jeanarette, La.
Reynolds, E. A., Pike, N. Y.
Rhoads, Catherine, Wilton, N. Y.
Rice, Mr. J. J., Duke Center, Pa.
Richards, J. J. and S. P., Macon, Ga.
Richards, Mrs. M. N., Cortland, O.
Richardson, Mrs. Albert, Seattle, Wash.
Richardson, Mrs. Alice, Shellrock, Ia.
Richardson, Ella A., Westwood, Mass.

Riddle, L. W., Dingess, W. Va.
Rigby, D. W., Elgin, Ill.
Riggs, Mrs. Ida J., Strasburg, Pa.
Richards, Mrs. Harvey, Macon, Ill.
Richardson, Mrs. Albert, Seattle, Wash.
Richardson, Mrs. A. E., So. Glens Falls, N. Y.
Riley, Miss Orrie, Pomona, Cal.
Risley, Mrs. Clara E., Weldon, Ia.
Ritchie, Mrs. J. L., Northfield, O.
Robertson, Mrs. A., Dowagiac, Mich.
Robinson, Alta A., Iowa City, Ia.
Robinson, E. M., Iowa City, Ia.
Robinson, E. M., Middletown, Ky.
Robinson, Florence, Lapeer, Mich.
Robinson, Mrs. J. H., Greenwood, Ind.
Robison, Mrs. Eva J., Greenwood, Ind.
Robinson, Mrs. Jennie G., Plankinton, S. Dak.
Robinson, L. J., Potsdam, N. Y.
Rockwell, E. T., Viola, Wis.
Rockwood, Mrs. B. S., Terre Haute, Ind.
Roderick, Amer H., Smithfield, Pa.
Rogers, Bertha Kate, Hico, Tex.
Rogers, Ella, Lynn, Mass.
Rogers, Mrs. A. V., Forksville, Pa.
Rogers, Mrs. Lyman, Alden, Ia.
Rodger, Mrs. Wm., St. Paul, Minn.
Rohnburgh, Mrs. Mary M., Vincennes, Ind.
Rolbrock, J. M., Morenci, Mich.
Rowe, Ruth E., Barnardo, N. Y.
Ronwell, Mrs. L. M., San Diego, Cal.
Rosenberger, Mrs. R. M., Ladoca, Ia.
Rudinger, Mrs. Joseph, Gobleville, Mich.
Rude, Ellen Sargant, Lyons, N. Y.
Rumnell, Mrs. L. M., San Diego, Cal.
Rush, Bertha, Chanute, Kan.
Russell, Mrs. W. A., Potosi, Mo.
Russell, Ella V., Everton, Mo.
Russell, W. H., Cedar Springs, Mich.
Rutherford, Harry E., Mobile, Ala.
Rutledge, H. E., Beakley, Colo.
Ryman, Gailliard Eva, Guard, Pa.
Samuel, Mr. C. G., Calhoun, Tenn.
Sanborn, Robert C., Waban, Mass.
Sanborn, G. P., Waban, Mass.
Sanley, Mrs. J. L., Huron, S. Dak.
Sarden, Mrs. D. P., Cool Springs, N. C.
Sardina, Mr. L. W., Aova, N. Y.
Sayles, Mrs. A. E., Quincy, Vt.
Saxton, Olive T. S., Champaign, Ill.
Silchter, Mrs. J. E., Incz, Wyo.
Scholey, Mr. Thos., Peoria, Ill.
Schoonover, A, M., Findlay, O.
Schuck, Mrs. D. D., Lockport, N. Y.
Scott, Mrs. N. M., Binghampton, N. Y.
Scott, Mr. Bert, Wellington, Mo.
Scott, Miss Jessie M., Emmetsburg, Ia.
Scott, Mrs. S. F., Briston, Ind. T.
Scovill, Mrs. H. C., Chester, Conn.
Scribner, Mrs. John R., So. Portland, Me.
Searle, H., Little Rock, Ark.
Seeor, Miss Nina.
Sedwick, Mrs. Kate L., Atlanta, Ga.
Sewall, Mrs. W. A., Marion, Ind.
Sewell, T. M., Athens, O.
Sheehan, H. J., St. John, N. B.
Shield, Mrs. S. M., True, Tex.
Sheldon, Miss Eliz. Coffee, Waycross, Ga.
Sheldon, Miss Minnie J., Berlin, Wis.
Shinn, Mr. Wm., Ossining, N. Y.
Shipman, Mrs. J. F., Emerson, Ia.
Showalter, A. J., Dalton, Ga.
Shultes, Miss Carrie Isabel, West Beme, N. Y.
Smysor, Mrs. W., Cozaddale, O.
Sindle, Miss Sue E., Terre Haute, Ill.
Sleigh, Mrs. Helen, Maquoketa, Ia.
Smith, Mrs. A. P., Waterloo, Ia.
Smith, Mrs. Ella, Franklin, Pa.
Smith, Mrs. Luella K., Farmer, S. Dak.
Smith, Miss Hattie J., N. Amherst, Mass.
Smith, Jacob, Pierce, O.
Smith, Mrs. J. Frank, Scotia, S. C.
Smith, J. M., Fort Gibsurn, Ind. T.
Smith, Mrs. M. C., Marion, Ind.
Smith, Mrs. Mary S., Charlottesville, Va.
Snisabaugh, G. F., Washington, D. C.
Sommons, Miss Rebecca B., Keene, N. H.
Soule, Mrs. M. J., Erie, Ill.
Spalabury, Mr. Lois A., Sawyer, Wis.
Spearman, Miss Mabel E., Whitney, Neb.
Spencer, Miss Julia E., Oneida, N. Y.
Spencer, Miss Alla, Weston, Tex.
Spicer, A. N., Colorado Springs, Colo.
Spices, Miss A., Mobile, Ala.
Sprague, Mrs. Chas., Glenwood, Wis.
Squire, Miss May J., Lockport, N. Y.
Stackpole, Mrs. C. S., Lawrence, Mass.
States, C. E., Washington, D. C.
Steiner, J. G., M. D., Knoxdale, Pa.
Stevens, Miss Ella W., St. Joseph, Mich.
Stevens, Mrs. R. P., Weeker, Okla.
Stewart, Mrs. Henry, Canandaigua, N. Y.
Stinson, Mrs. E., Camden, Ark.
Stone, Mrs. Hattie, Glens Falls, N. Y.
Stone, Miss Mary B., Egypt, Mass.
Stone, Mrs. John M., Kansas City, Mo.
Stratton, Miss Ella M., Excelsior, Minn.
Stratton, Mrs. John, Creston, Ia.
Stray, Ermina, Euclid, O.
Strong, Mrs. A. H., Thomaston, Me.
Strong, Mr. Robert A., Thomaston, Me.
Stuntz, Miss Laura E. R., Pasadena, Cal.
Sturdevant, Mrs. A. F., Cumberland Center, Me.
Sturtevant, Gene., Oshkosh, Wis.
Sturdivant, J. M., Natchez, Tenn.
Sturdivant, Mrs. M., Monroe, N. C.
Sutrdevant, Miss Nellie, Danville, Vt.
Sweil, Miss Hattie, Amherst, Mass.
Sueth, Mrs. D. C., Bangor, Me.
Sumstine, Mrs. Mae E., St. Louis, Mo.
Summers, W. E., Chicago, Ill.
Surlie, Mr. D. P., Cool Springs, N. C.
Sutton, B. A., Norwich, Ont., Canada.
Sweet, Rev. C. E., Duryea, Pa.
Swingle, Mrs. M. L., Dillon, O.
Sykes, M. W., Duck Hill, Miss.
Sylvester, Mrs. E. J., Harrison, Me.
Symonds, Mrs. Harvey, Lincoln, Del.
Syrhee, A. L., Quincy, Ill.
Talcott, Mrs. Sahra C., Mountain Grove, Mo.
Tallant, Mrs. Hugh, Concord, N. H.
Tallon, Mrs. C. G., South Attleboro, Mass.
Tatom, Mrs. W. C., Nashville, Tenn.
Taylor, Mrs. N. E., Perry, Okla.
Taylor, Miss Francis Field, Los Angeles, Cal.
Taylor, Mrs. J. W., Ft. Jesup, La.
Terrill, Mrs. H. F., Muir, Mich.
Terry, Mrs. A. Theresa, Limeridge, Wis.
Therelas, Miss Carrie, Memphis, Tenn.
Therries, Miss Margaret, Menominee, Mich.
Thomas, Mrs. J. W., Memphis, Tenn.
Thomas, Miss Mary Pettus, Belton, Tex.
Thomas, Miss Harriet, Petersburg, Va.
Thomas, Mr. James, Onawa, Ia.
Thompson, H. B., Hillsboro, O.
Thomas, Mr. Jos., Petersburg, Va.
Thornhill, Mrs. George, Chicago, Ill.
Thompson, Miss Florence, East Orange, N. J.
Tileston, Corinne, F., Randolph, Mass.
Tillotson, B. R., Stillwater, Okla.
Tilden, C. W., Los Angeles, Cal.
Tilson, Mr. Henry L., Savannah, Mo.
Titus, Mrs. M. J., Head Tide, Me.
Tolman, M. D., Fitchburg.
Tomlinson, Mrs. D. E., Savanna, Ill.
Trafton, Miss Ella Bean, Wellington, Me.
Trautman, Mrs. Albert, Lyons, N. Y.
Trickey, C. P., Boston, Mass.
Tucker, Miss Emma, West Peru, Me.
Turner, Mrs. J., Brewer, Me.
Turner, Mrs. Lenora, New York, N. Y.
Tuttle, Mrs. Harriet J., Southbury, Conn.
Ulness, O. E., Newark, Ill.
Underwood, Matilda, Mechanicsburg, Pa.
Underhofler, Mrs. A. E., Fairfield, Neb.
Van Horn, Mrs. H. N., New York, N. Y.
Verharen, Mrs. F. F., Spencer, Ia.
Vitus, Mrs. M. S., Kingston, Ore.
Vought, Mrs., Preston, Minn.
Wade, Mrs. J. B., Plymouth, Ill.
Wadlington, Mrs. E. M., Memphis, Tenn.
Wadsworth, M. W., Cleveland, O.
Walker, Mrs. W. S., West Peru, Me.
Walker, Mrs. C. E., Seville, O.
Walker, H. M., Belmont, Mass.
Walker, Herbert, Stratford, Ia.
Walker, Mattie S., Holn Lake, Miss.
Ward, Grace F., So. Hartford, N. Y.
Warner, Julia C., Geneva, Neb.
Watts, R. N., Austin, Tex.
Weeks, E., Tacoma, Wash.
Webster, H. E., Ft. Worth, Tex.
Wells, Alice, Prenceton, Kan.
Wells, Mrs. Kate, Lewiston, Vt.
Wetmore Miss E. R., Columbus, O.
Wheeler Business College, Birmingham, Ala.
White, Mrs. H. H., Stratford Hallow, N. H.
White, Eliz. P., Solon, Mich.
Whitman, Mrs. A. J., Tacoma, Wash.
Wiant, Mrs. N. R., Rittenhouse, Pa.
Wienenan, Amelia E., Ransomeville, N.Y.
Widdows, J. Morris C., Connersville, Ind.
Wilcox, Miss Ethel, Lumberton, Miss.
Williams, Laura S., Albany, N. Y.
Williamson, Mrs. E. D., Clarkson, N. Y.
Williams, Mrs. Belle M., Gazelle, Cal.
Williams, Helen W., Redlands, Cal.
Williams, Miss Alice, Willard, New Mex.
Wilson, Beth Hates, Goodrich, Tenn.
Wilson, Mrs. J. N., Lower Lake, Cal.
Wilson, Mrs. A. J., Wall's P. O., La.
Wilson, Mrs. W. R., Lewisburg, W. Va.
Wilson, Mrs. F. O., Gossville, N. H.
Wilson, Mrs. John R., Monterey, N. Y.
Wilson, Mrs. Kate, Knoxville, Ia.
Winant, Mrs. W. R., Rittenhouse, Pa.
Wood, A. B., W. Minfield, N. Y.
Wood, Mrs. Clarence, Ellendale, N. Dak.
Wood, Lillian R., Spartanburg, S. C.
Woodhead, Frances, Ashland, Wis.
Woods, I. Newell, Woodburn, Ia.
Woodman, A. S., Groveland, Mass.
Woodworth, John, Elgin, Ill.
Wooley, Susie E., Northville, Mich.
Wosson, Mary, Rhinelander, Wis.
Wright, C. M., Ithaca, N. Y.
Wright, Mrs. H. C., Austin, Tex.
Wright, Sarah Martyn, Chicago, Ill.
Wyckoff, H. C., Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Yancey, Rozzell, Armstrong, Miss.
Yerkes, Mrs. Chas. A., Binghamton, N. Y.
York, Rev. S. W., Renfrow, Okla.
Young, Mrs. E. B., Camersville, O.
Young, Helen M., Newport, Me.
Young, Mrs. M. S., Tranquility, N. J.
Youngner, Albert, Kensington, Minn.
Youno, Mrs. T. F., Huntsville, N. J.
Zearing, L. H., Chicago, Ill.
Zirkle, Louie H., Jr., New Market, Va.

These awards were made by Mr. Victor Herbert, the eminent composer and conductor, and Mr. G. W. Chadwick, the distinguished composer and director of the New England Conservatory of Music.

THE MID-CONTINENT OIL FIELDS

By W. C. JENKINS

FOR two successive years, in 1907 and 1908, the petroleum (crude oil) and natural gas produced in the Mid-Continent fields had a value of twenty million dollars. The significance of these figures is better understood when the reader has an understanding of the limited area within which these values were produced. Although Kansas is included in the Mid-Continent fields, yet of the annual production of forty-seven million barrels, Kansas' share was but two million barrels; the balance was produced in Oklahoma. It is not always easy to make statistics entertaining, much less sensational, but the interest of the most casual and cursory reader must be caught by the statement of one circumstance connected with the development of the Mid-Continent oil and gas fields; at no time in the world's history and at no point on the surface of the globe was there expended in so short a time so large a sum of money in mineral exploitation as was expended in an eight-year period in Oklahoma and Kansas in connection with the oil and gas industry. It is conservatively estimated, and these figures have been accepted by the Federal government, that in this period the expenditures on this account were upward of one hundred and fifty millions. The only thing comparable with these figures is the expenditure in connection with the construction of the Panama Canal, which, next to the oil and gas development in the Southwest, is the greatest industrial undertaking in the world's history, and yet how few people know or have information of these facts.

Freighters in the Kansas prairies following the Santa Fe trail from Kansas City to Rocky Mountain points observed in early surface indications evidence of oil and gas. These indications were shown in oil on the surface of springs and streams and at points where oil oozed from rocks; so-called "burning-springs" were later ascertained to be gas springs, the ascending gas giving the water the appearance of boiling. It was not until 1892 that drilling operations actually began near Neodesha, Kansas. The first strong company to enter oil and gas operations in Kansas was Guffy & Galey, experienced operators in the eastern fields. This company sold its holdings to the Forrest Oil & Gas Company, which was succeeded by the Prairie Oil & Gas Company. Guffy & Galey ceased operations in Kansas to go to Texas, where development was just beginning. Prior to their departure from Kansas, they had undertaken efforts to secure a lease on the entire Cherokee Nation of the Indian Territory from the Cherokee Council. Their sale to the Forrest Oil & Gas Company caused them to abandon plans for operations in the Cherokee Nation.

This circumstance indicates the existence of the belief that oil and gas in profitable quantities existed south of the Kansas line. The Cudahy Oil Company, of which Michael Cudahy, the Chicago packer, was the head, had sold its oil and gas holdings in Indiana to the Standard Oil Company; the Cudahys had planned to put a pipe line into Chicago, but the Standard Oil Company's purchase of the Cudahy properties defeated the pipe-line project. Although Cudahy had entered into an agreement not to re-enter the oil and gas business in Indiana or Chicago or vicinity, he had not abandoned the business. Securing a blanket lease on the lands embraced in the Cherokee Nation of Indian Territory from the Cherokee Council, his company, in 1894, drilled two wells at Muskogee, one to a depth of six hundred feet and the other twelve hundred feet. One well had a production of twenty barrels and the other forty barrels. Continuing their tests, a well was drilled at Red Fork in the Creek Nation. This well did not give promise of large production, and the drilling outfit was moved to Bartlesville. In November, 1896, the Cudahy Oil Company completed on the present site of the city of Bartlesville an oil well, the completion of which marks the real beginning of the oil and gas industry in Oklahoma.

Earlier treaties between the Cherokee

Nation and the Federal government obligated the government to prevent the intrusion into the lands of the Cherokees of non-citizens. Despite these laws, white men came and stayed; and despite the opposition of the Indian and the rigorous conditions imposed upon them, white men came in such numbers and displayed such pertinacity that the Federal government was seriously embarrassed in its efforts to comply with its treaty obligation. As a way out of its difficulties, there was proposed the adoption of new treaties. The purpose was that the Indians abandon the system of land-holding in common, and receive title to their pro rata share of the Cherokee public domain and assume the rights of American citizens, being no longer wards of the government. When this treaty was ratified in 1900, it had the effect of cancelling the oil and gas lease on the Cherokee Nation held by the Cudahy Oil Company.

J. H. EVANS
President of the Mid-Continent Oil and Gas Producers' Association

When the Cudahy Company's well was completed at Bartlesville in the fall of 1896, there was no market for oil, there being at that time neither railroads nor pipe lines. Awaiting the time when there would be marketing facilities, the Cudahy Company shut in the well, and from 1896 to the date of the ratification of the new treaty between the Cherokee Nation and the Federal government, no oil or gas operations were carried on in the then Indian Territory.

Meanwhile, two adjoining areas of oil-producing lands were being developed; one, Kansas, on the north, and the other the Osage Reservation, on the west. An early trader among the Osage Indians was John F. Florer, whose prior home had been Lawrence, Kansas, near where the Osage had their reservation prior to their removal to Indian Territory in 1896. Mr. Florer observed evidence of oil and gas in the Osage Nation reservation and brought these evidences to the attention of A. C. Stich, of Independence, Kansas, and Edwin B. Foster, a New Englander, then engaged in real estate operations with Mr. Stich at Independence. The taking of a lease on the 1,480,000 acres of the Osage Reservation from the Osage Council was the result in 1896. The Osage lease requiring that development work be done within a stated period, the holders of the lease, organized under the name of the Phoenix Oil Company, drilled three wells in the northern part of the reservation near the Kansas line, those locations for tests being selected because they were close to the points in Kansas at which oil was then being produced. The first tests were unsatisfactory, and in the fall of 1896 the drilling outfit was moved to a point on Butler Creek about three miles northwest of the site of the present city of Bartlesville, where a few weeks after the completion of the Cudahy well, James Scott Glenn, for the Phoenix Oil Company, of which he was a member, completed the first real oil well ever drilled in the Osage Reservation.

In the Mid-Continent fields today, the Prairie Oil & Gas Company, a Standard subsidiary, has in storage in steel tanks over fifty-six million barrels of oil, twelve million of which are in Washingon County, Oklahoma. The Standard has tank farms at Neodesha, Humboldt and Caney, Kansas; Copan, Ramona, Jenks, Muskogee and Okmulgee, Oklahoma. In Washington County, the Prairie Oil & Gas Company pays taxes on $6,700,000 worth of property; this property consists of oil in tanks, pipe lines and pumping stations.

With the exception of a few weeks in 1903, the capacity of the pipe-line companies to take care of the oil production in the field has been less than the production. The period of exception was directly after the completion of the pipe line of the Standard Oil Company into Bartlesville. For a few weeks there was not oil enough to fill the line, but the bringing in of the Matson well on the Bible lease so increased the production as to make it in excess of the pipe-line capacity, and this condition of congestion has continued ever since.

It is contended by the pipe line companies that the low price of oil in the Mid-Continent field is caused by over-production. It was first claimed, however, that the primary cause was that it was a Mid-Continent field, situated far from the seaboard in all directions and very far from consumption. It was claimed that its location was unique in this regard and different from any other oil field. The conditions of the southwest country as to the population and development were such as to preclude the building of refineries to any great extent, as the products of such refineries must seek a market at very distant points, which would be very costly in transportation.

In the fall of 1903 there were no pipe lines in Oklahoma, and the production was very small. It was shipped in tank cars. An application was made to the Standard Oil Company to build a pipe line from Neodesha into the Osage country, covered by the Osage lease. This was refused until an Act of Congress was passed in March, 1904, permitting independent pipe-line companies to build lines in the Indian country. At that time the Prairie Oil & Gas Company started its first pipe line from its refinery at Neodesha into the Osage, but the production increased rapidly to such an extent that the refineries at Kansas City could not take care of the product, and the company built its first line to Whiting, Indiana, a distance of about seven hundred miles. Before the line was half built, the production increased so rapidly that the company started to build another at the same point. Again the production doubled and trebled, and two independent companies came into the field and built separate pipe lines from the Glenn Pool to the Gulf of Mexico.

All this time the production was increasing to an alarming extent, and tank farms were built and millions of barrels of oil were stored above ground beyond the capacity of the pipe lines; the production was about one hundred and seventy thousand barrels a day, while the pipe lines could not take care of more than eighty or ninety thousand barrels.

T. N. BARNSDALL

Said to be the largest oil and gas producer in the mid-continent oil fields

Notwithstanding this situation, the production of oil in the fields kept increasing and several measures were suggested to stop drilling operations. A combination of oil men or producers met at Tulsa and sought to obtain a discontinuance of drilling operations, but nothing could be done. Running along with these conditions was a constant controversy on the part of several states, and especially Oklahoma, that tended to hinder, embarrass and delay further pipe line building, the state contending that no pipe line could be built without exercising the right of eminent domain and that such right of eminent domain could only be exercised by a domestic corporation. In accordance with this contention, a demand was made of the Standard that it incorporate in Oklahoma or discontinue further extension of its lines.

H. V. FOSTER
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

Coincident with these conditions was the extension of the rules and regulations of the Department of the Interior over the Indian country which fixed and provided for forfeitures of pipe-line rights and pipe-line property in the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior. A great body of producers attempted to assist in relieving the pipe-line companies from the burden of these obnoxious and unnecessary measures and especially the rules and regulations of the Secretary of the Interior, but all to no purpose. There is probably not another known instance on record wherein legislative acts and departmental rulings hindered or prevented the products of a locality being brought to the markets of the world by the most advantageous methods and at the lowest cost. The present administration, however, has removed many of the obnoxious features, and the rules in existence today are more favorable, so that the chief difficulties with which the producers have to contend are the dangerous enactments of the Oklahoma legislature. Thus in Oklahoma has been a condition entirely different from anything existing in any other oil-producing state in the Union, where pipe line operations are absolutely untrammelled and foreign capital invited to invest without limit.

The pipe-line companies concluded that the building of more lines was not practicable or even possible under such conditions, and sought to prevent the rapid growth of the oil production by reducing the price from forty-one cents to thirty-five cents a barrel. This reduction took place last August and was a great shock to the oil-producing community. Nevertheless, it is the startling fact that ever since the reduction in price, the drilling operations in the field have exceeded in number of wells the same period for last year when the price of oil was higher.

The independent producers in the field have organized and for the last two or three years have met in convention, elected officers, raised large sums of money and kept their committees before Congress and before the Department and at the State Capitol of Oklahoma, praying, pleading, representing and begging for relief, simply asking that this vast field be placed on the same general in-

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
Tulsa, Oklahoma

dustrial footing with other states and localities in this country that produce crude petroleum, so that the general business of the community may be conducted untrammelled. The contentions, arguments and appeals of the oil producers appeared to have been unanswerable, but it was very apparent that the politicians always had the specter of the Standard Oil Company looming up before them, and it was the means of preventing just action for fear that it might be construed as doing something in behalf of that great octopus.

Pipe-line building in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois is essentially a private enterprise, and the parties interested in it find that the hazards of the business are a sufficient burden, but they have no interference from state or national authorities; if anything, they are assisted by wise, beneficent, indulgent laws. In the Mid-Continent field the promoter of such an enterprise has found that his greatest burdens have been the rules, laws, regulations, interferences, supervision, control and public inquisition of state and national officers, operation under the rules and regulations of the Secretary of the Interior or futile state legislation.

In the beginning of 1908 it was announced that the Prairie Oil & Gas Company would build a new pipe line from the Glenn Pool to New Orleans. It was expected that this would be completed in six months, but the company was not permitted to build the line; the restrictive rulings of the Interior department at Washington defeated the project. The State of Oklahoma is today poorer by forty million dollars than it would have been had those in authority united with the oil men in securing better pipe-line facilities and provided also that the Gulf ports had been open to this trade. The distance from the Illinois field to tide water is greater than from the Mid-Continent field to the Gulf. The same quality of oil brings sixty-two cents a barrel in the Illinois field, while in the Mid-Continent it is purchased for thirty-five cents.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

R. D. ROOD
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

In the interest of the Indians, the government's policy, in good judgment, should have been one of untiring effort to get the oil from the Indian lands into the markets of the world by the most advantageous methods and with the greatest economy. A reversal of this policy has been costly alike to the Indians and the producers. Had the facilities been equal to the Illinois field and the same price been paid for the product, the Indians and the producers would have been richer to the extent of $10,520,000 for the amount of oil sold in 1908. The pipe-line facilities in the Mid-Continent field will not take care of more than sixty per cent. of the production. In appealing to the Legislature of Oklahoma for the passage of laws that would be friendly to any capital that might seek investment in pipe lines, the oil men pointed out the great injustice which was being inflicted upon an important industry. They also showed the dangerous consequences of any restrictive measures that would permit but sixty per cent. of the cotton, corn and wheat crop being transported from the state; but relief of any kind might be advantageous for the Standard, and nothing was done.

J. H. BRENNAN, ATTORNEY
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

The government is spending vast millions in the construction of the Panama Canal, chiefly in the interest of trade and commerce. Large land holdings were given railroads and moneys advanced as an inducement to open up the great West, and yet there has been an apparent effort to intimidate capital which sought investment in the Mid-Continent oil fields.

The Mid-Continent field is located fifteen hundred miles from the ocean ports and only five hundred miles from the Gulf ports, and it is a strange condition of circumstances that most of the export oil from the Mid-Continent is being pumped fifteen hundred miles by reason of injudicious governmental attempts to regulate pipe-line service. The pumping charge for this extra thousand miles is taken from the price of the product, and, manifestly, every producer sustains an unwarranted and very great loss. The Prairie Oil & Gas Company has stood ready, for nearly three years, to build lines to the Gulf. It has its right of way practically secured and is building a refinery to take care of the product. A hopeful feeling exists that in some way the Oklahoma laws will be modified.

The Prairie Oil & Gas Company shipped from the Mid Continent fields during 1908 an average of 90,891 barrels daily, which was about the capacity of the company's pipe lines. Under the present conditions the building of storage tanks has ceased; therefore the present owners of the oil wells must depend upon the capacity of the pipe lines.

Of the production of 1908, the Prairie Oil & Gas Company handled 33,266,293 barrels through its pipe lines. All of this oil went into the storage tanks, to the refineries at Neodesha, Kansas, Sugar Creek, Missouri, and to the eastern lines of the Standard. The Texas Company handled 5,488,000 barrels and the Gulf Pipe Line Company 5,631,000 barrels. By independent refineries and through rail shipments there were handled 1,270,000 barrels.

There are more than 14,000 oil and gas producing wells in the Mid-Continent fields, and most of them are in Oklahoma. Over 20,000 men are employed and upwards of $6,000,000 per year is spent for supplies. Taxes are paid in Oklahoma on more than $88,000,000 of oil property, including the pipe lines.

The handling of leases, collecting royalties, advance royalties and annual rentals constitute a big part of the work of the Union Agency at Muskogee. The affairs of the five civilized tribes are handled in that city. The royalties collected for the Osage leases are handled at Pawhuska. It is shown that during the year 1908 the oil producers paid the Indian the sum of $2,030,463.46. It is believed that the bonuses paid during the same time will equal more than $1,000,000, which makes a total of more than $3,500,000 paid to the Indians during the year. This is in the territory of the five civilized tribes alone, being almost entirely in the Creek and Cherokee Nations. In the Osage the royalties amounted to $253,521.17, making a grand total of more than $3,700,000 paid by the oil men to the Indian wards of the government.

Properties in the Mid-Continent field now sell on a basis of two hundred dollars a barrel, settled daily production. When conditions become normal, this selling price will increase to one thousand, fifteen hundred and two thousand dollars. Up to the present time, the refineries have been getting established and experimenting. Now they are in good running order, and they know what can be produced from the Mid-Continent crude oil. There is a market for every barrel of oil the field produces if it can only be reached.

The Mid-Continent Oil and Gas Producers' Association, whose membership represents eighty-five per cent. of all the production of oil and gas in the Mid-Continent fields, was organized at Bartlesville on March 14, 1906. The primary cause for the formation of the Association was the burdensome rules and regulations which the Interior Department at Washington had promulgated, governing the leasing of Indiana lands for oil and gas mining purposes. At that time practically all of the productive fields in the State of Oklahoma were owned by the citizens of the Creek and Cherokee Nations of Indiana, and every lease required the approval of the Secretary of the Interior for its validity. Many of the rules put in force by the Secretary were unnecessarily exacting and severe, and some of them were exceedingly detrimental to the oil industry. Out of these facts grew the necessity for an organization of the producers, and as a result of the activities of the Association the wrongs were gradually righted, until now the producers and land-owners alike are better satisfied with the Department's regime. The Association through its committees has also done much good for the industry with the Oklahoma legislature, particularly in the matter of taxation, and its future plans contemplate many reforms and changes which will mean great benefit to the oil community of the state.

Among the producers of the Mid-Continent field the association has a small coterie of critics, whose complaints are uniformly based on the mistaken impression that the association, through its governing officers, is in some way allied with the pipe-line interests. It goes without saying that the interests of the independent producers are no more in common with those of the pipe line companies than are the interests of the cattle-raisers of the country akin to those of the beef trust. There is one point, however, at which these ordinarily conflicting interests find themselves aligned on the same side of the question, and that is in the matter of the further extension of pipe lines. The great need of the producer in the Mid-Continent field is increased pipe-line facilities, and whenever a pipe-line company shows an inclination to extend its lines, the producers, who are sorely in need of such extension so as to enable them to market their product, will naturally be found striving to accelerate such extensions. In precisely the same way the cattle-raiser would desire and strive for the extension of railroad facilities even if the beef trust owned the railroads. On some occasions the Association has striven with the Interior Department at Washington and with the Legislature at Guthrie to bring about a condition of affairs that would promise pipe-line extension in the future. But in doing so they were in no wise considering the welfare of the pipe-line companies, but solely that of the producers, who are so badly in need of increased facilities for handling the output.

GEORGE C. PRIESTLY
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

Yet some few of the hypercritical among the producers have chosen to believe that these efforts of the Association were solely for the benefit of the pipe-line companies. It needs but slight thought to realize the injustice of this position. Moreover, it is exceedingly unfortunate that these few men should be so short-sighted as to attempt to cripple the effectiveness of the Association's efforts for the bona fide independent producer by attempting to cast disparagement upon it in this wholly unwarranted manner; for by their conduct they strengthen the hands of the monopoly by hampering the only effective source of opposition that it can have, namely, the organized producers.

W. H. JOHNSON
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

The Standard Oil Company and its allied interests control only eleven per cent. of the entire crude oil production of the United States. They are essentially refiners and distributers and not producers. In the refining and distribution of the oil they easily dominate the situation, but not so in its production. The report of the investigation carried on about two years ago by the Bureau of Corporations confirms the figures given above.

The hazardous part of the oil industry is found in the producing end, and millions of dollars have been lost in drilling dry holes and otherwise prospecting and exploring for new pools and fields. This branch of the business the trust leaves to independent capital, contenting itself with the sure returns that come from buying, refining and distributing the product. They rarely do any "wild catting" or drilling of prospect wells, and what production they have, they have almost invariably purchased after the wells have been drilled and the property positively demonstrated.

The immense proportions of the trust have given rise to the belief that the money invested by it exceeds that invested in any other undertaking. This again is an erroneous impression, and the fact is that the independent producers and refiners of petroleum have invested in that industry in this country three times as much a has the trust. This in the judgment of well-informed oil men, who have followed the business from its infancy, is a conservative estimate.

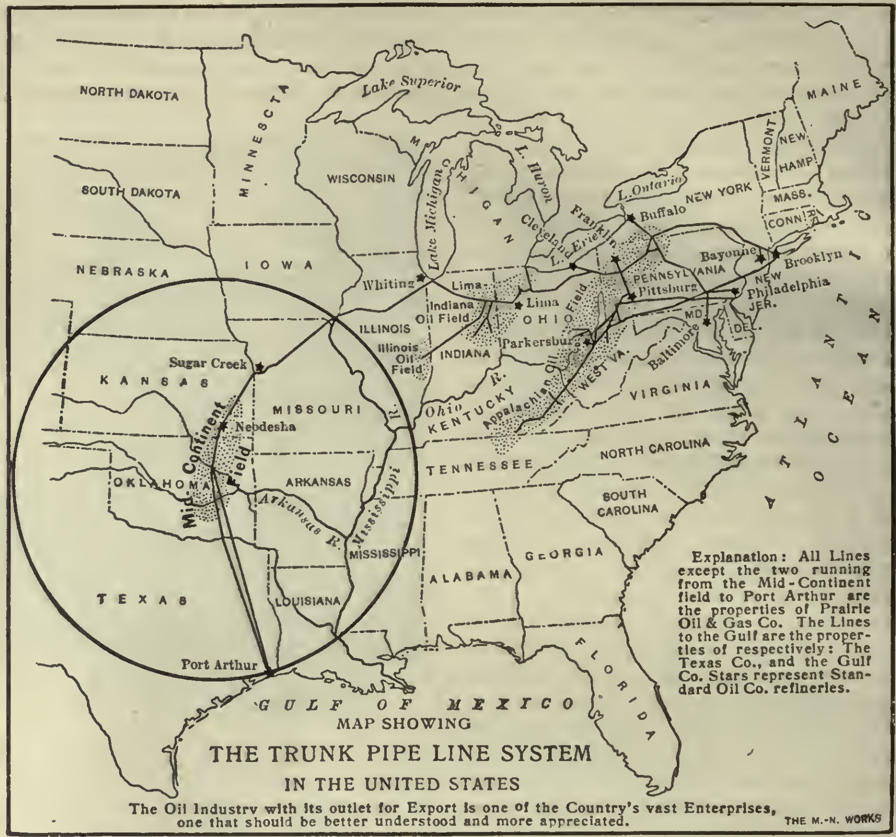
THE GAS SITUATION

With reference to the production of gas in Oklahoma, it was discovered or produced simultaneously with the production of oil and lies in substantially the same locality or district. It was first used to assist in the drilling of wells and in general drilling operations and was conducted by means of small two and three inch pipe lines over the surface of the ground. Considerable quantities were discovered near the city of Bartlesville at an early date, and that city was supplied with natural gas by a local company, but the cities of southeastern Kansas had already begun to utilize it for domestic purposes to a very great extent. In 1904 great trunk natural gas pipe lines were projected and thereafter built; one was known as the Kansas Natural Gas Company's line from Oklahoma to Kansas City and St. Joseph. Another was known as the Joplin line to Joplin, Missouri; another as the Oklahoma Gas Company, furnishing gas to Oklahoma City, Guthrie and other towns; and another line known as the Wichita Gas Company, which runs from Independence through several large towns in Kansas and furnishes gas to Topeka and Wichita. Of the four independent companies, three are foreign to the state of Oklahoma. They existed at the time of statehood and intended to use Oklahoma gas; in fact, one of them actually owned large tracts of gas land in Indian Territory prior to statehood. At the time of statehood, gas had been developed in Oklahoma to an unprecedented extent, so that a movement was immediately inaugurated by the citizens of the state to secure such legislation as would protect the great body of gas in Oklahoma and keep it for consumption in Oklahoma and not permit its transportation outside of the borders of the state. Quick action of a summary character was adopted by the state officers to prevent the piping of gas out of the state until the Legislature would be in session, and on convening the Legislature passed a very unique and drastic gas law.

Notwithstanding the fact that gas had been held a commodity of interstate commerce by several states, this law was so drawn as to seek to prevent by indirection that which could not be accomplished directly. Suits were commenced by the Kansas Natural Gas Company and owners of gas wells, in the Federal Courts, to restrain the state officers from executing this law, and after considerable controversy the contention of the gas men was sustained and the state officers have recently been enjoined by Judge Campbell of the Federal Court from interfering with the piping of gas out of the state. The controversy still goes on, however, and the litigation is far from being settled. It is strenuously contended on the part of the people that the gas supply of Oklahoma is wholly insufficient for local needs and local consumption, and considerable expert testimony will point in that direction. On the other hand, it is contended by the gas men that the quantity of gas already discovered and shut in far exceeds local wants and at the present time exceeds the probable wants of the people of Oklahoma for the next five years; and that the surplus goes into the billions of cubic feet. It is also contended that this gas reservoir is gradually wearing out, exhausting itself and deteriorating while not in use. caused by the oil-drilling operations in the immediate vicinity, and that the men who invested in gas lands prior to statehood have lost great fortunes during the last two years. One large company in the vicinity of Bartlesville has about one hundred and fifty million cubic feet of gas cased in with no demand in the local market. It is said that the Kansas Natural Gas Company owns an immense body of natural gas in the Hogshooter District and that it has refused to take any more Oklahoma gas at any price. It is contended by the gas men that the Federal decision, even though it permits them to pipe the gas out of the state, gives them no additional relief for the reason that there is so much gas that the foreign corporations do not want any more at present at any price.

M. F. STILWELL
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
Tulsa, Oklahoma


NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA
NEBRASKA
MINNESOTA
IOWA
WISCONSIN
Lake Superior
MICHIGAN
Lake Michigan
L. Huron
L. Ontario
L. Erie
MAINE
VERMONT
NEW HAMP.
MASS.
CONN.
NEW YORK
Buffalo
Franklin
Cleveland
Whiting
Lima
Indiana Oil Field
Illinois Oil Field
ILLINOIS
INDIANA
OHIO
Parkersburg
PENNSYLVANIA
Pittsburg
Bayonne
Brooklyn
NEW JER.
Philadelphia
MD.
DEL.
Baltimore
WEST VA.
VIRGINIA
Appalachian Oil Field
KENTUCKY
Ohio R.
TENNESSEE
NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA
GEORGIA
ALABAMA
MISSISSIPPI
FLORIDA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Sugar Creek
KANSAS
MISSOURI
Neodesha
Mid-Continent Field
OKLAHOMA
ARKANSAS
Arkansas R.
Mississippi
Ill.
TEXAS
LOUISIANA
Port Arthur
GULF OF MEXICO
THE M.-N. WORKS

Explanation: All Lines except the two running from the Mid-Continent field to Port Arthur are the properties of Prairie Oil & Gas Co. The Lines to the Gulf are the properties of respectively: The Texas Co., and the Gulf Co. Stars represent Standard Oil Co. refineries.

MAP SHOWING
THE TRUNK PIPE LINE SYSTEM
IN THE UNITED STATES

The Oil Industry with its outlet for Export is one of the Country's vast Enterprises, one that should be better understood and more appreciated.

This map illustrates plainly why the Illinois field oil is selling for 68 cents and Oklahoma oil for 35 cents, also that there is utmost need of competitive lines to the Gulf.

It is a fairly well-known fact in the city of Bartlesville that the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company, which owns and operates the Osage lease and reserves to itself the vast body of gas therein, has been endeavoring for the last two years continuously to secure a local market for the gas that it has bottled up in the Reservation. It would require a consumption of at least six or seven million cubic feet a day to warrant building a pipe line to Bartlesville, one of the best manufacturing towns in the state; it is no reflection on its industrial growth to say that it could not provide for this additional output, as it has already great quantities of unused gas. One pipe line known as The Henry Gas Company's line, runs twelve miles to Bartlesville from the Hogshooter District, one of the greatest gas fields in the Southwest. The Indian Territory company, in its attempts and endeavors to get this local market, have secured the local gas plant in Bartlesville and will now build a pipe line, but can only hope for the consumption through this source of about three million cubic feet a day and the pipe-line facilities, as a good investment, would require a consumption of at least ten million cubic feet per day. The officers of the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company strenuously contend that the history of their gas wells in the Osage will clearly show a great loss occasioned by casing in or shutting in gas, waiting for further consumption. They also contend that they have no profit out of the gas business up to this date, notwithstanding their ownership of these vast fields, and they openly invite public examination of their books on this proposition.

IN THE COSY CORNER

ALTHOUGH the weather has been warm, and we have not had to stir up a big blaze on the hearth, there has been a hearty response to the suggestion of stories for the "Cosy Corner." We are starting the fire gently this month with a few shavings, and very soon the great log will be ablaze and will throw its glow over the company of NATIONAL MAGAZINE readers, who gather about it each month to hear an experience which someone thinks the other readers should know. There promises to be a wide variety. Don't be timid about sending in something. The door is open, and a two-cent stamp will bring you right in front of the fire. Address the "Cosy Corner" editor. He is a modest man, sparse of hair, but wears a "chrysanthemum smile" that would do your heart good to look upon. Hurry on your January contributions.

* * *

A CURIOUS CHARACTER STUDY

BY JANE POTTER

Before the days of Brownies and Kodaks, with the other members of my family I was returning from Australia; the third day out, the waves ran mountains high, a great, green wall, now on one side of the ship, now on the other—that was the time we wished for some means more substantial than memory to preserve those wonderful color studies.

After luncheon excitement rose high when a stowaway was discovered and brought forth trembling with cold, damp and fear, to meet the fearful eye of the frowning captain. Many of the lady passengers felt sorry for the poor man, and on his promising good conduct he secured appointment as one of the stewards to clean 'tween decks, and was given a little cabin that was easily reached from the staterooms of the passengers.

About midnight we were awakened by strange noises and much confusion on the deck over our heads, while water swished abundantly underneath our berths, carrying our boots, which we had thrown off on the floor, on incessant journeys from wall to wall of the stateroom. Under my mother's instructions we dressed at once, and standing in the water with our bare feet began to bail with anything available. In the saloon outside our door, women were fainting and children crying. Telling us to continue work my mother went in search of Charlie, the stowaway, who did not appear to offer assistance. I had not the courage to stay without her in that dreadful scene; clinging to her hand we kept our footing with difficulty and at last reached Charlie's cabin. He was lying in bed reading; secured to a nail just over his head was a wire lantern in which a candle burned. Surprise at Charlie swallowed up my fear of drowning.

"Do you know," said my mother, "that the ship is going down, and that the engines are water-logged and have almost ceased to move? The saloon and staterooms are full of water, yet here you lie reading."

"Is that you, ma'am—I remember you spoke for me to be made steward. Maybe we'll be wrecked, but I'm right in the middle of this novel, and if I am going to the bottom I want to know first how the tale ended."

"Get up and help to bail the saloon," urged my mother.

"What's the use?" said Charlie. "If we go down we'll be all wet anyhow."

"Are you not afraid to die, Charlie?" said my mother, taking the book from him.

Shooting an oil well—a very common sight just north of Hartford City, Indiana. Hardly a day passes but an oil well is shot and every house in the town is shaken when the shot is discharged; it resembles an earthquake in a mild form. The derrick, or rig, shown is 72 feet high. —*Mabel Morehead.*

"What's the use? It can't be any worse in the other world than I've found it here. Give me back the book, let me finish the story, and I'll be helping you in two minutes."

* * *

THE MUSICAL TOAD

BY J. A. W.

I learned to play and sing "Come Back to Erin" as a child, in the old home in Illinois. I can see the piano now, standing by the parlor window, opening out onto the honey-suckled porch. There was a big old toad that used to hop up under the window, just as twilight came on, and listened to us play and sing. He was a queer old fellow, and we grew to look for him nightly. Strange to say, popular music didn't please him. Plaintive airs appealed rather to his toad nature and would bring him hopping up to listen as the "curtain of night" dropped and the stars came twinkling out above the tall pine trees, which havened our house from the street.

It is peculiar how impressions are made in childhood, and, incongruous as it may seem, I never hear the strains of the song of "Erin," but the little old warty toad, rather the big old warty toad, is flashlighted onto my vision, and the thoughts of those summer evenings when he came to listen to our homely music are sweet.

* * *

AN UNACCREDITED HERO

BY JOHN LORING

Entering an elevator on the eighteenth floor of a great building in the heart of Chicago, I glanced at my companions. There were four business men, talking "shop" and stocks; then I turned my attention to the elevator boy, who seemed a bright little chap, slight and not especially strong looking, possibly seventeen or eighteen years of age.

Just as we reached the seventeenth floor, one of the men signalled to stop, but instead of pausing the elevator suddenly accelerated its speed, and I realized that a cable had broken; at the moment the accident occurred I had been looking at the boy, and with my heart in my mouth, it seemed that my eyes were glued to him, our only hope if we were to escape almost instant death. He turned so white that for a moment I thought he would faint, but no—quickly recovering himself he quietly kept working with the gear of the elevator. As we reached the fifth floor, the speed slackened and the boy succeeded in stopping the machine between that and the fourth floor. He trembled from head to foot with the exertion; the instant the passengers noticed that the elevator had stopped between floors the air was blue with oaths and curses, because it was not at a door where they might get out. I kept quiet in my corner, unnoticed. The boy did not speak, but resuming work in a few minutes he succeeded in getting back to an entrance, and still swearing the men hastily passed out.

Feeling that we owed our lives to the lad, I shook hands and said:

"If there ever was a hero, you are one, and I wish to thank you for your courage and presence of mind."

He seemed surprised at the praise; I was glad to see the color return to his pale cheeks as he smiled and quietly disclaimed any credit for having "done only his duty." On inquiry, it proved that one cable had broken.

Though this all happened years ago, that scene has remained firmly impressed on my mind, owing to the courage of the boy, the thankless conduct of the men and the fact that it was the only time that I actually stood face to face with death.

* * *

THE MAN ON THE WAGON

BY MRS. M. J. MILLSPAUGH

(As told by the driver)

A number of years ago I was employed in the city of Newark, New Jersey, as driver for the Turk Bread Company. My duties called me at the bakery by 1 A. M., where, after loading my wagon with some nine hundred loaves of bread besides rolls, etc., I started upon my long route, which took me through East Orange, Orange and nearly to Montclair. After delivering I had to return over the long route again and collect. On my collecting tour I had become slightly acquainted with a man who lived in a pretty little cottage at the intersection of the avenue and street in West Orange, where on my delivery I always stopped, as a short half block away was a store where I delivered, so as to save time and trouble. I carried the bread from the wagon to the store and deposited it in the box placed there for the purpose. The man—I will call him "Smith"—had told me that he always heard me in the morning about four o'clock. Perhaps he regulated his "getting-up" time by my wagon.

There was a large arc light directly in the center of the square where I stopped, but on this particular occasion of which I write I had no need of it, or the lantern which I carried. The night was clear and cold with a bright moon. The ground was frozen hard, with a slight covering of snow, just enough to cause a creaking as the wheels passed over.

I came to the intersection and pulled up, as was my custom, under the light, and with my basket of bread on my arm swung myself to the ground, made my way to the store, dumped the bread in the box, locked it and started to return to the wagon. What was my surprise when within a few yards of the wagon to see a man seated in my accustomed place I knew that sometimes tramps would steal a loaf of bread, and I quickened my steps, when to my astonishment I saw the man was Smith.

Ruins of a business block, Hartford City, Indiana, wrecked by a gas explosion. Four persons were buried in the debris, and the ruins presented a very peculiar appearance, each brick standing out separate, the mortar having apparently disappeared in the explosion.—*Mabel Morehead.*

"Hello!" I said. "Hello! neighbor! you are out early."

He made no reply, but stared straight ahead.

"That's queer," I said, and rushed for the driver's seat. I was within two yards of him and he was gone. I looked back of the wagon, under it, along the fences, everywhere, but not a sign of him. I looked at my watch—it was just 4 A. M.

Old Dobbin stood trembling, whether from cold or fright I don't know, but I relieved my feelings with a vigorous application of the whip. On my return trip, I called at the store, and after collecting my bill, I spoke of my strange experience, saying:

"Smith must be a pretty early bird."

The storekeeper looked at me strangely and remarked:

"Smith died sometime during the night."

I insisted on his going with me to Smith's house. The man in the coffin was the man on the wagon. He had died at 4 A. M.

DIAMONDS—THE ENSIGNS OF PROSPERITY

WHAT other insignum in life has so many sweet and tender associations as the wedding ring? With it are veritably linked the destinies of homes and families. Held in sacred memory is mother's wedding ring—that band of gold worn thin through the years of work and care—but with value enhanced even as the gold diminished and the years passed. In the Louvre in Paris hangs Whistler's masterpiece—it is the portrait of his mother, and the touch of genius in that painting is the portrayal of a mother's hand which tells a story that defies brush, word or pen.

In these days the pristine sparkle of the solitaire announces the blushing young maiden's betrothal in a manner beyond the power of words. The diamond, in its sparkling and enduring brilliancy, is the singularly appropriate gem to signify deep-seated affection and life relationships. In fact, the rare fascination of diamonds has entered into the warp and woof of human history, and they are the subtle ensigns of a nation's prosperity. Where is there a maiden who does not dream of some time possessing a diamond solitaire placed on her finger by the Prince Charming, whose tender words of love are the sweetest music ever poured into woman's ears? The little gem catches and retains, as it were, the fascinating gleam of the moonlight when the words are whispered that tell the old, old and ever-cherished story.

The American maid has ever been noted for practical common sense. The sturdy thrift and unerring intuitions of colonial dames are as potent forces today as ever. What Miss America wants, she wants, and she has a way of knowing how to get it. The young lover scratches his head and wonders how he can provide that one luxury which every woman craves. He sets about saving and establishes a habit that is well nurtured when the circlet is placed upon the fair finger at the altar. A moment—a few brief words and a blessing—and the bond is sealed, and the strains of Lohengrin peal forth as the plain gold band joins that betrothal gem that twinkled as a star in the dim cloister at the shrine.

* * *

Years ago, a young diamond merchant, who came of a long line of Philadelphia diamond traders, conceived the idea of selling diamonds on credit. The project was at first ridiculed as quite impracticable; diamonds were for the rich alone, to be flashed as an emblem of affluence. But, inspired by the democratic spirit and faith in an "idea" which the men who framed the Declaration of Independence possessed, Samuel T. A. Loftis, of Chicago, believed in the "equal rights" of all citizens to make investments in the premier gem.

The firm of Loftis Brothers soon became known far and wide as the leading jewelers of the country selling diamonds on credit. A tremendous cost was involved in putting forth and maintaining an educative campaign that would adequately exploit the idea; books on diamond lore which have since become veritable text references on the subject were published by the firm. In a few years the rush for Christmas diamonds showed how closely was the purchase of an engagement ring associated with the desire of the American young man to sacrifice, to save and to succeed.

At the St. Louis World's Fair, one of the most elaborate exhibitions of polishing and preparing diamonds was conducted by Loftis Bros. & Co. The exploitation was "live" in the literal sense of the word, and afforded every diamond lover an opportunity to know of the history and trade of the gem; of every process from the rough diamond in blue earth to the polished sparkler in full gold setting. The educative feature was so strongly impressive that the firm was accorded a grand prize for the display and the exhibit. On the books of the firm are the names of over half a million individual purchasers, which of itself is an almost unequaled expression of confidence.

The headquarters of Loftis Bros. & Co. in

Chicago reveal the fact that business transacted by mail is a lodestone drawing toward it permanent success. The thousands of orders received daily are as promptly filled as if the customers stood before the handsome show cases, blazing with diamonds, in State Street, Chicago, or at the large branch stores in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, or St. Louis, Missouri. Since its foundation in 1858, the firm has always been recognized as a standard of authority and reliability on the subject of diamonds. Its experience in dealing with people on credit in the sale of diamonds affords interesting data for the student of sociology and psychology. In the millions of dollars in value handled, the losses have been very slight. The keynote of the whole proposition is—confidence. Everyone about the Loftis establishment believes in diamonds—has faith in them as an investment increasing in value ten to twenty per cent. per year, and at better security than real estate.

SAMUEL T. A. LOFTIS
Of Loftis Bros. & Co., Chicago, Illinois

The Loftis credit system is today considered one of the most successful new phases of business. Without reserve the goods are sent on approval, with the knowledge that quality and high-grade goods count. The customer may be thousands of miles away, but an honest motive and intention are all that is necessary to establish an account with a firm where diamonds are the current standard of exchange. The plan is simple. The big catalog is sent free on application, selections made by the customer, values verified if desired, the goods shipped and payments arranged, one-fifth cash and the balance in eight equal monthly payments, or adjusted to meet the purchaser's requirements. No interest charges are imposed, and the wealthy man buys on the same terms as the lowest salaried employe.

The catalog is a veritable encyclopedia of the jewelers' art. The fifteen hundred illustrations include rare diamonds, rings, pins, brooches, etc., ranging in price from a few dollars to five hundred and a thousand dollars. Watches of standard make and all kinds of jewelry, silverware and productions of the goldsmith's craft are sold on the same plan.

There is something of peculiar attraction in the gift selected by counsel and deliberation. Those little whispered conferences for the purpose of selecting what is most desired involve an interchange of subtle study of each other's preferences, and stimulate self-sacrifice and unselfishness. Under the "Loftis System" a pen and paper and postage stamp bring to the home an array of all the latest and most attractive gifts in the jewelry line.

The season of 1909-1910, with its bumper crops of over eight billions coming directly from the farms, will be one of the most prosperous of recent years. The natural tendency of prosperity and good fellowship finds its best expression in giving! This impulse of giving is natural to the American people, and with the machinery of such a system as that offered by Loftis Bros. & Co., there is no reason why gift-giving cannot be made judicious as well as gratifying, in the broadest sense. A single postal brings an introduction, and this card is honored at Loftis Bros. & Co., not only as a preliminary of acquaintance, but it carries with it a credit that at the banks would necessitate gilt-edged collateral. It takes cognizance of the character and honest intentions of the individual in extending credit where credit is due. What broader basis could be conceived for business relations than the system that is developing more and more into a phase of American commerce by meeting the conditions of American growth and progress.

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

AT the last session of Congress the business situation became so acute, under the many exasperating delays, that the country cried out for any kind of old tariff to start the wheels of industry again. Now that the nation is fairly on its way, there is abundant opportunity to observe, going along with us, as it were, holding our trusting hands, those cute little "tariff jokers" that keep us merry company along the dusty byways of trade.

The first warning came a few weeks after the new tariff bill was passed, when the newspaper headlines informed us that there had been a sudden and precipitous advance in the price of watches. The argument voluminously set forth, declaring that this advance was not due to the tariff so much as to the increased cost of labor and materials, seemed reasonable, until it was learned that fifteen days later our Canadian brethren across the way were notified that instead of an increase they would enjoy a material reduction in the price of most American-made watches. What was intended as a protection to workingmen has apparently been turned into a munificent subsidy, which will reach well into the millions.

At the time this matter was before the committee in Congress, a petition setting forth the increased cost of labor and materials was presented which was signed by nearly every watch-making concern in America. One firm, R. H. Ingersoll & Bro., New York, would not sign this petition, taking the broad ground that they could not see where they were entitled, legitimately, to any such benefits, and they have since shown their consistency by utterly refusing to take advantage of the generous tariff so given. There probably are other instances in this great government where a manufacturer has taken as firm a stand on the principle he believes to be right, but they are not quite so conspicuous.

In the new tariff bill the largest increase has been made on the seven-jewel movements—the watch of the masses—for the very good reason that the figures run into high totals. Over seven-tenths of the total importations for 1907 were of this grade, and their value exceeded many times the total of all other grades combined. Not alone in this increase of duty on the cheaper grade of watches, but in an increased duty on dials and again, indirectly, by provisions regarding the marking of movements, cases and dials as well, do the watch-making concerns benefit.

It is the old story of hindsight and foresight, but the American public is patient and long-suffering. Those who don't like it, in the vernacular of the street, can "lump it"; or buy an Ingersoll, the only watch that is sold at a higher price in foreign countries than right at home, notwithstanding the tariff.

* * *

AS the first of the year approaches, the subscription desks are laden with thousands of renewals, coming with kind letters. It is as though we were having an annual personal chat with the readers of the NATIONAL.

Next January we want to have a great readers' reunion, and I hope every subscriber sending in a renewal order will name friends who ought to join our family circle. Tell us what you would like to have in the pages of the NATIONAL for the coming years; plans for the future are based solely on what our readers have told us they would like, and if there is any public man or woman, any special line of development or thought, any city or country concerning which you desire information, write and ask about it. Better still, if you have information concerning prominent persons or events that you think would be of interest, write it out and send it to the NATIONAL for inspection.

The most gratifying reward for editorial work is to read letters from subscribers, which more than compensates for all the worry incidental to the "trouble corner." Yes, I confess it is one of my chief pleasures to pick out a letter here and there from our files and read it, for I am always interested in knowing what the subscribers are thinking and saying. Let us start 1910 with a jolly reunion of old and new subscribers, introducing ourselves and others and talking about what we are doing, or what we think ought to be done, to make the NATIONAL MAGAZINE the most interesting periodical published next year. Don't fail to bring at least one new reader into the circle for next year, to take a seat in our Cosy Corner.

USE
MONOGRAM

BILLY KNIPPER AND HIS CHALMERS-DETROIT "30"
Winner of the Merrimack Valley Trophy on the Lowell Road Race, Labor Day, September 6

* * *

IN the National Light Stock Chassis Race at Lowell on Labor Day, William Knipper scored a brilliant victory, when he brought his Chalmers-Detroit Bluebird to the finish nearly fifteen minutes ahead of his nearest competitor. Knipper has been following automobile racing as a profession for a good many years, both in Europe and America. He has ridden and driven in some of the biggest contests of Europe in the earlier years of the industry, and has also been in the Vanderbilt, which has always been considered the real Blue Ribbon event of the automobile world in this country.

Perhaps Knipper's most interesting automobile experience was his trip from Denver to the City of Mexico. He drove a Chalmers-Detroit "30" pathfinder for the Flag to Flag Endurance Contest from the capital of the silver state to the capital of old Mexico. On the first of May, Knipper and his companions set out with a letter from Governor Shaffroth of Colorado to deliver to President Diaz of Mexico. Denver is a mile high; Mexico City is still higher, and the journey was literally among mountain tops. On the entire trip the pathfinders never got lower than one thousand feet above sea level.

After terrible struggles over the worst possible roads and often across deserts and through wildernesses where there were no roads at all, the staunch little car and its plucky driver reached Mexico City, June 3, having run twenty-five days and covered twenty-four hundred miles. The greater part of the journey was through country never before traversed by an automobile. The Chalmers-Detroit "30" driven by Knipper was the first automobile to go, on its own power, from the Mexican border line to the City of Mexico.

Very often as the car entered a Mexican village, the natives ran away and hid, or dropped on their knees, crossing themselves and frantically saying their prayers. They took the motor car for the devil wagon. Knipper said that he had been taken for a great many things that he is not, but never before had he been mistaken for the devil.

One experience Knipper and his companions had on this journey they will never forget to their dying day. They were stranded in a quicksand near the end of the first day after they got into old Mexico. They were in the Tierra Blanca desert, which is said by many travelers to be the most dismal section of the North American continent. After they had tried in vain to get the car loose from the quicksand, the crew devised other plans for their relief. Knipper and F. Ed. Spooner, the New York photographer, who was making the trip, stayed with the car while the other two passengers started away in search of the Mexican Central Railroad, which they knew to lie somewhere to the west of them. These two men walked all night across the desert without finding the railroad. Early in the morning one of them gave out, but the other kept on and finally found the railroad and a small section house where he procured water and went back for his fallen companion and got him to the railroad. In the middle of the afternoon they flagged a passenger train, and got into El Paso that night. They organized a relief expedition and started out to find Knipper and Spooner. The plight of the two men left with the car became desperate before relief reached them. They had nothing to eat except some dried pea soup, and no water to drink except what they took from the radiator of the car. They were alone in the desert without seeing a human soul and without food or water, other than that just mentioned, for nearly sixty hours. They were just getting ready to start out to spend the last of their waning strength in a desperate effort to find some sort of a settlement when the relief party arrived.

HUGH CHALMERS
President, Chalmers-Detroit Car Company

Upon their arrival in Mexico City they were received like conquering heroes. President Diaz accorded them a reception, and listened with much interest to a complete story of their adventures, assuring them of the protection of the Mexican Government for the Flag to Flag contest for which they were blazing the way.

During their stay in the Mexican capital they were generously entertained. On Sunday, Knipper drove his car to the bull fight and entered the great Mexican bull ring and drove all about it. His was the only automobile ever inside that ring, and he received a tremendous ovation. Everyone in Mexico, apparently, had been watching the progress of the pathfinders as it had been related from time to time in the newspapers, and everyone seemed to be acquainted with the adventures of the crew, and to hold them in high regard for their pluck. This second invasion of Mexico was a very friendly one, but it is having far-reaching effects on business conditions, so far as the sale of American-made automobiles in Mexico is concerned.

* * *

WE regret very much that in the hurry of making up our November forms, the proper credit was omitted on the football pictures that appear in this issue.

The frontispiece "The Kick Off" was obtained from the Boston *Traveler*, while the three pictures on pages 132 and 133 were secured from the Boston *Herald*.

We desire now to thank these well-known Boston papers for their courtesy in this matter.

TO the women of this land, New York City is a gigantic and permanent exposition, equalled in size and importance by none of the great world's fairs which have heralded American progress to the world. For at this exhibition she not only sees, but can purchase those luxuries of life so dear to her heart.

Some idea of the popularity of this great shopping center can be gained from the fact that its turnstiles—in this case railroad and steamship terminals—record a yearly attendance of nearly fifty millions of visiting shoppers. In this great concourse of tourists are to be found the pretty and blushing prospective bride from New Orleans, Seattle or San Francisco, who, desiring the best appointed home and the most exquisite trousseau, hastens to the American metropolis; the Western millionaire in search of American and European art treasures; the country gentleman who desires the benefit of a few weeks' change of scene and environment, and lastly the "here-there-and-everywhere" excursionist, who derives unqualified enjoyment from his three or four days' sojourn.

And there is a reason for this enthusiasm. During the past six or seven years the merchants of New York City have built up an American shopping district which is entirely independent of either of those famous old world marts, London and Paris. The preeminence of American architecture in the construction of mercantile buildings has resulted in erecting stores which not only permit of the best possible display of all classes of merchandise, but contribute marvelously to the convenience and comfort of the shopper.

So large has the New York general store become that its dimensions are now reckoned in acres rather than in feet, but the blossoms of these acres are not the passing poppy or dandelion of the fields; instead, they are the perennials of the show gardens of merchandise, which never lose their charm.

* * *

"Step lively, please," and we're aboard a subway train on our way to Astor Place. With the stereotyped admonition, "watch yer step," we alight at our destination, the new Wanamaker store, which, connected by a two-story bridge and two subterranean passages with the older building across the way, forms the largest general store in the metropolis. Here, even underground, the shop windows are beautifully lighted and decorated, and furnished with tasteful displays of merchandise.

Within the store we find the tide of busy shoppers ebbing and flowing from floor to floor by means of the swift and convenient elevators. The successful classification of merchandise is apparent even to the uninitiated; the succeeding stories of this wonderful mercantile palace provide unlimited selection for every buyer. No store in America has done more to consider the welfare of patrons, even providing a large Auditorium, where twice every business day a free musical concert is rendered by the highest talent procurable. This Auditorium has a seating capacity of about fifteen hundred, and is unequalled, perhaps, by any theater or concert hall in the city.

One of the real surprises of this great store is the quarter-million dollar mansion which has been erected within its doors. This "House Palatial" has twenty-four large rooms and is finely furnished throughout. It is composed of brick, stone, tile, marble and the finer hardwoods, the furnishings and interior decorations being the very best that money can command. It represents the American mansion at its best, and to the woman who has no opportunity of inspecting the homes of the ultra-rich, it affords an interesting study.

Whatever the size and impressiveness of the Wanamaker store to the shopper, it has a broader application to the women who are privileged to make use of its most excellent and up-to-date mail-order service, through a corps of individual shoppers, who, while in the employ of Wanamaker's, are really carrying out the wishes of the mail-order buyers. The shopper has the advantage of a mass of city experience in selecting goods, and can often do better for the customer who orders by mail than that lady could do for herself, if she personally came to the city to shop, while saving her the fag of a shopping expedition. In this way, women who appreciate the best for their family and themselves can have it without the labor and expense of a trip to New York City. The item ordered may be anything, from a pair of slippers to a piano. Every woman owes it to herself to become informed on this modern method of saving time and labor, and getting the very best that can be obtained in a great business centre like New York, no matter how far distant her home may be.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

IN this busy age, when one is literally bombarded with circulars, prospectuses and missives—I was about to say "missiles"—of all sorts, "How to Write a Business Letter," by Charles R. Wiers, of the Larkin Company, Buffalo, is a most valuable acquisition to the man who desires to be a successful correspondent. Every line is of value to students as well as business men.

CHARLES R. WIERS

Little more than a hundred pages are covered by Mr. Wiers, but into that limited space he has condensed a veritable encyclopedia of information on modern letter-writing. His originality is refreshing; he avoids "Chesterfieldian English" and openly avows his intention to discard all the hackneyed, commonly accepted phrases that have outlived their usefulness; on the other hand he does not run aground on the colloquial jargon of the commercial guild. Business letters written according to the instructions of Mr. Wiers will be models of terseness, courtesy and brevity. Calling attention to "cleverness" in business literature, he quotes an article written by Mr. W. N. Aubuchon of St. Louis, entitled "Salesmanship," which will surprise many, and the suggestions may well be applied to letter-writing:

"The clever advertisement may be and generally is the poor advertisement.

"Whenever I can remember the unusual illustrations, or catch phrases of the 'clever' advertisement, it is almost certain that I cannot remember the goods advertised."

Speaking of courtesy, Mr. Wiers quotes the president of one of the large New York banks:

"A grain of politeness saves a ton of correction. No institution is too important to ignore the laws of courtesy. I speak in praise of politeness out of the experience of fifty-nine years in the banking business."

Evidently personality, courtesy, sincerity and sentiment all have their place in business usage and correspondence, as Mr. Wiers demonstrates. He gives examples of the proper construction of various letters, which are models in their way. Forms for answering inquiries, for getting orders, and for meeting complaints, even an agreeable method of collecting accounts are given. Letters of endorsement, recommendation, sales, paragraphing correspondence correctly, suitable conclusions—the author forgets nothing. He advises the delaying of the composition of important correspondence until the mental attitude of the dictator is just right.

Mr. Wiers has been in charge of the correspondence of the Larkin Company for several years, and has come into direct communication with millions of businesslike and unbusinesslike people. The first time I heard him talk on the art of letter-writing, he emphasized the necessity of using words common in everyday life, because half the value of a letter lies in its being suited to the mental attitude of the recipient. In replying to a letter, Mr. Wiers always seeks to adjust himself to the temperament of the writer, and if it is an elderly person, he writes as he would speak if face to face with someone advanced in years; if the correspondent be young, the tone of the reply must be quite different. In short, in correspondence, Mr. Wiers adopts the old idea of going part of the way with his correspondent, adapting his pace to that of his companion—only by such thoughtful care can that confidence be established which is the basis of all lasting business relations.

After explaining what makes a successful letter, Mr. Wiers gives instructions as to addressing, stamping and even—in case of loss or delay—tracing; in three or four pages he gives his readers all that they can ever possibly need to know regarding the post-office regulations.

Following his own advice, "when you have finished the study of your man and his local situation, talk to him sensibly as man to man. Don't write to him."

The entire book is not "written" in the conventional sense of the term—it is a face to face talk about subjects of vital importance in all modern commercial walks of life, and it will prove valuable in home and public libraries.

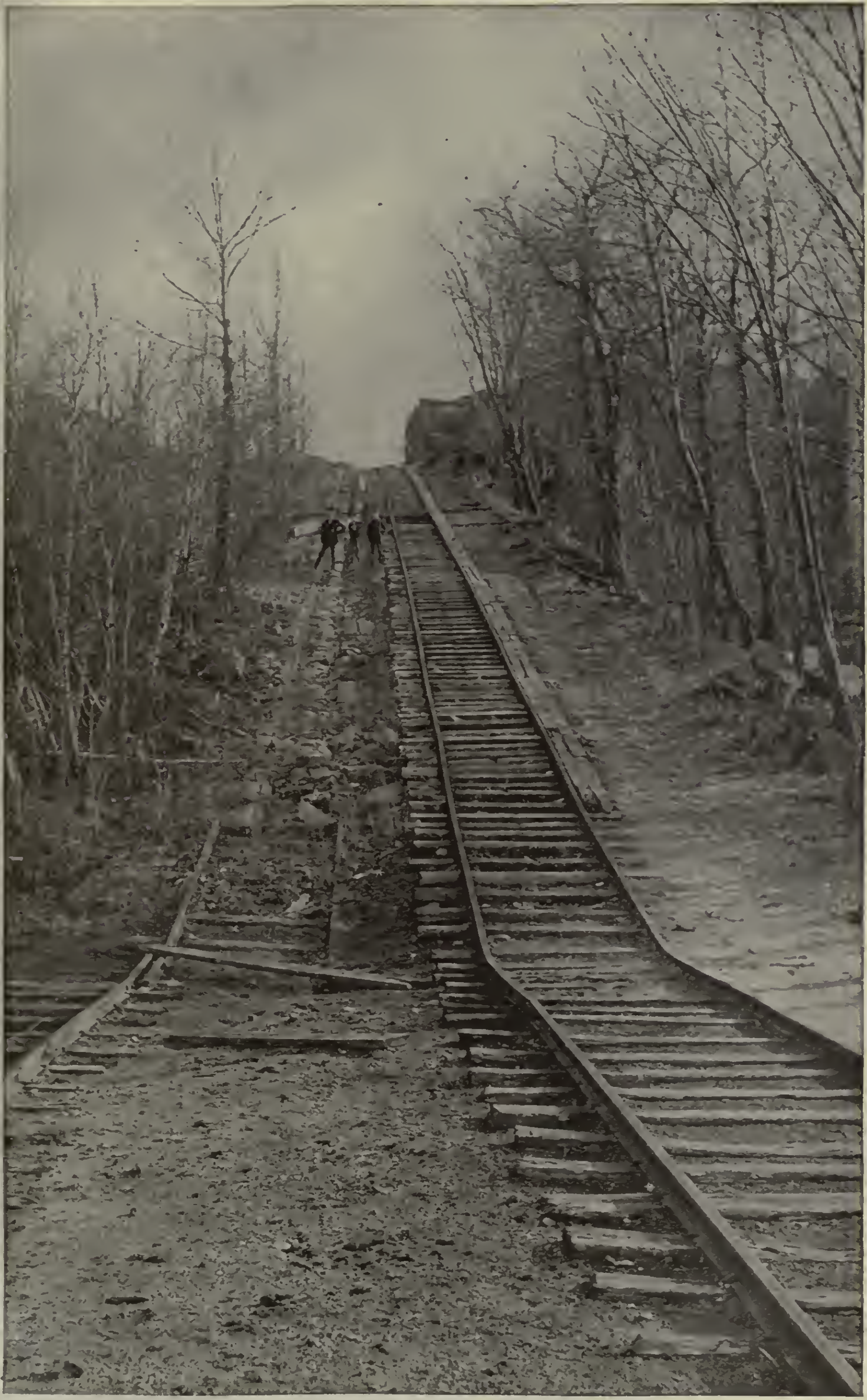


Photo by Ryder.

AMERICA'S FIRST RAILROAD

The first iron railway track in the United States was built at Quincy, Mass. Instead of being laid on wooden ties, as at present, the iron rails were fastened to granite blocks partially imbedded in the earth. At the left of this picture may be seen a part of the track still remaining.

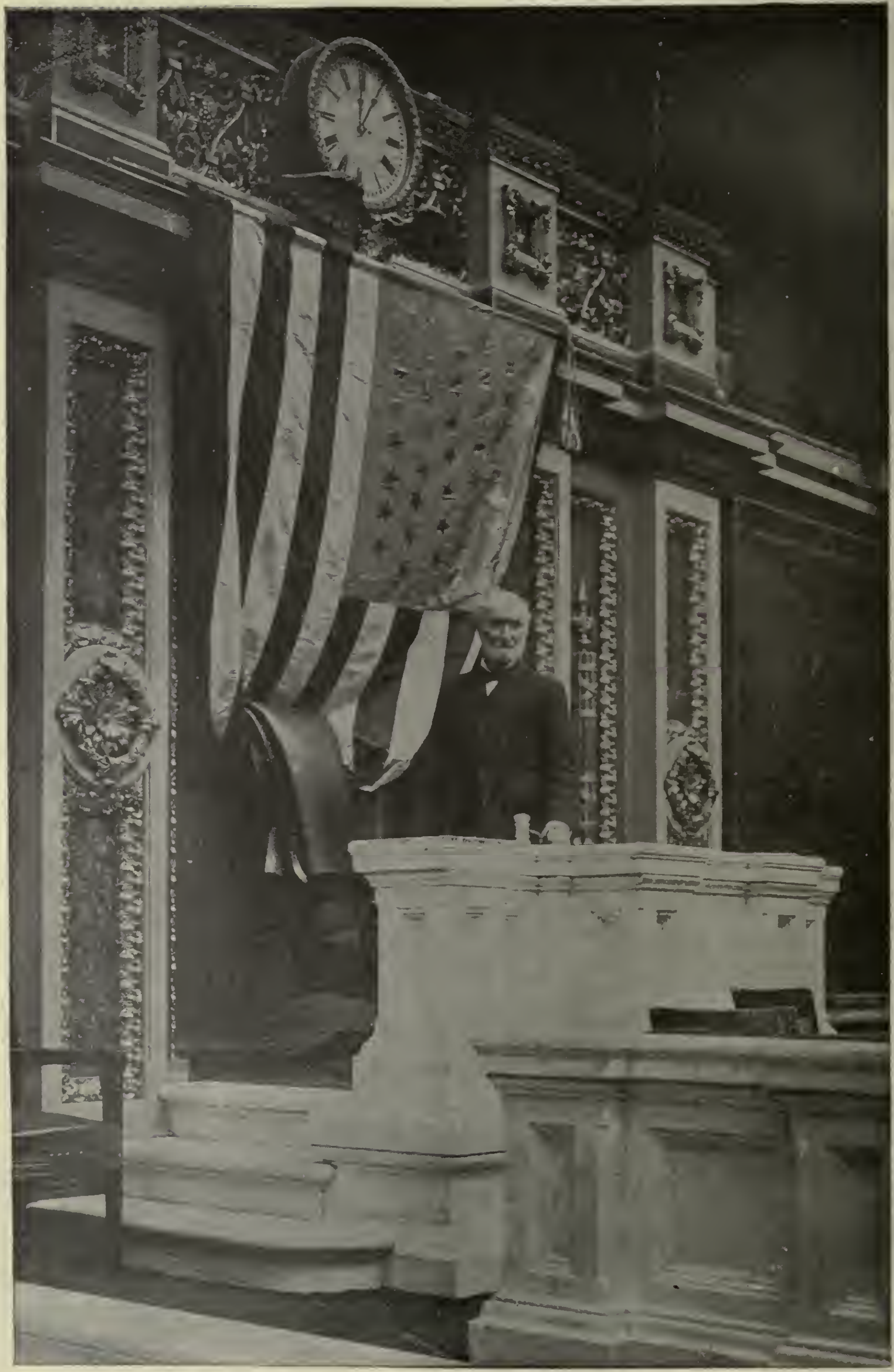


Photo copyright, Clinedinst, Washington.

"UNCLE JOE CANNON," SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXI JANUARY, 1910 NUMBER FOUR

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WITH a flourish of trumpets over the achievements of 1909, Uncle Sam turns over a spacious new leaf, and provides himself with a clean page on which to chronicle the events of 1910. With hearty farewells he ushers out the old year, and turns to welcome the young new year and give him kindly and joyous greetings.

New Year's Day has always been a great festival in Washington; then the whole community are radiant with good cheer and genial greetings, no matter how acute the diplomatic or political situation may appear. Day after day, year after year, the residents of Washington pore over books, for the major part of the population are employed on "government books." It is especially fitting that they should hail with delight the day that indicates the turning over of a "new leaf," which has a refreshing suggestion of the nation's capacity for casting aside the old and blurred and pressing forward toward the new and vigorous. To the Nation, as to the individual, there is cheer in the prospect of turning over a new leaf now and then, and covering up, if not obliterating, the smudginess of the thumbed records of the past.

In the new executive office the President begins the year 1910 and dispatches public business with geniality and deliberation. Those who are familiar with the old quarters wonder how they could have sufficed for the activities of the Roosevelt administration. Already hunger for a new sensation is becoming apparent, and correspondents are scenting political intrigue regarding the nomination for President in the campaign two years hence. Some declare with a certain unction, as though retailing a pleasing bit of news, that a great clash may occur when Theodore Roosevelt returns from Africa and looks after the policies which he pronounced necessary to the interests of the republic. Every phrase, almost every word that drops from the lips of the leaders of today is subjected to a dozen different renderings, for in the general opinion the interpretation counts for more than the actual words. Like the utterances of acute legal practitioners, official sayings may be construed to mean almost anything that the prejudiced listener wishes, though the intention of the speaker seems sufficiently plain to the ordinary hearer. The best and most accurate impressions are not always obtained from reported speeches, or documentary evidence, for the manner and inflection of a speaker may inject a foreign meaning into an innocent-looking phrase, while words that are as plain as day may be so misconstrued that they become dark with a mystery which never existed in the mind of the man who uttered them.

* * *

THE short session of Congress is an official season illuminated with many brilliant social functions, crowning the "society events" of the year. Receptions and dinners must be punctiliously attended, and engagement cards are of great importance in these days. No lawyer needs to be more exact in his regard for dates and hours than the devotees of fashion who tread the mazy whirl of society life in Washington at this season. The overture of all this gaiety is the New Year's reception at the White House. On this festal day the officers of the army and navy mingle together, attired in full dress uniform, and pay their respects to the President, who is commander-in-chief of the land and sea forces of the Republic. This is the one traditional social function at the White House that has continued uninterruptedly since the time of Washington. In those days the new Republic had a high regard for the observance of the New Year as a holiday full of promise, and suggestive of the young nation's high hopes of the future.

* * *

A RETROSPECT of the events of 1909 reveals achievements that will illuminate with unwonted brilliancy the pages of national progress. The discovery of the North Pole is an event of epochal importance, notwithstanding the fact that it has incidentally created a lamentable controversy; the rapid advance of aerial navigation, and the swift progress toward perfection of the aeroplane, are thrilling developments adding a glory of almost superhuman achievement to the expansion and growth of business and the industrial prosperity of the nation.

Yet, amid all this progress, there is a sober note of warning that recalls the favorite lines of Lincoln, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

As the tide of wealth sets toward us, responsibility increases; investments must become larger in foreign lands; something must be done to retain and create greater markets; to build up foreign and domestic trade and utilize the enormous production of the country. This is why far-seeing men are so keen to note every "trade wind" that comes from the Orient, Europe or Africa.

Then there are great, yes, imperative, moral responsibilities; there are historical warnings which no thinking man can deride in the rise and downfall of other empires and republics; there is the danger of being too prosperous in the mass, too much at ease in the possession of great national resources; there is danger of stretching the national virility and science on that couch of rose leaves that saps the strength of the athlete, dulls the brain of the statesman and the conscience of the financier and man of affairs.

* * *

ONE of the most interesting papers read before the American Medical Association was that of Dr. William McDonald on "Alcoholism." He said that the American nation, owing to their climate and modes of living, need stimulants less than any other civilized people, though he admitted they need something soothing to relieve the constant tension of the nerves. Dr. McDonald considered stimulants the worst possible thing for the American make-up, advocated abstinence from alcoholic drinks, and remarked that there is also a disastrous over-drinking of tea and coffee. He showed clearly that the alcoholic habit was productive of a large amount of insanity. The relationship between drunkenness and crime, he stated, could not be disputed. Investigations in France gave the largest proportion of insanity from drunkenness per capita; but an increase in alcoholism in the United States was pointed out, in contrast with a marked decrease in England, Ireland, Wales, Scotland, Australia and Buenos Ayres. Dr. McDonald's paper was looked upon as one of the strongest strictly temperance arguments presented for some time.

* * *

THE senior member (in years of service) of the American Republic Diplomatic Corps in Washington is Joaquin Bernardo Calvo, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from Costa Rica; he has seen long and honorable service, both as a public writer and in his diplomatic capacity. He founded the first daily paper in Costa Rica, and was at one time governor of the province of Cartago, whose chief city of the same name was the old capital of Costa Rica until destroyed by an earthquake many years ago. The city is on the mountain side, 1000 feet below San Jose, and is beautifully located in the midst of coffee and other sub-tropical plantations. Costa Rica is regarded as one of the most substantial and prosperous countries of Central America, with interests closely allied to the United States through the United Fruit Company and other industries.

It will be remembered that Mr. Calvo was

Photo by National Press Association.

HERE ARE THE MEN WHO COUNT THE NINETY MILLIONS

Census Supervisors from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, District of Columbia, Virginia, Maryland, West Virginia, North Carolina, called to Washington by Director Durand to impress on them President Taft's desire for a non-political, accurate and economical census. They were received by President Taft, December 11th. This photograph taken just outside the President's office. Director Durand stands in the center of the front row.

secretary of the Costa Rican delegation to the first Pan-American Conference, a member of the committee on program of the second Pan-American Conference, held in Mexico, and a delegate of Costa Rica to the same conference. Mr. Calvo was secretary at the peace conference in San Jose in 1906, and has for many years taken a high rank in the diplomatic service of his country.

EUGENE HALE
United States Senator from Maine

THE old and trusted friend of James G. Blaine and Thomas B. Reed, Senator Hale of Maine typifies the sterling qualities of the old school of statesmanship for which the Pine Tree State has ever been famous. Born in Turner, Maine, in 1836, Eugene Hale was admitted to the Bar and began to practice law when only twenty years of age. For nine successive years he was county attorney for Hancock County and made his maiden speech in the Maine Legislature in 1867. Nine years later he was a delegate to the famous Cincinnati convention, when from his celebrated nomination speech for Blaine, Robert G. Ingersoll christened him "the plumed knight." In 1860, Senator Hale was elected to the Forty-First Congress and served three terms; he declined an appointment as postmaster-general in the cabinet of President Grant and refused the navy portfolio during the administration of President Hayes. The following year Mr. Hale succeeded Hannibal Hamlin in the senate and has been re-elected for four successive terms. Beloved at home for those sterling qualities which his home state admires in a statesman, his unfailing conscientiousness has won him honor among his confrères in Washington.

* * *

Sailing to Bangor, up the historic Penobscot River, past the frowning ramparts of Bucksport, the traveler is reminded of old days, when Penobscot craft cruised over the world. There are memories, too, of the War of 1812, while the second growth of pine, fringing the banks, calls up visions of old lumbering days, when the forests of Maine were in their primeval grandeur. At Bangor these traditions are strong, but at Bar Harbor they have in some measure been overgrown by the newer associations of the summer colony of celebrities.

One of the most picturesque cities en route is Ellsworth. Through a sea of green foliage gleam the white houses and slender church steeples suggestive of the restfulness and beauty of the city. Close by, 8,000 horse power has been developed from the wealth of water, and not far away, in a beautiful grove, is the home of Senator Hale, which in many ways portrays the character of its owner. The Senator from Maine has a stern loyalty to law and order, and is truly patriotic; it is no surprise to find in his spacious library a picture of the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," inscribed by the late Senator George F. Hoar with an allusion to the fact that Senator Hale was the only man in Washington, beside himself, who protested against the Paris Treaty and the taking over of the Philippines as being contrary to the spirit of the great declaration of 1776. On the walls are other pictures, chiefly photographs, which call up memories of stirring days in Washington. There, too, hangs a photograph of Robert T. Lincoln, when he was a member of the Garfield cabinet and served as minister to England; and likenesses of McKinley, Thomas Reed, James G. Blaine, Mark Hanna and many other men prominent in national history are hanging in conspicuous places.

Senator Hale has long been accounted one of the strong leaders of the Senate; the thorough mastery of the details of his department as chairman of the Naval Committee has often been remarked by representatives of foreign governments. He is no less thoroughly informed regarding his native commonwealth, and the entire geography of the Pine Tree State is clearly traced in his memory; he is familiar with the more important facts regarding every city and town in Maine, and never appears to tire of telling of the achievements of his neighbors.

While reserved and dignified, Senator Hale is always eager to get at the exact truth and just relationship of every proposition. He has not permitted his love of his native state, even, to interfere with his duty to the nation at large. His is a fine and high type of patriotism, and his own country is one of the few subjects that can move him from his usual calm. When his dark eyes flash in debate, it is safe to assume that something of national importance is under discussion. When he raises his hand with a forceful gesture to emphasize a question or the solution to some problem, there is always close attention in the Senate Chamber.

For many years Senator Hale was associated with Senator William B. Allison on the Appropriations Committee; the intimate relationship between the two prominent men was often remarked in Washington circles, where they were described as the Damon and Pythias of the Capital. One of the most touching and eloquent tributes to a deceased colleague was rendered by Senator Hale when he said:

"If we had only been as good and kind and considerate to Senator Allison as he was to us, we should better have shown our appreciation of the gracious beneficence of the man."

In the early autumn he was one of the speakers at the centennial celebration of the birthday of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, who was Vice-President with Lincoln in his first term. The celebration was at Paris Hill on the site where Mr. Hamlin was born and passed his boyhood. He and James Sullivan Hale, the Senator's father, were fellow-students in Hebron Academy, and the great hill at Paris looks far away to Turner Village, where Senator Hale was born and led his boy's life. It must have been a proud moment for him when he looked down upon the scenes of his boyhood and felt a natural delight in participating in a notable event recalling the historic past and his own country and village life before he left home to engage in the studies which launched him in the profession of law.

C. C. HANCH
Whose article, "The One-Price System," appears in this number of the National. (See page 378.)

VISITORS to the Capitol linger long in the rotunda, where the array of statues invites study and proves an unfailing source of patriotic pride. The latest statue to be placed in this Hall of Fame is that of John C. Calhoun, the noted son of South Carolina, and the first contribution of that state to Statuary Hall. The statue was designed by F. W. Ruckstuhl.

Calhoun was elected to Congress in 1811, just before the outbreak of the War of 1812; he was Secretary of War in the cabinet of James Monroe, and in 1843 was Secretary of State to President Taylor. Elected to the Senate in 1845, he continued a distinguished member of that body until March 3, 1850. It is gratifying to know that his memory is to be kept green by means of a statue which is regarded as one of the masterpieces of a famous sculptor.

* * *

THE most marvelous array of statistics presented for some time past was that offered by the Bureau of Railway News and Statistics. These figures are so stupendous that one can scarcely comprehend their real meaning as they stand in orderly rows, divided into groups of three by portly commas. Figures are mounting up so rapidly nowadays that the statisticians have to keep on hand an ample supply of ciphers.

In ten years, nearly seven billion people were carried by the railroads of the United States, and in a single year, 1908, one and one-half billion tons of freight were transported over the shining rails from one part of the country to another.

The weight of individual locomotives has increased 115 per cent., and the number 75 per cent., there being now almost 57,000 puffing over the United States. The increase in the capacity of freight cars has been approximately 120 per cent., making their present carrying capacity more than 71,000,000 tons.

Perhaps the statistics giving the number of railroad employes are the most impressive; nearly a million and a half people, an increase of sixty-seven per cent., are now on the payrolls of United States railroads, drawing a compensation of a billion dollars a year, an increase of 110 per cent. over ten years ago.

* * *

THERE was some talk of the President calling an extra session of Congress for 1910 six weeks before the regular short session of December for the purpose of deciding upon the recommendations of the monetary commission, a movement which promises to be one of the great subjects of discussion during the next session. The time absorbed by the tariff bill has greatly interfered with the work of this commission.

The experts of America, Europe and Asia are preparing special reports relating to finance, all of which will be submitted to the commission. Every phase of finance, every aspect of the important questions of banking and currency will be carefully considered by expert authorities. Next to the tariff, the question of most vital importance is the financial welfare of the people of this country, and it is believed that a solution of the monetary problem will be reached which will render panics and undue depression almost an impossibility.

* * *

THE strategic value of the Panama Canal is estimated to be equivalent to a fleet of large battle ships. This is the conclusion of Dr. Cornish, given before the Royal Geographic Society in London. Taking the cost of the canal at $500,000,000, which would only build forty first-class battle ships nowadays, the United States will have a good bargain, and be able to cover a total coast line without any material increase in her vessels.

The canal will double the sea efficiency of our fleet for half the sum of money that would otherwise be necessary to maintain communication between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. At the same time the merchant marine of the United States will some day be developed, and justify the people in maintaining a naval armament that will be fully equal to that of other nations.

* * *

IN the Treasury Department the "conscience fund" has grown steadily since 1811. It is made up of money received from conscience-stricken people all over the country. Almost every day some remittance arrives to be added to this fund. The letter containing it is seldom signed, unless sent by a priest or clergyman at the request of some penitent, "sorry for his ways." For this reason, very few acknowledgments of these moneys are made, though the amounts sometimes run into three and four figures. One remittance was $8,000; the smallest sum received was a one-cent postage stamp.

A wealth of romance is hidden away in these curious letters. One woman sent in a hundred dollars as duty due on merchandise which she had successfully smuggled into the country, despite the vigilance of Uncle Sam's Custom House officials. There are people who have felt remorse in receiving letters whose shortage in postage had escaped the weighers in the postal service. Despite the many sources from which this money comes, the officials state that it is not likely to supply the treasury deficit at the present time.

Copyright. 1909. *Harris & Ewing*

SENATOR ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR OF TENNESSEE

THE variation in the ideals of honesty is an old study. Oriental ideas of honesty are quite contrary to our own; dwellers in the East do not lack principle, but their viewpoint differs. Many good United States citizens will take "souvenirs" from an historic building, a famous resort or hotel table, while others are so scrupulous that they will not take so much as an ivy leaf, a rosebud or sheet of paper without permission from the owners. Every year, investigation and exposure create higher ideals of honesty, personal and national. The day is not far distant when business men will awaken to the fact that individual and corporate honesty should be measured by an equally high standard, if the nation is to become what every citizen hopes to see it.

HENRY PRATHER FLETCHER
Charge d'affaires at Pekin

* * *

A THRILLING reminder of the Russo-Japanese War might be seen in the two cruisers in the Seattle Harbor, at the time of the Exposition. They are now named the "Aso" and the "Soye," but were formerly owned by Russia and were stationed at Chemulpo before the formal declaration of war was known at that point. The Japanese fleet appeared one morning and demanded immediate surrender, which was denied; despite the superior strength of the enemy the two Russian cruisers steamed out and engaged in the first armed conflict of the war. The Russian commanders displayed great bravery, but there could be only one result: in less than an hour the decks of both Russian ships were strewn with dead and wounded, while above and below the water line the cruisers were riddled with holes. They sank, but were afterward raised, renovated, rechristened with the names they now bear, and made a part of the Japanese navy.

* * *

AMONG the men prominently mentioned for minister to China was Henry Prather Fletcher, of Greencastle, Pennsylvania. He studied law with his uncle, Judge D. Watson Rowe, and was admitted to the bar in 1884. He was one of the young men who enlisted in the "Rough Riders" of Colonel Roosevelt and saw service at San Juan and El Cany. After the Spanish-American War he was appointed judge advocate at Manila, and later he entered the diplomatic corps at Havana. The following year found him acting as secretary of the Spanish Embassy at Lisbon, and in 1907 he was secretary of the Legislation, under Minister W. W. Rockhill, at Pekin. After that official had gone to his new appointment as ambassador to Russia, Mr. Fletcher made a splendid record as charge d'affaires, though working under trying conditions. More recently he distinguished himself as intermediator in the negotiations on behalf of the United States in regard to sharing for a great loan for an international railroad.

* * *

UNDER President McKinley and President Roosevelt Mr. W. J. Calhoun of Chicago handled many delicate and intricate international problems. Those who have met him feel that President Taft made a good selection when the new minister to China was appointed. Mr. Calhoun was a neighbor of Speaker Cannon at Dansville, Illinois, and of recent years has won prominence as an attorney for large interests, in which he has shown extraordinary executive ability; the more complicated the case, the better Mr. Calhoun seemed to be able to handle it to a successful conclusion. He is a man of force, one of those men who are bound to do things. His sandy mustache hides a mouth that expresses determination, and he does not precede his work with any more introductory ceremonies than necessary.

Mr. Calhoun has never been attracted by the limelight, though he has created a strong impression on those with whom he has come into personal contact. The situation in China, involving gigantic railroad development, has created many problems which it is felt a man of Mr. Calhoun's caliber and experience will be well able to handle. The appointment is accredited to Illinois, some wiseacres say, with the idea of placating the citizens of that state for the resignation of Mr. Crane. Though born in Pittsburg, Mr. Calhoun has lived the greater part of his life in the Middle West, and little has been said concerning the various missions to the Latin countries and to South America in which he figured so conspicuously. While he has never been in the Orient, and has not come into personal contact with the Orientals, a large number of persons well versed in the Chinese situation believe that the new minister will be fully equal to the complicated problems involved in Eastern questions at this time.

* * *

THE filling of the diplomatic post of minister to China was a matter that attracted a great deal of attention, and a large number of candidates were mentioned as possible ministers. Among those who had an enthusiastic following was Guy Morrison Walker, of New York, a native son of Indiana, whose father was for thirty-three years a missionary in the Celestial Empire. Young Walker spent many years in the country and has a thorough knowledge of the intricate Chinese language. For this reason many persons considered him peculiarly fitted for this post.

Mr. Walker is a brilliant lawyer who has handled some of the most important litigation of our time, and also has a wide experience in banking and financial matters, having organized two trust companies and financed several large railroad undertakings. In handling some eight or ten railway reorganization propositions he acquired a training and experience that would have stood him in good stead should he have been appointed as minister to China.

His defence of the Chinese, printed in *Leslie's Weekly* in June, 1900, was not equaled in the literature of that period. Mr. Walker was a close personal friend of Chow Tse Chi, then His Imperial Chinese Majesty's Consul General in New York, now a leading member of the Chinese Foreign Office in Pekin. He liked to hear Mr. Walker speak, and said:

GUY MORRISON WALKER

"Mr. Walker's lecture was a splendid exposition of America's interest in China, the greatest undeveloped market of the world. The needs and possibilities of my country have never been so well set forth, while his eloquent plea for the preservation of China was most convincing."

* * *

AN incident concerning one of Uncle Sam's government clerks is related in Washington. He developed tuberculosis and was given sick leave, and in view of his faithful service, and the fact that he was the breadwinner of his family, his wife was permitted to fill his position while he was ill. She drew his salary, and performed his duties well, having been herself a government clerk before her marriage. Eventually her husband succumbed to the disease, and it was necessary for her to continue to support her children. She had been drawing the usual pay attached to her husband's position, and petitioned to be allowed to hold it. On account of her sex, the chiefs of the department were obliged to place her on a lower rung of the ladder, civil service regulations not permitting a woman to draw so high a salary, though the chief expressed regret that he was unable to keep her in the position she had so ably filled.

* * *

WHEN the name of Colonel Henry Watterson is mentioned, there is a feeling in the heart of the newspaper men that this is the time for him to throw up his hat and hurrah for a genuine, old-time journalist. In his threescore and ten years he has lived through many a storm and is today a leading figure in newspaperdom. Few men are more widely known, or more truly loved, than this knight of the gray goose quill, who long ago won renown and wore his spurs as a worthy representative of an honored profession.

The Colonel's editorials are classics in their way, and he is noted for the richness of his vocabulary, which includes many a striking phrase that lodges forever in the memory. Few men are equipped with such unique metaphor and power in describing even an ordinary event, and he is not only among the most brilliant but is one of the most fearless and chivalrous members of his profession. When he writes he does not strew the floor with paragraphs discarded, nor does he marshal stately figures of speech, but goes direct to the warm hearts of his readers, with a sympathy that the people recognize as the very flower of journalism.

Colonel Watterson, just returned from an extended sojourn in Europe, was the guest of honor at a reception given by the National Press Club. The presence of the distinguished editor recalled the fact unknown to many of the newspaper workers of today that he was born in Washington, and had his early newspaper training in that city, although the first five dollars he ever earned as a writer was paid him by Charles A. Dana, of the *New York Sun*, at the time of the *New York Tribune*. Colonel Watterson told the "boys" that he was a reporter in the press gallery at the Capitol during the stormy days of 1859-61, and related some of the stirring scenes he witnessed during that trying period.

Turning to more serious things, he deprecated the tendency of the newspapers toward sensationalism.

"The thing that most interests me just now," said he, "refers to our own profession, and ought to interest you young gentlemen. This is the relation of the newspaper—the personal relation I mean—to the public. Pretending to be the especial defenders of liberty, we are becoming the invaders of private right. No household seems any longer safe against intrusion. Our reporters are being turned into detectives. As surely as this be not checked we shall grow to be the objects of fear and hatred instead of trust and respect.

"Someone ought to organize an intelligent and definite movement toward the bettering of what has reached alarming proportions. The treatment bestowed upon a noble family in this city for nearly two years now has been brutal in the last degree. During my recent visit to Wrest Park, Mr. Reid and I naturally talked a little shop, and I violate no confidence in saying that on this point we were in thorough accord.

"In Paris I talked with Mr. Bennett, who fully sympathized with what I said, to the effect that if reform is needed anywhere it is in the press. Mr. Melville E. Stone, who was with me in Paris, agreed to this so fully that he begged me to bring the matter before the next annual meeting of the Associated Press, and if I were not too modest, I will not say too old, to offer myself as a leader of movements, I would do it.

"I say this in your interest as well as the interest of the public and the profession, for I am sure that you are gentlemen and want to be considered so, whereas the work you are often set to do is the reverse of gentlemanly. It subjects you to aversion and contempt—brings you and a high and mighty calling into disrepute—by confusing the purpose and functions of the newspapers

Moffett Studio.

GENERAL FREDERICK GRANT

See page 375

with those of the police and the scavenger. I have been proud of that calling all my life, and when I go to my account I want to see a clean and honored flag flying from the masthead."

A recent issue of the London *Telegraph* gave an interesting account of a luncheon given at Dorchester House for the distinguished editor by the American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid. Among the guests were the editors of the leading English magazines and London journals, including also Sir Conan Doyle, Sir Henry Lucy, Sir Charles Wyndham, and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Dr. Osler came up from Oxford to be present. The health of the King and of the President of the United States was drunk standing. Mr. Watterson, in reply to the toast of his health, said:

"The Ambassador and myself are old and good friends who have passed our lives shooting blank cartridges at one another across imaginary lines of fire—battle lines in time of war and party lines in time of peace—to find toward the close that at bottom there was never any great matter between us, the good of the country and his duty, as each conceived it, the aim of both.

"I long ago forgave him Appomattox. I even forgave him Dorchester House and Wrest Park. He has risen to signal eminence and honor. Still dwelling in my humble cabin amid the wilds of Kentucky, I have followed each successive elevation with pride in our profession and joy in him, taking leave occasionally to deliver a broadside of not very terrifying verbal bullets to arouse and vitalize a proper respect for the freedom and candor and independence of the press.

"More than forty years ago I earned my living with my pen here in London. It was not much of a living, but we did not starve nor quite want for shelter and raiment, though sometimes our menu was hardly more elaborate than that detailed by the Arizona innkeeper, gun in hand, to the Eastern tenderfoot: 'There's nothing but terrapin and hash, and you'll take hash.'

"The English newspapers impressed me greatly, and I yet believe them unequaled in the elements of responsibility and cleanliness. I began my career a devotee of impersonal journalism. The broad columns, the absence of headlining, and the total unconsciousness of fallibility had a charm for me. If circumstances over which, like the recusant showman, I had no control have diverted me from my preference for obscurity and my modest intention, no one can be held more at fault than the American Ambassador, who has never failed to exploit me equally for the evil I have done and the good I have contemplated. I thank him with all my heart for calling you to this hospitable board, and you for coming, the rather in his dignity than in my desert, and am rejoiced personally to meet and make the acquaintance of so many whose names and performances have long been known to me."

* * *

RIDING in the vestibule of a Chicago street car, I thought of the many changes in the city since the time when Senator William Lorimer drove a pair of Missouri mules down State Street. In early years he worked in the stockyards and was even then recognized as a leader of men in matters political, always managing to carry his precinct or district and never failing to deliver what was promised. When "Billy" Lorimer was on a platform, political or otherwise, there was always something doing. His intuitive understanding of the wishes of the voters, and of general conditions, made him a political prophet who could always command attention. Senator Lorimer knows how to handle men of every type, and is acknowledged as an "all round good fellow," though he neither smokes nor drinks.

His first appearance in the political arena was as delegate to the National Republican Convention, at Minneapolis, when the fight was on between President Harrison and James G. Blaine for nomination. Lorimer was an enthusiastic Blaine man and became a target for the opposition. Powerful influences were working for Harrison, and there were many efforts to change Lorimer's opinions, but he remained loyal to his cause. On Blaine's defeat, his zealous adherent was advised to join the "Down and Out Club," but that was never Senator Lorimer's mode of procedure. Shortly after he was nominated for clerk of the Superior Court, and was defeated because of his support of "the plumed knight," James G. Blaine.

Less than four years after that defeat, calm and unafraid, he was elected to the

Fifty-fourth Congress and held his seat until the Fifty-seventh, when he was defeated by a man only twenty-six years old. Then Mr. Lorimer moved from his old district to the sixth, which promptly sent him back to Congress. After a protracted "deadlock," he was elected to the United States Senate by fifty-five Republican and fifty-three Democratic votes, and is now responding to the roll call in the Senate Chamber at the national Capitol.

Whether in the midst of his unbroken family circle of eight children, or speaking on a political platform, the charming personality of Senator Lorimer is always noticed, and it is often said that it has had much to do with his success as a political leader.

* * *

MANY letters have come to us commending the article in the October NATIONAL on "The United States Naval Academy," in "The Story of a Great Nation." Young men who are looking forward to a career in the United States Navy are treasuring the sketch as a guide to mental and physical training for admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, the general character of the examination being given with all the clearness and exactness of a text book.

* * *

LEADERSHIP has long been a predominant attribute of Pennsylvania statesmen, and no more perfect party organization exists than is found in the Quaker State, where the word "machine," although a somewhat opprobrious term elsewhere, is looked upon as eminently proper. Under the leadership of Senator Boies Penrose, Pennsylvania Republicans feel that they have all they can desire. The "machine," ably piloted by Senator Penrose, was constructed in the time of Mat Quay; there are no loose spokes in the paddle wheels, and not a screw is missing nor a bearing lacking oil.

In the committee rooms which are the headquarters of the Pennsylvania system, orders are now promulgated by long distance telephone, instead of by personal message as of yore. Colonel Wesley R. Andrews has long served as chief of staff and secretary to Senator Penrose. It is facetiously remarked in Washington that, "if you wish to inspect the real thing in getting a political office, visit Senator Penrose."

A very tall man with an air of quiet force, the very manner of the Senator suggests the efficient leader. His jet black moustache imparts a military air, and it is small wonder that the Republican party in the "petroleum" state is content with its leader. While Senator Penrose seldom makes a speech, when he does open his lips he always says something that counts. After long hours in the Senate chamber, he retires to his own office and puts in a good deal of hard work keeping in touch with the vast amount of detail involved in politics.

* * *

"IT was my pleasure to have known President Lincoln personally," said Alexander McDowell, clerk of the House. "I talked with him on several occasions, in Washington and at the front, and while I knew *him* well I do not flatter myself that he knew *me* well, for there was only one of him and there were forty millions of me. What struck me above all else was his simplicity and every-day common sense.

"He met all men as equals, not in a patronizing way, but in a way that said as plain as words, we are all of one blood, and brothers. He was a great man and he was the only one in all the land that did not know it.

"He always remembered his early struggles and poverty, and with a sympathy born of them was ever ready to give a helping hand to those compelled to travel the road that he had been compelled to travel in his youth and early manhood.

"He was a Christian—not a church member—and did by his actions what so many do by their professions only. His life was the golden rule in action. He loved and had faith in his fellow-man, and stood at all time ready to hold the ladder firm while they ascended and no jealous envy ever entered his mind, no matter how high the ascent.

"He was a Republican and a partisan, but above all, a patriot and a lover of his country. We need today partisan Republicans and partisan Democrats, men who believe in their party and the principles of their parties and not so many guerillas that feed between the lines, now on one side and then on the other.

"In his death the South lost a sincere, honest friend and the nation a patriot."

HON. BENJAMIN F. SHIVELY, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM INDIANA

SIX feet tall, possessed of no superfluous flesh, with a strong, handsome face, the bearing of Senator Shively has a military air. His hair, streaked with gray, has that slight roguish crinkle which ladies tell me indicates a cheerful disposition. A young woman, studying the uncovered heads of the legislators of her country, remarked: "Senator Shively's hair is just right—it is not a good sign when hair is *too* curly."

The Senator's wide experience has given him a refreshing breadth of view. He knows what it is to plough and sniff the odor of the freshly turned earth—an odor that is like nothing else in the world. At one time he thought of learning the carpentering trade, but hearing that Will Woodside and other chums were getting forty dollars a month for teaching school, it occurred to the future Senator that "training the young idea" might prove more pleasant than chipping wood. In this way he earned $160 and learned the art of boarding himself.

His eighteenth year found him in the Northwest, binding wheat and ably maintaining his station in the harvest field. When he arrived to take up his new job, his attire consisted of a frock coat, white necktie and linen duster; he had rigged himself out in accordance with the wishes of his chum "Bill," who was an itinerant Methodist preacher. It was rather unusual to see harvest hands so attired and bickering over $2.50 per day. There happened to be a mighty pretty girl in evidence when the dual application for work occurred, and the young men inquired of her as to the proper person to interview on the important topic. She directed them to the man who was "back of the stable cutting grass." They found him atop of a mowing machine, shouting his orders with a voice that rivalled a fog horn. Between a brace of swathes they gained his attention, but the good farmer looked askance and opined that "no honest man could wear such good clothes."

"Sir," said Bill, "binding wheat and garnering sheaves is now our particular business; we will match ourselves against any four men you can bring on your field."

The farmer looked at them with more attention. "It's a bargain," said he.

After the first day's fight with the big McCormick reaper, they may not have found the prospect of farm life so attractive.

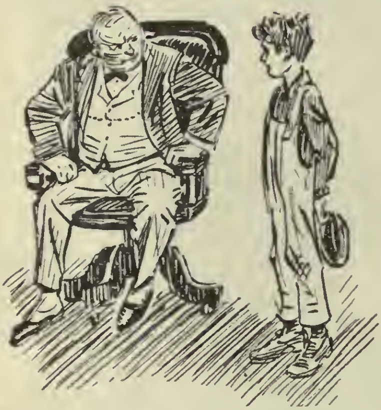
The first business venture of Mr. Shively's career was in the newspaper line; he became sole proprietor of a paper called *The Era*, which entailed three years of stern sacrifice, but taught him to set type and handle the editorial and financial work required by his new possession.

The first move toward Congress was made in 1884, and, once more attired in frock coat and white necktie, the erstwhile harvest hand appeared in Washington, but this time his costume excited no remark. At the conclusion of his first brief term of congressional work, he began to study law at the University of Michigan. By working night and day he graduated in a year. Soon after he was again nominated for Congress and served three terms, after which he engaged in the practice of law at South Bend, Indiana. In Mr. Shively's case the usual procedure was reversed; unlike most Legislators, he went to Congress first and later studied law When Roger Q. Mills was working on the famous Mills Bill, Senator Benjamin Shively was an active member of the House of Representatives. He has never relaxed his interest in education, and is now president of the trustees of Indiana University. In January, 1909, he became a member of the United States Senate, and his term of service will expire in 1915.

The Senator believes that tariff taxation and extravagant expenditure of public money will be the issues on which the next presidential campaign will be fought. He observed that the word "economy" seemed to be disappearing from use in regard to the management of national affairs, and called attention to the fact that in 1861 the cost of government, per capita, was two dollars, whereas it is now six dollars, not including the interest on war bonds or money paid for pensions. He believes that the policy of his party must be the reduction of tariff taxation and of abnormal national expenditure, and time will prove or disprove his theories.

* * *

TALKING with quiet, matter-of-fact Mr. Wright, it hardly seems possible that he is the man who has revolutionized aerial navigation. The story of the inventive family rivals any romance ever written. The sturdy machinists of Dayton, experimenting and working night and day to carry out a fixed purpose, are an object lesson of the value of perseverance. Undaunted by the labor and expense of those heart-breaking and apparently fruitless experiments on the east coast of North Carolina, and among the sand dunes of Florida, they retained an unwavering faith in the principle on which all their machinery was constructed; believing that the conquest of the air was at hand, and that machines fed by the fluid drawn from the bowels of Mother Earth, would solve the problem that had puzzled humanity for hundreds of years. Yes, those two big sheets of white, with the men and the machinery sandwiched between, look so simple that it really seems one might make an airship over night if only the engine were handy. The next few years will bring wonders in flying machine development. They will become not merely scientific problems or a social diversion for the ultra-rich, gratifying the feverish craving for something novel, but will fulfil the real object of all invention, making the aerial navigation an industrial asset in transportation. The comic sketches of the air filled with great moving objects, which now look so absurd, in a single generation may become a fact and bring in their train the solution of transportation for the constantly increasing population; to "get off the earth" and travel through the air will greatly aid in solving the problem of congested city streets.



"So you wish you had old Hanna's money?"

* * *

WHEN Senator Hanna was walking through his factory in Cleveland, some years ago, on the lookout for new ideas or anything which would aid the progress of business, he overheard a little red-headed lad remark:

"Wish I had old Hanna's money and he was in the poorhouse."

The Senator returned to his office and rang to have the boy sent to him. The boy came to the office timidly, just a bit conscience-stricken, wondering if his remark had been overheard and ready for the penalty. As the lad twisted his hands and nervously stood on one foot before the gaze of those twinkling dark eyes fixed on him by the man at the desk, he felt the hand of Uncle Mark on his shoulder:

"So you wish you had old Hanna's money and he was in the poorhouse, eh? Suppose your wish should be granted, what would you do?"

"Why," stammered the lad, "the first thing I would do, sir, would be to get you out of the poorhouse."

The Senator laughed and sent the boy back to his work. Today he is one of the managers of a large factory, but he never tires of telling the story that held his first job.

* * *

EVEN as hats, coats and neckties vary in fashion, so the various statues in the city of Washington seem to change position and prominence. Doubtless the citizens are actuated by the same impulse that induces the good lady, after house-cleaning is over, to remove the bric-a-brac in her house from one place to another. It is proposed to remove the statue of Andrew Jackson from Lafayette Square, which itself is to be renamed Washington Park. While Washington selected and named the city, he never actually lived at the national capital, and it is urged that his statue should stand near the White House and thus let the bronze Washington enjoy that which was denied the Washington in the flesh.

On the site of the Jackson monument, fronting the White House, the doughty old General used to walk in the early morning, before other people were out of bed. Here, leaning on his stout hickory staff, he listened to the songs of the birds, and perhaps sometimes wondered why he ever assumed the duties and cares of President of the United States, when there were so many home comforts awaiting him at the old Hermitage.

A recent addition to the famous Washington collection of statues is the majestic bronze monument to Alexander Robey Shepherd, who, during the Civil War, took up the work of reconstructing Washington and revolutionizing its relations to the whole government. He applied his powerful personality and all the resources of the old-time "boss" to remodeling and renovating his native city, desiring to place it in the proud position to which it is entitled by its unique relation to the Federal Union. The city of Washington is today the real monument to Governor Alexander Shepherd, though, by the irony of fate, the creator of "Washington the Beautiful" died far from home, in Mexico.

The unveiling of this monument, situated appropriately in front of the new District Building, was indeed a tribute to his great work in civil life. The ancient enemies of "Boss" Shepherd had forgotten all enmity, and at last recognized his broad perceptions and ambitions.

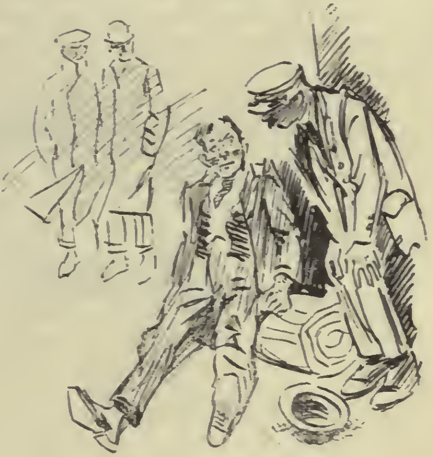
Under his direction, twenty million dollars was expended in carrying out the plans of L'Enfant, whom we recall as the French engineer who laid out the city of Washington, taking as a basis historic Versailles, introducing in his plans for the new city the broad vistas, wide avenues, ample squares and triangles which give abundant opportunity for the placing of future statuary.

The monument of Columbus will grace Union Station Plaza, and those of John Paul Jones and Commodore Barry, with memorials of Washington, Stevenson, Kosciusko and Pulaski are scheduled to be unveiled later. These and other statues will eventually make Washington the "City Beautiful" of the world. Congressman Samuel McCall, chairman of the House Library Committee, who has labored early and late for the increase of artistic sculptures and bronzes at Washington, is to be credited with much of the great progress already noted; and through his careful, judicious management it is believed that in time the dreams of L'Enfant will be amply realized.

* * *

A KENTUCKY Senator told about an old pilot on the Mississippi, aged eighty-two, who was recounting an incident connected with the temperance question:

"Intemperance is ruining the nation," he insisted. "The sad victims are on every side of us; I have seen many of them in my long career. Once we had a passenger on a steamboat where I was pilot; he was intoxicated and fell overboard. After he had been soaking at the bottom of the river for quite a while, we fished him out, and laid him, limp and sopping, on the deck; our efforts to revive him were unavailing, until at last somebody thought that whisky would be just the thing to restore animation. We opened the man's mouth and poured some down and it seemed to stay there all right, for a gurgling sound came from his lips. I put my ear close to hear what he might wish to say—doubtless a last message for his loved ones at home.



"Roll—me—on—a—barrel."

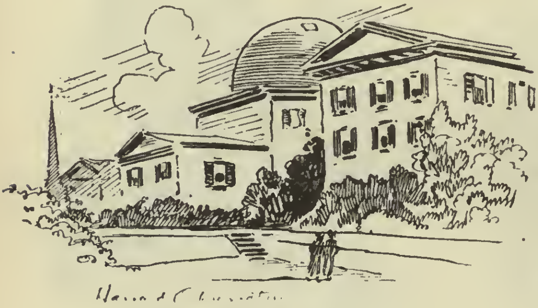
"'Roll—me—on—a—barrel,' he wheezed hoarsely, 'roll me on a barrel quick and get out some of this water—it will spoil the good Kentucky whisky.'"

* * *

THE Treasury Department requires the close attention of newspaper men connected with financial journals. Every noon the Department prints a statement of existing financial conditions, and every Thursday morning the Treasury decisions are made public. Daily bulletins from the several departments give out general information from every bureau, including reports from all officials who collect information regarding commerce and labor, details never before been given out by any government. The newspapers are supplied with advance reports and the day of release indicated seldom violated.

The "Congressional Record," which appears every morning, contains verbatim reports of the debate and proceedings of the Senate and House. One hundred and eighty correspondents are admitted to the press gallery, and how these busy workers can survey the same ceaseless routine, yet every day prepare attractive sketches and articles from apparently dry-as-dust material, is one of the secrets of the craft.

The news-gatherer is steadily becoming more impartial as to the source from which he obtains information, but in recent years the Senate has been the great centre of legislative news, and most of that is obtained in the committee rooms or of the senators as they pass to and from the capitol to their lunch.



Harvard Observatory

It has been cynically remarked that the debates in Congress are designed to cloak rather than proclaim information as to what is being done or planned, and because of this abundant discussion the press galleries are empty most of the time; proceedings no longer embody the real spirit of Congress as they did in the old days.

* * *

At the Harvard University Observatory a gigantic telescope floats in a tank of water. It is one of the largest in the world, the reflecting mirror being five feet wide. Mounted on a water-tight cylindrical steel float, the telescope swings in a concrete tank full of water, only slightly larger than the cylinder, which is designed to fit it closely and serve as a pivot for the telescope, instead of having it mounted on a solid base. Machinery at each side holds and guides it. The water bears the weight, and the movements of the telescope are regulated by tiny electric motors; the gigantic mirror can be easily removed and resilvered, when it grows dim, although two tons are indicated when it is placed on the scales. Through this telescope stars of the sixteenth and eighteenth magnitude are revealed, and it seems to penetrate into the very abysses of the heavens. While the instrument is mounted in the open air, the image is reflected to an eye-piece, in an adjoining building, where the astronomer sits and makes calculations in which millions of miles are dealt with as indifferently as the simplest sums in ordinary book-keeping.

The first look through a great telescope is disappointing, but the novice soon sees that the flat appearance which the heavens present to the naked eye is replaced by a curious concavity; the moon and stars seem to be hung in space rather than spread out on a flat surface. For a moment one feels at the telescope like a child watching the swift-moving balls kept in the air by a juggler, and expecting to see one of those great, bright bodies fall. Then comes the thought—"What keeps them there, apparently suspended in space with absolutely nothing to hold them firm?" The explanation of the learned astronomer causes the brain of the layman to whirl, and he sees himself, perhaps for the first time, as a child gathering pebbles on the great shores of the sea of knowledge, or as "an infant crying in the night; an infant crying for the light—and with no language *but* a cry."

* * *

A TYPICAL son of the South who has won conspicuous success in politics as well as on the platform is Senator Robert Love Taylor. He was born in Carter County, in the mountains of East Tennessee, at the spot on the Watauga where John Sevier erected the first fort in the Southwest Territory, and where the intrepid little army of frontiersmen rendezvoused to descend upon the arrogant Ferguson at King's Mountain and annihilate him, winning the battle that turned the losing tide of the Revolution.

He came of a royal race of rhetoricians, his father being a Princetonian and an orator of matchless powers. His maternal uncle, Landon C. Haynes, was a Confederate Senator and was one of the old-time great orators. Senator Taylor himself has achieved a distinction as a finished speaker and painter of words that classes him among the foremost men of the times.

He was first elected governor of Tennessee in 1887 and again in 1889, and then after a lapse, again in 1895,—a distinction accorded no other Governor, except John Sevier in the beginning. In his first race he was opposed by his brother, Hon. Alfred A. Taylor, in a spectacular campaign that had Tennessee ablaze with enthusiasm from the mountains to the Great River. There were six brothers, half Democrats and half Republicans, and they all inherited the same rich forensic accomplishments. In the race between the brothers, their distinguished father was tendered the nomination by the Prohibitionists, but declined.

Senator Taylor was elected to Congress in 1878, when only twenty-eight years of age, from the First District of Tennessee, overcoming a Republican normal majority of 5,600. His father had represented that district before him as a Whig, and his brother Alf afterward represented it as a Republican. He was elected to the United States Senate in a primary election in 1907. Senator Taylor is fifty-eight years of age, handsome—with a rich, deep voice and a musical drawl—a raconteur, with an inexhaustible fund of story and sentiment, who could have made his fortune in the public rostrum.

* * *

THE new Spanish ambassador, Marquis de Villalobar, scion of a distinguished family, has had a grand career in Europe. He impresses one as the ideal diplomat when he says:

"It is the desire of my sovereign, the King of Spain, and also that of the Spanish people, that the friendly relations existing between the United States and Spain be still more strengthened and that both countries be brought into still closer bonds of friendship with each other."

Though this sounds like the usual official utterance, there is something in the way in which it is spoken that bespeaks sincerity. The marquis, whose full title is His Excellency Senor Don Rodrigo de Saavedra y Vinent, Marquis de Villalobar, was in Washington fourteen years ago as an attache to the Spanish Legation and expresses himself as glad to return again to the capital. Slightly over the medium height, with light eyes, a small moustache, chestnut hair and light complexion, the new minister carries himself nobly, is a brilliant conversationalist, and an accomplished linguist. While it hardly seems possible that a Spanish gentleman should resemble Ex-President Roosevelt, many of his friends declare there is a likeness in facial expression.

Marquis de Villalobar was born in Madrid, where he began his diplomatic career. In 1890 he came to Washington, soon becoming a society favorite and winning popularity with the diplomatic corps. He accompanied the Duke of Veragua, his uncle, a lineal descendant of Columbus, when he visited the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. The Marquis traces his ancestry directly back to the stalwart cavaliers who led his country's victorious armies in expelling the Moors from Spain. His grandfather was the famous Duke of Rivas, well known in Europe as a politician, a poet and a diplomat.

The new Spanish minister is a Chamberlain to King Alfonso of Spain and belongs to the Royal Maestranze of Cavalry of Saragassa, one of Spain's most ancient chivalric institutions. He possesses the Grand Cross of Isabella of Spain, the Crosses of Legion of Honor of France, Leopold of Belgium, The Christ and Villaviciosa of Portugal and many other Spanish orders and medals.

The Marquis was presented the Cross of Knight Commander of the Victorian Order by King Edward of England, his intimate friend, and, in fact, has been closely connected with the social features of royal betrothal and marriage which brought Princess Victoria to the Spanish throne. Though the Spanish ambassador has had much to do with several weddings in high life, he has not ventured his own craft upon the matrimonial sea and remains a bachelor.

* * *

A REMARKABLE painting, a representation of the Christ, exhibited at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, was purchased by Dr. W. L. Wright of Washington, who has sent it about the country for exhibition at religious and other gatherings. The canvas has peculiarities for which neither chemists nor clerics can account.

Viewed in the full light of day, it is a splendid religious picture of the usual type, but after nightfall or when the room is darkened, the clouds in the background of the painting emit a vivid glow, which throws out the figure of the Christ, and shines around the head like a halo. The artist did not himself discover this singular feature of his work until he had almost completed it. At the suggestion of a friend, a Biblical lecturer, he had begun the work, but for sometime felt dissatisfied, and at last put the painting aside. One day a new idea of the subject came to him and he at once resumed his painting, and sought to convey his thought to the canvas; he felt that this time he was succeeding. One evening, he entered the room and observed a peculiar light, which emanated from the picture on his easel. Before him was the shadowy form of the Christ, just as he had painted it, but it stood out against a background like a magnificent aureole, such as the artist had neither painted nor thought of.

He decided that it would be sacrilegious for a human hand to make any addition, and the painting has been left incomplete. Chemists have sought to analyze, theologians have discussed, but the mysterious illumination of the picture has never been satisfactorily explained.

* * *

ONE of the veteran congressmen is Nehemiah D. Sperry of Connecticut. Tall and erect, with the stately air and manner of a gentleman of the old school, he occupies a seat in the front row of the House, and, though eighty-one years of age, keeps in close touch with the entire work of the session. Seven times has he been elected from a congressional district that was normally Democratic, yet he is in no sense of the word "a political boss"; on the contrary, he is a kindly, genial soul who possesses the rare gift of retaining friendship. A brick-mason by trade, he has a thorough hold upon the workingmen of his district. As a contractor it was Mr. Sperry's delight to procure work and do favors for those in need of aid, and when Tom, Dick and Harry were out of employment they always knew "where to go for a job"—which fact they have evidently not forgotten. He has retained both their respect and love by his adherence to the good old New England ideals of integrity. Many celebrated buildings, notably some of Yale University, were erected under his direction.

Congressman Sperry was at one time a school-teacher and for years postmaster of New Haven. Entering the political arena at the age of twenty-six, with all the energy of the farm lad, he soon became a natural leader of men in his own class, and has held this position for more than a half-century; it is said that his initials, "N. D.," are quoted as standing for "Never Defeated."

Mr. Sperry's recollections of the Philadelphia Convention of 1856 are intensely interesting. It was there he met two delegates who were later vice-presidents—Henry Wilson and Schuyler Colfax. He was one of the charter members, so to speak, of the Republican party, and participated, as a delegate from Connecticut, at the convention which nominated John C. Fremont. A delegate at the convention which renominated Abraham Lincoln, he was one of the foremost supporters of the overburdened President during the darkest days of the war, indignantly denying all slanderous charges made against his beloved chief. President Lincoln appointed him postmaster of New Haven in 1861, which office he held for over twenty-eight years.

Mr. Sperry's entire fortune was pledged for the "Little Monitor" Company, when that "cheese-box on a shingle" was built by John Erickson, to challenge the indomitable "Merrimac" in the great naval duel at Hampton Roads. The inventor and his backers were required by the Navy Department to furnish a $200,000 bond before they were permitted to begin work, and the securing of this contract has always been a source of just pride to the Congressman.

Few committee rooms on the House terrace are more delightful than that occupied by Mr. Sperry. When the House is in session he is always "present," as alert and active as the youngest legislator on the roll.

* * *

THERE are no more interesting records in the Post Office Department than those written when Joseph Little Bristow was fourth assistant postmaster general. His was the onerous task of ferreting out frauds and irregularities in that department, and for a long time he was regarded as the Post Office "sleuth" or detective.

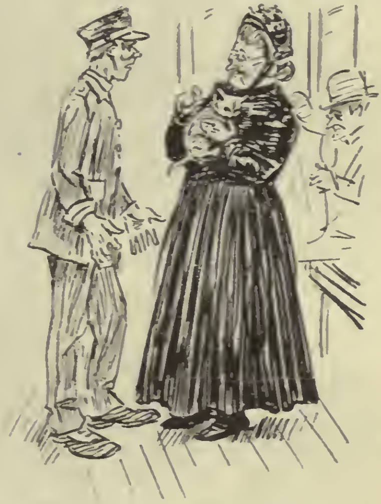
Born in Kentucky in the opening year of the Civil War, Mr. Bristow has again, at the age of forty-seven, taken his seat in the Senate as representative from "Bleeding Kansas." He graduated at Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas, in 1886, but returned to old Kentucky for his bride; his first public office was clerk of the district courts at Douglas County, Kansas. In 1890 he was an editor at Salina, Kansas, and later served as private secretary to Governor Morrill. He was secretary of the Republican State Central Committee of Kansas from July, 1894, to 1898, and in April, 1897, he was appointed fourth assistant postmaster general by President McKinley and served until January, 1905, which meant eight years of strenuous administration. Mr. Bristow had charge of the investigation of the Cuban postal frauds and of the reorganization of the Cuban postal service in 1900.

In 1905 he again took up the thread of newspaper work at Salina, Kansas, immediately after he had finished his work as special Panama Railroad commissioner, to which position he was appointed upon retiring from the post office department in 1905. In his campaign for senator he had the hearty co-operation of William Allen White of Emporia, and it was a red-hot fight, the battle being conducted largely by public meetings in towns and villages of the state. Senator Bristow is a hard worker and will probably take warning from his predecessor, whom he defeated, and will keep in very close touch with the people of his state. He promises to give Kansas the conscientious and energetic service which has always characterized his public career.

* * *

ONE sunny, crisp morning, I came across a dear old scientist seated on a bench in the park, with sheets of paper in one hand and pencil in the other. He was figuring away as though his life depended upon it. Long ago he had been tossed upon the "shelf" and left there, ticketed "crank." Sometimes I like to talk with cranks, for they always have ideas of their own. I sat down beside him and listened to his dreams and prophecies of the future for the United States.

He proved by figures that if the growth of the nation continues at the present rate, there is a prospect that, in another hundred years, this country may control all the wealth of the world. By means of a simple-looking table, with scientific and mathematical precision, he proved that, if every man, woman and child in the United States would save ten cents a day, in a hundred years their descendants would own all the wealth of the world, figured at compound interest. The yellow leaves fell unheeded on his paper as he talked of his pet hobby, though with the pathetic consciousness that he would never see his dream realized. His long silver hair and beard shone in the sunlight as, busy with his pencil, he figured out his problem with all the care of long years of mathematical training, and with a skill that would have been worth thousands to some more practical political economists.



"Both ends will stop for you."

* * *

A REGULATION had come into force that all persons wishing to alight from a car must be near the door before it stopped at the place signalled for—otherwise they would be carried on to the next stop.

So many questions were asked that a new conductor became somewhat confused, a state of mind which was not modified when a fussy old lady, with a cat in her arms, rose up in the middle of the car and called the conductor. The young man went to her, followed by his instructor.

"I want to stop four streets on," she said, "and the company is so particular I want to know first which door I am to go out—which is the right end of the car?"

"It's—it's *all* right, madam," he hastened to assure her, "both ends will stop for you."

* * *

FOR years past congressmen have insisted that an hour or two spent in the House chamber produces sleepiness impossible to shake off. It is proposed to make the atmosphere less soporific by providing a system of ventilation that will keep fresh air always circulating. The acoustic properties of the House of Representatives are bad; the way to remedy this matter is to provide a semicircular hall, similar to, but smaller than, the present hall, with the long dimension running east and west and the short running north and south. It is proposed to do away with the present style of desks, so that it will be possible to bring members closer together and make it easier to follow a debate, and hear a speaker who has not a loud voice.

Instead of the large and pretentious desk covered with books and papers, the new plan would substitute a writing ledge in front of each row of seats, on which members could make notations, and do away with the drawers, office-desk and swivel chair which invite "mine ease" and thus keep members "on the job" while in session.

* * *

WHEN an old story is found circulating in a new coat in the cloak room, with a suggestion of having been "made over," it is called by the wags "a varnished yarn."

Such a story, glistening with modern shellac, is told of a secretary of the treasury who some years ago was importuned by a young lady on behalf of a congressman to whom she acted as secretary. The gentleman was absent, and some important business had come up concerning one of his best constituents. The secretary had very gallantly explained to his visitor that he could not possibly comply with her request, and had arisen to his feet as a gentle hint that time was flying.

The young lady persistently urged her point, and threw her whole soul into an eloquent appeal, but the secretary remained undaunted. Then she made a final effort, and turned upon him the irresistible battery of her handsome black eyes; the secretary was impelled to look at her, and unfortunately hesitated in his sentence.

"I don't see how I could possibly do what you ask," he was saying firmly, when the eye-artillery turned upon him, "but those eyes of yours—"

He never finished the sentence; she arose from her seat, and as she swept from the room said: "The eyes (ayes) have it. I thank you, sir. The victory is with the affirmative. Good-day."

* * *

ONE of the distinctions which Senator Burkett claims for the great state of Nebraska is that more popcorn is raised there than in any other equal area in the world. It is "popcorn that pops," and the young people round the fire on a winter night don't have to worry over half a popperful of hard, black atoms, with a little foam of popped kernels on top.

The development of the popcorn industry was the climax of a long series of experiments by the farmers of Nebraska, who made a scientific study of propagating only the best seed that could be obtained, and Mr. Burkett claims that Waterloo, Nebraska, is the greatest seed-distributing point in the world.

The senator is planning the details of his re-election campaign, in which he is likely to be confronted by a no less notable opponent than William J. Bryan himself.

Much of the effective and arduous work in shaping the tariff bill was done during the closing days, and it was then that Senator Burkett began to make his fight for a reduction of tariff on barbed wire, an article of vital interest to his agricultural constituents. His action in this matter indicated that the senator had made a comprehensive study of the bill from beginning to end, and those who get the significance of that meaning will appreciate the magnitude of his task.

Another important amendment that Senator Burkett secured was an exemption of fraternal beneficiary societies, labor organizations and building and loan associations from the provisions of the corporation tax.

MEMORIES OF GENERAL GRANT

By MAJOR-GENERAL F. D. GRANT

HAVING the good fortune to be with my father much of the time during the Civil War, I had the opportunity of seeing many of the noble, distinguished men who loyally served their country during that great struggle, now so happily ended; thus I had the honor of seeing and meeting our revered and martyred President, Abraham Lincoln. I have distinct recollections of the first two meetings between him and my father, General U. S. Grant, and these two occasions seem to me most momentous and memorable in the history of our nation, as these meetings marked the beginning of the end of the great struggle for the existence of our nation.

The principal and determined efforts of President Lincoln's administration were directed to the preservation of the Union, which, naturally, could not be accomplished without the success of the Union armies in the field. Up to the spring of 1864 the progress of the Civil War had not been entirely satisfactory to the people of the North, and little success had been accomplished except in the victories at Donelson, Vicksburg and Chattanooga.

After the campaign of Chattanooga, the President and the people of the United States turned impulsively to General Grant, as the leader of the Union armies, and a bill was introduced in Congress, reviving for him the grade of lieutenant-general, which grade had died with Washington (though Scott had held it by brevet). The enthusiastic members of the House of Representatives received the bill with applause. They made no concealment of their wishes and recommended "Grant" by name for the appointment of lieutenant-general. The bill passed the House by a two-thirds majority, and the Senate with only six dissenting votes.

President Lincoln seemed impatient to put Grant in this high grade, and said he desired to do so to relieve himself from the responsibilities of managing the military forces. He sent the nomination to the Senate, and General Grant, who was at Nashville, received an order from the Secretary of War to report in person at Washington. In compliance with this order, he left Chattanooga on March 5 for Washington, taking with him some members of his staff. My father allowed me to accompany him as I had been with him during the Vicksburg campaign and at Donelson. He reached Washington in the afternoon of March 7, and went directly to the Willard Hotel. After making our toilets we went to the hotel dining room; there I remember seeing at the table next ours some persons who seemed curious, and who began to whisper to each other. After several moments, one of the gentlemen present attracted attention by striking on the table with his knife, and when silence was secured, he arose and announced to the assembled diners, "I have the honor to inform you that General Grant is present in this room."

A shout arose "Grant! Grant! Grant!" and the people sprang to their feet with excitement, and three cheers were proposed, which were given with wild enthusiasm. My father arose and bowed, and the crowd began to surge around him; dining became impossible, and an informal reception was held for perhaps three-quarters of an hour, but, as there seemed to be no end to the assembling crowd, my father retired to his apartments. This scene is most vividly impressed upon my memory.

Senator Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, ex-Secretary of War, soon called at the Willard Hotel for General Grant, and accompanied him, with his staff, to the White House, where President and Mrs. Lincoln were holding a reception. As my father entered the drawing room door the other visitors fell back in silence, and President Lincoln received him most cordially, taking both his hands, and saying, "I am most delighted to see you, General." I shall never forget this first meeting of Lincoln and Grant. There stood the Executive of this great nation, welcoming the commander of its armies. I see them now before me—Lincoln, tall, thin and impressive, with deeply lined face, and strong, sad eyes. Looking small beside the President was Grant, compact, of medium size, with his broad, square head, compressed lips and decisive and resolute manner. In the hands of these two men was the destiny of our country. They were co-operating for the preservation of our great nation, and for the liberty of man. They talked together for a few moments, and then General Grant passed into the East Room with the crowd, which surrounded and cheered him wildly; all present were eager to press his hand. The guests forced him to stand upon a sofa, insisting that he could be better seen. I remember that my father, of whom they wished to make a hero, blushed most modestly at these enthusiastic attentions. Soon a messenger reached General Grant, calling him back to the side of Mrs. Lincoln, with whom he made a tour of the reception rooms, followed by the President, whose noble, rugged face beamed with pleasure and gratification.

When an opportunity for private conversation was secured, President Lincoln said to my father: "I am to formally present your commission to you tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, and knowing, General, your dread of speaking, I have written and will read what I have to say; it will only be four or five sentences. I would like you to say something in reply, which will soothe the feeling of jealousy among the officers, and be encouraging to the nation." The General heartily coincided with this great and noble peace-maker, working for union and peace.

When the reception was over at the White House, my father returned to the Willard Hotel, where a crowd was again assembled to greet him, and remained with him until a late hour of the night. After the crowd had dispersed, General Grant sat down and wrote what he intended to say the following day, when receiving his commission promoting him to the Lieutenant-Generalcy and the command of the Union Armies.

A few minutes before ten o'clock the next morning he proceeded to the White House, permitting me to accompany him; he and his staff were ushered into the President's office, which I remember was the room immediately above what is known now as the Green Room of the Executive Mansion. There the President and his Cabinet were assembled, and after a short and informal greeting, all standing, the President faced General Grant, and from a sheet of paper read the following:

"General Grant: The Nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done, in the existing great struggle, are now presented with this commission, constituting you lieutenant-general in the Army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you also a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add that with what I here speak goes my hearty concurrence."

General Grant, taking from his pocket a sheet of paper containing the words that he had written the night before, read quietly and modestly:

"Mr. President, I accept the commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought in so many fields of our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon me, and I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

President Lincoln seemed to be profoundly happy and General Grant deeply gratified, and the two patriots shook hands, confirming the compact that was to finish our terrible Civil War and give us a nation without master and without a slave.

President Lincoln seemed to have absolute confidence in General Grant, and my father always spoke of the President with the deepest admiration and affection. This affection and loyal confidence were maintained between them until their lives ended.

As a treasure in my home, I preserve a large bronze medallion, a beautiful work of art, which was designed by a distinguished artist at the request of the loyal citizens of Philadelphia, upon the happy termination of our great Civil War. Upon it are three faces in relief, with the superscription: "Washington the Father, Lincoln the Savior and Grant the Preserver," emblematic of a great and patriotic trinity.

When the liberal terms granted at Appomattox to the vanquished Southern Army were read by that army's great commander, and when he noted that the side-arms, horses and private property of officers and men of the army of Northern Virginia could be retained by them when they returned to their homes, General Lee said to General Grant: "These terms will have a most happy effect upon my army and upon the South."

Thus was begun at Appomattox and continued in subsequent surrenders that sentiment of harmony now happily prevailing in our country between the North and South —a sentiment cherished by General Grant, and shown later also during the administration of President Johnson and the reconstruction period, when General Grant stood firmly for his promises to the South, as he did throughout his own two administrations as President, and up to the last hours of his life, as outlined in his message, written only a few days before his death at Mt. McGregor, in finishing his memoirs:

"I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be great harmony between the Federal and Confederate. I cannot stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy, but I feel it within me that it is to be so. The universally kind feeling expressed for me, at a time when it was supposed that each day would prove my last, seemed to me the beginning of the answer to—'Let us have peace.'

"I am not egotist enough to suppose all this significance should be given because I was the object of it. But the war between the states was a very bloody and a very costly war. One side or the other had to yield principles they deemed dearer than life, before it could be brought to an end. I commanded the whole of the mighty host engaged on the victorious side. I was, no matter whether deservedly so or not, a representative of that side of the controversy. It is a significant and gratifying fact that Confederates should have joined heartily in this spontaneous move. I hope this good feeling inaugurated may continue to the end."

My father always felt that to the old soldiers of the Union the people of the United States owed gratitude for the present happy, prosperous and peaceful condition of our now United Commonwealths, and he cherished for all his comrades in arms the deepest affection. With my name, this affection is my proud heritage. I remember with utmost interest my life when with my father and his comrades during the Civil War, and I recall with deepest affection the men whom I met in the army. Much of my time was spent among the private soldiers, who were never too tired or worn out to comfort and pet the boy of thirteen—the son of the "Old Man." Young as I was, I saw so much of the hardships, the self-denials, the sufferings and labors of both privates and officers, that my proudest moments are when I am associating with the old warriors—the veteran comrades of my father.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

From the Book "Heart Throbs"

There is many a rest in the road of life,
  If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
  If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
  And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
  Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

THE "ONE-PRICE SYSTEM"

By C. C. HANCH

THERE has grown out of the evolution in business a policy known in the mercantile world today as the "One-Price System." Modifications of this policy are variously known by such expressions as "Fixed Re-Sale Prices," "Established Prices," "Uniform Prices," etc. Correctly used, the expression "One-Price System" means one price to all, or an equal wage for the same service. It does not mean the same price for the same thing all the time. The "One Price System" is of comparatively recent origin, and, as yet, is not on a very firm foundation, but it has undoubtedly come to stay, and will be more generally adopted, as people become educated to the benefits derived therefrom.

I wish to refer particularly to the "One-Price System," as it relates to commodities, or things manufactured or bought and sold. The true basis of any such price should be the cost of purchase or production, plus a reasonable margin of profit. In ancient barter and exchange this basis received no consideration. The motive, originally, of the vendor, was to give as little as possible, and obtain as much for what he gave as he could induce the purchaser to part with. Misrepresentation as to both quantity and quality of the goods was common. The purchaser, on the other hand, went into a deal in olden times with the intention of getting the greatest quantity for just as little in exchange as he could persuade the vendor to take. Misrepresentation was the rule as to the value of the medium of exchange, and counterfeiting of the same was of frequent occurrence. This condition of trade continued for centuries, and I presume that some of the more recently known relics of the old system were found in the lightning-rod business and the sewing-machine business, as these lines of business were conducted by itinerant agents. There was no thought or intention upon the part of such men to ever treat two people alike; in other words, to have one price. The "One-Price System" was unknown to them, and was also unknown in most stores previous to that time. That condition of affairs has been practically eliminated in reputable stores. In nine cases out of ten, today, any two people can go into a store and buy the same article, at different times during the day, and pay the same price for it. This is a tendency toward ideal conditions, and there is no doubt that before many years similar conditions will prevail in most manufacturing lines, as well as in merchandising.

One of the greatest barriers to the general adoption of the "One-Price System" is unintelligent competition. This is based principally upon two things; namely, lack of knowledge as to what competitors are doing, and lack of knowledge of the cost of doing business in merchandising, or of the cost of production in manufacturing. Unintelligent competition being one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the "One-Price System," it follows that the elimination of the causes of such competition is desirable in order to bring about the universal adoption of the "One-Price Policy." Misinformation as to what competitors are doing can be reduced to a minimum by the encouragement of associations and co-operation among merchants and manufacturers in any given line of business. Meetings among business people inspire confidence in each other, enable them to interchange experiences relative to the cost of commodities or production, and to compare notes with reference to credits and the misrepresentations of unscrupulous buyers.

As before stated, the "One-Price System" should be based upon cost, plus a reasonable percentage of profit. The public should be educated to recognize the justice of this formula, and the unscrupulous buyer, who makes misrepresentations in order to beat down the price to the point of cost, or less than cost, should be frowned down and looked upon in the same light as the person who takes something that does not belong to him. Only through intelligent co operation among competitors can the relics of ancient abuses in trade be eradicated. The public is entitled to a "square deal"—no more and no less—and the same is true of the merchant and the manufacturer. There should be no temptation, through the medium of association or co-operation, to charge unreasonable or excessive profits, and there should be a disposition shown to take the public into the confidence of the commercial interests more than has been done in the past. Unwarranted profits, or profits on fictitious investment, should not be permitted. In time, suitable laws will be enacted to safeguard the interest of the public in this respect; at the same time, legitimate co-operation should be encouraged, and the drastic anti-compact laws amended, so as to not make criminals in law out of people who are not violating any real rights of the people. Unintelligent competition is the cause of more failures, bankruptcies and closed shops than any other known reason. The public derives no permanent benefit from the violent fluctuation in prices resulting from failures, and the loss and suffering of employees thrown out of work by reason of such failures are far greater than any possible benefits from maintaining a condition of unintelligent and unbridled competition. *Until there is a general adoption of the "One-Price System," there can be no reasonable stability to employment or indefinitely continued industrial prosperity.*

Under conditions existing in the dark ages it may have been true that competition was "the life of trade," but under modern and progressive methods such competition as before described is certainly *the death of business.* It must not be assumed that the "One-Price System" means the destruction of true competition. Competition does not consist of cutting the life-blood out of trade. Anyone can give away goods, which is substantially the same thing as selling at cost or less than cost. True salesmanship consists of going in upon an equality of price and terms, and landing the order by convincing the purchaser that a certain line of goods is best.

In extending the "One-Price System," it is not necessary that one price shall be fixed on every line of goods used for a similar purpose. There are differences in values. For instance: There are articles which are made light and cheap for some purposes, but there can be one price for the cheap, light articles, and there can be one price for those articles which are as good as they can be made. The first stepping-stone in the evolution bringing about the "One-Price System" and the establishment of re-sale prices is the adoption of uniform list prices on all articles which are sold by discount from list. This is a matter of great importance, and in many lines of business is entirely feasible. The adoption of uniform list prices does not mean the adoption of uniform net selling prices. As before stated, there are differences in values, and these differences can be taken care of by the variation in selling discounts. On the other hand, uniform list prices are a convenience both to the seller and the buyer. They facilitate comparisons and enable competitors to know more intelligently what each is doing. The tendency of uniform list prices is also toward uniformity of construction and values of articles so listed—in other words, a standard. This tendency is generally recognized as being desirable. The intelligent and equitable maintenance of re-sale prices will be greatly facilitated by the adoption of uniform list prices. "Fixed Re-Sale Prices" is the term used to describe the condition where a manufacturer, in selling to the distributer, names the price at which the article shall be retailed. So long as an article is worth the price asked for it, and does not yield an unreasonable profit to the manufacturer, it certainly should be more satisfactory to the public to know that there is no discrimination in selling to different buyers.

Let us trace this "One-Price System" tendency into another line. The Interstate Commerce Commission was primarily established to prevent railroads from making compact or uniform rates between competitive points. Public clamor demanded that the railroads be prohibited from agreeing upon compact rates. Under the evolution of Interstate Commerce, the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission have been extended, and it is now recognized that it is only through the medium of maintaining one-price rates that the railroads can be safe from going into bankruptcy. It is now further recognized that it is a crime for one road to cut the rate in competing with another road, and give one shipper the advantage over another shipper, while on the other hand it is recognized as being perfectly legitimate for the railroads to publish uniform rates between competitive points. If the rates charged are shown to be reasonable, that is all the public is entitled to, and the public has no right to take any exception to the mere fact that two or more roads agree upon a uniform rate.

The same tendency as regards cut prices has occurred with public-service corporations in municipalities, and there is a disposition to control and regulate the price of gas, electric current, water, etc., and to decide what will allow a fair revenue upon the investment and protect the investors as well as the consuming public. I submit that it does not require a very long stretch of the imagination to apply the same conditions to merchandising and manufacturing. I prophesy that we will all live to see the time—and none of us will be many years older—when in manufacturing and merchandising it will be recognized as being a greater wrong to cut prices of goods to cost or less than cost than it will be to agree with your competitor to maintain a price which yields a fair profit and does not hurt the buyer.

All practices which are in their nature discriminations or subject to abuse should be discouraged. In this connection, I wish to refer to the time-honored custom of allowing discounts for cash. The cash discount is a handicap of the "One-Price System." It is giving to one the advantage over another. It is not far removed from the rebate given by the railroad to one shipper in preference to another. Just as an example: Suppose that a railroad gave a cash discount on freight paid by one shipper, because of his large shipments or prompt payments. This comparison is not at all overdrawn. The cash discount is an abused practice everywhere. Various methods have been tried to eliminate the friction between buyer and seller resulting from the abuse of the cash discount system, and the only remedy that I can see is to eliminate the cash discount. Conditions which brought about the cash discount system have changed. There does not remain in existence today a single one of the reasons that originally created the cash discount system. The cash discount is a relic of the days when credit transactions were hazardous and subject to frequently unavoidable delays, owing to antique methods of transportation and communication.

I have stated that lack of knowledge of the cost of production is one of the two principal things causing unintelligent competition. I do not know of any subject upon which there is more misleading information being circulated at the present time. This is being done by alleged cost accountants, system devisers and business doctors all over the United States, and hardly two of them advocate anything like the same methods. Arriving at the cost of production is a simple matter, if it is disentangled from red tape and "system gone to seed." Only three things enter into the cost of production of a manufactured article; namely, material, labor and expense. This is the whole problem, and no more and no less can be made out of it. I think the unsatisfactory experiences of many manufacturers in trying to determine the actual cost of their product can be attributed to efforts to unduly segregate and classify the three simple elements of cost.

Attempts at segregation and classification result in complication, and cause the general result to be misleading and inaccurate. Cost of material can be arrived at with a reasonable degree of accuracy, and cost of productive labor can be correctly determined and balanced. The proper distribution of total expense is the only thing remaining to be done. It has been my experience that the best method of arriving at the cost of production is to take the most constant factor as the basis of distributing the burden. Labor being the only element easily susceptible to balance and proof, and being the most constant factor, productive labor should be used as the basis for distributing the burden. There has been an attempt upon the part of a good many persons to draw an absolute line between the cost of their product at the door between the office and factory and the selling cost. Many manufacturers have fallen into this idea. I think there never was a more fallacious theory than this one. I believe that in nine out of ten lines of business, if the matter is traced back to its foundation, it can be shown that the theory is absolutely wrong. Take any line of business in the beginning; it requires a plant, workmen, foremen, officers and a manager. If there is an article to be placed on the market, it requires advance solicitation or advertising, so that at the very instant that the product is ready for the market, every bit of the cost is in it, including so-called shop cost, administrative and sales cost. It is all there, and it is a false and misleading theory to maintain that sales and administrative cost are not in the product at the time the factory organization delivers it to the office organization.

In referring to the basis of a "One-Price System," I have indicated that profit on fictitious investment is improper and an injustice to the buyer. This leads directly to the question of watered stocks. Watering of stocks is essentially an obstacle in the path of one-price evolution. There can be no stability or uniformity to the cost of an article or service, so long as there is material irregularity in the issuance of stocks and securities in proportion to the actual capital invested in business. It is hard to touch on the effect of watered stocks upon the "One-Price System," without, at the same time, referring to some of the collateral evils of this practice, which in the absence of a better name, I have called "The Original Commercial Sin."

Since the beginning of recorded history, it has been regarded as immoral to attempt to get something for nothing. This is true, whether the attempt be in the form of petty larceny, burglary, highway robbery or the more subtle forms of stealing, such as selling "gold bricks" and other articles of alleged value, which are worth nothing, or at least less than is purported on their face.

I believe that to the evil of watering stocks can be very largely traced most kinds of graft, both public and private, also the great financial upheavals and the prolonging of the resultant business depressions. The practice of issuing securities and stocks, with only partial or no value back of them, has been so common in this country as to callous public sentiment to the extent that many otherwise reputable people see no wrong in engaging in the issue and sale of stocks of this kind. The worst feature of the public indifference is the common belief that there is no legal remedy. In my opinion, the wrongs growing out of the watering of stocks are infinitely more far-reaching than the evils of intemperance. In view of recent developments, can any sane person doubt that a legal remedy for watered stocks could be found if public sentiment was once aroused on this subject, as it is now aroused on the liquor question? As a matter of fact, remedies have been found in other countries, and what has been done there, can be done here. All that is required is a public awakening and realization of the people's losses and wrongs, following in the wake of this corporate piracy.

Let us consider some phases of the results of watering stocks. I said this evil was the cause of panics and prolonged business depressions. What, in reality, are panics? As the name implies, they are manifestations of fear. The fear is that particular form of dread of the loss of property in the shape of basic currency or its equivalent. Panics may be either acute or chronic. In either case, the foundation cause is inflation, and the common source of inflation is watered stock. The inflation may be either private or public. Public inflation is the act of state or government in issuing money without a redemption medium of comparatively fixed value or unquestioned credit back of it. Public inflation by a government corresponds exactly with inflation of private corporations by watering stock. Chronic panics usually occur in cases of public inflation and result in gradual withdrawal, both of credit and the valuable forms of money. Acute panics are generally the result of private inflation and result in the withdrawal of money from banking institutions through fear as to the safety of deposits and reserves being jeopardized by investments in watered securities or loans, based on or secured by watered collateral. The general result, in both cases, is business depression and commercial uncertainty.

Graft can, likewise, be traced to the same source. Many men, who would scorn to take a bribe in money, will freely accept a block of watered stock as a gift or as compensation for some alleged favor or service. They will then unload on the public without the slightest qualms of conscience.

As another example: Suppose some public-service corporation is seeking a franchise. Its stock is loaded down to the guards with "water, wind and blue sky." In order to pay interest on its securities, it must charge an unreasonable price for its service. The only way to obtain the franchise permitting the unreasonable charge is to bribe council-men, aldermen, legislators and public officials. Well-known newspapers have been subsidized by such corporations in order to further their ends. Employes and others take advantage of the watered corporation, which does not dare to make a public defense, and graft is thus compounded, all at the expense of consumer or public. The most deplorable feature of all is that when watered stock has once been unloaded upon the innocent purchaser, it becomes a vested right, and is thereafter a perpetual tax upon the people, who use the product or service of the corporation. It would be a wrong to do anything that would suddenly reduce the apparent value of such stock, as this would work a hardship on many people who have innocently invested their savings in the same.

There is, however, no reason under the sun why we should go on forever permitting new corporations to issue watered stock or old corporations to increase their watered issue. We should draw a line beyond which no watered stock can ever pass in the future, and allow the natural laws of evolution and intelligent competition to gradually squeeze out the water in former issues. The competition of new corporations, capitalized according to actual investment, with prices based upon a reasonable return on proper capitalization will, in time, bring the inflation and paper wealth of watered concerns down to a legitimate basis. Prices will seek a true level and the prospective blessings of the "One-Price System" will eventually be a reality.

NON OMNIS MORIAR!

By HENRY YOUNG OSTRANDER, M.D.

MY soul sings on! My spirit's life endures
  Beyond the sleep and grieving of love's grave and tears;
My mind's sane thought its ego's self secures
  Against the cynic sophistry that sneers:
"All human hope is vain, and faith's false phantom lures!"

Ah, would to God! if only now we could
  Still more immortal truth and beauty see;
But I do know—what here in us was good
  Shall there live on, far better yet to be!

And though down death's dark valley all must tread—
  For some, it may be, after years of pain—
Believe me—do not call them dead;
  Remember—they will rise again!

So then, dear heart, hold fast thy faith and trust,
  And let love sing life's sweetest song—not sigh;
When earth reclaims her own in "dust to dust"—
  Ah, no, *not all shall die!*

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SHARPE

By EMMET HAMILTON

FREDERICK THE GREAT declared that the art of conquering is lost without the art of subsisting. The importance of the latter to an army is such that the foremost captains of modern times have given the most unremitting attention to it. Wellington, one of the great and undefeated generals of history, devoted unceasing care and attention to his commissariat, exceeding in this respect Napoleon, Sherman, Lee, Von Moltke, Roberts, and other masters of the art of war. It is a military axiom that "a general can do nothing with troops he cannot feed"; and a celebrated authority has remarked that "to neglect the care of food supplies is to expose one's self to being defeated without fighting."

The effectiveness and mobility of troops practically depend upon the manner in which the soldier is nourished. In short, his health and fighting strength depend upon his food and its preparation. The position of Commissary General—to which General Sharpe has recently been again detailed—is, therefore, of vast importance in the supreme and final test of war, which may spell success or disaster to a nation. He has devoted to the subject years of study and observation, and these, combined with actual experience both in times of peace and war, have found expression in authorship, and the highest form of practical administration.

General Sharpe is descended from one of the oldest Dutch families in New York, dating back to early colonial days. The family settled at Kingston, the original capital of New York State, and still reside there, where the subject of this sketch was born fifty-one years ago. He is the son of General George H. Sharpe, a distinguished soldier of the Civil War, and a political leader in New York a quarter of a century ago.

When eighteen years of age, he entered the Military Academy. The appointment came unsolicited and without even a knowledge by either son or father that it was contemplated. President Grant intended the selection as a compliment to the son and a delicate expression of regard for the father—an old comrade of the Civil War, between whom and himself a long and intimate friendship had existed, which continued unbroken to the end. He began his army career as a second lieutenant in the Fourth United States Infantry, which, singularly enough, was General Grant's old regiment. After a year in active service spent in the West, he resigned from the army, but in the succeeding year was appointed a captain in the Subsistence Department by President Arthur, another old-time friend of his father.

His first book—"The Art of Subsisting Armies in War"—appeared while stationed at St. Louis; and was followed by an essay on "The Art of Subsisting Armies in the Field as Exemplified during the Civil War," which won the first prize offered in the contest of the Journal of the Military Service Institution of the United States. In succession appeared a translation from the French of Ch. Aubry—"The Supply of the Armies of Frederick the Great and Napoleon"; and jointly with Captain H. F. Kendall, U. S. Army, a translation of "Notes on the Supply of an Army during Active Operations," by O. Espanet. In 1905 appeared the most pretentious work of all—"The Provisioning of the Modern Army in the Field," and recently a critical paper on "Subsisting our Field Army in case of War with a First Class Power."

Surprising as the statement may seem, it is nevertheless true that no systematic treatises on the provisioning of armies in the field have been produced in America except those which owe their authorship to General Sharpe. There is not even an American work except his which includes a summarization of the varied and extensive literature concerning it. The subject is a strangely neglected one, considering how vital it is in military education and efficiency. General

Sharpe possesses a fine professional library, including many rare and valuable works about the subsistence of armies and other military subjects, which he intends to donate to the office on final retirement from active service.

In the year 1895 he reached his majority, and at the outbreak of the Spanish War was promoted to be a lieutenant-colonel and deputy commissary general. He was early in the field during that struggle, and went as chief commissary of the army which invaded Porto Rico. Not long after returning from there, he served a tour of duty in the commissary general's office. On reorganization of the army in 1901 he was made a colonel and assistant commissary general, and in the following year went to the Philippines as chief commissary of the division, adding to his military reputation in that distant field. In the fall of 1905, upon the promotion of Commissary General Weston to be a major-general, he succeeded him as chief of the Subsistence Department, carrying with the succession the confidence and friendship of that distinguished soldier. Two years ago he made an extended tour abroad to study the supply systems of the British and Continental armies, where every facility was afforded and every courtesy shown him by the officials of the various countries visited.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY GRANVILLE SHARPE

Among some of the features adopted during his administration as commissary general is a new ration which has given satisfaction throughout the Army. Experiments are still being conducted to improve its quality and the method of supply, and this notwithstanding the fact that the food of the American soldier surpasses in quantity, quality and preparation that of any other in the world, and is fully equal and in fact superior to the food of persons in other walks of life most nearly corresponding to that of the soldier. The army training schools for bakers and cooks have been widened in scope and increased in number. Few things have contributed more to the improvement of the soldier's ration, comfort, and contentment than these schools, and consequently the army as a whole has benefited, for upon the individual unit—the soldier—depends the ultimate force of the aggregate—the army A Baker's Manual has been published for issue to the army, and the Manual for Army Cooks has been revised and brought up to date. Upon his recommendation there was transferred two years ago to the Subsistence Department, as properly belonging to its functions, the field cooking apparatus of the army. A new type of field oven for baking bread and a new field cooking outfit have been designed; and a fireless cooker has been perfected by which warm food can be supplied in bivouac, on the march, or on the firing line. After exhaustive trial there was recently adopted a specially arranged kitchen car for large bodies of troops traveling by rail, a detachment mess car when smaller bodies thus travel, and a portable gas cooker for use when the two former arrangements are not available. These devices have revolutionized the old system of providing for subsistence of troops traveling, and are a satisfactory solution of what has been for years a most troublesome problem. The business methods of the department have been revised and thoroughly modernized.

In a recent contribution touching the importance of the supply departments, he made the following comment:

"The importance of the work of supply departments of an army, particularly in time of war, has been generally recognized by all great soldiers, and adequate acknowledgments made by them for the work rendered in that connection. But the public at large seem to regard war from the glamour of the victories gained as the result of the campaign, and other feats of arms which are so constantly and vividly described by the participants therein. The importance of the work of supplying an army is frequently overlooked. The work of supplying the daily requirements of a city of from one hundred thousand to four hundred thousand inhabitants, with all the lines of supply in full operation, is not comparable to the work of supplying an equal number of combatants in the field, the location of whose bivouacs change daily, to the complete disorganization of any permanency in lines of supply, and the fact that these lines of supply are the most important objectives of the contending force; and yet, unless this work of supply is thoroughly and efficiently performed, only defeats and disaster can be recorded. When the army is on the march, the supply departments are strained to their utmost capacity to provide for the wants of the men, and any time it halts to recuperate its strength, the same unabating care and attention must continue to provide for these ever-constant wants."

General Sharpe is keenly interested in the national guard of the country, and is one of the warmest friends of that organization among the officers of the regular army. A large standing army, common to the countries of the old world, is opposed to the genius of American institutions and the sentiment of the nation, so that the militia must be depended upon in a supreme struggle, which may involve national existence, and should be encouraged and trained for such a conflict, even though it should not come. Never an advocate of a great standing army for the republic, he rather shares the opinion of an eminent military authority, who contends that so long as a nation yields men abundantly for military service our institutions are safe, for a warlike spirit which alone creates, civilizes, and defends a country is essential to national perpetuity. This does not mean an overwhelming army, menacing liberty and peace, but the people should foster in the public mind the memory of brilliant achievements. Warlike nations are not necessarily military nations. On the contrary, the more warlike the spirit, the less necessary it is to have a vast standing army, because the able-bodied men are willing to fight on national demand.

He belongs to a class at the Military Academy that has given to the army Quartermaster-General Aleshire, one of the most vigorous administrators since the Civil War, and Colonel George Goethals, Chief of Panama Canal Construction, who ranks with De Lesseps and James B. Eads. General Sharpe has covered every field of activity in the Subsistence Department, and has a record for progressive and effective administration which easily compares with that of the ablest of predecessors. He is ardently devoted to the military art, and is esteemed in military and civil circles for his professional attainments and attractive personal qualities.

THE MAN WITH TWO COUNTRIES

By ARTHUR HAWKES

I HAVE been wrestling with a mother-in-law—analogically.

I will not defend her. I will glory in her. For the man with two countries is a man with two mothers, in possessing whom there is more than double riches. A man's second mother means a wife, somewhere in his story. Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing. And mothers-in-law are generally as good as mothers-in-nature.

Scarcely any analogy is perfect. When a man emigrates, his change, though it has many of the attributes of marriage, is not on all fours with entrance upon the Holy Estate. The land of his adoption may be as a good mother-in-law, or a bad mother-in-law to him. He may not recognize in it that most potential of all human relationships. For Emigration makes more problems than it settles, even unto the third and fourth generations. Nearly half a million Americans have emigrated to Canada, and tens of thousands of them have taken the oath of allegiance to King Edward. What are you going to think about it? What are you going to do about it? Will you assume a fighting attitude against the future?

I have met some Americans who kick against the migration of the children of Uncle Sam to the Saskatchewan Valley. "It's all very well," they say, "for congested countries, like England, to lose some of their citizens. But the United States wants to get good people, not to get rid of them. If the United States were as congested as England is, emigration to Canada would be all right. But as things are, no, sir."

This attitude is natural, even if it is not of profound origin. It presupposes that the interests of the United States are bounded by the physical frontiers of the United States. When you figure it out you see that it belongs to the same brand of patriotism as the abrogation of the American-Canadian Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, which destroyed whatever chance there ever was of Old Glory waving over all the North American continent—the kind of patriotism which abides in a well, instead of on a mountain-top. Your views may come from a well of patriotism undefiled, and you may forget that a well is rather circumscribed, and is self-contained. When you hear excellent people talking as if they want their country—of which, as a rule, they have seen very little—to be self-contained, it is worth while remembering that nations are only individuals in the mass, and that the only place for a self-contained man is a casket.

Before I expound what I believe to be the true significance of the emigration of Americans to Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, let me try to lodge three facts in the back of your mind, for sweet charity's sake:

> (1) The United States has received more emigrants from, and annihilated more allegiance to, other countries, than all the nations of all time.
>
> (2) Nearly three million Canadians have emigrated to, and multiplied in the United States, and, in so doing, have made but little trade for Canada.
>
> (3) Less than one-half of one per cent. of the population of the United States has moved into Canada during the last ten years, a period in which the foreign trade of the United States has been increased by Canada far more than by any other country in the world.

Think of these things for a little; and then, if you will, examine with me the situation created by the American in Canada.

The American has done a very great deal for Canada. Canada has done a great deal for the American. There are three Americans in Western Canada who think that they and their compatriots have made the country. They remind me of an amateur economist who once assured me that millionaires have made America, and who thought my question did not merit an answer when I asked, "Who made the millionaires?" The United States is a great country and the United States people are a great people—in my humble judgment the most wonderful in the world. But they are not quite so great as they think they are. Canada is a great country, and the Canadians are a great people—greater than they think they are.

Every time I travel in Western Canada with Americans from the Mississippi Valley, I return to Toronto with a greater faith in Western Canada than I ever had before. This is especially the case when I have been traveling with agricultural editors. But that is not solely because of the genius of the peripatetic American, remarkable though it is.

The Mississippi Valley, including the Missouri Valley, is, I think, as a whole, the wealthiest great area on the world's surface. The Almighty made it so; but He led the people who have inherited this vast and opulent region through great tribulation before they were permitted to flourish abundantly. You remember the Kansans who, coming east across the Missouri, emblazoned upon their wagons, "In Kansas we trusted; in Kansas we busted." The apparent wonder-working of the American in Western Canada is merely the result of his beginning, up there, where he left off after many years' experience of the prairies of the Middle Western and Northwestern States.

It is not necessary to dwell for long upon the physical prosperity that is being enjoyed by Americans who have moved into the Canadian Prairie Provinces. They would not stay there if they were not doing well. Though bread and butter are great social and political acclimatizers the fundamental contentment of the American in Canada is the product of something more than growing thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, and seeing his land multiply in value. For your American abroad is nothing if not intensely patriotic. He carries a watch in one vest pocket and Old Glory in the other. Wherever an opportunity arises he sings, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," and if an opportunity does not soon arise, he quickly makes one. I have joined scores of times in singing the first verse of that sonorous hymn to the tune which some of my friends believe has been appropriated by England for what they supposed was a parody on the junior national anthem. There must be something extraordinary in the political atmosphere which reconciles the emigrant from below forty-nine to life in a foreign country. For the American does not live by bread alone.

The truth is, of course, that when Americans come to Western Canada they don't find it a foreign country at all. In soil, climate, transportation, agricultural machinery, currency, social observances, churches—in everything except the outward political forms, the differences which they thought would be tremendous are only trivial. In most cases they are in favor of the adopted land.

Why is this? I remember hearing a wise preacher in an English town ask: "Why will your horse snort with fear if you bring a wolf into his presence, when he has not seen a wolf for a thousand years?" Inversely, the idea behind that query may be applied to the agreeable atmosphere which Americans find in Western Canada. They have not seen Britain for two or three hundred years, but when they come within the radius of modern Britannic institutions they unconsciously, as it were, recognize something homelike about them—which is, perhaps, the reason why they are often so delightfully frank about what they see. They left a blessed mother behind them—they find a blessed mother-in-law in the place to which they have come.

There have been many celebrations of the Fourth of July in Western Canada. We view the Stars and Stripes fluttering in summer resort breezes, and other places, with perfect equanimity. We have more respect for the tenderness of American feeling than to wish to flaunt the Canadian flag, or conspicuously to celebrate Dominion Day in the United States.

It is curious to notice in the West that men and women who began their life in Canada by offering the most fervent homage to the symbol of their native country, have become less demonstrative as Fourth of July follows Fourth of July. They had been accustomed to hearing and reading the Declaration of Independence, with its terrible recitation of the offenses of George the Third. Some of them grew up with the idea that England was and is the home of oppression, still smarting under the loss of the thirteen colonies. They imagined that, as they had been taught once a year to resurrect the unhappy ghost of George the Third, the English people must dwell in perpetual presence of the same unpleasant entity.

I shall never forget the sincere hesitation—as if he were about to tread on a corn—of a Grand Rapids schoolmaster who asked me whether England still cherished ill feeling against the United States because of the result of the War of Independence. If the schoolmaster remembers the incident, he probably recollects the insuppressible amusement his inquiry created in me.

Only a month ago a party of United States journalists on the way to Canada were discussing the prospects of their trip. Something was said about the elections.

"Elections!" said one of them. "They don't have elections in Canada, do they?"

"Sure they do," he was told.

"Why," said he, "I thought all their officials were appointed from England."

Now, the English horse knows the wolf, even though he has not smelt him for fifty generations. The American in Canada finds the Declaration of Independence actively at work where he did not suspect its presence. The association of a Parliamentary Election in Saskatchewan with the Declaration of Independence is not, at first, obvious. When the association is suggested to him, he is apt to think that the Declaration begot the Parliamentary Election. The opposite is the case.

ARTHUR HAWKES
Superintendent of Publicity, Canadian Northern Railway System.

The immortal Declaration, of which the American is as proud as if he wrote it himself, and which every ward politician can rehearse without notice, is really of English origin. New England, whence its chief direct inspiration came, was peopled by the descendants of grim protesters against exactly that kind of tyranny which George the Third, stiff-necked ass that he was, thought to perpetuate. Masterfulness, like every other great quality, has its disadvantages; one of which is that it seldom knows where to stop; and another of which is that, defeated in one field, it will try to impose itself on a more distant field.

George the Third tried a game with the thirteen colonies which he would not have ventured with Devonshire and Cornwall. Not having crossed the ocean, he did not realize the quality of those who had, and whose descendants were also their true spiritual and political successors. It is not in the nature of kingship to make sacrifices for principle and moral sentiment. Long before his day there had evolved in England a race of people who hated oppression as they hated Satan, and who, with comparatively small knowledge, but with a great faith in human right, laid broad and deep the foundation of whatever is good in democratic government today. They taught kings that even Divine Right might have a crick in its neck. Though the devil of Divine Right, which brought Charles the First to the block, and sent James, his son, cowering from Whitehall to France, will never be utterly destroyed in an imperfect world, it has forever ceased from being a governing factor in British politics, in the old or new lands of the Empire.

But just as sometimes a father, who has carried with great honor a burden of poverty and responsibility in his youth, will refuse to understand that his children have grown up, and will deny to them the opportunity to prove their possession of the paternal quality, so a country like England may fail to realize that her children beyond the seas should have, and ultimately will have, all the responsibilities which she claims for herself. You must, therefore, judge the temper and achievement of a nation, not by a fragment of its career, but by the proofs of its upward or downward trend. Find some quality which has persisted in fighting against odds; which, when it has seemed to be extinguished, has reappeared like one risen from the dead; and which has, from time to time, embodied itself in men of heroic deed and still more heroic mind—find that in the history of a nation, and you have almost surely discovered the explanation of a glory that must endure, and that will make of its imperfections so many lights of a nobler fame. Thank God, the perfect man has ceased to exist, even in biographies. The perfect nation has ceased to exist, even in histories of the United States.

England has never been perfect. Her march from barbarian darkness to twentieth-century democracy has been marked by a thousand falls. But she *has* marched; more surely, and with greater advantage to peoples beyond her tiny border, than her ancient contemporaries have done. Unravel, as carelessly as you like, the variegated skein of her story, and you will find a silver cord in the midst of it—a record of an ambition for liberty that only slumbered that it might refresh itself for mightier steps ahead.

The Public Good has always had to fight against principalities and powers, and always will have to fight. Kings are not the only arbitrary engines of popular suppression. The pioneers of liberty have always been prone to imagine that the crest they saw ahead of them was the last mountain-top of freedom. But it has only been an introducing spot to a more formidable height. Often enough the soldier of liberty tries to convince himself that the other peak isn't there. While he is debating, lo and behold, it becomes more formidable. Do you think the municipal evils, the legislative injustices, the corporation monstrosities, which distress apostolic magazines and public-spirited newspapers, would have been possible if the patriotic publicists of former decades could have understood the interminableness of their fight, or could have estimated the inventive power of the forces against which they were arrayed?

That there is no final victory, and only a painful advance, is magnificently proved by the appearance of the same basic contentions, almost the same phrases, in the instruments which, Ebenezer-like, mark the English-speaking advance from despotism to democracy. It is nearly seven hundred years since King John, at Runnymede, signed Magna Charta. But Magna Charta contained no new-discovered evangel of progress. It merely gathered into a concise, unmistakable text, the reforms of past reigns, which a perfidious villain had set at naught, and which he finally recognized on peril of losing his crown.

Concerning the machinery of politics, John was made to say, "No scutage or aid shall be imposed in our realm save by the Common Council of the realm." To prevent jiggery-pokery by the King, in whom was vested the power of summoning the Council, he covenanted to give forty days' notice of the assembly to its members. Of the administration of justice, the other precious bulwark of national honor, John affirmed: "No freeman shall be seized or imprisoned, or dispossessed, or outlawed, or in any way brought to ruin; we will not go against any man nor send against him, save by legal judgment of his peers or by the law of the land. To no man will we sell, or deny, or delay, right or justice."

On this foundation everything that is dear to the English-speaking man has been reared, safeguarded, glorified. There came a day when the fiction of the Divine Right of kings, by the amazing irony which sometimes lightens the strict sobriety of history, returned to London by way of Scotland. For a long time it seemed as though the body politic would complacently take the devil unto itself. But the heroic strain was not extinct, and there arose protesters against the first James, and the first Charles. Civil war came, and Charles was executed.

Long before the sword was drawn the Petition of Right had been assented to by Charles. It was his persistent refusal to abide by his own solemn acceptance of the Commons' propositions that finally slew him. Once more the fundamental laws were enumerated, and the violations of them by the King and his father set forth; and Charles undertook "that no man hereafter be compelled to make or yield any gift, loan, benevolence, tax, or such like charge, without common consent by Act of Parliament."

Charles also assented to the request "that the commissions for proceeding by martial law may be revoked and annulled, and that hereafter no commissions of like nature may issue forth to any person or persons whatsoever to be executed as aforesaid, lest by color of them any of your Majesty's subjects be destroyed and put to death, contrary to the laws and franchises of the land."

All the Stuarts were incurable. Like the Bourbons, they learned nothing and forgot nothing. Though the Commonwealth went down, it had taught lessons in the sacred duty of government which will last as long as men can read and write. The second Charles and his brother saw in its fall nothing but an unlimited license to exceed their father's tyranny, to belie his domestic virtues. Cromwell had raised England to the first rank among civilized powers.

Under Charles and James, England flew into the depths of moral corruption and political degradation, with the speed of an exploded aeroplane.

The old violences were resumed until William of Orange was called to supersede his father-in-law, who from fear—his conscience had never shown any eruptive capacity—abdicated and fled, and Revolution triumphed.

But Revolution took heed for itself, and before the Dutchman reached London the Declaration of Right was adopted, as the rule of conduct for Kings. Its voice was the voice of Magna Charta and the Petition of Right. It enumerated the falsities of the second Stuarts, and asserted once more the ancient rights and liberties of England—of self-government. James had, without the consent of Parliament, levied taxes. The Declaration affirmed that this was a deadly offence against the nation—as much as picking his pocket is an offence against an artisan. James had treated the judges as though they were his lackeys. The Declaration claimed as the undoubted inheritance of Englishmen a pure and merciful administration of justice, according to the spirit of the laws.

The Declaration, when the revolution was completed, became a Bill, which put every British monarch on his good behavior. The right of the people, through their representatives, to depose him, was established once for all. His salary must needs be voted yearly—the English people had had enough of granting revenues for life. They adopted a golden rule for the monarchy which nothing will be suffered to destroy.

How was it, then, that the Revolution which saved England from the despotism of monarchy, and saved the monarchy from itself, did not prevent the American Revolution?

It was because the stiff-necked, English-born German who sat upon the throne did not realize that an Englishman across the ocean was just as good as, if not better than, the man who stayed at home; and that an infant community, like an infant individual, grows into an adult with all the natural rights and emotions of an adult. The slowness to understand changed conditions was not peculiar to George the Third and his ministers. The notion of superiority has not been confined to Englishmen, living or dead. I could find ten thousand men who work in the head offices of big business houses—in New York, Boston or Chicago—who imagine that because they work in the head office they are a peg above the fellows who are on the frontier of the business, creating the trade on which the house and all its employes live. They are little Georges, without their predecessor's excuse.

Let us take the War of Independence for granted. Let me say, without affectation, that I glory in the resistance to George the Third even as I glory in the magnificent courage, the sublime patriotism of Pym and Hampden and Eliot. What, indeed, are the notes that were struck on Liberty Bell but the reverberations of the strokes of Magna Charta, the Petition of Right and the Declaration of Right?

There could not be laid at the door of George the Third crimes like those of which the younger Stuarts were guilty, because the fight for freedom had thrown down many of the idols of tyranny, and utterly broken them. The vitality of the great protest which not only secured independence for the thirteen colonies, but insured the blessed asset of thorough-going autonomy to all the over-sea dominions of the British Empire, was essentially the vitality of its splendid predecessors.

What are the "certain unalienable rights" to secure which "governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness," but the noble eloquence of Pym, speaking in the accent of Jefferson? What is the complaint against George,—"He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers," and "has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices"—but a mild repetition of the accusations against Charles the Second? Indeed, the more you examine the Declaration of Independence, the more you think of the men, who, in less favored times, and under the very shadow of the throne itself, dared to stand up against a tyranny that was uttered in person by the King, and backed by all the resources of a venerable, rich, and all-powerful government.

"I shall call that my country where I may most glorify God, and enjoy the presence of my dearest friends," wrote the younger Winthrop, when the deceptions of Charles turned the minds of many to the newly chartered colony of Massachusetts, and the Great Emigration began—an emigration of singularly high quality. It was courageous of them to endure the hardships of New England rather than the conflicts of their native land. It was equally courageous of men of substance to remain fighting against the cruel, sickening odds at home. When the grand remonstrance of 1641 passed the House of Commons, Cromwell said, "Had it been rejected I would have sold tomorrow all I possess and left England forever." It would be invidious to profess who chose the better part—those who sailed away, or those who remained. For those who stayed, fratricidal strife came quickly. For those who left, it was delayed nearly a hundred and fifty years, and the Declaration of Independence became their conquering creed. Blood was shed before jar-sundered altars, but in the same cause.

The irony of the Declaration lies, of course, in its assertion that all men are created equal, an assertion which must have produced a grim smile from its writer; and which, in the long run, produced a civil war more appalling in its tragedies than that which brought Charles the First to the block, and purged, as far as that could be, the enslaving of the colored men of Africa, for which England herself was primarily responsible.

I mention the Civil War of the United States for the purpose of pointing out that, when it seemed as though the wealth and culture of the Atlantic seaboard would supply the crucial leadership of the abolition movement, the Great Emancipator came from the weather-free cabin of a Kentucky farmer, and passed the formative years of his manhood in the woods and on the frontier of civilization. When the Hour produced the Man, it produced him in a new country; and the exalted of the earth smiled as he passed by. When Oliver Cromwell, the farmer from St. Ives, appeared first in the House of Commons, his dress excited the derision of the nobility and gentry, and his speech was held in no esteem. But Oliver was the greatest of them all. Lincoln was lampooned and disdained because he was an elemental man. And, verily, he was greater than them all.

Cromwell and Lincoln came from the soil.

I shall look for the next compelling statesman to arise from the same blessed level. For the soil is the source of all our strength.

The stupendous justification of the Declaration of Independence which was wrought in Lincoln's day more than offsets such failures to observe its spirit as may be discovered by those who search for them. The lesson of Petitions and Declarations was not wasted on England. The British Empire remains the most marvellous congeries of self-governing states ever delivered from the womb of time. With all its blemishes, the English-speaking race is still the chiefest creditor of posterity.

To solve the problems that have grown up with the lengthening years is a tremendous task for the older communities to undertake. As though on purpose to reduce that burden, a blessed compensation in national construction and reconstruction seems to have been devised by a benevolent Providence. Great communities are starting with clean slates on which they may write the best things that can be derived from their parents; while their parents may be heartened by seeing the free, independent, almost untrammelled communities which they have brought into being, working out their own salvation.

It was sought in New England to reproduce Old England, with certain hitherto unattainable conditions which the Parent Government refused to permit. But the North American continent is more than New England and Old England put together. Among other beneficences it has furnished a commercial-social-political situation, in which the advantages of new and old have a better chance to be combined into a more delectable commonwealth than has hitherto been builded. The opportunity has been vouchsafed to us by the migration of four hundred thousand people from the United States to Western Canada.

A pound of evidence is worth a ton of theory; and I cannot do better than give a summary of a talk I had with a farmer who boarded a train on the Regina-Prince Albert branch of the Canadian Northern Railway. He got on at Dundurn, about four miles from where he has been farming since the late summer of 1902, and told his story to half a dozen of us in the smoke room. His name was N. E. Baumunk. He went to Saskatchewan from Brazil, Indiana, where he was foreman in a coal mine. His father is still farming the old homestead. He landed at Dundurn with a capital of about three thousand dollars, took a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres, and bought half a section at five dollars an acre. In 1903 he raised six hundred and eighty-two bushels of flax, eighty-two bushels of wheat, and three hundred and three bushels of oats, and broke one hundred acres for the 1904 crops, which yielded him two thousand three hundred and seventy bushels of wheat, one thousand three hundred bushels of oats, and seven hundred bushels of flax. In 1908, he had a thousand acres of land, stock, implements, and farm buildings, all paid for (and for which he had been offered fifty thousand dollars), and sold eleven thousand and fifty bushels of wheat, at an average price of eighty-nine cents, which, after all expenses were paid, netted him twenty per cent. on the valuation of fifty dollars an acre for the land.

He told me the Department of Agriculture of Saskatchewan supplied him free of charge, as it will every other farmer, as many seedling trees as he wanted, and sent an expert to tell him exactly how to plant them to get the most benefit from them. The telephone department of the government provides poles and sets them up for any company of farmers which will provide the wiring, instruments, and run the concern. Two sections in every township are set aside for school purposes, so that the farmers' children need not grow up without an education.

When it was suggested that he had forsaken the country of his birth, Mr. Baumunk laughed an indignant laugh. He couldn't see, he said, that there was very much "forsaking" in exchanging a situation that brought him seventy-five dollars a month for a thousand acres of land that brought him seven times as much. Besides, he had only followed the example of his father, who had come from Germany to Indiana, and was naturalized. He, himself, hadn't anything against Indiana, which was a great state, occupied by fine people; but he was just as much at home at Dundurn as he was at Brazil, although he had scarcely expected to be when he came up from the south. On one of his periodical visits to his old home when he told the people he had become naturalized, they asked how he liked paying taxes to the King of England, and they could scarcely believe him when he told them he paid no taxes to the King of England, and was no more conscious of Edward the Seventh's existence in a burdensome way than they were. Indeed, Canadians were more independent than Americans, as far as he could see; and he was mighty glad to be a Canadian.

In October I was in the Saskatchewan Valley again; traveling with me was an important representative from the Foreign Office of London, who was very much interested in the movement of American citizens to western Canada. I took him to see Mr. Baumunk, whom we found threshing wheat with the separator spout running into a box car at a siding called Indi after the Hoosier state. We also saw others who had changed their political allegiance without suffering any loss of affection for their first mother. Their story was essentially the same, and the gentleman from the Foreign Office received some ideas about development in the British Empire that were somewhat new to him.

Mr. Baumunk of Dundurn, then, is not singular as a fine type of the American-Canadian. I don't think he learned very much about the overthrow of the Stuarts in the public schools of Indiana. But he is a living example of the happy issue that has come out of the affliction against which Cromwell fought, and over which Washington triumphed. In Indiana he inherited the victories of Washington. In Saskatchewan he has reaped the freedom which Dunbar, and Naseby, and Worcester most certainly assured. He loves not Indiana less because he loves Saskatchewan more.

There is something enviable about the man with two countries: He is re-discovering the Three Great Instruments. What will he do with them? There is no veil of the future that one would like as much to pierce as this veil. It is not a dark veil. Already I think I can see a great light suffusing it.

GOVERNMENT FINANCIAL PROBLEMS

By B. F. McMILLAN

EXPERIENCE has demonstrated that a government cannot, without great cost, finance itself. England tried it and was always in trouble, paying enormous rates, until John Foster, a canny Scotchman, organized the Bank of England, and for privileges granted, took charge of the government finances. It seems that the United States government not only undertakes to finance itself, but also to finance the people. It seems to me that the duty of a government is to police the people, and in return for that protection, it is the duty of the people to finance the government.

I believe in a bank of issue, to be operated without profit, whose duty shall be to issue certificates upon gold coin and bullion of standard fineness, in denominations that can be used as currency. The management of this bank to consist of twenty-one governors, of which ten shall be appointed by the government and ten by the national banks, and these twenty governors would have the privilege of choosing their chairman from the faculty of one of our colleges. It seems unwise to give to any man or body of men absolute power, and for this reason I would have a board of governors chosen from the banks, the government and the college, forming a board composed of statesmen, financiers and theorists, and evenly distributing the balance of power among these three classes of men.

The duty of such a bank would be to issue certificates to the value of the gold coin or bullion deposited with it, having no right of suspension, this right being left to a board comprising the president, his cabinet and the controller of the currency. There is a twofold reason for giving the right of suspension to this board. First: to enable the administration to keep a close check upon the bank. Second: if there should be any danger of trouble with other nations, the president and his cabinet would be the first to know it, and by suspending could protect the gold resources of the country, and keep it out of the hands of unscrupulous speculators. A suspension ordered by such a board would not cause uneasiness, because the public would think it was done for the purpose of auditing. There could, therefore, be no sudden disturbance or panic. The Board of Suspension should cause the suspension of specie payment at least twice in every year, long enough to check up all business.

The government should engrave and print the certificates, to be delivered to the bank of issue without cost, charging the bank with the certificates so delivered, for the purpose of being able to check up the bank.

The Board of Suspension should also have power to modify the Order of Suspension in favor of the government, so that the government could obtain gold for certificates, if needed. Every bank, national or state, doing an interstate business, should be obliged to carry as their reserve the certificates of the bank of issue only. They could carry gold coin or bullion as an asset, as they now do their building or banking house. This would force the gold into the bank of issue, as every bank would be obliged to carry certificates for reserve. The bank of issue should have power of an option to redeem these certificates in coin or bullion as the governors might see fit.

An export tax should be put on bullion, and the government should coin and refine the bullion at the United States mints for the bank only. This export tax on bullion would protect the gold reserve. The bank having the option to pay in bullion if they saw fit, would leave the governors free to judge whether the gold was intended to pay legitimate obligations in foreign countries, or whether it was to be exported for speculation, or to create a scarcity of currency, which would compel the banks to issue more cheap money and force gold to foreign countries. It would be necessary, and the duty of the bank governors, always to pay in coin when they saw that it was necessary to meet just obligations, but the choice should be left wholly to their best judgment.

The bank of issue should have the exclusive right to convert bullion into coin as they deemed fit, and also the right to melt coin into bullion. I believe that emergency currency should be issued by the clearing house associations, and should be issued upon seventy-five per cent. of good commercial paper, running not over four months and also twenty-five per cent. of the certificates of the bank of issue. The necessity for obtaining a large amount of these certificates for reserve and the twenty-five per cent. of the emergency currency would safeguard against the over-issuing of cheap money. The interest on the paper, while held by the bank of circulation or clearing house, should go to the clearing house to meet the running expenses, and also to pay the expense of the bank of issue. The balance should go to the government.

We have at present in gold coin and gold certificates, the amount of one billion, three hundred million dollars, which is scattered in all parts of the country. In case of war, under present conditions, this entire amount goes into hiding and immediately we are thrown upon a credit currency. The system here outlined would place the entire gold supply of the country in the hands of the government, which supply would doubtless constantly increase—a government with a gold supply of two to three billion dollars would be a formidable opponent for any nation to attack. The Bank of England, in order to protect her circulation, raises the interest rate, thus disturbing the commerce of the country. An export tax has no such effect on commerce, and I firmly believe that a bank organized along the lines here set forth would be as powerful a protection to our government as an immense navy, although I am among those who believe in building war ships.

* * *

AN "ADOPTED" FARM

By FLYNN WAYNE

AN hour's trainride distance from Boston lies Breezy Meadows, the abandoned farm which Kate Sanborn, the noted authoress, "adopted" some years ago and made her home. For centuries past the neighboring countryside has been the dwelling-place of just such sturdy New England yeomen as were the founders of a clean, simple, fearless democratic rule. With its cool and shady lawns, and a brook that can "run smooth music from the roughest stone" passing close to the piazza, the historic old colonial house by the roadside has a charm peculiarly its own. Ancient elms, magnificent and stately, "lay their dark arms about the field" in a sociable, inviting way; under their shade genial literary souls are wont to rally in the summertime, or perhaps on some noted anniversary, unless it be in winter, when the gatherings take place in the quaint old rooms of the house.

These are memorable seasons—veritable "red-letter days" on life's calendar. Who that was present can ever forget that Thanksgiving party at which Edna Dean Proctor, Mrs. Barbara Galpin, Hezekiah Butterworth, Peter MacQueen, Sam Walter Foss, Joe Cone, Joe Lincoln and many other literary lights were present, all attuned to the cheery spirit of the gifted hostess. They sat around an ample expanse of dining table to commemorate the New England feast day, and call up the Old New England spirit as they enjoyed the famed pumpkin and mince pies, the turkey with its multitudinous "fixings" and cranberry jelly, and best of all, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" to which each guest contributed some quota, until even the appetizing viands were forgotten.

When a day of real rest is desired, the friends of Miss Sanborn find at her dear old homestead delightful entertainment and comfort. Sitting around the blazing logs in the old-fashioned fireplace in wintertime, one is suddenly transported to a time when hurry and worry were comparatively unknown; Miss Sanborn has wisely preserved the old-world air of her home, and it is equipped just as when it was built; here are the hanging cranes and the andirons that were hammered out by the sturdy, honest village blacksmith before the days of brass lacquer and French veneer, when things were made to last. The heavy poker and tongs, the brass-mounted bellows and the musket and powder horn call up visions of Revolutionary days. There, too, are rows of "old dishes" dear to the heart of the modern housewife, and in every nook and corner one comes upon books that betray the tastes of the hostess and her friends. Behind the doors are books; passing up the quaint old stairway one sees books galore; at every crook and turn, wherever a shelf can be suspended, are books. On the stairway is a distaff with the accompanying flax; farther on is an old wool spinning wheel, banded and all ready for use.

The house has been added to from time to time, and each room suggests that thought and care which went to every addition to the original old homestead. The low ceilings and old-fashioned finish and furnishings breathe an atmosphere of peace, and one returns from a visit there as refreshed as though a month's vacation had been indulged in.

The quaint little veranda and the dainty little gable entrance, with harvest festival and Christmas decorations, are full of suggestions of modern comfort and memories of "teacup times of hood and hoop and when the patch was worn." The windows afford a view of rolling, upland pastures, "where couched at ease the white kine glimmer"—one thinks in poetry at Miss Sanborn's home. Here, too, the famous chicken farm flourished, and here are now kept the pets, and the double quartette of dogs, which seem to have earned a diploma for good behavior.

Miss Sanborn believes in plenty of sunshine, and her house is not shadowed by trees, but, like her writings, is cheery, with plenty of air and light. There are lovely old-fashioned roses whose perfume steals out on the summer air; such garden shrubs as saintly New England mothers loved long ago grow all around the house; every foot of the ground breathes that atmosphere of hospitality that is felt even before one seizes the great brass knocker and receives the hearty welcome of the genial mistress of this unique home.

Near the house is a pine grove where there are seats for those who desire a cosy retreat tor meditation—platonic or laconic. There is, in fact, a place on the farm for every mood known to mortal mind—whether it be the merry group that gathers about a fire of crackling logs to recount thrilling ghost stories, give brief word sketches replete with wit and humor, or indulge in the highest flights of transcendentalism; or the guest who feels a little pensive—sad, one could not be in Miss Sanborn's home—and seeks the rich tones of the Steinway to express his mood. For those who wish to read, there are books on every possible subject, and for those who love creature-comforts, there are all manner of cosy nooks. Kate Sanborn is an excellent housekeeper, as well as a first-class farmer and a talented writer. In every way she does honor to her colonial forbears.

Miss Sanborn is the daughter of Edwin D. Sanborn, a professor in Dartmouth College; her mother was the daughter of Ezekiel Webster, brother of Daniel, of whom the "Great Expounder of the Constitution" said:

"Ezekiel was witty, quick at repartee, his conversation full of illustrative anecdote . . . In manly beauty he is inferior to no person that I ever saw."

KATE SANBORN IN A REAL FARM SCENE AT BREEZY MEADOWS

Ezekiel Webster has been described as "a model man and a model lawyer." In many respects Miss Sanborn reflects the temperament of her distinguished grandfather. Her early training was as helpful as her ancestry. When very young, she acquired the habit of committing to memory choice selections of prose and poetry; she was encouraged by her parents to describe something in writing as often as possible. At the tea table, quotations and anecdotes were always in order, and thought flew quick and fast at those genial family gatherings. This explains why there is not a dull moment when Kate Sanborn is about the house. Few authors of today are so widely versed in literature. She might be described as an expert literary lapidary, who knows the full value of every word and just how it should be cut to bring out its brightest rays. She knows the true "inwardness" of words, and just what expressions to use in bringing out the finest shades of feeling. At the early age of eleven Miss Sanborn earned three dollars for a story in a child's paper. While a teacher of elocution at the Packer Institution of Brooklyn, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher complimented her on her work, because it involved the whole science of every art—expression.

As a lecturer Miss Sanborn has been widely known throughout the country, and her famous lectures in New York City on such subjects as "Bachelor Authors," "Punch as a Reformer," "Literary Gossips," "Spinster Authors of England," and other themes, are well remembered. She taught English literature at Smith College, and her marvelous grasp of the best works of all time is reflected in the library of books which her busy pen has given to the world; her calendars are especially notable and have an optimism all their own. She was editor of the bric-a-brac department of *Scribner's Magazine* when Dr. J. G. Holland was editor of that periodical, and had charge of the "club room" of the Galaxy, her jovial ways being as apparent in her editorial work as in her home talk.

THE DOGS HAVE HAPPY DAYS AT BREEZY MEADOWS

Miss Sanborn's constructive genius is equally at home in fence-making, road-building, landscape-gardening, creating Japanese ponds and coaxing Japanese lilies to grow in them, or in training Japanese servants in American ways. Additions to the house, a log cabin, stone lodge and wigwam are likewise the result of her skill. She enjoys hunting up curios that seem to abound on her farm, and her especial pride is in the old mill stones with which the grist was ground that fed the sturdy farmers of long ago, while Indians skulked about, looking out for "pot shots." There are also the old Spanish coins, found in a cucumber bed. Occasional troubles come even at Breezy Meadows, as when the rats take the chickens or a fox kidnaps a hen, but when Miss Sanborn's eye lights upon a bit of sunny wall, where the wild columbine lifts its dainty head, vexations are forgotten.

In her "adopted" farm, now 165 acres in extent, she still feels that she has not sufficient room to entertain all the friends who would like to visit her, so she is now restoring the old farmhouse on the adjoining farm that she may care for her "overflow" stream of visitors. The cheery Irish coachman will be busier than ever driving visitors about, and Miss Sanborn will have additional scope for her exquisite taste in accentuating rather than transforming the beauties of nature. She believes in helping rather than in hindering the work of good Mother Earth.

MISS KATE SANBORN

Last year she raised over seventy tons of first-class hay, rye for bedding in the stable, for braiding, for decorations for stalls, and selling a few tons to friends; she had enough good apples from her two orchards for herself and to sell, also strawberries and small fruits, and gave away delicious grapes by the bushel; there was raised here all the corn for her own and her foreman's horses and cows, and mushrooms were grown in the cellars which found a ready market in Boston, there being enough besides to treat her many guests. Last spring she started to raise squabs for market.

She goes over the entire farm at least once each day, giving her orders and suggestions to every man on the place. When she said lately she was going away for a visit, her foreman exclaimed: "Gosh! we need you here!"

Her coachman, with genuine Irish humor, often remarks with a cute smile as he makes his salute: "You're boss!"

She offers money prizes for the destruction of all animal and insect pests, from flies and hornets to skunks, rats, woodchucks and foxes. Artesian wells, latest devices as to cesspools and drainage, large refrigerators built in and kept scrupulously clean, show a mind ready for the new ways. Ventilators keep the air pure and fresh in pantries, kitchen and bathrooms, and the servants' quarters are as comfortable as her own.

Poison ivy (the only vine allowed on the aboriginal farm) is entirely eradicated at Breezy Meadows, all insect-harboring "scrubbery" is cut away, the brooks are filled with forget-me-nots, which are packed in crates to send to invalids or friends obliged to remain in the city part of the hot weather.

Interested in everything and passionately fond of life, she seems, as a man said of her, "free from grooves and without any trying habits or hackneyed phrases." Last month she was unanimously elected president of a "Nonsense Club" in a Western city, and was made vice-president of "The Little Land League," among whose officers you see the names of Pierpont Morgan, Hamlin Garland, W. Lloyd Garrison, Bolton Hall, Booker T. Washington and the president, P. Tecumseh Sherman.

Those who have enjoyed the half-day's ride about the Breezy Meadows farm predict that it will long be noted: first, as being the home of a gifted American authoress; secondly, because famous buildings may be constructed with some of the beautiful pink granite which crops up here and there all over the farm; it would certainly seem a fitting mode of perpetuating, through many generations, the memory of Breezy Meadows and its charming and accomplished mistress.

The Tale of a Shirt

by J·B·Kinder

DR. LITTLEBY'S practice, like his hair, was sparse. It took quite as much scheming to cover his necessities with his receipts as to frost his pate with his remaining locks. Economy, therefore, was the doctor's watchword. Yet on a certain midsummer morning on which a certain shirt, hereafter to be described, passed over the counter of Hatte & Jones, Men's Furnishings, into the realm of romance, Dr. Horatio Littleby was thinking of paying two dollars for a shirt.

The clerk, so far from working off some of his old patterns upon the easy-looking doctor, was now hustling out his newest stock, fearful of losing a sale. Bobbing up and down a ladder, he flung a box, snatched from the top tier, upon the counter and threw off the cover. Irresolution whisked from Dr. Littleby's mild blue eyes, which waxed admiring.

"I knew *that* would fetch you!" chuckled the clerk.

Dr. Littleby nodded assent. Little as he concerned himself about the niceties of dress, he instinctively appreciated the beautiful wherever he saw it—in a sonata as well as in a sonnet; in a pretty hand as well as in a pretty face; in a dainty shoe as well as in a bow for the hair. And in this shirt he recognized the beautiful.

It was white, with double black perpendicular lines every two inches except at the pleats, where the two inches, being folded under the lines, were four. It was Grecian in simplicity of design; Roman in nobility of execution, and Puritan in the precision of its pleats. Indeed, there was something Shakespearian about that shirt; and, as the clerk said, there were two pairs of cuffs.

That Mrs. Littleby would chide him for spending two dollars for a shirt, he felt certain ; and equally certain was he that after she had scolded him for his extravagance, she would join her admiration to his. Meeting her as he entered the house, he opened his parcel on the hall table.

"I had to pay two dollars," he announced; when seeing her hazel eyes hardening behind her glasses, he confusedly assumed the defensive. "Well, none of the dollar and a half shirts looked as though they'd wear. And you scolded me so about the last dollar and a half shirts I bought. You know, dear, the price of cotton——"

"I know," sighed his wife. "I suppose you can't get the quality you used to for a dollar and a half."

"Look at the shirt, Martha," cried the doctor, growing chipper.

She unenthusiastically crossed over to the table and glanced at the new shirt. Whereupon the corners of her mouth turned down instead of up. From the snowy fluff of her pompadour to the dimple in her still piquant chin, the doctor read disapproval.

"Why! don't you like it?" he gasped.

"It's pleated!" condemned Mrs. Littleby in the tones in which she said of a man "He drinks!"

"Why, I thought that you liked pleats. Your new—"

"You dear, impractical doctor," she laughed, pityingly patting him on the shoulder. "Will you never learn? It costs fifteen cents to have a pleated shirt done up—fifty per cent. more than a plain one. My dear, with your present practice you can't afford to wear that shirt. You'll have to take it back."

The doctor, flushing at recollection of the chase he had led the clerk in selecting that shirt, retorted, gruffly for him, "You can take it back, if you want to—I won't."

"I will," said Mrs. Littleby shortly.

But she didn't. For a month Dr. Littleby avoided the shirt; but one day of necessity he put it on. His wife made no comment, save to observe that it looked real stylish with his Christmas tie. But the day on which it came home from the laundry, she brought in a slip to show him.

"'*Soft Bosomed Shirts*, 10c. *Pleated Shirts*, 15c,'" she quoted; then assailed him arithmetically: "Every time you wear that shirt you spend five cents needlessly. You will wear that shirt at least twenty times a year; and as it is good madras, it will last you at least two years. Forty times five cents is two dollars. That is to say you spend extra for laundering those pleats the price of the shirt. So that in the end that shirt will cost you four dollars."

The doctor did not defend himself. But he did some arithmetic of his own. He might have figured that, since the pleated shirt in the end would cost him four dollars, it would be as cheap to throw it away and buy a new one without pleats. His mathematics arrived at this conclusion by a different course. Every time that shirt was laundered his wife would remind him of his extravagance. Accepting her figures for the number of launderings it would undergo, he would be subjected to forty upbraidings which could be avoided for the nominal sum of five cents per upbraiding. He did not hesitate. Resolving, as Sinbad did of the Old Man of the Mountain, that the shirt should never get on his back again, he sneaked it off one morning to his office in Shadywood's one brick block, which housed the suburb's entire commercial and professional interests, save the livery stable and the barber shop.

His intention had been to give the shirt to the janitor, but Dr. Molar, the dentist, whose office adjoined his, happening to come in, he offered it to the young man. The latter, certain that it was of a pattern that he would not wear, was for refusing without looking at it. But Dr. Littleby insisted upon showing it to him.

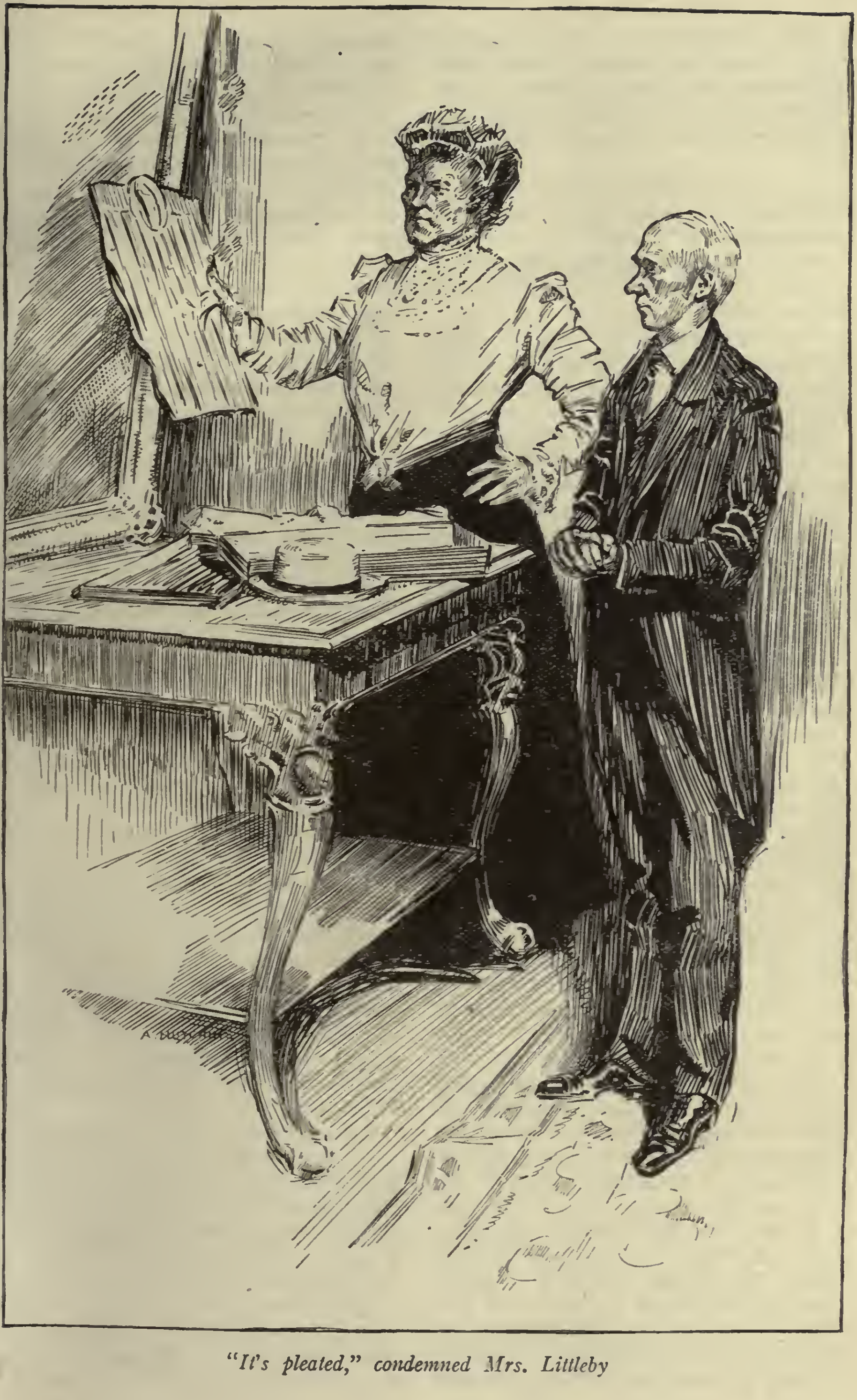
"It's a little too up-to-date for me," he declared, not caring to bare his real motive. "But it's just the thing for you."

At sight of the shirt the young dentist's suspicion quickly changed to admiration, and his refusal into appreciative thanks. That evening he brought it home in triumph, for it was similar to a shirt for which he had been longing, but could not afford to buy. His little wife, too, shared his exaltation, albeit there was a hint of disapproval in her exclamation: "It's pleated, dearest!" But the husband did not notice. That very evening he donned the new shirt and took her off to a downtown park, where he swelled around, the pink of modish masculinity.

Those acquainted with the extent, or, to speak more accurately, with the limits of Dr. Molar's practice wondered how he and his wife managed to put up such a brave appearance. One way was by Mrs. Molar's "doing up" the doctor's shirts. Wherefore, instead of sending the gift shirt off to be subjected to the hurly-burly of the laundry with its shrewd alkalies, she put it to sleep in a basin of mild suds, and on the next day soused it about, and rinsed and starched it and wrapped it tight in a towel. On the afternoon of the third day she ironed it, saving it until the last that she might give it especial pains. When she had finished she sat down to rest by the open window, where her husband found her drooping, while from a nearby chair the new shirt grinned like a stage villian at the heroine's distress.

"It's too much for you, darling," chided the doctor. "I've told you right along you oughtn't to do it."

"It was those dreadful pleats and—oh dear! I burnt my fingers!"



"It's pleated," condemned Mrs. Littleby

Then Dr. Molar, who dearly loved his little wife, took her in his lap, and drew her cheek close to his and kissed her red fingers.

"I'll never let you wash another thing, love," he declared. "We save some other way."

"But your new shirt, dearest," she sighed. "You know they charge fifteen cents to launder pleated shirts."

"Throw it away!" growled her husband, scowling at the shirt, which placidly grinned back at him.

"No," laughed Mrs. Molar, sparkling brown eyes upon him. "I'll give it to mother. They're going to have a rummage sale at her church and—"

Among the lynx-eyed bargain-hunters at the rummage sale held in a downtown store building by the ladies of the Asphalt Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church was a certain Mrs. Pennydink, whose husband was head bookkeeper for Allwool & Cotton, wholesale dry goods, and champagne buyer for a line of chorus girls. Of this side line Mrs. Pennydink, though she knew her husband "worked nights," as yet had no inkling. Allwool & Cotton, however, had suspicions, and the very Monday afternoon on which Mrs. Pennydink bought the shirt which Mrs. Molar's mother had contributed to the sale, Mr. Allwool, calling the head bookkeeper into his office, had reprimanded him for frivolity and extravagance.

Supper time, therefore, found Mr. Pennydink, who was a little man with feeble moustache and great blue eyes, in a sombre and economical mood. He was highly appreciative of his supper; of Mrs. Pennydink's new way of puffing her hair; and when she exhibited the rummage shirt, he waxed enthusiastic.

So pleased was he with the shirt, as a shirt, as well as a specimen of wifely sagacity, that he put it on the next morning and strutted forth to business aglow with good resolutions.

Alas, both for his resolutions and himself! A discrepancy in his ledger took him the first thing into Mr. Allwool's office. The head of the firm, who in his youth had been a truck driver, paid little heed to his own person. He said that he dressed "plainly"; others said "shabbily."

Howbeit Sunday was clean-shirt day with Mr. Allwool; and the sight of his bookkeeper appearing in a different shirt on Tuesday morning, especially in a pleated shirt of great first cost and higher cost of maintenance, irritated him. He again chided Mr. Pennydink for his extravagance, citing the new shirt. Pennydink retorted. One sharp word led to another; and before either were aware whither the altercation was leading, Mr. Pennydink voiced an uncomplimentary opinion of Mr. Allwool, and Mr. Allwool discharged Mr. Pennydink.

The latter reached home in despair. Not only had the loss of his position stopped short his income, but it would prevent the paying of certain accounts of which Mrs. Pennydink knew, and of which he wanted her to know, nothing. In vain she offered wifely consolations. Dropping into a chair near the open window, he wrenched off his tie and collar and flung them on the floor. Then leaning over the back of the chair, he moaned into his arm. In driblets Mrs. Pennydink learned that it was the new shirt that aroused Mr. Allwool's ire.

"But did you tell him that it came from a rummage sale and only cost forty-seven cents?" she demanded.

"Forty-seven cents!" roared Mr. Pennydink, who, straightening up, dipped his chin and let his gaze seep down the double black lines. Then, gripped with sudden exasperation, he tore it unbuttoned and yanked it off his back.

"For mercy's sake!" shrieked Mrs. Pennydink.

With fury unabated, Mr. Pennydink crumpled it into a ball, sprang to his feet and flung it out of the window. Despite himself he chuckled, for the shirt fluttered down upon the derby of a passerby, draping his head and shoulders. Snatching it off, the victim, a thin little man in ministerial black, looked up. Espying Mr. Pennydink at the window, he called to him. Mr. Pennydink banged shut the window.

For some sixty seconds the new possessor stood holding the shirt at arm's length, staring. The summer breeze slipping into its folds, flaunted its beauties in the sunshine. He glanced quizzically up at the second story window of the cream brick apartment house, then dropped his eyes to the shirt.

"I supposed, of course, that God would send me a clean shirt," he murmured reverently, for in truth he was a minister. "But what a fine shirt it is—what a fine shirt!"

Without further ado he rolled it into the smallest possible compass and slipped it into his side pocket and continued on his way, which was no farther than the next corner where he boarded a Shadywood car. It happened that Mrs. Dr. Littleby was on that very car; in fact he tipped his hat to her. But, being merely a bowing acquaintance, he passed on to another seat. And pray how was the Rev. Andrew Gronseth, the pastor of Shadywood Baptist Church, to know that the Heaven-showered shirt had once been Dr. Littleby's? And how pray was Mrs. Dr. Littleby to know that what bulged the Baptist minister's side pocket was a shirt which she imagined at this very minute to be lying in the doctor's middle bureau drawer.

Like many ministerial washings there was a great display of children's garments on the Baptist parsonage's clothesline. Not to go into details the Rev. Gronseth had seven. However, there was room on the very outside line to dangle one more shirt.

Soon after dinner, when his wife came into his study (by night their bedroom) to tell him that the shirt would be dry in time to be ironed so that he would have it to wear at the groceryman's funeral, which luckily did not take place until half-past three, the good man's face grew radiant.

"There's an illustration of the power of prayer, my dear," he cried enthusiastically. "Ever since I gave the dollar which you gave me for a new shirt to the sick milkman, all the time that you've been worrying, I've been praying—praying for a new shirt. And now one twice as fine as that dollar would have bought Heaven has showered upon me, even as once it showered manna!"

Alas! even as the Rev. Andrew Gronseth thus voiced his gratitude, grimy fingers were removing the clothespins from the tail of the Heaven-showered shirt. The thief, a whiskery fellow with nose as red and shining as a cranberry, wadded the shirt under a shabby coat and stalked away. He was a tramp, who five minutes before had volubly thanked the minister's wife for apple pie and coffee; and it would only have been just that the proximity of the stolen shirt to the philanthropic pie should have set his stomach aching. But such poetic justice failed to overtake him.

When he was well out of the neighborhood, he slacked his pace to a whistling gait and lazied along to a bit of woodland where he flung himself beside the brook and lit a pipe. As the afternoon waned, he yawned, rose, rubbed a bit of soap over his bristles and shaved by a pocket mirror stuck in a slit stick.

"I ain't such a bad looker, eh!" he chuckled, unfolding the stolen shirt. It fluttered limp and dull in the breeze. The tramp's brows contracted disapprovingly. "It ought to be ironed. It *shall* be ironed!"

He rolled the shirt up carefully and hied him down the road. At the very first house where he knocked—a tiny cottage with a sheltering maple and a canary bird singing in a cage dangling in the open doorway—a tidy young woman smiled upon his request. Leading him around the house into a kitchen savory with stewing blackberries, she set two irons on the stove and had him lay the swathed board upon the table.

"It's pleated!" she exclaimed when he unrolled the shirt. "Why, you can't iron pleats." He had simply asked for the loan of a hot iron. Then her face grew troubled. "You didn't steal this shirt, did you?"

"It was give to me, ma'am," declared the tramp glibly. "That's why the lady give it to me, she said. Because the pleats was mean to iron. It's the truth I told you, ma'am. I washed it in the crick; but you see it don't look good. And if you'll only let me smooth it out a little, so it'll look good in front, maybe I can get a job and send home some money to my little girl. Her name is Lizzie—"

"I'll iron it for you, myself!" cried the young woman; and not only did she do so, but, besides, she gave him one of her husband's collars and a red bow tie a little frayed where the knot came; and sent him out to the woodhouse, whence ten minutes later he emerged, outwardly at least a changed man. Profusely thanking his benefactress, from whose kitchen he had incidentally stolen a pai of scissors and a chunk of cheese, he set out up the street—briskly as long as he thought she could see him.

His first impulse was to return to the brook and dawdle until it was late enough to plague housewives for a supper handout. But such was the energizing influence of the clean shirt and the red necktie that of a sudden a piquant impulse moved him to seek some puttering job that would net him a little tobacco money. In pursuance of this he entered the yard of a promising looking white house with a square tower and, knocking at the back door, offered to cut the lawn.

Now it happened that Mrs. Gibble, the lady of this house, had a kitchen caller, and this caller was none other than Mrs. Dr. Littleby, who had run over to telephone. Coming home from downtown, she had found that the laundryman had carelessly left the laundry, with half the paper torn off of it, on the front porch; and when she came to put away the doctor's shirts and collars, the new, two-dollar, pleated one was missing. In vain she ransacked the bureau. Though she had no distinct recollection of sending it to the laundry, she concluded, since it was not to be found, that the laundry must have it. Wherefore she bustled over to Mrs. Gibble's in the next block to ask them to look it up at once.

You may readily imagine her emotion, when, looking over her neighbor's shoulder, she espied the missing shirt upon the person of a red-necktied vagabond. With her usual presence of mind she forestalled Mrs. Gibble's negative with a peremptory order to get the mower from the barn and begin to cut on the north side of the house. When he obeyed, she told her astounded friend of her discovery and telephoned for the constable.

Though the tramp, to be sure, suspected nothing of this, he persistently regretted having shaken hands with the lawn mower, which, working hard, consequently demanded hard work on his part. Howbeit, resolving to make the best of a bad deal, he pushed along with that leisureliness of movement popularly imputed to millionaires, but which in truth only tramps can afford. As he stopped to rest for the sixteenth time in fifteen minutes, he became aware of a great shadow, comparable to that of a barn, threatening to eclipse him. Turning about, he discovered advancing an exaggeration, or, if you prefer, an exaltation of the second dimension in the form of a constable.

The tramp sprang forward, but tripping on the mower, sprawled. The constable, stooping, clutched and yanked him to his feet. 'Twas said of this worthy officer that once when he dropped on a rogue he made a silhouette of him; but it is more reasonable to suppose that it was a bas-relief. Howbeit, the tramp did not put the question to the test, owing doubtless to the tenseness of the other's clutch.

In the justice's office, a small room at the back of his barber shop, Mrs. Dr. Littleby and Mrs. Gibble were waiting. After five minutes' delay, owing to a customer being in the chair, "Judge" Cutting bustled in, rolled open his desk, pulled to the fore the state statutes and the city ordinances and the notorial seal, and blinked severely through steel rims at the ladies.

"In the name of the state of New York, County of Knickerbocker, Ess, Ess, so help you God, state your case, Mrs. Doc. Littleby," said he, munching his words like cut plug.

Mrs. Littleby reddened, but, her eye chancing to fall on the doctor's shirt, steeled herself. Briefly she accused the tramp of stealing the shirt he now wore from her laundry, which the delivery man had carelessly left upon the front porch.

"And what," growled the justice, frowning at the accused, "have you to say for yourself?"

The tramp threw a verbal bombshell. He admitted that he had stolen the shirt, but declared that he had taken it off the Baptist minister's clothesline. In answer to a telephoned inquiry the Rev. Andrew Gronseth confirmed the statement, and fifteen minutes later, when in compliance with "Judge" Cutting's request he appeared, unhesitatingly identified the shirt as his property.

"But, my dear sir," gasped Mrs. Littleby, very red, "that is my doctor's shirt! Our laundry mark is inside the collar band: 'L 7.'"

"There is an 'L 7,' as you say," mused the minister, "and the label of Hatte & Jones, Haberdashers—"

"My husband bought it there six weeks ago Monday."

"The shirt came to me in a peculiar manner," said the Rev. Andrew Gronseth, blushing. "As I was passing a downtown apartment house this morning, a man flung it out of a second-story window. When I called to him he slammed the window, so I rolled the shirt up and brought it home in my pocket, and today being our washday—"

"Seeing is believing," interrupted Judge Cutting, looking significantly at the constable. "Limb of the law, do your duty."

At this the constable led his prisoner out into the barber shop, whence he led him back the next moment, shrouded in a hair-cutting robe and carrying tie and collar in his hand. The constable tossed the shirt in litigation to the justice, who, scrutinizing the collar band meditatively, toyed with the handle of the notorial seal. With sudden decision he wheeled half around.

"The evidence is all in," he affirmed weightily. "You, ma'am," nodding toward Mrs. Littleby, "and you, Mr. Preacher," nodding toward the Rev. Gronseth, "have conclusively identified this shirt to be yours. This case is without precedent in the annals of the State of New York, Ess, Ess," slapping the sheepbound statutes, "and without precedent in the city ordinances," slapping the black cloth cover of the other book, "which as you know prevail in Shadywood. For precedent I must go back to the days of Solomon. Constable Starr, slip out and git my big scissors."

"Well I dee-clare!" gasped Mrs. Gibble.

"No!" protested the minister. Then turning to Mrs. Littleby: "When my wife told me that the new shirt which Heaven had showered upon me had been stolen, I said to her: 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away!' Madam, I resign any claim I may have to that shirt in your favor. I suggest, however, that we unite in giving it to this poor man."

"H'm-m," returned Mrs. Littleby, who revolted at the idea of letting go the shirt which she had taken so much trouble to recover; but feeling the eyes of all critically regarding her, gave in. "Let him keep it, then," she said coldly, and to the justice: "I trust, sir, that you will take steps to rid our neighborhood of this unsavory character."

"Thank you, ma'am! Thank you, sir!" cried the tramp, reaching out for the shirt, but the justice waved him back.

"The costs ain't been paid yit," he said severely. "The State of New York, County of Knickerbocker, Ess, Ess, has got to be reimbursed to the extent of one dollar and twenty-five cents."

Mrs. Dr. Littleby and Mrs. Gibble swept majestically out of the hall of justice. The minister nervously ransacked his pockets. The tramp glumly fondled his one nickel.

"Well," growled the justice, slamming together the state statutes and the city ordinances preparatory to closing his desk to go out and shave a newly arrived customer. "There ain't but one thing for me to do. The State of New York, County of Knickerbocker, Ess, Ess, confiscates this shirt for costs. Prisoner, you are dismissed with warning. Git."

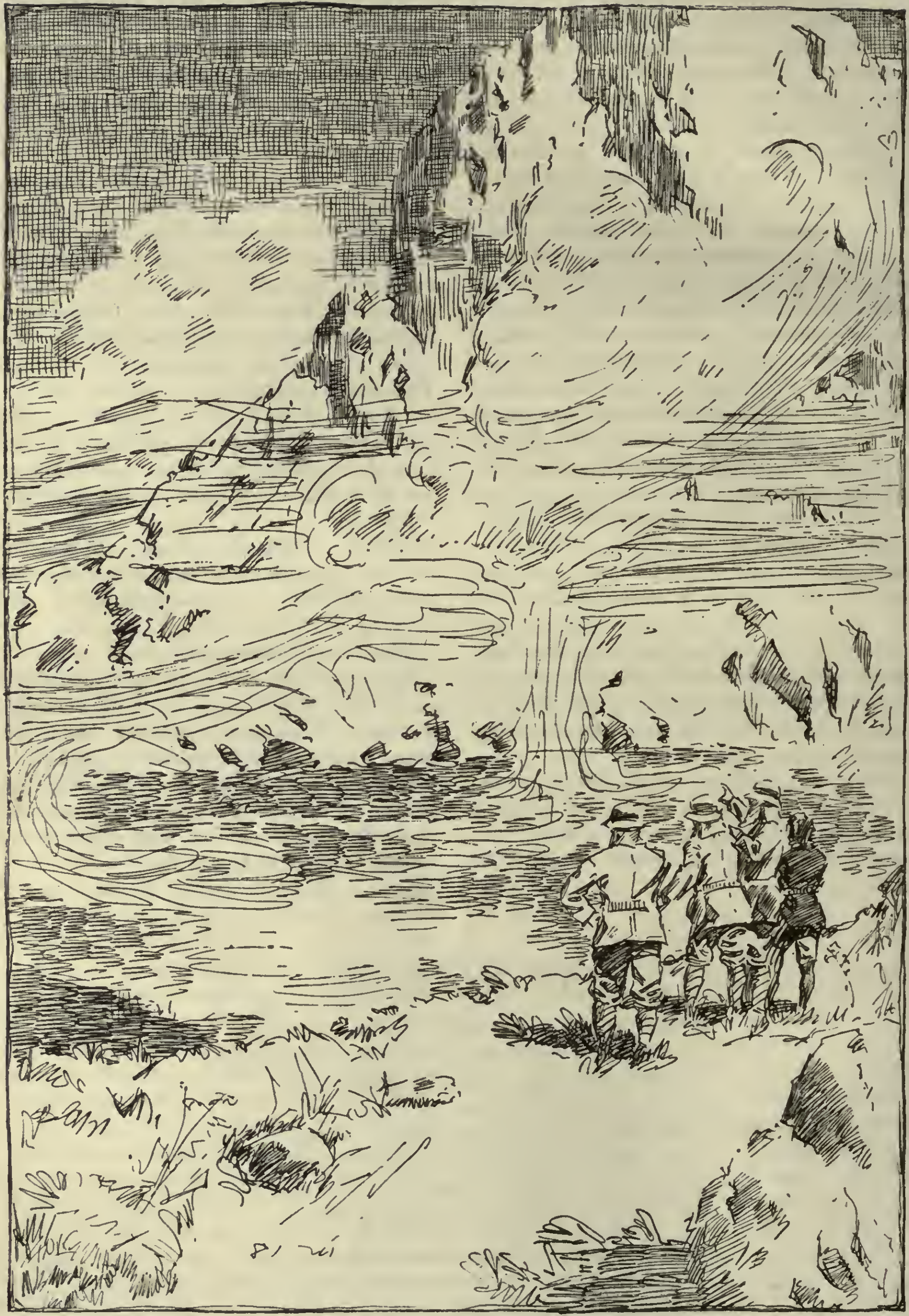
Thus was justice done, and Mrs. Dr. Littleby and the Rev. Andrew Gronseth departed figuratively and the tramp literally shirtless. Wherefore, it followed that on the next Sunday "Judge" Cutting appeared in the pleated shirt, which Dr. Horatio Littleby had so discreetly selected for himself, and verily Solomon in all his glory had never a justice shirted like this J. P.

SWAN SONG

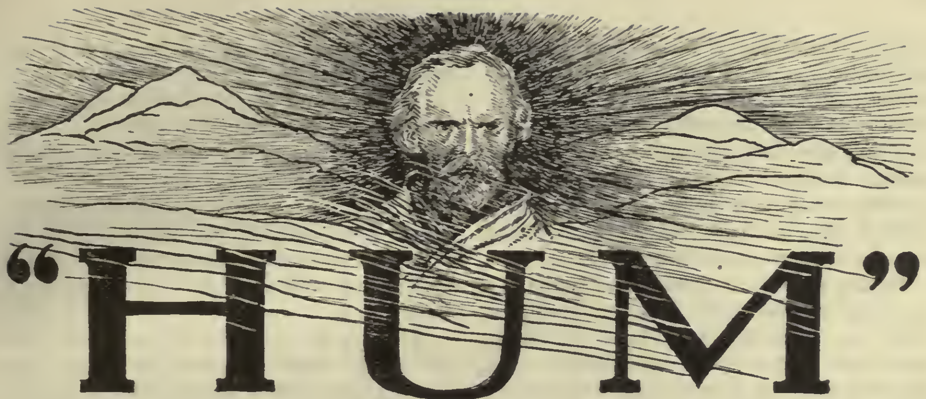
THE circling comet clasps the flaming sun;
  The gray moth takes the candle for its bride;
  And there at last is turning of the tide;
And every river to the sea must run.
Sometime at last the longest year is done;
  The caravan that moves a cloud by day,
  A star by night, must halt upon its way,
The towers of Mecca or of Bagdad won.

So I, that in the wilderness so long,
  A voice of sorrow that could only mock
And wake the echoes with the sound of wrong;
  O Love, no more to startle or to shock,
I turn with thee from the wild Capes of Song
  To Silence, as the shadow of a rock!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*



"Yonder," he pointed



"HUM"

A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

Copyright, Reid Publishing Company.

CHAPTER VI

SOON after leaving this spot, Hum called my attention to a line of bright vegetation that stretched across the plain as far as we could see. "It is the border of a river," he said.

"Can it be the Bahlba?" I gasped.

He looked at me, as if wondering at my question.

"I think so," he replied quietly.

We reached its bank as the midday sun and a strong breeze were converting it into a golden serpent that glided across the green expanse. The carriers and Moto at once plunged into the cool depths. While we watched their aquatic sports from the banks, we reviewed our journey. Hum expressed the opinion that, "like the Israelites, we had been led by the divine hand."

"In that case," said Tom, "we must in time bring up somewhere 'round Loango. But those people couldn't run a straight course, anyway. They were too—"

He paused—recalling Hum's infirmity, I thought.

"Too what?" Hum asked.

"Oh, too—too—Hello!" He sprang up, and pulled aside an overhanging bough. "What's that way up the river?"

"That," said Hum, scanning the object narrowly, "is a canoe with two men. Moto, come here. Take this white cap, crawl out on that fallen tree, and when we fire the guns, wave it and shout."

The strange noise and the sight of the boy caused the men to turn and approach us, very timidly, however. Hum watched their movements closely. Suddenly he threw up his arms, then laid his hand on his head. One of the men responded.

"They are Masgninas," he cried joyously. "We have found them."

They came ashore and had a long confab with Hum and Moto.

"Good news!" announced Hum. "The Masgninas live with the Baruti, a large and prosperous tribe about half a day's journey up the river. Let us hasten the noon meal and be off. We can reach there by nightfall; if not, we have the new moon."

The incidents of the morning had revived my men's spirits. Hilarity once more prevailed. Moto sat with his people, his face beaming.

"That coon is giving us a big send-off," said Tom; "he is painting us with original colors, and dashing in amazing high lights."

* * *

The welcoming crowd which met us at the Baruti confirmed Tom's opinion. The boatmen had preceded us with news of our coming. Men, women and children, in festival attire, thronged about us, and when Hum and Moto spoke to them in their own tongue, they gave vent to their enthusiasm and vied with one another in efforts to serve us.

"By Jove!" cried Tom. "They're good-looking."

They were. The men shapely and stalwart; the women round and graceful, with long fine hair, dark brilliant eyes, and nearly regular features. I quite agreed with my comrade when, as a group of laughing girls came to us, he remarked, "they're like a summer shower after a drought."

Singing as they went, our escort led us to a spot opposite their settlement, where numerous boats were waiting. Then—the moonlight, the rowers' weird, rhythmical chant, the dark maidens' responses from the eastern shore, as we crossed the wild African river, etched an indelible picture on my memory.

Passing through an ornamental gate in the stockade, we came to their village—a large collection of artistic lodges, built of various colored woods, surrounding a capacious, quadrangular building more pretentious in design and finish.

My comrade and I were given a lodge by ourselves; soon after, four mischievous girls served us an excellent supper of fish, fowls, rice cakes, native fruits and good milk.

"Well, Tom Selby, which are you enjoying the most, the croquettes or the coquettes?"

"They are correlated, Hat; however, fee the waitresses; then for a pipe and those soft couches. They look deucedly inviting."

The dusky nymphs said something soft and musical, as they took my bright coins.

How long the large jars of water would have remained unused had not Hum aroused us is doubtful.

"Who are the Baruti?" I asked, as I looked at this evidence of thoughtful hospitality.

"They are Africans," he said, "with an admixture of Moorish blood. This accounts for their good looks. They believe in a supreme being who, they think, dwells in the sun. They have no king nor chief, but are governed by a High Priest and Council. They are a pastoral, peaceable, cleanly tribe; and are quite skilled in the manufacture of fabrics, mostly for their own use, as they have but few outside associations. I doubt if they ever saw a white man's face before. This remnant of the Masgninas, after their dispersion, found these people, by whom they were adopted."

"Strange that, so far as I know, no mention of them has been made by other travelers."

"I do not think so, Mr. Hatfield. The route we chose would not be taken by the ordinary explorer."

"Well, I like them," exclaimed Tom, "and I like what's coming."

A bevy of bonny brunettes were approaching with our breakfast.

Later, he liked them still better, as seated on the greensward he did fine work with his crayons, and distributed trinkets, bright scarfs and amber beads to an admiring crowd.

At noon we were honored by a visit from the High Priest—a venerable, benign-appearing man—who, as I answered his numerous questions, seemed much interested in my account of our country and people. He gave us hearty welcome and invited us to tarry "two moons."

"We are glad to have our white brothers, from over the sea, with us," he said. "We know the object of their 'great walk.' We shall try to aid them. Will our white brothers worship with us at sunset?"

I assured him it would please us to do so; thanked him for his courtesy, and dwelt with some emphasis on the character of his people and their government. Jocular Thomas made a side remark. I caught only the closing word "taffy."

Fortunately, we came here during the "festival of the new moon." Among other quaint ceremonies was a native dance—"the Meriba"—held in the central building. The way different colored bark, bright draperies, dyed plumes and gay mats were utilized for decorations was remarkable. But the dance!—it is difficult to describe it. The wicks, floating on oil in red clay cups, being lighted, the smooth, olive-tinted floor cleared, twelve young men, clad in light blue tunics and yellow sandals, with drums, flageolets and cymbals, entered and marched once round the room; then separated in lines to receive the "Daughters of the Sun," twelve maidens; each clothed in a white garment reaching to her knees and confined at the waist by a richly embroidered girdle that held in place the golden tassels of a scarlet scarf. Their hair was dressed in braids and coils where glittered Tom's souvenirs. Large amber beads on wrists and ankles further testified to his generosity, and with red moccasins on small shapely feet, contributed to an effect unique and attractive.

Passing down the waiting lines, the "Daughters of the Sun" grouped in threes. Then—an ever changing mass of laughing girls; advancing, receding, circling, pirouetting—mingling of dusky arms and lithe bodies in graceful, appealing postures. Periodically, a quick double stamp, as their palms met sharply—withal the rhythmic tum-tum of the drums, the monotonic wail of the reeds, flashing eyes, red lips, pearly teeth, and features alternating between mad delight and languorous joy.

The bewildering maze resolved into lines as the music suddenly ceased.

"Intermission!" whispered my comrade. 'Now for the hat."

Instead, two boys brought in a vessel of burning fragrant wood. Once more the dark daughters rehearsed the poetry of motion and color until the ringing cymbals made them pause—then glide into a "two-step," progressively rapid, intense, intoxicating.

The rhythmical music, heavy perfume, waning lights and flitting color, with the round-limbed, gemmed-eyed dancers rioting in their mad, elfish movement, produced an effect fascinating and enthralling until the music slowly died away; then all, with uplifted arms, joined in some invocation.

Tom broke the tension. "I wouldn't mind staying here," he said.

We now became the magnetic center. The merry throng gathered close, plying us with questions so rapidly as to transcend the ability of our translators.

Tom?—Ah! I saw him and a vivacious beauty getting on famously without an interpreter.

* * *

We regretted to leave these kind people, but Hum seemed anxious to move on. "We have no time to lose," he repeatedly insisted. Though I could not understand his haste, I acted by his decision.

The Loango men having refused to go beyond the Bahlba, their places had been filled by the Masgninas.

For successive days we traversed an apparently interminable forest. The monotonous scenery and lack of adventure were depressing to all except Hum. He walked as one whose eye rests on a light. An abundance of game kept the larder well supplied, but I was surprised at the absence of those "lords of the jungle" whose supposed valor has engaged the attention of some writers. We never met them by day; seldom heard them at night. In truth, they are cowardly sneaks when confronted by superior foes. Their warfare is that of the ambuscade. They give the glowing fire a wide berth; but the safety of those near it depends upon the vitality of the flame.

By our campfire, Hum discoursed on things strange and recondite. It was a new manifestation of his wonderful mentality. He reminded me of the chrysalis when the flower-tinted pinions first unfold. The misshapened man, the humble artisan, the unostentatious, faithful comrade, was gradually donning the robe of the philosopher and the seer. I did not then understand the meaning of this change, but his words were revivifying.

"Mr. Hatfield, your hope and faith are dying," he said to me one evening. "Have courage; cast aside this mantle of gloom. Within five days these dismal shades will be succeeded by rolling hills and dancing waters. The dawn is approaching, the celestial heights are not far away."

I looked at him. Whence came his prophetic utterances? I marveled that this plain man could inspire me more than the talented Mrs. Durand. Something irritated my breast. It was the diamond charm. Did it chide me for lack of faith?

On the afternoon of the twenty-fifth day the jungle thinned enough to admit the sunlight. Each ray was iridescent with hope. Working through a mass of coarse, reedy vegetation at the bottom, we were halted by a sparkling river. A smile of trust illuminated Hum's face. He waved his hand to me.

"Is it possible?" I asked.

"Yes, the gates are opening," he said.

An hour later, I saw Tom gazing at a large rock a rod or so from the shore. He pointed to repeated disturbance on the surface of the water.

"Why, fish are breaking!" I cried. "Large ones! Moto, bring me the black rods and the metal box. Quick, boy!"

The gaudy floats glistened an instant, then the tips bent sharply as we landed two flashing "bayards." Thirty beauties soon lay on the grass.

"Tom, my arm aches. We have enough."

"Yes, enough to feed a multitude."

I raised my hand, deprecatingly.

"Oh, that's all right. No irreverence intended."

While I repacked the tackle, my comrade danced back and forth before the "bayards" with the enthusiasm of a boy fresh from his first piscatorial conquest.

"Doing a 'Meriba,' Thomas?"

"Oh, no; only running up and down the scales."

"Shade of Hood!"

"The occasion warrants it, old man."

As I noted the elation of our men at their fish supper, and afterwards watched their sports in the river, I thought how trivialities change the currents in human minds. I, too, felt restful as, stretched on the sward, I sent smoke rings into space. But my peace came from my strange companion's words—"the gates are opening."

"We must bear a point to the south," Hum asserted after crossing the river.

"A point to the south," I repeated. "Why?"

"Thence runs our course," he said, without further remark.

"I can't see the point," said Selby dolefully.

For weeks we held this course through a region well watered, but sparsely inhabited. The few natives we met were, as a rule, friendly. To them our strange, armed caravan was a perplexing problem. Exceptionally, we encountered roving hostile bands, but at a brisk discharge of our guns they scattered as quickly as did the herds of giraffes and zebras we often met.

Again, a river crossed our path—swift, foaming rapids descending to a fall some distance below. Here, through the carelessness of our men, a real calamity befell us. We lost our boat.

"Thank God! The coil of rope was not aboard," said Hum, surveying the fragments below the precipice. "A heavy loss, but small, comparatively, had we lost our rope. We must get down to quiet water and build a raft."

"Easy to say," declared Tom irritably; "but a stiff piece of work, all the same. I'd rather have the boat than all the beastly rope it could carry."

"I doubt if you realize what you are saying, Mr. Selby," asserted Hum gravely.

Troublesome work it was, but the Hungarian overcame, and we camped at the base of some cliffs on the other shore. The wind had changed to the southeast. It brought a warm, penetrating mist, which, Moto reported the men said, was the "breath of demons," who were coming to kill us for crossing the country.

"All rot!" exclaimed Tom. "They're tired out. No wonder. I'm about petered myself, floundering through this desert in search of an ignis fatuus. The men are homesick for the Baruti. That's what's the matter. They have my sympathy. However, it's queer."

"Where is Hum?" I asked.

"I don't know."

As the twilight deepened, the full moon illuminated the sea of mist. We seemed wrapped in a silver veil. A reed-voiced bird persistently called its mate. Turning to trace its note, I saw the Hungarian standing on a sheer ledge, his arms folded, apparently absorbed in thought. At my second call, he turned and beckoned to me. I climbed to his side. "Are you trying to solve this mystery?" I asked.

He looked at me wistfully.

"Mr. Hatfield," he asked, not heeding my question, "do you believe in the soul as something distinct and apart from the body?" His voice, hitherto slightly harsh, was clear and resonant.

"Why, yes, I suppose so—I presume I have the theological belief of my ancestors. You refer to something that exists, after the body dies, in some good or bad place?"

"Well—yes; I allude to that immortal principle which, during its manifestations, is surrounded by a veil as tangible, apparently, as that which now envelops us, yet equally illusive. A slight veering of the wind or rise in the temperature, and the fog is no more. An imperceptible change in the mental vibration, and the body, as we now know it, disappears."

The moon had climbed higher, intensifying the silver pall. As the Slav stood in this lambent light, he appeared transfigured. All his physical imperfections were replaced by grace and beauty. I tried to dispel the illusion, but it would not fade.

"Go on!" I implored. "Tell me more—tell me all!"

He laid his hand on my arm confidingly. His voice had a strange quality:

"The soul is the entire perfect man—the all. The outer, fleshy garment is an illusion.

It has no real existence. The soul, the real man, may, at times, cognize things beyond the ordinary ken."

"Can you do this?" I asked.

"Yes—at times."

"Then, why not penetrate this marvel?"

"It is revealed—look!"

As through a suddenly unveiled window, I saw billows of rose light surging on the eastern horizon.

* * *

In the morning the fog was denser, but occasional counter currents of air afforded us an outlook. From the top of the cliffs a plain, covered with rank tropical vegetation, stretched to the southeast. To get through this tangle required two days of exhausting toil. Our axes were in constant use; and it was only by Hum's influence that our weary men were kept to their work. Half way through, Tom threw himself on a pile of brush. "Hum," he moaned, "where are you going? It can't be hotter in hell than it is here. Give us a rest."

"We have no time to lose, Mr. Selby."

"Time to lose—time? Ha, what's an hour or, as for that, a year, in this howling wilderness?"

"Possibly of great value," Hum said gently. "Don't discourage the men. It is all I can do to control them. I need your aid."

"You are right!" exclaimed Selby, reaching for his ax, "and you shall have it. I am ashamed of myself."

We emerged from the brake to be confronted by something more appalling. Before us lay a vast morass, a horrible "dank tarn." We searched, in vain, for some feasible way to cross the fen.

"By Jove! Frank Hatfield," cried Tom, "we have reached the end."

Tacitly, I agreed with my comrade.

"Hum," I implored, "in the name of Heaven what shall we do?"

"We must cross the swamp. To go round it would take too long."

"Cross it? Why, man, it's impossible! Besides, our men will never face it. We have no choice but to round it. Of what value is our time?"

"We must cross it," he repeated. "We can do it. Our men will face it."

I looked at him suspiciously. Was I listening to a maniac?

"What's that?" cried Tom. "Cross that slough? As well attempt the gulf between Heaven and—the other place. It means death to us all."

Hum looked at us reproachfully.

"'Oh, ye of little faith,'" he said, "it means, not death, but life—more abundant life."

Then he talked rapidly to the men in the Masgnina tongue. They hastily gathered stones and built a monument. This finished, a brief rest, with some food, then Hum ordered an advance.

We entered the morass cautiously. It was, at every step, a fearful struggle against conflicting odds. Embarrassed by submerged logs, tangled roots, network of creeping vines, tall wiregrass, pools of dark water—frequently waist and shoulder deep—and dangerous beds of mire and quicksand into which we sank to our knees, for four hours we struggled on through clouds of venomous insects and miasmatic vapors.

Nor were these the only dangers that lurked in this swale of death. An occasional splash, or a sinuous line beneath the surface, suggested hideous possibilities—frightful to think or dream of.

Worn out, nearly blind, and bleeding—we at last stood on firm ground. We shouted for joy.

Before us lay a rolling country rising to a distant horizon. Pressing forward with newborn hope, we at last passed through a narrow belt of timber and halted abruptly at the edge of a steep declivity, studded with petrified vegetation, that reached to an immense lake of seething water from which clouds of vapor rose continually. The mystery at the cliffs was explained.

Hum's face surpassed recognition as he directed Tom, Moto, and me to "press close to him."

"Yonder!" he pointed.

Above, and as if resting on the curling cloud wreaths, rose, for thousands of feet, a mountain of porphyry. Its slopes, covered with crystals of red, green and white feldspar, reflected the sunlight in a dazzling flood of glory.

Chapter VII

One of our most memorable evenings was passed at this spot. The environment wove a spell about us.

Something suggested that we were at the boundary of another world. What mystery lay hidden in that sea of billowy whiteness, that gem-bedecked mountain?

As the twilight deepened the natives drew close to us. Now and then, Hum spoke to them in low, musical tones. The evening meal was scarcely touched. Our minds drifted beyond the things of sense. Even when we sought rest, tired as we were, our eyelids refused to close. However, we fell asleep at last, lulled by a wild African chant sung by the carriers—"to drive away bad spirits," Moto said.

I was aroused by Hum's voice: "Mr. Hatfield, you must not miss this wonderful sight!" he exclaimed.

"What is it?" I asked, half rising.

Without reply, he grasped my shoulders and turned me to the east. I sprang to my feet and called Tom. We appeared to be floating in a silver sea incessantly rippling in the moonlight. Far away, the wondrous mountain reared its lofty head crowned with battlements and bastions, pinnacles and turrets, glowing with unearthly splendor.

We looked at the man who, oft times hampered by our distrust and fear, had unerringly guided us, through perils and hardships, to this enchanted ground.

At sunrise I saw him standing on an elevation gazing at the mountain top—at the golden crown resting on a crimson crest.

As I drew near, he said cheerily: "Our Masgninas will not go beyond here. They are filled with superstitious fears, and they are eager to return. They will not pass another night here."

"Is it the mountain, Hum?"

"No, they have not seen the mountain."

"Not—seen—it?"

"Mr. Hatfield, it has not been revealed to them."

Too mystified to ask his meaning, I said, "How will they cross the morass?"

"They will go round it until they reach the cairn, then pick up our trail. A long, but not difficult journey."

I recalled how my comrade and I, half dazed, had watched the gathering of the stones—and wondered why.

"Well—so be it," I said, resigned to the inevitable. "Equip them liberally. Reserve only such things as, in your opinion, we may need. Give them the gold and a Godspeed."

My companion was sitting at the edge of the cliff dejectedly gazing into the abyss. The extreme quiet was depressing. No sign of life, no sound, save a low, monotonous rumble in the water. An indescribable sense of isolation and desolation brooded by the supersensible.

"My God, Frank!" he cried, springing up, "do you realize, even faintly, our position? Deserted and alone in this gorgeous but terrorizing place!"

"Yes, my boy, I do. I am fighting the oppression that comes with the thought. I am glad to see Hum and Moto coming. The men have gone."

"Now," said Hum quietly but authoritatively, "we must get to work. Moto, select the best axes and uncoil the rope. We must cut timber and get it down to the water. Hard work—but we can do it."

"For what?" asked Tom.

"To cross to the mountain, Mr. Selby."

"On that caldron? Good Lord, Hum! It would be like crossing the Styx."

A strange, far-away expression came in the old wanderer's eyes.

"Yes," he assented, "the analogy will be striking."

"A bundle of sticks!" exclaimed Tom, "the logs and the tarred rope!"

"Good!" approved Hum. "That has the old ring."

By noon the next day we had the frame of a raft well together. Moto, up to this time a busy helper, yielded to a boyish impulse and threw chips on the water. He called to me excitedly:

"Master — master — come here! Boats won't sail!"

True, enough; they sank as soon as launched. I called Tom and Hum, collected more bark, and repeated the boy's experiment.

Here was a condition extremely interesting scientifically, but perplexing and disheartening. If chips would not float, how about our raft? If we could not reach the mountain, what then? Retreat was impossible; no succor to be expected; nothing before us but a brief period of anguish and unutterable longing forerunning death. We, too, might become petrifactions; while the gorgeous mountain stood as a monument to our temerity.

Consternation and despair seized us. Even

Moto appealed to me pitifully: "Master, what do?"

"God help us, boy, I don't know."

My comrade and I sat on our unfinished raft—hopeless, helpless. Hum and Moto were at the water's edge. Tom suddenly grasped my arm as he pointed to the mountain. It seemed to be dissolving in mid air: "*Sic transit!*" he exclaimed.

Intuitively, I cried out to Hum. He ran to us, and then—strangely—the sublime picture reformed. I told him what had happened.

"Mr. Hatfield, you and Mr. Selby were losing hope and faith," he said. "Come with me. Some change has occurred since we commenced our work; the temperature has fallen; the singular physical condition has altered in a way I do not understand. We must watch it carefully."

He threw bark and chips on the water, one by one, as we watched him in eager silence.

"At first they sank at once," he said, "but now they stay awhile on the surface."

"Throw in that chunk," I said nervously, indicating a heavy piece.

"Hold! Let me get my watch. Shout when it disappears. Ready—let go!"

A splash, and a cry. The interval was fifty seconds.

Diverted by this proceeding, the veil of apprehension lifted slightly. We gathered more material and repeated the experiments. The time between contact and disappearance increased to two minutes.

"Let us finish the raft at once," Hum ordered. "By tomorrow morning it will float."

His words so stimulated us that, before sunset, he pronounced the craft "taut and trim." Meanwhile, the period a slab would float had increased to five minutes.

"We shall leave here tomorrow," Hum asserted. "Let me counsel attention to our bodily needs; calmness of mind and a firm trust. We need all our strength to meet what is before us. We will build a fire; not for warmth, but for cheer, and as typical of hope."

Whether worn with anxiety, or calmed by Hum's words, we slept soundly until aroused by Moto's shouts. We ran to the boy who danced wildly as he pointed to the raft. It was floating. Hum made an exclamation of delight, and Tom burst into the old song: "Merrily, merrily goes the bark."

The lake had risen. Hum glanced at this phenomenon. "We have no time to lose," he cried, "we must make a hasty meal and be off."

Soon after dawn, we left a shore we should never revisit. The raft behaved well, and beneath our strokes rapidly left the mainland. As the distance increased, Tom's spirits rose.

"Ho, for the briny deep!" he cheerily cried.

"Briny deep, my chum? Aren't you a trifle off?"

"Well, dear boy, I don't know whether it's salt or sulphur; but all the same, I'm as dry as a toper. Moto, pass the water jug."

Hours passed before we reached the dark-red rock. As far as we could see, it was precipitous—smooth as though polished by a lapidary. Neither beast nor bird could cling to its shining surface. Not a point was visible where we could land. We rested on our oars and gazed anxiously at the fascinating but inhospitable shore. Just beyond was a headland, where the mountain receded into a deep bay. Entering this, we discovered a long, low grotto, apparently the entrance to a cavern. Hum suggested we explore the place. Somehow, I felt it to be inexpedient, but did not oppose. As we passed the entrance, we could, when standing, touch the roof with a paddle. We were on a stream about four rods wide, extending indefinitely.

The paddling being easy, we passed swiftly inward. Finally I raised my oar. "Is it not better to return?" I asked.

"After passing yonder bend," said Hum. "We must see what is there."

Rounding the curve, we entered a basin some two hundred feet in diameter, irregular in outline, with rough rock walls, converging as they ascended. The formation resembled a huge funnel, inverted. It extended upward, an enormous hole, until lost in obscurity.

While we were making these observations, Tom suddenly said:

"Frank, do you know it's growing darker here?"

"I think not. Why should it?"

"Well, it is! See for yourself!"

It was true! Hum evidently noticed it, too, and with clearer concept of its import than Tom's; for he called my attention to a point of rock in front of us: "Either it is sinking or we are rising," he said.

I watched the object for a moment, then realized the hideous fact that the water was rising; that the entrance to the cavern was a water-gate which, in a few moments, would be closed.

"Hum, we are in a death trap! We are lost!" I cried. "We have faced perils that would try the bravest, to be drowned in this dismal vault."

"We have made some mistake," he said, his lips quivering. "Before God, I thought I was right." Then, as if speaking to himself, he said something I did not comprehend. "No, the rift appeared to be on the outside—there may have been an error," he resumed, "but I still have hope."

Singular man! How could he talk of hope in the face of certain death.

"Good God, Hat!" exclaimed Tom, "I can scarcely see you. Let's make a break for the entrance," he pleaded, not realizing the conditions.

"Impossible, my comrade! That gate is closed."

His look of horror and dread filled me with agony.

Meanwhile, we had risen and knew, by occasional contact with the wall, that we had entered the funnel. Stupefied with terror, Moto crouched close to Tom, who, with knees drawn up and head bowed, sat silent, his features frozen into abject despair.

"Hum, the fingers of death are closing round us," I cried. "Save us!"

"Comrades," he said, "we must accept whatever is before us with courage and submission. The struggle, should it come, will be brief and we will pass into a higher state. Meantime, we must take all needful precautions. We must lie with our feet just beyond the guard-rail; so that, at contact with the jagged rocks, we can push away. Were our craft to fall foul of these points, we should be dropped into the abyss."

There was no sound save the occasional rasp of a timber against the rocks, no light, but little sense of time. We lay mutely awaiting the inevitable. What would the next moment bring? Should we suddenly feel the sharp, cold fangs of the rock-roof on our upturned faces, and the rush of water into our mouths and nostrils ere we gasped and died in an embrace as deadly as the "Iron Maiden's"? Or should we be smothered in the stifling atmosphere that each moment grew denser?

My sensations were, I think, akin to the victim's, when he knows, by the fitful gleam, that the headsman's ax has swung upward.

"We might manage to have a light," Hum suggested.

"No," I objected, "in the dark, we cannot see the uplifted blade."

"Master," asked Moto plaintively, "will hurt?"

"Will what hurt, dear?"

"When kill?"

"Yes, my boy. We must try to meet what is to come like brave men."

"I try hard, master."

I drew the little fellow to me.

We were rising to our doom as surely as he who from a precipice falls to his death. I silently prayed that the blow might come speedily, and terminate the horror through which we were passing—the mental agony that strained at our senses, the delirium of grief, fear, and dread that was driving us mad.

Men have faced the cannon's mouth with a song that has died on their mutilated lips; from the deck of sinking ships have calmly watched the onrush of billows that would engulf them—that was heroism. But to lie motionless, helpless, hopeless, on a frail craft in a dark, deep vault rapidly filling with seething water, and await the unpunctual coming of a horrid death—who can define that?

The current of my thoughts was broken by Hum:

"Mr. Hatfield," he said—as quietly as by the campfire—"have you noticed that the density of the air is no longer increasing."

"No, my thoughts have been elsewhere."

"Well, I have. I am convinced that this shaft, or whatever it is, communicates with the open air. If so, there is ground for hope."

"What's that, Frank?" Tom had caught the word—hope.

I repeated Hum's words. "Well, that's odd," he said in a dazed way, "that's—curious."

"What is curious, Tom?"

"Why—why—you see, Hat, you and—er—I were in—Elgrane. Down by the—the old mill where we used to fish. The water was—deuced hot, you know—and the—the—oh, yes—the black men came and—"

"Merciful God!" I cried, "his mind is going!"

I reached for his hand. He grasped mine firmly. "Oh, I'm all—right," he said, pressing my hand. "Now—where was I? I know—I had a sort of a—a dream, I guess, and I saw a great—bright—star—hello! what's that?"

"What's what, Tom?"

"Why—something keeps rubbing up and down against my foot."

"Where is that?" Hum asked anxiously.

"Right here, Hum. Pass your hand down to my left foot; yes, that's the place—well?"

"Thank God!" shouted Hum. "We are no longer rising. I have hold of the rock."

The cry was electrifying. We huddled together, and felt once more the warmth of close companionship.

"Now for the rope!" exclaimed Hum. "You are nearest the coil, Mr. Hatfield; cut a piece and untwist the ends. The tar will give some light, I think."

My fingers hesitated, owing to my extreme agitation; not alone at our respite. I knew instantly why this man had so jealously guarded the coil. The revelation staggered me. I finally handed him the glimmering torch while Tom looked on with awe.

Hum swept the torch around, examining all sides of the shaft.

"Well, anything to report?" I stammered.

"Yes, on the opposite side there is something that looks like an opening in the wall; and, just below it, a ledge; or rather, I should think, a table rock. We must cross. Paddle gently, Mr. Selby. Creep to the bow, Mr. Hatfield."

We crossed the black chasm to a shelving rock, beyond which was a rift in the wall. I held fast while Hum stepped on to the shelf.

"Cast a line, Mr. Selby!" His voice sounded gnome-like in the dismal chamber. The raft secured, he cautioned us against an attempt to land, and disappeared behind a wall of rock. Again, we were in darkness.

"Frank, I move we have a quiet smoke!"

"Motion adopted without amendments, Mr. Selby."

"Oh, master," said Moto, as he nestled close to me, "that smell good! That like campfire!"

Hum reported a passage to the right, trending upward, scarcely wide enough for two to walk abreast. "A vaulted rift," he explained, "a marvelous freak of nature." Also, another opening to the left, somewhat broader, which he could not explore on account of a pool of water at the entrance. With two torches he further examined the shaft. It appeared to terminate a short distance above us.

"Well, Hum?"

"We must take to the rocks," he said, "it is our only way of escape. The rift may end at any time, but I believe it communicates with the outside world, and that in time—"

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "please lower the torch."

I pulled out my watch. It was three o'clock, afternoon. We had been in the shaft eight hours.

"You were saying, Hum, 'that in time—'"

"Merely, that in time we may work out. We can take nothing with us but a few biscuits, the water jug, and all the rope we can carry. The guns and other things can be stored in the rift. For what?" he murmured.

"For the next lunatic from Chicago!" said Tom.

Everything ashore, Tom and I divided the coil of rope between us, while Hum made torches from the end of the mooring-rope. We wrenched a rail from the raft and slung the water jug. Hum was torch-bearer.

We entered the pass at four o'clock. The way was very rough. It frequently led round shoulders of rock, skirted the edge of precipices, or passed through openings where we had to crawl. Our feeble light mercifully failed to reveal the worst conditions. In tough places, Hum lighted another torch and passed it back to us. We soon found that great economy in the use of our lights would be necessary.

Our guide seemed to have wonderful vision—now swerving to the right or the left to avoid obstacles unnoticed by the rest; now creeping beneath overhanging rocks; now halting abruptly at a crevasse difficult to bridge; again, battling with a steep ledge. Always overcoming; ever upward and onward. His judgment never erred.

The supply of torches had twice been renewed. We were growing weary and footsore. We had been fired with the energy of despair, the enthusiasm of the "forlorn hope," but our frightful experience in the death trap had weakened us, physically and mentally. In our wild flight from inevitable death to an unknown fate, Hum's indomitable will and perseverance alone sustained us. We had eaten nothing since leaving the shaft. Hunger had been absorbed in perplexity and doubt. At a place where the path widened, by a large rock, Hum handed me the torch. I found that we had been walking, continuously upward, for five hours.

"Hum, how high are we?" I asked.

"It is impossible to say. We do not know the depth of the shaft. I think we have risen about four thousand feet."

"I never was so near heaven before," said Tom.

"You will draw nearer, shipmate."

"I trust so, Hum, but the prospect isn't flattering. The heat suggests another place."

It certainly was much warmer than when we started, a condition noticed by our leader. "I have observed," he said, "that though we are ascending, the temperature is rising; and there seems to be vapor in the air. You can see it about the torch." He held it up. The nimbus that forms around a light shining through a fog was visible.

"How do you account for it?" I asked.

"It is difficult to explain," he replied. "It may be the vapor is rising from the shaft. Very likely, when the water first comes in contact with the cold surface of the rock, condensation is so rapid that no vapor rises. The present condition indicates an opening above, as I have suspected."

"How will it affect us?" I asked anxiously.

"It is hard to say. It all depends upon the degree of heat and the narrowing of the rift. It will certainly obscure our light, and —it may incommode us. Better eat a biscuit or two, then press ahead as fast as possible."

We resumed our march, but had covered but a short distance, when, as Hum feared, the light grew so faint that two torches were necessary. Two hours later, we had but one coil of rope left. More serious still, the increasing temperature began to prostrate us so much, frequent halts became necessary. Even our water jug was burdensome. "Take a long drink," said Hum, "and throw the jug away. Cut the rope into torch lengths. We will each carry an equal number."

We had but twenty in all. We strained every nerve, fighting the tightening grasp of despair. Hum tried to economize in the use of the lights, but in vain. Another hour, and but twelve remained.

The heat was stifling; our sensation of weakness increased; our breathing became difficult. We fought desperately the overwhelming influences and pressed on. Fortunately, the way grew easier, and we went as men flying from pursuing death. But at last Moto sank down with the cry, "Master, I no walk."

Tom and I lifted him to his feet, rubbed his limbs, and strove to encourage him. Poor lad, he was nearly exhausted. After a little, he said, "Master, I go on." Supported, in turn, by Tom and me, we pushed on for another half-hour, when he again sank with a groan, utterly helpless. I shouted to Hum. Moto heard me. "Master," he implored, "leave me—leave me, master. Save yourself. I only little black boy."

"Leave you, my lad? Never! Your skin may be black, but your soul is as white as an angel's! You will go on, if I have to carry you."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Tom.

"I will do it, or die in the attempt!"

Hum looked at us thoughtfully. "We cannot carry the boy," he said. "I will try —I will try." He knelt by the boy, drew his head close, and laid his hand on his forehead. In that waning light and deepening gloom, he spoke softly to him in the Masgnina tongue. Presently Moto whispered, "I go, master."

I raised him by the hand. Hum looked at him, then picked up the torch. My comrade and I were speechless.

Only six rope ends remained. Hum, excited, quickened his pace. We kept close to him, though panting, gasping, clutching our throats and chests in vain efforts to relieve our distress. Was it the prodigious will power of this man in front which kept us from falling, never again to rise?

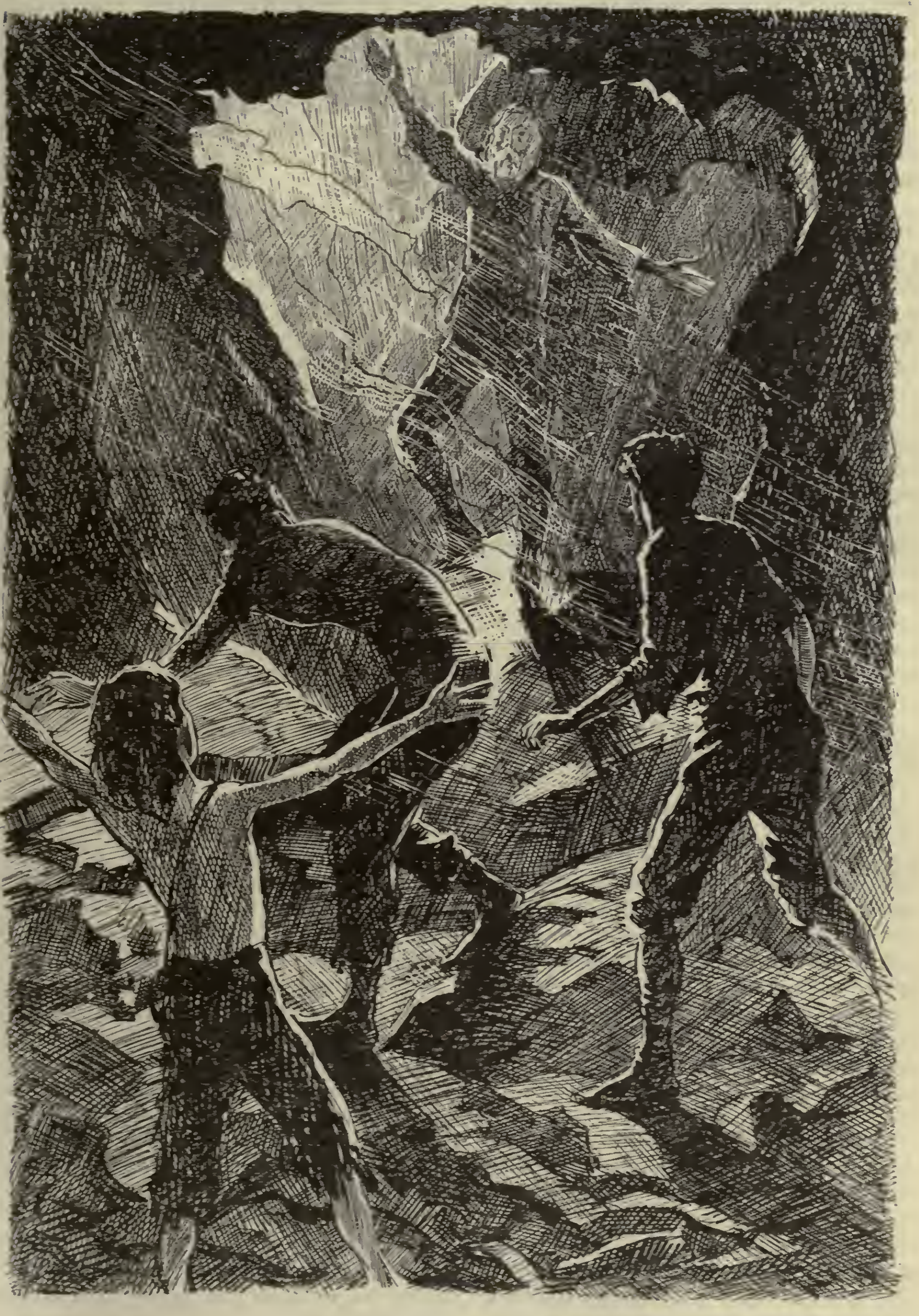
There were but four more pieces of rope.

"Hum!" I cried, "when the torches are gone, what then?"

"We still have our clothes," he replied calmly.

"True, and the sooner we make ready, the better."

We stripped ourselves of everything but our trousers; frantically tore the clothing



"A flood of moonlight infolded us."

into strips and wound them round the poles. They were wretched substitutes, but they spared the rope.

The brief delay revived us a little. We were worn and jaded beyond description; racked by pain, fainting from thirst, desperate —dying. The way became steeper. Suddenly, my comrade's face grew livid. He reeled and pitched forward. I broke his fall as I screamed to Hum. Then I sank to my knees.

I recall only a flash of light close to my face; a dim sense of some one bending over me; a confused consciousness of Hum. What he said or did, I never knew—but we were on our feet again, once more forging ahead.

At the base of a high ledge the voice of running water fell on our ears—the first sound since we entered the mountain. We paused, as each met the other's inquiring gaze. It was only a little trickling spring, but its song was seraphic. "This is a good sign," said Hum; "besides, the air is clearing. The summit cannot be far away."

With grateful hearts we knelt by the basin of pure cold water and drank deeply of the sparkling liquid. Again, and again, we laved our heads and hands. My watch reported midnight. It was twenty hours since we left the mainland.

"Scott! We are nearly naked," exclaimed Tom. "Only two removes from our birthday suit."

"Almost—naked," said Hum, a smile flickering athwart his rugged face. "Man brings nothing at his coming—he takes nothing at his departure."

"All the same, I believe we are going to pull through," said Tom.

I looked at Hum. "He is right," he nodded, "but there's much before us. How many more torches are there?"

"Two."

"Two, only?" He shook his head, in anxious doubt. Then his face glowed, as he shouted, "Up, and off, my shipmates! There's been no mistake! We are going to win! Press forward!"

He led as though guided by an unseen intelligence—drawn by some magnetic force. We could scarcely hold his pace, but we followed without thought, no longer doubting his lead.

Our last torch but one was burning. Usually so calm, the Slav seemed filled with a lofty frenzy as he dashed on.

"Hold!" we shouted. "We cannot follow!"

He did not heed our cry. Had he yielded to the intense strain and suddenly become demented? Was he flying from us?

He stopped abruptly, and waved the link. Through a narrow canyon a clear white light, far away, shone like the gladdening beacon on a long-sought coast.

"What is it?" we cried.

"A star, comrades!"

A mad rush forward in speechless joy! As our last torch faded in death, a flood of moonlight infolded us. From somewhere—sweet flowers breathed a welcome.

Chapter VIII

When I awoke, I saw Hum resting on his elbow, gazing at an enchanting environment. We were lying on greensward at the foot of massive steps. Near by a column of vapor rose from the canyon through which we had fled from the shadow of death. We were in a park of rare loveliness. Stately trees, groups of shrubs heavy with blossoms, trailing creepers, masses of brilliant flowers inviting gay-winged butterflies, with here and there the gleam of a lake, made a bewildering, but restful picture. The air was melodious with the song of birds. Over all a cloud-flecked azure sky.

"Hum, have we passed the gates of death?" I asked.

"In a sense, yes. We have reached a paradise. There are ministering angels here. See!" he pointed to a wicker basket and some garments. "We have been discovered. Some one has brought food for the hungry and clothing for the naked."

The basket contained cakes, fruit and wine. The garments were simple gray gowns.

"Good Lord!" It came from Tom. He glanced about, then gazed at us. "Hello, Frank! Huh—Hum, too? Gee—why there's Moto! The whole shooting-match! You look as though you'd shaken hands with an earthquake!"

"You appear slightly rattled, yourself," I said.

"Do I? Well, no wonder—what on earth! Why, did we die? Are we on some other planet?"

"Come here, my comrade," I said. "Here are convincing evidences of civilization."

"Substantial ones, too," he said, opening the basket. "Well, here goes. I've an appetite whetted by a long fast. Look at that boy! He's kicking back to consciousness. He'll soon give us his opinion in pure Masgnina. Watch him!"

Instead, Moto came to me and asked solemnly, "Master—this good place?"

"None better, boy," said Tom. "Sample these cakes."

The cakes were rich and toothsome; the fruit and wine delicious.

"Oh! Master!" cried Moto, seizing my arm, "big sky spirit!"

Two men were coming down the steps. Men of heroic stature, with a clear white skin tinged with the bloom of perfect health, dark eyes, high brow on a head of perfect mold, from which heavy hair of a rich auburn color fell in waves to the neck. Each wore a robe of white bordered with pale blue and clasped by a golden girdle. The upper portion parted enough to show a garment of fine material with collar that left free, full, well-rounded throats.

I was not surprised at Moto's exclamation.

They greeted us with a smile and signs of welcome; then spoke rapidly, in a strange tongue, pointing to us and to the canyon. Evidently, they were discussing the remarkable fact that we had come through the rift. They then signed that we should go with them. In their presence we seemed like children.

Ascending the steps, we crossed a broad avenue and entered a white marble building. Thence down a stone stairway to a platform by which stood a strange vehicle. We entered this conveyance. An attendant turned a silver knob, and we moved rapidly through a brilliantly lighted passage with scarcely perceptible noise or motion.

At another station, we went up steps and entered a long corridor that communicated with apartments on either side, where two men, dressed in light gray robes, met us. With these men our guides talked long and earnestly. Afterwards, they made us understand that we were to remain with the men-in-gray. Then, with fervent handclasps, our friends left us.

The men led us to a large, luxurious bath. One of them pointed to a copper dial on which a hand pointed to one of twenty-four numbers. Placing his finger on the next division, he indicated that he would return at that time.

After our privations and hardships, the luxury of that bath can well be imagined. The spirit of speech was absent. We were in dreamland. An occasional remark between Hum and me, and an oft-repeated "gee" from Tom, as he dived and rose in a way to awaken memories of the "deep pool in the meadow brook" were the only sounds. We were too contented to be either reminiscent or inquisitive. After the bath, light robes and soft couches beguiled us until the men-in-gray returned with sleeping garments and sandals. As we were leaving the room, I remembered our revolvers, which, from habit, we had kept in our belts. They were lying with our tattered trousers and gaping shoes. I removed the guns from the belts and tried to make our attendant understand that they were dangerous. Hum looked on.

"Mr. Hatfield," he said, "I think these people know nothing about destructive weapons. We must remove the cartridges. It will not do to trust them with people so ignorant of their qualities."

We were then taken to a circular apartment that communicated with other rooms through heavy draperies. Here, everything whispered of repose. The softly tinted walls, mosaic floors, rich rugs, silken hangings before large elliptical panes of flawless glass, soft beds with fine linen, and light woolen covers woven in low harmonious tones, made it "The Chamber Beautiful."

Hardships and danger were forgotten in our peaceful slumber. Some hours later, the men-in-gray returned with trays of refreshments. This food surpassed, in richness and variety, that of the morning. There were different sorts of the nutritious cakes, thin slices of some farinaceous substance, jars of a creamy mixture—made from the cocoanut, we afterwards learned—peaches, grapes, guavas, oranges, and a thin flask of delicious wine. The strangeness of our environment fettered our tongues for awhile. Hum finally spoke:

"We are with an advanced people," he asserted. "This food, simple and small in quantity, is savory and satisfying. It appears to be a concentration of all needed elements."

"Yes, it doesn't at all suggest an American square meal," said Tom; "but I feel as though I'd absorbed a brace of mutton chops with a bottle of Allsop's pale. Now, if I only had my pipe and a trifle of the weed, I'd be of like mind with old Simeon."

"Who was he, comrade?"

"Better review your Sunday-school lessons, old man."

"This, sky world?" asked Moto.

"No, my boy," I said, "we are still on the earth, I think, but we have come to a wonderful country."

I went to the window. A great city lay beneath me. Broad avenues lined with luxuriant foliage, tessellated walks, wide lawns, parks, flowers and fountains. The houses were of different colored stone, designed and grouped with rare architectural skill and taste.

I called my companions. We gazed on the picture in silent admiration, until Tom spoke:

"Heavens! Where are we?"

It was Hum who replied: "We are with a peculiar people, Mr. Selby, a people differing from any with whom we have associated. An intellectual, high-bred, and courteous people; but, withal, a simple folk. Did you observe, Mr. Hatfield, that our uncouth appearance caused us no annoyance?"

"Yes, I noticed it with surprise. What do you think they will do with us?"

"We shall be treated with kindness and considerate care. First, they will teach us their language; they are preparing to do so now."

"How do you know this, my seer?"

"I read it in the thoughts of those who brought us here," he said confidently.

At twilight one of the men entered and, beckoning to Hum, pointed to a silver star on the wall. A slight movement and a soft, mellow light flooded the chamber. I could discover no device whence it came. He repeated the experiment, then signed to Hum to do the same. For some reason I did not then understand these men made Hum the vehicle for communication with us. During this lesson, we heard a chime of small bells, and perceived, on a copper disk similar to the one in the bath, a circle of violet light round the hour to which the hand pointed. Comparing my watch with the dial, I made the attendant understand I wished to know the time. He raised five fingers three times, then three fingers once. I reflected for a moment. The number was eighteen. They divided their day into twenty-four hours, commencing at midnight. Accordingly, it was now six o'clock, evening, by our time.

The man was much interested in my timepiece, but pointed to the figures on the dial and shook his head.

"Hum, can you understand him?" I asked.

"I think so. To him, the dial represents a half day, and he doesn't recognize the works. Let us examine the clock on the wall."

A thin porcelain plate screwed to a metal disk, was all we could find, though we worked at the problem until Moto called us to the window. The whole city was as light as at noon.

"This is not electricity," I said, "the light is of different quality. Anything to offer, Mr. Selby?"

"Search me, Francis. I can now believe that ancient story about the shadow on Ahaz's dial. These folks evidently have some such arrangement with Old Sol."

The Hungarian looked at Tom curiously; while Moto, clapping his hands, exclaimed: "Master, all day here! No night!"

"No, Moto, there is night here, as elsewhere," I said. "In all physical conditions, as in our emotions, there are the opposites, and—"

"Oh, draw it mild, Frank," interposed Tom, "do you think Moto is a Yogi?"

* * *

On the third morning, we woke with a consciousness of having undergone some change. Tom said he "felt as though he had been scrubbed, inside and out, with sapolio."

"Yes, a sense of physical and moral regeneration," assented Hum. "It is wonderful!"

Even Moto said, "Master, feel good all over! Feel like white boy!"

Waves of pure, fragrant air flowed through the open window. They seemed a benediction from an unseen source. An attendant entered, bearing light gray gowns with blue borders, short trousers, shirts of fine linen, underclothing of a soft material resembling silk, gray sandals, and hats similar to our panama; and for Moto, clothes like those worn by the servitors.

After our morning meal, the two courtly men we first met called for us, and again led us to the carway. On this occasion we saw, for the first time, women and children. Our mentors pointed to themselves, the women, and the children—"wemba, wembe, cheda"—they said, with a smile. Tom and I made rather poor work repeating the words, but Hum pronounced them in a way that appeared to surprise our friends. Stately models of grace and beauty were the women. The rose blush in their clear white complexion admirably suited their dark eyes and rich auburn hair. Their simple gowns of soft material, white or cream colored, trimmed in harmonizing tints, reached to their feet. Folds of delicate lace but partially concealed shapely necks, and black veils were draped to leave fair faces exposed.

I thought it strange that we attracted so little attention. With our long beards, Hum's deformity, and Moto's dark skin—we certainly were unique; but, though deep interest was manifest, no idle curiosity was expressed; not even when we left the car with many others, and mounted massive granite steps to a broad esplanade where stood an imposing edifice built of porphyry and white marble.

Our guides led us to a room where a genial-looking man sat at a long table loaded with familiar articles. On the wall were charts, covered with ideographs, phonetics, and strange characters—described by Tom as "a cross between a Greek Lexicon and a Hebrew Kaballa"—arranged in lines and columns. There were in all fifty characters, twenty-four letters, ten numerals, and sixteen ideographs and phonetics.

Similar charts, of small size, were given to each of us. Hum's prediction was verified—our instruction had commenced.

The first lesson was in pronunciation and association. We were made to go through the characters until we could apply them to the various articles in the collection. Two hours of hard work, and we were dismissed with a request to return the next morning.

At our quarters an attendant gave us some articles that caused my chum to do an old time "breakdown." They were our knives, pipes, and tobacco, taken from the pockets of our old trousers. In our new environment they had faded from our memory. I carried my coin in a belt beneath my clothing, otherwise, that, too, would have been forgotten. The sight of our old friends revived our desire for the cheer they always brought; a desire we at once gratified. Moto was again appreciative; even Hum said, "that smacks of old times."

"*Wembe*," murmured Tom. "Ah, they are fine!" he said. "Way up! Why, we should have to wear French heels to reach their level, or look heavenward."

"Quite likely the latter, my chum, but I don't clearly trace the relation between that French folly and a state of bliss."

"No? Well, I think these sandals are blissful."

"Comfortable they are, and ample protection, too, in this clean city. It appears to be a spot where matter stays in place. The roadways and walks are built of a substance resembling asphalt and coated with a vitreous material that doesn't wear away. Then, as there are no horses, ash carts and the like, impurities do not collect on the surface. These people have a fine system."

"'Remarkably well put,'" as Brindley says. "I wonder where the doctor is feeding now. Yes, they work things well here. Who's seen any stores? Poor place for drummers, I fancy. Hello, Moto, I want a —a 'poco reta.'"

"Say again, Mr. Selby."

The boy handed him a glass of water.

"Thanks, Masgnina. You're not dull if you are dusky."

"I wish we could be rid of these beards," I said. "They are not becoming, and among these smooth-faced men are very conspicuous."

"Voiced my thought to a letter, Hat, but how to do it? My grip hasn't turned up yet. Say, Moto, find one of those grays."

Tom made known our want to the attendant. He laughed outright, and promptly brought a variety of cutting implements which, in design and finish, were novelties. In a brief time, we hardly recognized one another. I was surprised at the care bestowed on our fallen fringes by the servitor. I was destined to marvel more some years later.

"Well, did you fee the artist, comrade?" I asked.

"No, tips don't grow on this soil. You can't pay for anything here. Baths, food, rides and barbers—all free. It's deuced curious. How is it, Hum?"

"It is my opinion, Mr. Selby, that all such matters are on a basis unfamiliar to us. I think the government—for these people must have one, and a good one at that—attends to everything."

"Which means," said Tom, "that on the auditor's books an item something like this will appear: 'To shaving three unknowns, without bay rum, thirty cents.'"

The Hungarian looked at Tom compassionately. "Mr. Selby," he said, "though you have been reborn, you are still an infant in swaddling clothes."

"That may be, old shipmate. They're comfortable, all the same—the nurse uses safety pins."

Even Hum's imperturbable gravity gave way for the nonce, to the extent that he said to Moto—who was full of glee and motion—"My boy, some day I must teach you the Czardas, the national dance of my people."

* * *

When Soratiya, our teacher, welcomed us the next morning, it was obvious that he, as well as our mentors, approved our changed appearance. His smile was peculiarly encouraging.

Our lesson over, he expressed hearty satisfaction; then took us into the junior schoolrooms. Here, we caused some excitement. Moto, in particular, attracted general attention. His dark face, amidst these fair children, was as conspicuous as an ebony image in a group of marble statues. But here, as elsewhere, we were treated with the utmost respect. At parting, our guides gave us to understand—by signs and some words we had learned—that, hereafter, we could come and go by ourselves. As they left, each said with a quizzical look, "*Yolo, Subaketa Yume.*"

The day was fine; the air laden with the fragrance of innumerable flowers; everything picturesque and harmonious. No rush nor crush; no struggling crowds; no noisy traffic; no evidence of competition or self-seeking. It was not strange that we felt happy and contented.

At the *Restafa* (house of rest), our home, Tom was like the schoolboy just released for the long summer holiday. He suddenly stopped whistling and waltzing. "Let's do something before dinner!" he exclaimed. "What say you to investigating that wonderful carway?"

"A square idea from a level head," I approved.

So down to the railway went one man and three boys—for gay-hearted were we. Without any attempt at a technical description, which would be impossible for me, I will state that by means of a stone roadbed, an elastic cushion (apparently of gutta percha), a heavy rail with a narrow conical top (of double carbonized steel, we were told), and vehicles shaped so as to meet but little atmospheric resistance—the maximum speed was attained. The luxurious equipment of the carriages left nothing to be desired; but the power that propelled them at the rate of a hundred miles an hour was not revealed.

"Hum, what do you think of it?" I asked.

"I think these people either disregard the cost of construction or have methods for doing work far superior to ours. In our country, such a system would be enormously expensive."

"Well, I've an idea there's no costmark here," said Tom. "As for stock, I don't believe there's a block in the market; certainly no blocks on the line. Of course there are no bonds; everything here is free. It's a Chinese puzzle! Let's go back, burn a trifle of the weed, and talk it over."

On our return, Tom's loquacity increased.

"I say, Frank, the 'Lone Jack' is growing scarce. When it is gone what shall we do? I haven't seen any wooden aborigines on the sidewalks. Can it be possible that these folk don't use the article?"

"Do? Why, we'll abandon the guns when the ammunition fails. I think that before that time comes, we shall no longer require an artificial stimulant or solace—whichever way you regard it."

My friend, however, was not to be diverted from his line of thought.

"Hum," he asked, "have you seen any plug, finecut or twist?"

"Neither, Mr. Selby, but I have noticed their absence."

"Good for you, Hum! Well, it doesn't much matter. I guess Hatfield was right when he said that railroad didn't need any extra stimulant. Certainly they don't have competition, or they would advertise somewhere. Has any one seen a newspaper? There must be a 'daily' or a 'semi-weekly' here. I'd like to get hold of one. I want to see the arrivals on the—the Canyon. Hello, here comes Wamba with our dinner, but what's the use? We—" His appearance and manner changed instantly. "We can't cross that marsh! It's impossible! That one-eyed devil would—would—hello, Hum!" he smiled.

"I understand," said Hum, in answer to my anxious look. "Mr. Selby, you fell from your high estate Have a care. Hold your course truer."

"Ha! this is a great race, Hum!" exclaimed Tom.

"An exalted people, Mr. Selby. Keep closer to them."

The incident, and the Hungarian's remark, gave me food for thought during many subsequent hours.

* * *

Henceforward, we went about by ourselves. From everyone we received cordial greetings with the salutation, "*Subaketa, Yume*" (may the Father bless you). All seemed anxious for us to become proficient in their language. They well knew that we could tell them what they longed to hear. A few weeks later, Moto was placed in a class with other children. Having a child's aptitude for languages, he progressed rapidly among his new associates who, not hampered by race prejudice nor "color line" obligation, treated him with considerate kindness. His jolly face was to be seen in all their amusements. One day, as he came to me brimming with happiness, I said, "Moto, would you like to go back to your tribe?"

"No, I not care for them," he said. "They same as animals."

Hum's proficiency was astonishing. "How is it you speak this language so well?" I once asked him.

"I cannot say," he replied. "It seems natural to me."

Intelligence concerning us had been sent throughout the entire country by a method as novel as it was inexplicable. The device consisted of a cylinder of ebony covered at each end with perforated caps. A message could be sent or received, irrespective of distance. No signal was required. If the instrument was nearby, your name—though spoken miles away—was perfectly audible. For a sustained conversation, two instruments might be used, though ordinarily one was enough. In time, we were presented with these *kanjoots*. At first, they reminded us of a ventriloquist; for often our names seemed to come from the wall or out of our pockets.

Representative men from Huan, our birthplace, and other cities, often came to our classroom. They manifested keen interest in our progress, and sometimes, we thought, made suggestions to our teacher.

On one occasion, a man of striking exterior visited us. I was surprised and somewhat annoyed at the way Tom and Hum stared at him. He remained during the lesson, evinced much pleasure at our advancement, asked Soratiya many questions, and addressed us individually. Later, Soratiya told us he was Oron, the head of the nation, also the head of the National College. He further told us that when we were qualified, Oron would receive us at Hokenda, the capital, and tell us all about their country. I asked Soratiya the name of their country.

"Zoeia," he replied.

"Has each person but one name?" I asked.

"In addition to the first name," he said, "every Zoeian has a family name, derived from a remote ancestry, which is seldom used. A married woman takes her husband's first name with the suffix *ena*."

Handing me a tablet, he asked me to write our names. I wrote them in native script. He studied them a moment, then wrote: "Feanka," "Tooma," "Motoo," but paused at the name Adolph. "I have it!" he exclaimed. "It is an old name with us. We write it thus, 'Audofa.'"

"Shall we be known by these names?" I asked.

"Yes, Feanka."

"Soratiya, may I ask who were the two men who first came to us in the park?"

"Certainly, my brother. They were the governors of this district, Malonda and Reebon. Your coming was made known to them by the gardener who found you."

* * *

We progressed famously; not alone in the language, but in our knowledge of the life and habits of this peculiar race. Being welcomed everywhere, the number of our associates increased rapidly and gradually extended to the fair sex. Though the women exhibited no coyness, they were clothed in that mantle of superb dignity which invites confidence and repels familiarity. We were invited to see public buildings, beautiful gardens and works of art; to hear choice music; and, in fact, were taken into the daily life of these lovable Zoeians. For there was about our little group a mystery and a romance, such as never before—save in one instance—had stirred their emotions.

The city was one great park. Each residence stood in the midst of spacious grounds wherein arborculture and floriculture were carried to their highest degree. There were no towering, threatening buildings; no seething hives of humanity; no swarms of neglected children; no tumult or discordant cries. On all sides—peace, plenty, contentment.

One afternoon we extended our daily walk into the country along a fine road with many enticing bypaths. It was difficult to realize that we were on a mountain top. It seemed, rather, to be a vast plain, bordered by tall peaks. I asked Hum what he thought of the geological formation.

"It is my opinion," he replied, "that this plain or basin has been formed by some mighty cataclysm in a remote past; that the rich alluvial soil is detritus from the surrounding peaks that has accumulated on a once barren surface."

"Your theory is a good one," I said, "but how about the climate? We have been told that the temperature varies but a few degrees during the year."

"That is a less difficult problem, Mr. Hatfield. You must recall that this mountain rises from an immense depth through a sea of hot water; consequently, it is always warm. This, with vapor rising from the water, contributes greatly to the productiveness of the soil. Besides, with these peculiar physical conditions, there must be varying degrees of temperature, from the outer edge to the center of this garden, that naturally would adapt it to the production of nearly every known species of vegetable life."

Tom gave a prolonged whistle. "Hum, you have won-der-ful things in your head," he exclaimed. "I would like to look into it. You are right. This whole country is an enormous greenhouse."

"You state the condition admirably, Mr. Selby," Hum remarked as he drew a *kanjoot* from his pocket.

"What now?" I asked.

"I will see if Moto has returned."

"Well, do you get him?"

"Yes, he says that Soratiya has been to see us and will come again today."

"Scott!" exclaimed Tom. "There's more mystery in that small box than in the croquette of a cheap boarding-house. Why, it is as disconnected from anything tangible as old Pinchem's Friday night exhortations."

"And about as difficult to comprehend," I added.

"When we learn what propels the car, we will know what operates the *kanjoot* and runs the clock," gravely asserted Hum.

"After all," said Tom, "it's my opinion this solar power is some mode of what we call electricity, which these people have succeeded in taking direct from its source by ways unknown to the rest of mankind."

Hum looked at my comrade thoughtfully. "You have struck close to the mark," he said.

The district through which we passed was filled with plantations. Here the single hand of a government was in evidence. Every product was specialized. There was nothing whatever to suggest competition. As the result of this special husbandry, we saw entire plantations devoted to the growth of cereals, fruits, nuts, vegetables—all in great variety—cotton, hemp, and *miele*—a substance resembling the silk fiber. Vegetables, though extensively cultivated, never appeared on our table in their crude form. Evidently their nutritive elements alone were used. The fruit trees were in blossom—the air heavy with fragrance. I have since traveled somewhat, but I have never seen anything that equaled the floral glories of this isle of the sky and the sea.

The houses on the plantations, though smaller than those in the city, were equally substantial and attractive. On our return we stopped at one and asked for water. A handsome girl brought us not only the water, but also wine and cakes. Tom, smitten with her graceful comeliness, aired his Zoeian amazingly. Of course, otherwise, it wouldn't have been Tom. He presented us by our new names. She responded prettily with her own, Elida. To his voluble account of our doings, I occasionally added a few words; and when we floundered badly, Hum came to the rescue.

My jolly friend would have remained indefinitely, had I not reminded him of Soratiya's visit. So, with a promise to come again, we gave our charming hostess a merry good-bye.

"Well, my chum, how about French heels now?"

"Frank, there are times when questions are superfluous. Besides, she is about my size."

I looked at him. "Tom," I said, "you are undergoing a change."

"I'm aware of it, Hat, you don't need to tell me."

"Since how long, comrade?"

"Oh, from way back. From the day I lost my taste for tobacco."

"Keep your eye on the binnacle, Mr. Selby," advised Hum.

On our return we met many vehicles, all propelled by the one power. To us, they were strange sights; but even they did not impress us so much as did the absence of all quadrupeds. It was difficult to realize that the fauna on this island embraced only birds—in almost endless variety—bees, butterflies, moths, and a few other harmless insects.

The object of Soratiya's visit staggered us. Oron, the head of the nation, wished us to talk to his people at Huan, the following week, and to come to Hokenda, the next month.

I tried to frame words of expostulation; but the thought vanished before utterance.

"Soratiya, do you think we can do this?" I asked.

"I think you can, Feanka. I know you can. You have studied six months, and made fine progress. It may be somewhat difficult, as there must be many things you will describe, for which we have no equivalents; still, if you do but hold the thought strongly, you can do it; and our people are anxious to hear. If you could make some —some—pictures!"

"My comrade can do that," I said. "What say you, Tom?"

"Why, of course I will. I want to do everything in my power for these dear folk."

"And you, Hum?"

"I can tell them many things, Mr. Hatfield, but the tongue is still rather stiff; however, let us try."

"Soratiya, we are of one mind," I said. "We will do what we can. Tooma may describe the manners and customs of our people; Audofa will treat of foreign countries; while I will tell them of our journey."

"It is well, my brothers!" he exclaimed, rising. "It will be a great occasion. You will have thousands of eager listeners! The evening falls. I will not tarry longer. Your walk has been long. *Somaven* (may you sleep well)."

The mellifluous word came to us, again, as he waved his adieu.

(*To be continued*)

THE ARTIST

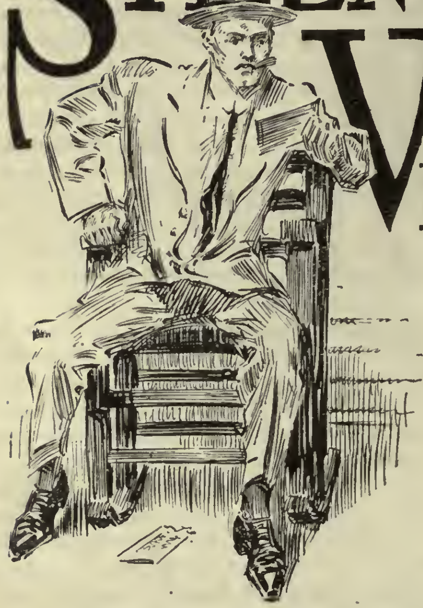
STRONG hand is thine that shapes the human mind
And moves the many waters of the soul!
Brief hours thou dost unravel like a scroll
More awful than the vasts of heaven blind.
Swifter thy fingers than the tempest wind;
And fierce thy dread touch as the burning light
Of torrid sun at noon; yet gently bright
Thine eyes like morning stars of pity kind.

O pain, what tools are thine, great artist proud!
Full oft thy lightning sword is tender love;
Thy knife the thorn beneath the sweet rose hid.
Yet shall the heart thou barest, torn and bowed,
Bleeding like Egypt's queen a world above,
Outlast in glory the stone Pyramid!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

STRENUOSITY in VIRTUOSO

by Grace Agnes Thompson and Harriet Mabel Provan



AFTER a long and strenuous but very delightful morning of golf with Miss Rosalie Farrington, when there had occurred a fourth enchanting tete-a-tete under the clump of willows at the foot of the hill quite out of caddy earshot, Dick Watson went through the process of lunching, and at twenty minutes past two o'clock strolled leisurely out upon the veranda of the hotel. In about fifteen minutes Mademoiselle Rosalie would be down—she really was quite a prompt girl—and then there was to be a long (if he could manage it) and very delightful afternoon on the lake, while he searched out those curious lichens that he felt it so necessary to show her.

Choosing a spot well sheltered from the warm noon sun, he lit a cigar, tilted his chair back against the wall, and with crossed legs poised on the veranda rail settled himself comfortably for a temporary enjoyment of the landscape and of his smoke. The "peacefulness and beauty" of the scene were certainly absorbing. It made him reminiscent, even with so pleasant a vision as Mademoiselle Rosalie in a boating frock only thirteen minutes away.

His thoughts wandered across the past twelve months—his last college year. Hadn't he worked, though, for that degree! These few weeks of pleasure, with which the pater had rewarded him, were pretty well earned. Oh, those two first years of college had gone, to be sure, in a series of good times. But the third year, just to please his disappointed family and show what he could really do, he had devoted a little more attention to studying. And this last year he had given himself up wholly to his work, and had graduated with honors—actually with honors—right over Bob, who always had dug away at knowledge with the same kind of conscientious perseverance that he had shown in those boxing lessons last winter and in the competitive rowing work when he had so nearly won a place on his class crew. Good-hearted old Bob! One could have so much fun with him. Not merely fun *with* him as the jolliest and most companionable of chums, but fun out of him—he was so engagingly unsuspecting and non-retaliating. No wonder the boys all liked him and jollied him. And wasn't he the counterpart of Rosalie? Ah! Mademoiselle Rosalie—to think that one could have lived all through those four years and not have met the sister of Bob! The counterpart? In looks, of course, and chumminess; not that other. *Nevertheless*, what a model brother-in-law—

The reverie was suddenly interrupted at this point by a little blue-uniformed fellow, carrying a yellow envelope, who ran up the steps and disappeared inside the office door.

"News—good or bad, for somebody," soliloquized Watson. "Wonder—" But before he got any further, the small messenger approached with the bellboy and handed the envelope to Watson.

"Soho! For yours truly, then, is it?"

Watson ejaculated to himself as he reached out his hand for it.

Opening the missive, he read with a slight whistle of surprise:

> "Take next train, Boston. Must have your help. Meet you at station. For God's sake, don't fail.
>
> BOB FARRINGTON."

Watson's feet came to the floor and he straightened up with a jerk. Bob in trouble, precise, systematic, conscientious Bob? It didn't seem possible. But if true, it must be something pretty serious, or he wouldn't be calling for help. Watson held up the paper to read a second time, as though he might find there some clue to the nature of the calamity.

"Take next train . . . . don't fail!"

Fail? Of course not. If he could help the boy in any way, he certainly would.

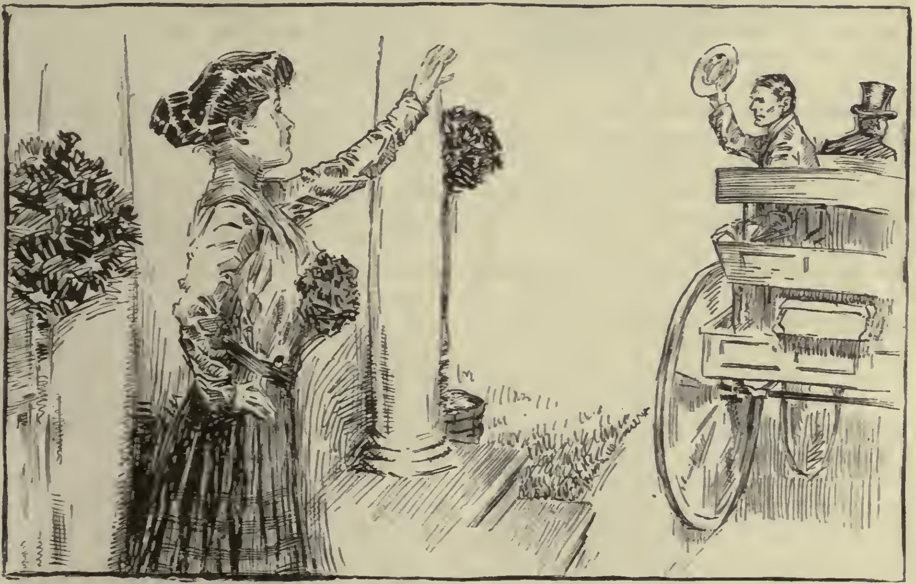
"What is the matter, Mr. Watson? Is it bad news?" The voice came around his shoulder, and it thrilled him with its pretty sympathy. Watson mechanically crushed the paper in his hand to hide its contents, as he turned to meet the vision three whole minutes ahead of time. A vision, truly!

"Oh! Ah! really, Miss Farrington, don't you look stunning, like that, though!" A great wave of pity for her flooded over him. He knew that she adored Bob. "No, that is, it isn't bad news exactly, just a message from an old friend, who has got himself into some mix-up or other, you know, and wants me to help him out. I'm awfully sorry, you've no idea how sorry, but I've got to go and help him out right away. I mean, I'm sorry about spoiling our afternoon. I ought not to have begged you to give up the auto party. I've got to catch the three-fifteen train for Boston."

Then he witnessed another and still more fascinating side of Rosalie's character. "You certainly must hurry," she told him. "It's barely forty-five minutes to train time, and the station four miles away, and all the autos gone with that party. You go straight and get ready. I'll call a carriage." She was all eagerness to help and all charming, fluttering sympathy and self-forgetfulness. How glad he was that she didn't guess the identity of his distressed friend.

In his room a few seconds later Watson flung some things into a valise; then he rushed down through the hotel office. "Back in a day or two," he informed the clerk as he passed the desk. "Hold my mail."

Rosalie was on the veranda to say good-bye, wish him luck, and wave her hands to him as the carriage rolled down the drive. That was the picture of her that he carried with him through the long and tiresome hours that followed.



Rosalie was on the veranda to say good-bye

It took some driving to make that station in anything like time. Even so, the train was just pulling out as the horses, panting, stopped at the end of the long platform. Watson leaped to the boards and started in pursuit.

"Hi, there! Hi! Ye're too late. Ye can't catch that train," yelled the white-haired station-master, springing across his path, while the conductor from the last platform beckoned him on derisively. It seemed as though fate meant to make his errand of mercy as difficult as possible. Watson jumped to the rails and ran on, aware with fresh annoyance that half a dozen youngsters, who on his appearance had stopped playing pitch-penny against the station wall, were now chasing at his heels. The two or three loungers also stretched themselves idly and made grinning remarks as he passed.

Watson's face took on a deep shade of red, but he gathered up his reserve speed and sprinted on after the receding train. There was rather a sharp curve around an embankment just beyond the station, and the train could not begin to get up its speed until it had passed that. Watson thanked his stars for the curve, for it was only owing to this circumstance that he succeeded finally with the conductor's assistance in swinging onto the steps of the last car.

Thus, perspiring and very much out of breath, and perhaps somewhat out of temper, but otherwise intact, he presently sought out the porter and secured a seat. Then he tried to collect his scattered thoughts.

What *could* be the matter with Bob Farrington? It seemed unbelievable that he could have got himself into any very serious trouble, and yet surely he had. It was not a love affair, of course. Bob was just the kind to lose his head and fall in love heels uppermost, when the right girl made her appearance; but not the kind ever to tell, no matter how badly things went. It could hardly be a quarrel. Good, jolly, happy-go-lucky Bob never quarrelled. It must be some worse scrape, possibly some financial difficulty. Bob wasn't very rich, and Watson had heard rumors that he was to work in his uncle's bank through the summer before all the fellows went back to college for the opening of the law school. Poor Bob! Well, if it was that, Bob should have all that it was in his power to give. Rosalie's brother — of course he should be helped. And did he not owe it to the boy, too, after last winter?

Here Watson chuckled reminiscently to himself as he watched the flying scenery, but strengthened his resolve to be of service. Rosalie's brother—Rosalie's brother—Rosalie—Rosalie—Rosalie—so the rails clicked on. And Watson's thoughts trailed irresistibly back to the vision, and the dream of what might have been happening that afternoon if there had been no telegram. Bob's sister — what wouldn't he do for such a superb girl? His heart swelled with the chivalry of his position, even as it grew more and more troubled by anxiety over Bob. And the miles drew themselves all by at last.

It was dusk when the train pulled in at the Boston Union Station. Watson was one of the first passengers off, and the very first to cover the distance between the car steps and the gate. All the way he looked keenly about, but saw no Bob. Outside the gate, too, among the throngs of hurrying folk he searched, until the last passenger had left the train, and he had about decided something must have happened to his old chum; when, suddenly appearing, it seemed, from nowhere at all, Bob Farrington stood before him, with a face so pale and haggard that Watson was shocked to the core. He rushed upon the boy and clapped an arm over his shoulders.

"Why, Bob, what—how—?" Watson began.

"Quick! Hurry!" was the reply. "There's not a moment to lose. Our lives may hang in the balance." And without another chance to speak, Watson was rushed out into a waiting cab.

"I'm awfully thankful you've come," Farrington murmured, as he dropped into the front seat and sank back with closed eyes.

"Tell me all about it, old fellow," Watson urged softly. "You know I'll stand by you, whatever it is."

"I knew you would, Dick. But no, no, not just yet; I'll tell you everything soon. But don't talk to me just now." He sighed wearily and passed his hand across his forehead with a nervous movement. Watson did not dare disturb him again.

The tense silence was broken finally by the stopping of the cab. The ride had lasted only twenty minutes, though it had seemed interminable to Watson. He had been unable to make out in which direction they were going, but he knew from the bumping of the cab over cobblestones during the first part of the ride that they had crossed one of the rougher sections of the city. The cab had hardly come to a standstill before Farrington flung open the door. Watson was close at his heels.

"This way," Farrington directed, motioning his companion to follow. "Sh! Don't talk."

Watson's brain was whirling, and for a moment he did not recognize his surroundings; but he was presently aware that they had passed through a gate and entered a common of some kind, which stretched wide and shadowy before them. The place was apparently deserted, though once a faint rustle close to the path caused Farrington to stop abruptly, clutching Watson's arm, as he looked cautiously around. It was only a scrap of paper, however, blown by the wind, and he hurried on. Half dazed, Watson followed, up one walk and down another, until they reached a secluded spot where a bench stood under a tree surrounded by shrubbery. Pausing here, Farrington took an envelope from his pocket and, passing it to Watson, said:

"Take it, Dick. Wait here for half an hour. Not a moment more or less, as you are to help me. If I have not returned, go to the entrance through which we just came, and read this."

Though he spoke in a whisper, his voice sounded hoarse and strange. He swayed slightly and seemed well-nigh overcome by some powerful emotion, for sinking down upon the settee, he buried his face in his hands, and Watson heard the sound of smothered sobbing. In another moment, however, he was up again. Then he took out his watch and lit a match, hiding the light of it carefully with his hand and the edge of his coat.

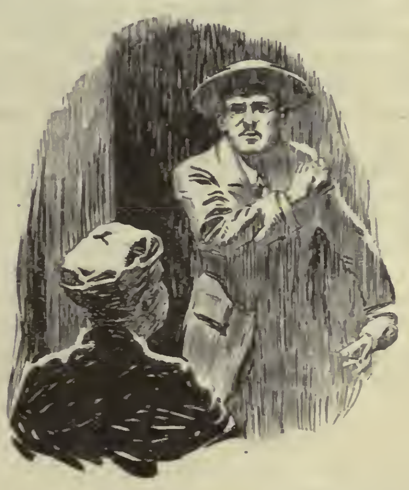
"Seventeen minutes of nine," he said. "At thirteen minutes past you must leave. Not a second sooner or later. And now, good-bye, Dick, good-bye! Remember my directions, and under no condition leave this spot until the half hour is passed. And if you never see me again—well—but never mind. Good-bye."

Watson stood dazed, almost stupefied, and could only stammer, "I promise, Bob. Good-bye." Then Farrington wrung Watson's hand and disappeared in the shrubbery.

Gone!—without a word of explanation! Watson stood like one stunned. He almost expected to see his friend come back. Yet the fellow had agreed to explain later, and no one had ever known Farrington to fail in a promise.

Watson began pacing up and down in front of the settee. Half an hour to wait, and in this dark place. It was really uncanny. Besides where had Bob gone? Why had he gone? What was the matter, anyway? What *was* the matter? Surely the boy was *sane* enough still. That was not the trouble. What was it, then?

Hark! What was that sound behind him? Someone creeping, creeping toward him. He sprang around involuntarily to face and fight the intruder, if needful. But there was nothing except shadows. He put his hand to his pocket. Yes, the letter was there. But what was that cry? Was it Bob's voice? He ran a few steps forward. Of course, it was not; only the night breeze stiffening and shaking the pine tops nearby. He drew out his watch, and then did not dare light a match. If he only knew the time! The half hour might be by already, and who knew what terror lurked in those bushes after the fateful instant had passed? Suddenly he had it—that old trick of his schooldays! He moistened the end of a match with his lips, then rubbed it over the face of his watch, and there were the figures illumined plainly. Only five minutes gone? He began to feel cold and clammy. Each shadow seemed a form glaring at him from the darkness.



The approach of steps made him jump back

At last a distant clock struck nine. Each stroke made the uncanny feeling stronger. The noise of the streets seemed an immeasurable distance away. Watson had never realized before that there could be a spot so isolated in the great city. He began walking back and forth again, but at every other step peered around over his shoulder at the awful something which he fancied persisted in following him. He wanted to jump madly about, to thrash his arms, to cry out. Why was he here? Why should he wait half an hour in this place? Ten minutes more of this torture. How could he stand it?

He sank onto the seat at last, utterly exhausted by the strain to which his mind had been subjected, and there with the watch in his hand waited for the remaining minutes to drag slowly by. The suspense was terrible. When the last minute had passed he felt he could not have borne the strain one second longer.

He leaped to his feet. His first impulse was to explore the shrubbery. But no, he must obey directions. Rushing to the street he stopped under the first electric light and tore open the envelope. His shaking hands drew out *a blank sheet of paper*. His muscles relaxed with the shock, and the paper fluttered to the ground. Then he had an inspiration —*invisible ink!*

"Idiot that I was not to think of it before. Another minute wasted."

He snatched up the paper and held it between his eyes and the light. But disappointment again; he could make out no writing of any kind. Puzzled, angry, chagrined, Watson had assured himself that he really held a *blank* sheet of paper—Bob or someone had certainly blundered, and how could he know what to do next?—when the startling and unmistakable approach of steps made him jump back, every nerve tense, ready to defend himself.

The grinning face of a little urchin confronted him. "Say boss, be youse Mister Watson?"

"What do you want?" Watson asked.

"Be youse Mister Watson?"

"Well, yes, you might call me that," Watson replied, cautiously. "What is it?"

"Dis fo'you, den, Mister," said the little chap, handing Watson another envelope, and then sprinting off as fast as his legs could carry him.

Watson hastily opened the second missive, and read:

"My dear Dick:—It was certainly hard lines to go without eating and sleeping for two days and nights to look the part, but revenge is worth the trouble. Do you remember that prank you played on me in college last winter? Well, this is how I get even.

"Am writing this on board the train. When you read it, will be putting space between us at the rate of forty miles an hour. Hope your nerves have stood the strain. Will see you in camp in August. Yours as ever,

Bob."

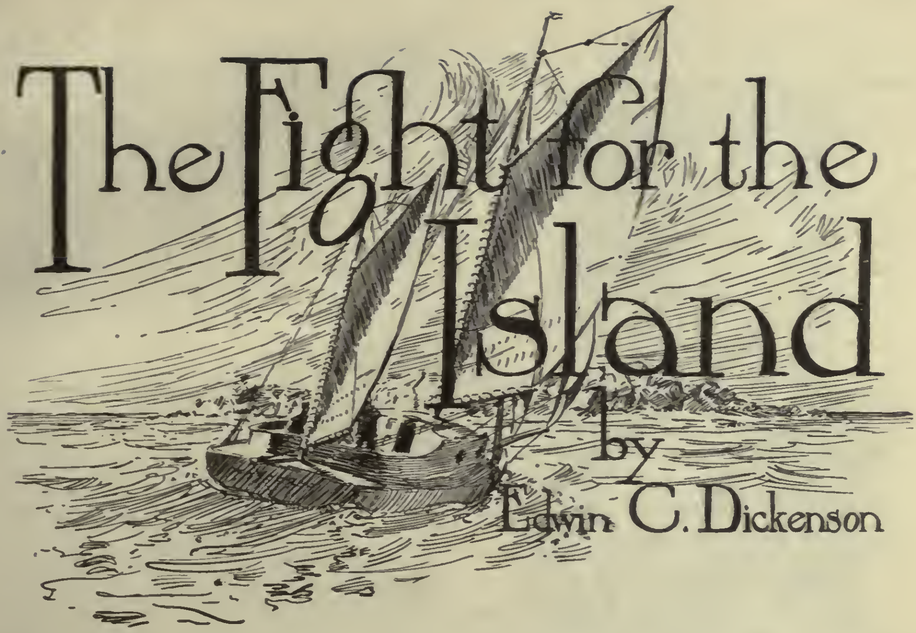
IF YOU'VE ANYTHING GOOD TO SAY

From the Book "Heart Throbs"

If you've anything good to say of a man,
  Don't wait till he's laid to rest,
For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken
  Is an empty thing at best.
Ah! the blighted flower now drooping lonely
  Would perfume the mountain-side,
If the sun's glad ray had but shone today
  And the pretty bud espied.

The Fight for the Island

by Edwin C. Dickenson



IT was long past midnight when Baldwin rolled up the chart and put it away in its case. The Doctor relighted his pipe and lolled back among the pillows of his berth with a grunt of relaxation. For myself, I sat on the edge of my berth swaying drunkenly with the roll of the boat and half convinced that I had been dreaming and that presently a proper sense of the fitness of things would come to me.

"To sum up," said Baldwin, blowing out the light and crawling into his own bunk, "the island, so far as the title is concerned, belongs to me. It is in possession of a man by the name of Cottrell, who claims it by right of possession and maintains his title, I am told, by force, with the assistance of a few kindred spirits. Harburton, of whom I bought it quite reasonably, by the way, landed to take possession and was driven away by a show of force. I have nothing to say against Harburton, but first and always he is a man of peace. I think that if he had met force with force as I propose to do, the island would have been his today."

Across the blackness of the cabin, the red glow of the Doctor's pipe faded as he ceased pulling at it to speak. "How do these squatters eke out their existence?" he queried.

"Oh, I believe they carry on farming in a primitive sort of way. The island has some soil in its center, and then, of course, there are fish and at certain seasons duck and snipe in plenty."

"You expect resistance, then?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And possibly bloodshed?"

"I have three Winchesters and as many brace of revolvers aboard."

The Doctor whistled. "Perhaps that explains my presence," he suggested.

"Your presence, as well as Harry's, is due to your adventurous spirit," laughed Baldwin, "although I admit that your profession had its weight with me in making you one of the chosen."

"And I?" I questioned. "Is it possible that I have been chosen with no more ulterior motive than that I am a romanticist?"

"No, it is not," laughed Baldwin again. "It is because you are a good shot as well."

"Ah," said the Doctor, "Harry makes the holes and I patch 'em up. How interesting!"

"I only hope," was Baldwin's reply to this, a bit grimly, "that the holes will all be in the other fellows."

"At any rate," I observed, "it seems to be taken for granted that we will make the attempt to capture this island."

"Yes," murmured the Doctor, knocking

the ashes from his pipe out the open port, "and that being so, I suggest we make the most of the wee sma' hours and turn in."

So it was tacitly agreed that we should take possession of this island to which Baldwin had purchased the title deeds, with an eye, perhaps, to a Seventeenth-Century adventure. The Doctor and I had run down from the city to spend a week on the yacht, little guessing the unusual entertainment Baldwin had in store for us. The "Wanderer" was a forty-foot yawl, built for outside work, beamy and deep, and having that advantage common to all yawls of needing but a small crew to handle her. Ordinarily, this consisted of a sailing-master and two seamen. At this time, Baldwin had constituted himself sailing-master, and the Doctor and I discovered that we were the seamen, for reasons of state, as Baldwin put it.

* * * * * * *

I wish I might accurately convey my first impression of the island as I saw it that bright morning. It was a bit of gold and blended greens with the sun playing on its sands, lighting its hilltops and shading its valleys. One could not look upon it without wishing to land and explore it, to climb its miniature mountains and follow its sweep of beach beneath its gray over-hanging cliffs. Yet these little hills were bare, and it was only in the valley that trees grew, so fierce were the winter gales which swept the island.

Following the chart, Baldwin conned the yacht to within a mile perhaps of the shore, and there, protected by the island itself and the two arms of the bay from anything but a blow from the north, we dropped anchor in some six fathoms of water. Here was our island. The next step was to declare our ownership.

After a wordy war it was decided that I should land as ambassador. Baldwin, because he was the only one who understood navigation, was to stay aboard. With the wind in its present quarter, the yacht was in the lee of the island and in no danger, but a sudden shift into the north would find her on a lee shore with the surf so high that no boat could put off through it.

The Doctor was to row me ashore and hold the boat in readiness for my return. In the matter of arms, much against my wishes, I was persuaded to carry not even so much as a pistol that the fellow Cottrell might not have an excuse for commencing hostilities.

This wise decision nearly cost me my life. In the boat, however, a Winchester and a brace of pistols were placed, that the Doctor might, if necessary, cover my retreat. On landing I was to start in shore over the knoll and locate the usurper, as we called him, wherever he might be. Once I had found him I was to show him the deeds and notify him to leave—how, we did not attempt to decide, for, according to the chart, we were in the only anchorage, and there was no sign of other craft either afloat or ashore.

It was more of a climb than I bargained for, this knoll or dune of sand I found, when the Doctor had set me on the beach. It was some minutes before I had reached the top of it. Once I looked back. The Doctor was pacing the sand, the rifle cradled in his left arm and watching me. Half-way up the ground grew firmer. A sort of turf had formed over the sand, which made the walking easier. For all the effort it cost to gain the summit, I was scarcely prepared for the view which stretched before me, as I at last topped the crest of the rise. From the yacht, the island had appeared mostly high land, with here and there a narrow valley. Now, as I stood on this knoll, the hills had retreated to the further side of the island, and between them and me stretched a long and fairly wide valley of swamp and meadow land, with ponds scattered about like silver dollars. Groves of stunted trees—poplars I found them to be later—bordered these ponds and many of the swamps seemed overgrown with low bush.

Yet this was but the framing of the picture which caught my eye, for almost at my feet in this valley, on the edge of the largest of these ponds, was a single-storied, rambling structure, set in a grove of stunted poplars, and beyond it, a cultivated field in which men were working—three of them I counted. It was difficult to believe any danger lurked about.

So this was the usurper's house. I set off down hill in the direction of it. The grade was easy, and the walking much firmer. Soon I observed a faint path, and as it led in the direction of the house, I followed its windings. The farther I descended into the valley, the ranker grew the vegetation. Bushes sprang up beside the way, and now and then a stunted poplar as I strode on. I now had a closer view of the solitary building. It was rude of construction in the extreme, knocked together of wreckage and drift-wood to all appearances, with here and there an aperture left in it for a window.

The path I had been following led into the yard, if such it could be called. Here, lean swine nosed about, fowl ran from underfoot, and duck and geese quacked nearby on the edge of the pond.

It led me to a rough doorway cut in the end of this queer structure which faced the pond. There was no sign of an occupant. The workers in the field were hidden from sight by the clump of poplars.

I was about to call out when there came the sound of someone moving inside, and a man appeared in the open doorway.

In all my life I have never seen one so endowed by nature for the part of villain as was Cottrell. Of great height, he walked with a stoop caused by a lameness in one leg. His hands were immense, and dangled at the end of long ungainly arms; that is, one did, the other was supported by a huge nobbed stick, which he used almost as a crutch. His frame was gaunt with age, although massive of bone, the width of his shoulders being remarkable. I saw this man only twice, yet one has but to speak his name for me to see his brutal features, his little green blood-shot eyes and the shaggy brows above them. His scraggy beard was gray-red, a most repulsive color when unkempt and in disorder as was his, and a tousled mop of hair of the same color crowned this effigy of a man.

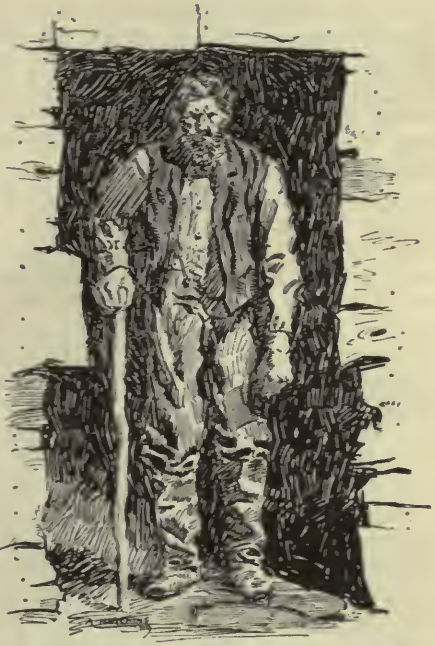
His was a face cut out for fierceness, yet his surprise at seeing me fairly made it ludicrous.

"Is this Mr. Cottrell?" I inquired after a moment, for my own surprise was not a little. It was nearly a minute before he answered me, his fierce little eyes wandering over me from head to foot and his anger rising as his surprise decreased until his little eyes fairly danced with rage.

"Yes," he growled rather than spoke, "and what of it?"

"I have a communication for you," I said shortly.

His whole aspect disgusted me. I had no fear of him, only a deep and lasting contempt, for he had lost his heritage as a man and was a brute again, as was writ all over him.



"I have never seen one so endowed for the part of a villain"

"Well?" he grunted.

"I represent Mr. Baldwin, who has purchased this island. I am instructed by him to give you notice to quit possession at once."

At these words I really believed the man was going mad. His eyes blazed fire, the veins of his temples swelled to bursting, and he shook all over with a consuming rage.

"So you represent the owner," he roared at last.

"I do," I answered. I would go through the form of thing at least, I told myself. I reached in my breast pocket for the deeds.

"To h—l with you and the owner, too," he roared.

Whether or not he thought I, too, was feeling for a weapon, I cannot say. All I can recollect is seeing the flash of a weapon, looking for one awful second down the big muzzle of it and feeling the scorch of powder on my neck, as I instinctively ducked. My next mental impression is that of a determination to run in on this villain, but a second sight of that muzzle with a rearing hammer behind it led me to change my mind. Had that hammer fallen, I would have been beyond all power of decision. But it did not—at least, at once. As I sprang away I saw that the cylinder had jammed and that my would-be murderer had dropped his stick and was frantically freeing this. I ran, jumping from right to left to disconcert his aim. I had not gone a score of feet when I felt the wind of a second bullet; close on its heels a third kicked up the sand just beyond me. Bending low, I ran with all the strength in me for the knoll.

The third shot was the last for a full minute, perhaps. In that time I had covered considerable distance in the direction of the knoll. Now that I was in comparative safety, I was conscious of but one desire, and that was to kill this villain Cottrell. I stopped to look back. A glance was enough to remind me that discretion was the better part of valor. The elevation I had now reached gave me a view of the fields beyond the house; the men I had seen working in these were running toward it. I set out again at a run for the knoll, and as I sprang away the dirt lifted where I had stood, and there came the crack of a rifle. Cottrell had changed weapons, it seemed.

Up the narrow path, leaping from side to side that I might disconcert the fellow's aim, I ran, the rifle bullets, for all that, keeping me close company. The dread of the crash of the rifle grew on me, although I knew each time it sounded that a bullet had missed its mark, as one knows, if one can but make one's self believe it, that the flash of the lightning which is seen is harmless.

Then the firing ceased again. The knoll was not far away, now. I glanced back over my shoulder. The three men of the fields were between me and the house, now, and in rapid pursuit. Cottrell was not in sight, doubtless, for the very good reason that he was too old and stiff to run. I judged, too, that he had stopped firing through fear of hitting his own men.

My relief at this was short-lived, however, for soon there came the crack of a revolver, and I heard the plaintive song of a bullet above my head and realized that my pursuers had opened fire.

I swore at Baldwin and the Doctor to myself, as I ran. Why had they advised against my going armed? Where was the Doctor now? I wondered in a fever of anger. He must have heard the gunshots. A few feet away was the crest of the knoll. I looked behind me again. The foremost of my pursuers had stopped running, his pistol arm was levelled toward me as I looked. Instinctively I ducked and ran on even as the crack came. Yet, strangely enough, the report seemed to come from behind the knoll ahead, and this time I heard no sound of the bullet. My wonderment was not for long. Breasting the knoll, I saw the Doctor concealed behind a tuft of the coarse grass, the smoke oozing faintly from the rifle in his hand.

"Make for the boat, Harry," he called. "I'll give them a scare and follow you."

But I had no intention of leaving him, and, besides, I had a most lustful desire to kill. I threw myself down beside him and he passed me a revolver. There was little use I could put it to, however, for, peering through the coarse grass, I saw nothing but a brown heap sprawling in the path where the Doctor had dropped his man. My other pursuers had taken to cover.

The Doctor elevated his sights and sent a couple of shots in the direction of the house, then together we slipped down to the boat unobserved and put out. We were well out of pistol range when the first head rose above the knoll, and we finished our row to the yacht, where Baldwin awaited us anxiously and surrounded by his arsenal, without further demonstration on the part of the islanders.

* * * * * * *

So it was war. The life of the sea is full of the contrast of sudden danger and languorous content of storm and calm. It seemed difficult in the extreme to realize, as I lolled on the soft cushions of the yacht and smoked one of Baldwin's big black cigars, that I had been very near to death on that peaceful-appearing bit of land which lay over our bows. The matter-of-fact way in which we laid our plans to capture this island, involving as they did very imminent possibilities of our own or other deaths, is no less a matter of amazement to me now.

The east horn of land which went to form the bay in which the yacht lay rose to a cliff of considerable height, the base of which, however, was several hundred feet back from the ocean, leaving a beach strewn with huge boulders. With the marine glasses we could make out plenty of cover among these for a dozen riflemen. Our scheme, then, was to land two men at this point when night had fallen, with sufficient provisions for a day or two, and then at dawn the third man to make sail and run the yacht out of sight of the island. As the Doctor observed, it savored somewhat of Ulysses and the Wooden Horse.

It was a scheme with many weak points, for it left the yacht undermanned and the landing party without retreat. On the other hand, it had the advantage of surprise, and, deceived by our apparent abandonment of the island, Cottrell and his crew would be thrown off their guard and their capture or death, if it came to a question of that, would be far easier of accomplishment than by a direct attack upon their stronghold.

This definitely decided, there arose another question more difficult it seemed for the time, and that was, who were to compose the landing party and what one of us was to be left on the yacht. I was out of running for this latter task from the beginning, owing to my comparative ignorance of things nautical. The Doctor argued that a captain should be the last to leave his ship, and that further, he, himself, knew too little of the art of navigation to bring the yacht back, once she had lost sight of land. But Baldwin was obdurate. It was a pretty note, he said, if we were to assume all the risk of the capture of the island and he calmly stand off, waiting for us to effect this or perhaps get ourselves killed instead. The Doctor had already had his fling. As to his navigation, it was not necessary that he should lose sight of the island. The yacht would be invisible to those on it long before it had dropped below the Doctor's horizon, and before nightfall its ownership would be probably settled once for all, and he could close in with the land and pick up the rest of the "Wanderer's" crew, where he had left them. The Doctor yielded to this at last with ill grace.

* * * * * * *

It was an hour after sunrise when we awoke. Our landing had been uneventful, and we had spent the night wrapped in our blankets in a crevice between two boulders. The "Wanderer" was hull down, running off before a steady southwest wind, and the day had turned out, as the signs had indicated, clear and warm. I had already searched with the glasses all visible portions of the island, as well as I could without exposing myself to sight, and had seen nothing. Baldwin used the glasses from the shoreward opening of our hiding place with like result. Both of us longed for a dip in the cool brine, but this was not to be thought of, so we contented ourselves with a dash of fresh water from the water-jug and ate a breakfast of biscuit and canned chicken. The greatest hardship as yet was our forced abstention from tobacco.

The hours of the morning wore on, and still we remained in our close quarters from which we had decided not to emerge until the time grew ripe for striking. In the want of better to occupy me, I threw myself on the sand to snatch an hour or two of sleep, Baldwin remaining on guard. How long I had slept I do not know. I awoke with a feeling of vague alarm. Baldwin was leaning back against the opposite boulder, rifle in lap, but sound asleep. I crept to the shoreward opening of our shelter and peered out. This entrance was barely three feet high and lay in the shadow of the eastern-most boulder, which projected beyond its smaller brother. From it one could command a view of the semi-circle of the harbor beach and a stretch of the bluff above it. Strolling along this beach, not a quarter of a mile away, and in a line which would lead him close by our hiding place, was a man. Even from that distance I could see that a rifle was cradled familiarly in the crook of his right arm and a revolver-holster hung from a belt about his waist. I crawled back, secured the marine glasses and returned to the opening. A glance through them showed me that this was not Cottrell himself. He was a younger man and of less height and breadth. His scraggy beard was black and met the shadow cast by the slouch hat he wore, so that I was unable to distinguish his features. Yet there was an air about him, an aggressive brutal swagger, perhaps, which placed him in a class with Cottrell. The fellow was looking seaward, evidently with an eye to the disappearance of the yacht.

Withdrawing the opening I aroused Baldwin. A word was enough to inform him of my discovery. I do not know which was the greatest, his self-abasement on learning of his sleeping on duty, or his excitement on the approach of the enemy. He looked long at the fellow through the glasses, so long, indeed, that I called to him softly lest he be discovered.

"Well," he said.

"Well," I answered.

The time had come for action, yet for the moment we looked one another in the eye blankly.

"We can't kill him in cold blood," he said at last. "You are the best shot. You cover him while I call out to him to drop his weapons—and get shot," I added grimly.

"No," I continued. "When I invite him to surrender, it will be from behind one of these boulders. These fellows shoot quick and we haven't any chances to throw away." I had seen enough of the effect of courteous treatment on these islanders.

Baldwin assented to this reluctantly, and we stationed ourselves at the entrance to the crevice.

Lying on our faces we could both cover the approaching man. All unconscious of our presence he came on, satisfied, apparently, that he had seen the last of us for a time at least, with the sailing of the yacht.

He was, perhaps, fifty yards from us when he stopped as if frozen in his tracks. We watched him tensely. He could not have seen us. Indeed, he was not looking in our direction, but at the sand at his feet. Then it came to us what he saw. It was our footprints in the sand. It was high time to act if we were to gain anything by surprise. Already his trained eye had picked out our spoor toward the boulders.

"Don't move!" called out Baldwin of a sudden. His voice was strained, scarcely recognizable, I noticed.

I think that it must have been at this very moment that the fellow guessed our whereabouts. He did not move, at least, I could not see that he did, and the front sight of my rifle rested on the lapel of his soiled coat. Yet there came the crash of his rifle almost in our ears. When we had brushed the sand which his bullet had thrown up, from our eyes, he was running down the beach, leaping from side to side as I had done the day before, and neither Baldwin nor myself had pulled a trigger on him.

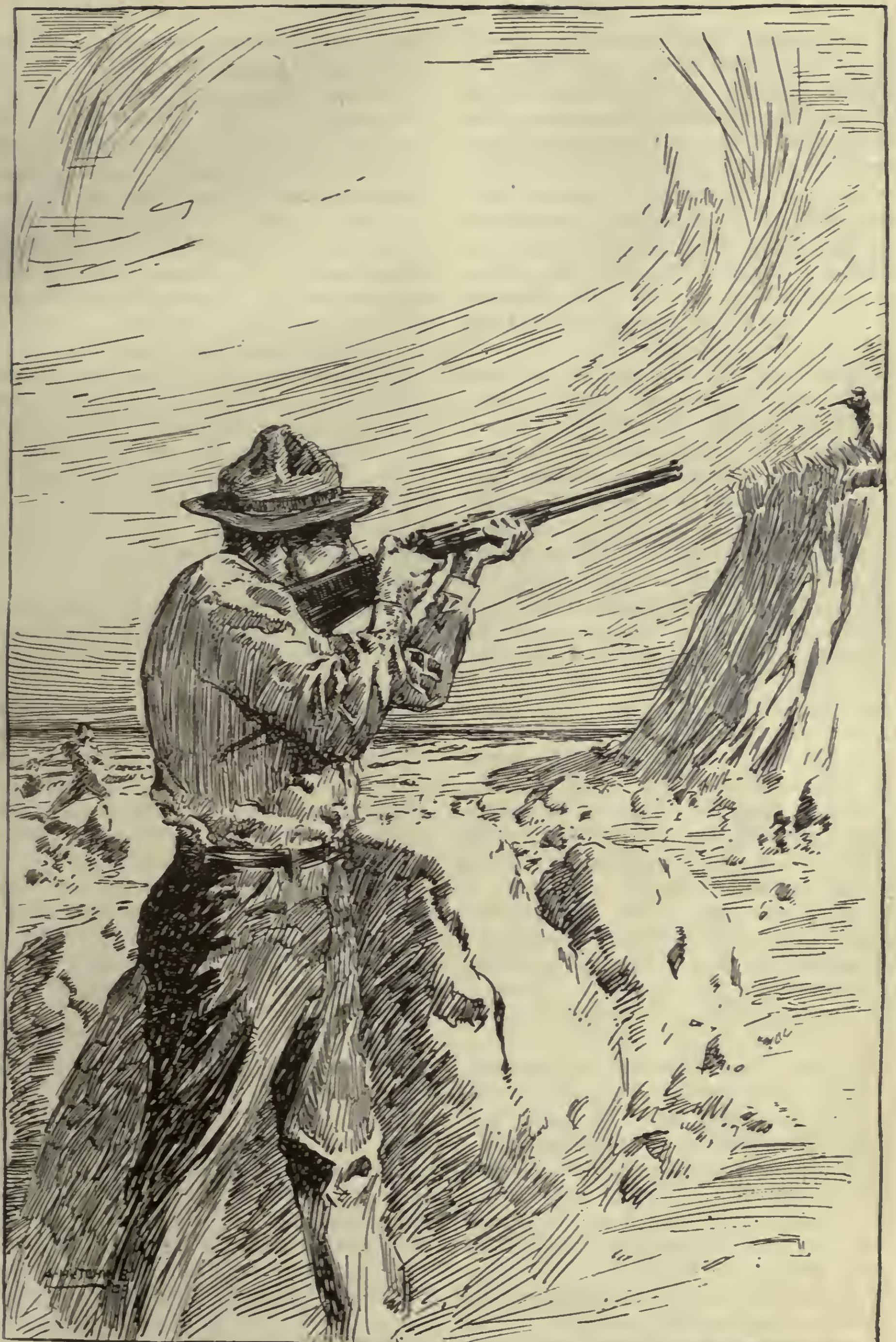
Baldwin shot from where he lay and missed; for myself, I could not get a bead on the runner from my position, and sprang outside the over-hanging rocks for a better shot. But a few feet ahead of him was a boulder for which he evidently was making. Sighting on him as best I could, I pulled the trigger.

Something of the primitive desire to kill was in me that day, I believe. For rarely have I felt the satisfaction which the sight of that fellow human being, sprawling in the sand at the sound of my shot, gave me. Yet in the space of a second he was on his feet again, rifle shifted to his left hand and his right hanging limp.

He had been down but for a moment, yet it was time for Baldwin to get his range, for, as he started off again, the skipper fired a second time. Again the fellow dropped—again he tried to gain his feet. Failing in this, he half crawled and half rolled to the shelter of the boulder, where presently all that indicated his presence was the end of his rifle barrel, which peered threateningly at us. I sprang back into the cave in bare time to escape a bullet which sung musically past.

Whatever the injuries of this islander they apparently had not robbed him of his sting.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. The entire population of the island, however much that might be, would be about our ears presently. We dared not forestall them, for, in order to do this, we should have been obliged to make the ascent of the bluff and before we could even gain this, our neighbor behind the boulder could have picked us off. Yet we could not remain in our present quarters, accomplishing nothing, and in time drawing the attention of the islanders to the one point from whence we could expect assistance, for it was doubtful in this event if the Doctor could land and take us off when night fell again without being discovered. For the moment I wished that our rifles had been the old style, big caliber, short range guns of our adversaries instead of the high-power 30-30's. In that case the shock of the bullet would in all probability have put our visitor beyond the power to do us further injury. As it was, our bullets had probably drilled through him without smashing any bones, leaving him for the time quite as dangerous as ever. There was to come a time later in the day when I was thankful that the rifles were what they were.



He had seen us, and already his rifle was at his shoulder. I raised my own and fired

For upwards of an hour there was no apparent external effect caused by this fusillade of shots. Baldwin and I lay in cover, keeping cautious watch and endeavoring the while to work out the problem of our salvation. At the end of this time no one had appeared and we had at last reached a conclusion. This was to retreat in a direct line from the boulders, keeping the former between us and the islanders. There were two objections to this plan. The first was that we should be obliged to expose ourselves in leaving the cave; the second, that our boulders being near the apex of the point and the enemy's somewhat inside, the continuation of a straight line between the two would bring us into the water a hundred yards away. Yet, unless we were to take some chances, we could not hope for ultimate success, and once we had reached this point, the range would be so great that we trusted our ability to gain the cliff unharmed.

We had decided on this step, then, and Baldwin was making a last survey from the shoreward opening when an exclamation escaped him. I crept to his side. "Look high up on the edge of the cliff, just beyond where the gully cuts in," he said in a low voice. My eye wandered along the edge of the high bluff and encountered nothing. Then, of a sudden, I caught the movement of the grasses at the spot Baldwin had indicated, and, a moment later, a hat-crowned head was thrust out over the edge and surveyed the beach below. For a long time it remained thus, and then it was drawn back, and a moment later its owner, apparently satisfied with the outlook, rose to his knees, rifle in hand, and looked cautiously about him.

He was at a point nearly opposite the boulder, behind which lay our first visitor, yet for all his careful survey he gave no sign of having seen this fellow. Outlined against the sky, he made a splendid mark, even at the three hundred yards which separated us. Yet there is a vast difference between shooting a man in the heat of conflict and deliberately potting him in cold blood. I looked at the skipper and he at me. We neither of us levelled our rifles. The man rose to his feet and stood calmly looking over the ocean.

The fact that he carried a rifle gave every evidence that his intentions were hostile. Our reluctance to take the initiative had already jeopardized our lives on two occasions and still we hesitated.

"You are the best shot," reiterated Baldwin weakly.

"I'll waive the title," I answered.

"Then we will toss for it," he said grimly. He pulled a coin from his pocket and flipped it.

"Heads," I called. It fell "tails" up. Baldwin sighed his relief. I took up my rifle, elevated the sights a trifle and covered the man on the cliff. Even now I recall that my front sight was nearly the size of his body.

The strength required to pull that trigger seemed enormous. I jerked sharply at it, the sight swerved from the man's body. But the rifle had not gone off. I had simply "flinched" and was the more nervous for it.

Then, before I could draw bead again, a strange thing happened. A shot rang out, and smoke enveloped the boulder which concealed the injured man.

Baldwin uttered an oath. The shot had been to warn the man on the bluff, apparently, for we heard no sound of its bullet. It had succeeded in its purpose, too, it seemed, for the bluff was bare once more. But even as we watched this, a thin puff of smoke blew out from behind the cliff-edge, and a second crash rang out. Scarcely had the sound of it died away, when the man behind the boulder sprang to his feet in a convulsive leap. Even now I can hear his hoarse cry and see his pain and fear distorted face. For a second he stood rigid; arms outstretched above his head, and then he fell forward across the boulder.

The man on the bluff rose to his feet, smoking rifle in hand.

There was that in this tragedy which held us spell-bound for the moment. This man who lay dying on the boulder would have shot us with as little compunction as his fellow had shot him. Yet the warning shot he had fired to save the other's life had been the cause of the loss of his own and at the hands of that other, who had undoubtedly taken him for one of us. In a way, he had given his life for this fellow, and this had been his reward. But even as we stared blankly at him he writhed convulsively, his shoulders twitched, and he raised his head a few inches from the boulder and uttered a harsh choking cry.

"My God, Harry, I can't let him die that way!" exclaimed Baldwin. Before I could guess his intention, he had dropped his rifle, caught up the water-jug and was running toward the wounded man. I called on him to stop, but he did not heed me. My line of vision took in the man on the bluff. He had seen us, and already his rifle was at his shoulder. In an agony of haste I raised my own and fired. The figure on the cliff leaped convulsively outward, his smoking rifle dropped from his hand. For a moment he seemed suspended in mid-air; then he dropped quickly. His feet struck the steeply sloping wall of clay a good rod below the bluff's edge. Two giant strides he took, and then collapsed into a shapeless object, which came pitching and rolling to the foot of the cliff, where it lay inert.

It all happened in the space of a few seconds. I looked about me and saw to my consternation that I was alone. Baldwin lay face downward in the sand. My shot had been too late after all. I sprang to his side, all thought of the islanders gone. Poor old Baldwin!

Never till that moment had I realized how I had cared for him. I turned him gently over. The blue of his sweater was dyed red over his left breast, yet the wound seemed high up. I caught up the jug, which had landed right side up when he had fallen, and dashed water over his face. The effect was immediate. He groaned, sighed deeply and opened his eyes. The intensity of his emotion still had its hold on him. He looked wildly up at me.

"We must get water to him, Harry," he cried, and attempted to raise himself to a sitting posture. He would have fallen back had I not caught him. Then he clapped his hand to his shoulder and drew it away quickly, covered with his own blood.

"It's all right, old man," I assured him. "They won't bother us any more."

"But the wounded man?" he persisted. I looked behind me; the fellow lay quite still on the boulder.

"He doesn't need water now," I answered.

For a moment he did not speak; then, "It seems I am shot myself," he said quietly. I saw he was himself again.

"A mere scratch," I replied. "If we could get that sweater off I would have a look at it."

"I can't lift my left arm," he said faintly. "You will have to slit it." I got out my pocket knife and cut the sweater and blood-soaked linen away. The wound was high up; as far as my limited knowledge of surgery went, I guessed that the bullet had broken his collar-bone.

* * * * * * *

I washed and bandaged the wound as best I could, Baldwin nearly fainting in the process. Then I got him to his feet and half led, half carried him to the cave, where I propped him up against a boulder.

So busy had I been with this task I had not noticed the gathering darkness. I stepped outside the cave; there was no sign of human presence. The man on the boulder lay quiet; his fellow, as he had fallen, at the foot of the cliff. According to our count there remained but one of the islanders still living, and that one, Cottrell. This was corroborated by the fact, that, although many hours had elapsed since the first shot had been fired on the island, yet but one man had appeared to investigate it.

An overpowering desire came over me to sift this matter to the bottom. Baldwin was now resting without much pain. There was still an hour of daylight. A glance seaward showed me the yacht, which I had quite forgotten for the time, standing in toward the island. In two hours she would be off the point, I reckoned, and immediately thereafter the Doctor would be ashore for us in the tender. I informed Baldwin of my determination. He was sick of the whole matter, he said wearily, but he agreed that now we had gone so far we might better see it through.

I filled the magazine of my rifle, saw to my revolvers and set off for the cliff. The easiest ascent of this appeared to be by way of the gully cut in the face of the clay by some great rain. I scrambled up the bed of this, moving more cautiously as I neared the top. I peered carefully over the edge. The bluff was unguarded; the ground rose back from it, concealing the interior of the island beyond. I stopped to cast a glance at the beach below and out to sea. The scene of the late battle lay as I had left it, in gruesome peace. The "Wanderer" held steadily in with a fresh beam wind. I wondered if the Doctor had his glasses on the island, and waved my gun in the hope that he had and could recognize me.

Then I set off again, climbing the knoll back from the bluff with a view to a reconnoissance before encircling it to lower ground. A few minutes brought me to the top of this. I lay face downward and wormed my way forward until the valley lay before me. There was Cottrell's hovel just as I had left it so unceremoniously the day before, partly concealed by the poplar grove. It seemed deserted.

Between, lay the lake; boggy land stretched from the nearer end of this to the foot of the knoll on which I lay. Bordering the pond at intervals grew the stunted poplars—the only tree on the island that I could see. Once I had reached the lake, these would conceal me from the house until I had gained its dooryard. On my left, the knoll fell away to the lower land of the bight of the bay and then rose somewhat, to form a second and lower knoll over which I had crossed on the previous day. In this depression I hoped to slip unseen into the valley.

Ten minutes later found me in the depression. On reaching the further end of this I came out on the boggy meadow which stretched to the lake. Wild-rose bushes and tufted grass of the bogs concealed me from the house. Crouching low I reached the shelter of a grove of the poplars, which bordered the lake after a few minutes' run. Then, cautiously creeping from clump to clump of these, I came at last to within two hundred feet, perhaps, of the house of Cottrell.

I lay there for a good half hour before venturing nearer, for, it might be, I reasoned, that Cottrell had seen me and but bided his chance to shoot. Night was not far off, now. The swine eyed me stolidly, grunting their disapproval. The ducks swam near where I lay on the edge of the bank, with many curious shakings of head, and all the while there came to me a low rhythmic sound, familiar and yet perplexing, from the direction of the cabin.

For a long time I lay, trying to conjure up the nature of that sound, and, then, of a sudden, I nearly laughed aloud. A grosser intonation had revealed its identity. It was the snore of a man, and it came from the open door.

I sprang to my feet and ran softly to the doorway, revolver in hand. Cautiously I peered in. It was some time before my eyes became adjusted to the dimness of the interior, yet the snore rose and fell with reassuring regularity.

Soon objects gathered individually out of this dimness. I saw that the floor was of dirt and untidy. Garments hung about on nails; in one corner stood a stove; beside it a table and a broken-legged chair. Last to come to light was a couch which stood in the corner diagonally furthest from the door, and on which lay the author of the snores. A glance at the length and breadth of the man told me it was Cottrell. His great feet were bare, but otherwise he was fully dressed.

An odor of stale liquor shed light on the reasons of his inactivity. I stepped noiselessly into the room. Beside the fellow's bed stood a brown jug. Close against this was the villain's revolver, and leaning against the wall at the head of it stood a rifle. I tiptoed softly to the bedside and put gun and revolver out of reach, then I lifted the jug. It was still half full, I judged by its weight. I turned it upside down, dashed its contents in the face of the sleeper and stepped back.

I think most of the fiery liquor must have gone down the wretch's mouth. He sat up at once, gagging and choking; yet even at this moment this villain had his wits about him. In the same breath that he caught sight of me he reached down with almost incredible quickness for his revolver. I covered him with my own.

"If you had not been in so great a hurry," I said politely, "I could have saved you the trouble."

"And who in the h—l are you?" he blustered.

"I?" I questioned ironically. "Don't you remember me? I represent the owner of the island."

Again, as on the previous day, a fit of uncontrollable anger seized the man. His eyes started from his head in rage. His shoulders twitched spasmodically, and it even seemed to me that foam gathered on his lips—he was like some mad dog.

"You've the best of me now, but wait until Mike and Black Peter come back," he said at last. His voice was like the growl of a caged beast.

"Mike and Black Peter?" I queried politely.

"Yes," he snapped. "You've done for

poor Saunders, but there are three of us left you'll have to account to."

"If I am not mistaken," I said slowly, "Mike and Black Peter will have accounts of their own, the squaring of which will occupy them for some time to come. As for you—," I added, and that was as far as I ever got.

How he did it I shall never know. I was watching him narrowly, mindful of my experiences of the day before. Yet his hand dropped to his breast. Something bright flipped from it and a sharp pain caught me in the side. My eyes wavered from my levelled revolver downward. To my horror the heft of a knife was sticking straight out from my left side.

A faintness grew upon me. The weight of the centuries seemed to be on my shoulders. The low-roofed cabin whirled above me, yet ever before my eyes were twin balls of fire which came slowly nearer; mechanically I held my revolver before me. Something promised eternal rest could I but pull the trigger. Weak-fingered I struggled with it—struggled through aeons of time, and then a spasm shook me. The trigger yielded, and in a blare of light and crash of sound, all things swept upward, and I knew no more.

* * * * * * *

When I came back to things mundane, the kindly, familiar face of the Doctor was bending over me, a lantern in one hand, a revolver in the other. Near at hand, one arm in a sling, was Baldwin, his face white in the lantern light.

"Where is Cottrell?" I asked. My voice seemed to have shrunk to the merest quaver.

"Alive!" cried the Doctor. Baldwin crowded eagerly nearer.

"Alive?" I echoed in dismay.

"Oh, Cottrell! No. Dead as a door-nail, which we feared you were," he added.

"You can put up your guns, then," I said faintly, "for that finishes the islanders."

* * * * * * *

And so Baldwin came into possession of his island. Much good he got of it. A single night we spent on its accursed shores, and, then, crippled as we were, Baldwin from his broken collar-bone and I from the wound of the knife, which had gone within a inch of my heart, we got aboard the "Wanderer" and made sail for home.

Baldwin still has the deeds of the island. Who its possessor is, or, if it has any, is of no particular interest to him or to the Doctor and myself, his partners in the affair. We have quite had our fill of playing sheriff in a land of no law. Cottrell and his fellows were villains and useless to their age, but after all, they were men, and there are nights when I lay awake and wish I had never seen that island of Baldwin's, lying in its greens and grays with the smiling sea all about it.

REMEMBER THE NATAL DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY

See here, my friend, just stop that work,
And consecrate the hour to play;
It isn't laziness to shirk—
When "Robert Louis" claims the day.

Put down that impious tool of toil,—
What! wouldst thou rather curse than pray?
Let not the world thy Soul despoil,
For what would "Robert Louis" say?

Renounce fear's bondage—death's employ—
And harken to a Hero's lay;
(Brave Voices from those Hills of Joy)
While "Robert Louis" songs the Way!

So, sing, Great Hearts, and help the world
More gladness feel, and beauty see;
High heaven's splendors spread unfurled—
And life transcends mortality!

—*Henry Young Ostrander, M. D.*

A SHORT CUT

Translated by Robert D. Benedict from the Memoirs of the Marshal Vieilleville

IN the year 1538 the Marshal de Monte Jan, who was governor of Piedmont under King Francis I of France, died. He left no children, and his wife, Philippa de Montespedon was left a young, beautiful and rich widow at Turin. Not unnaturally, so rich a prize attracted the attention of several of the great nobles of the kingdom. The first to appear was the Marquis de Saluces, a wealthy noble of the North of Italy, who tendered his services to her at Turin. He informed her that he had been summoned to Paris by King Francis and that it would give him pleasure to escort her, if she desired to return thither. The Marechale answered that for the present she was left unprovided with the means to make such a journey with all her suite of the officers of her late husband as well as her own women, all of whom she must take with her when she went. The Marquis perceived that he was thus furnished with an opportunity to put the lady under obligation to him; besides that, the journey would give him many chances of paying court to her, and he at once offered to bear for her the whole expense of the journey and said that he would tarry for her until all her preparations for departure were made.

The lady was shrewd enough to see that the Marquis had his eye upon her person and her property; but his person found no favor in her eyes, for, though he was rich, he was an Italian, swarthy, tanned, ungraceful, heavy and pot-bellied. Possibly she was acquainted with the old story of Patient Griselda and remembered that it was a Marquis de Saluces who, as Griselda's husband, subjected her patience to the severe tests which were related in the old story, and did not propose to give to the successor of that Marquis an opportunity to put her patience to such tests. But she had sufficient confidence in her own powers to think that, without actually committing herself, she could keep him in hope during the journey; and she therefore, with apparent hesitation, accepted his offer, assuring him that she was and would be sensible of his kindness.

The news that the Marquis had arrived at Turin and was delaying there, and that he and the Marshal's widow were to travel to Paris together, soon reached the Court at Paris. It was accompanied by the addition which rumor made to it, that their arrival in Paris was to be followed by their marriage. King Francis was pleased to hear the report, for he considered that such a marriage would bind the Marquis firmly to France, and his large possessions and power in the North of Italy would thereby be prevented from being thrown against France in the long and bitter quarrel between the Emperor Charles V of Germany and himself, which, although for the present quiet, Francis had in mind shortly to renew.

At last the Marquis and the widow set out on their journey from Turin, the lady taking with her all the servants of her late husband as well as her own. Her acceptance of the offer of the Marquis to escort her and furnish the necessary expense of the journey emboldened him to think that his more important offer was sure to be accepted, and during the journey he arranged and directed everything as if the marriage agreement had been signed, and even went so far as to tell her that it would be necessary for her to discharge all the servants and officers of her late husband and to reduce her own by half and especially not to keep so many women about her. In fact, besides the ladies and damsels in her train, she had fifteen or sixteen maids and workwomen.

In due time the company arrived at Lyons, where the Marquis tarried twelve days, making preparations to arrive at Court in such array as befitted both his rank and his expectations. He appreciated the prize which he was seeking so highly that he was quite sure others would be seeking it as well as himself, and he had determined to keep a close watch upon the lady, so that he might be at once informed of the appearance of any other aspirant and be able to take measures to bring to naught any plan which was opposed to his own. But his watchfulness was not sufficient for the occasion.

The Marechale had a cousin in Paris, by name, De Vieilleville. He was a very shrewd and prudent man, in good favor at Court, a good servant of the King to whom he gave wise counsel as well as service as long as Francis I lived and to his successor after him, and his services to the throne finally raised him to the rank of Marshal of France. He had a great affection for his cousin the Marechale de Monte Jan, and he wished for her a very different future than that which would come from this marriage to an Italian, and he wrote to her from Paris, sending his letter by a trusty messenger who put the letter in her hands without any knowledge of it on the part of the Marquis de Saluces. He wrote to the Marechale that the story of her approaching marriage to the Marquis had come to Paris and that the King was very much pleased to hear it because of the advantage which it would give to him; the King apparently thinking that she was going to marry more for the service of the King than for her own advantage. But, he wrote, for himself he did not and could not believe the story, for she was indebted to him for arranging her first marriage for her, and he could not believe that she had so soon desired a second one without having done him the honor of informing him about it, and therefore he had sent this messenger expressly to ask her, very humbly, to enlighten him, and he closed his letter by telling her that his messenger might be trusted like himself. Besides this letter he gave her an intimation, through the trusty messenger, that he was going to arrange a marriage for her which would be much more suitable and satisfactory for her.

The Marechale wrote him in answer that she thanked him for the good opinion of her which he had expressed and which she should never do anything to forfeit. She must admit, she said, that the death of her late husband had left her in great straits, but by God's goodness she had been able to return to France without having made any pledge, agreement or contract with any living man. She could not marvel enough that the King could think that she was going to gain him servants at the expense of her own good fortune and even of her pleasure and will; for she would never become an Italian, and if she had to become such, the Marquis de Saluces was the last one of the nobles of Italy whom she would take, for many reasons, some of which she would tell him when she met him, but the principal one was that he never had and never would have a French soul, but was deceiving the King in that regard. She added that she had considered private the word which the messenger had brought her, which showed her that her cousin was thinking of her and looking out for her advantage, for which she thanked him with all her heart, "having no other recompense to offer you," she said, "but to assure you that you will always find me your much-obliged cousin and very affectionate friend at your service, Philippa de Montespedon."

When, after sufficient stay at Lyons to make due preparation for a suitable appearance at Court, the Marquis was ready to proceed on their journey, he proposed to Philippa that, instead of making the journey of three or four hundred miles to Paris on horseback, they should make part of it on the water. This was agreeable to her, and the party rode to Roanne, about forty miles west of Lyons, where they could take boats on the river Loire, which from that place runs a little west of north about two hundred and fifty miles, making a great bend, after which it takes its westerly course to the ocean at Nantes. At Roanne, the Marquis hired six large boats, on which the party embarked with their baggage. The Marquis had employed cooks and servants, so that there would be no need of landing as they went down the river, and he had brought with him from Lyons a number of violin-players in order that music might not only lessen the tedium of the voyage but also, so he thought, in some measure dull the pain which the Marechale would be feeling for the loss of her late husband. The voyage down the river was made pleasant not only by the music of the violins, but, for the Marquis, by the rising brightness of his hopes for the success of his matrimonial plan, and for the lady by the secret thought that the Marquis was about to find at last that his hopes had been deceitful and that his prize had escaped him.

De Vieilleville had kept himself informed of the progress of the party down the river, and on the evening when the voyage ended he came to Corbeil, about twenty-five miles south of Paris, with an escort of about eighty horses. He sent word of his approach to the Marechale and received from her the advice to join the party at Juvisy, where they were to dine next day. This he did and was received by her and the Marquis with polite salutations, mutual compliments and much conversation about the pleasantness of the journey.

The Marechale, seeing that the time had come to put an end to the comedy which she had played, called aside Sieur Plessis au Chat, who had been the head-steward of her husband's household and had served as such on the journey, and told him that, as they were to reach Paris early next day, she wished him so to arrange things at the start that her train should be all together and not mingled with the train of the Marquis, and that when they reached the St. Marceau gate of Paris, her people should not pass through the gate, but should turn aside toward the St. Jacques gate, and when they were all upon that road, should stop till she joined them after having taken leave of the Marquis.

The troupe, as they went toward Paris, made a fine show. They rode up to the St. Marceau gate two abreast; Plessis au Chat riding at the head of his party, which followed him in single file. As they came to the gate, he turned into the road which led under the walls to the other gate. He was followed by his troupe, and when they were fairly on the road, they halted for their mistress. The Marquis rode up with her, and, thinking they had missed their way, called out, "Where are you going?" The Marechale stopped her horse and in answer said: "Sir! they are going right, and where they ought to go. Your quarters and mine are in different parts of the city, and my honor commands me not to stay with you, but to separate from you, which is the reason that I now take leave of you for the present, but not without thanking you, very humbly, sir, for the good company which you have been pleased to afford me. As to my part of the expense of the journey I have it all written down. Your steward and Plessis au Chat will arrange that, so that within eight days you and I will be quits. I mean as far as money is concerned; for as to my obligation to you it will be perpetual, and I do not think I shall ever be able to free myself from it. I beg of you to believe that this separation is only of our bodies, for I leave you my heart, of which please take good care." And with that she gave him a kiss, saying, "Adieu, Sir! We will see each other tomorrow at Court."

The Marquis was so astonished at this sudden change of affairs that he could hardly speak a word. Heavy sighs, speaking for him, showed plainly enough what pain was touching his heart, but he recovered himself, and looking at her with an eye which showed anything but love, he said to her: "Madame, your words had touched me to the heart, but your last words and the kiss with which you have honored me have given me cheer, though I find this change and your sudden determination very strange. Tomorrow, as you say, we shall see each other, but remember the promises which you have made me. Adieu, Madame!" Thereupon they separated and went to their separate quarters.

That evening De Vieilleville presented to the Marechale the Prince of La Roche-sur-Yon, a brother of the Duke de Montpensier, saying: "Madame, this is the gentleman of whom I sent word to you at Lyons by my messenger. If you will trust me, you will before many days make him master of your person and your property, for delay in the matter is dangerous."

The same advice came to the widow from another quarter. Marshal Danneband, who had succeeded her husband in the government of Piedmont, had also cast his eye toward the widow and concluded that he would be glad to be the successor of Marshal Monte Jan, not only in his governmental but his marital relations, and he wrote to the Dauphiness, asking her to favor his desire, and giving her several good reasons why the match with him should be arranged. The Dauphiness willingly undertook the matter, and, sending for the Marechale, laid before her the proposition advising her to accept it.

The lady thanked the Dauphiness for her kindness and said that she regretted that the matter had not been brought before her at an earlier period, that she had had another proposal, as to which matters had gone so far that she could hardly "draw her pin out of the game" and that the suitor was one who would not be unsatisfactory to the

Dauphiness, as he was of kin to her. "He is," said she, "the Prince of La Roche-sur-Yon, and my cousin, M. De Vieilleville has put the irons in the fire about the matter so far that I cannot back out of it."

The Dauphiness was satisfied, said she would say no more about it and advised her to hasten the matter, because she knew that the king was strongly in favor of the marriage with the Marquis de Saluces, and there was danger that he might interpose his absolute authority in order to bring it about.

If the Marquis sought to have the King use his authority in the matter his wish had not been granted. He was not idle, however. He visited the lady every day, but he always found the Prince of La Roche-sur-Yon in previous occupation of the ground, and this became such a grievance to him that, with the approval of the King, he had the lady summoned to appear before the Parliament of Paris, which had judicial powers, and which he asked to make a decree that she should keep the promise, which he asserted she had made, to give him her hand in marriage. A conference was held between her, the Prince and her cousin, De Vieilleville, as to the best way to meet this attack, and the course suggested to her by De Vieilleville, who was wise and fertile in expedients, was agreed upon. So, on the appointed day, the lady appeared in the Court, accompanied by De Vieilleville and a large train of nobles and gentlemen and ladies, young and old.

The character of the proceeding insured a full attendance of the members of the Parliament. The president took his seat, and the clerk prepared to write down the answers which the lady should give to the interrogatories which would be addressed to her. At the direction of the president she appeared at the bar, and having taken oath with the uplifted hand, the president put the question to her, if she had not promised marriage to the Marquis de Saluces. The Marquis, who was present, listened intently for her answer, which she gave without hesitation, that she had given no such promise. The clerk wrote down her answer, and the president was proceeding to put another interrogatory, when the Marechale interrupted him.

"Gentlemen," said she, addressing not the president only but all the members of the Parliament, "I was never before in the presence of justice, as I am now, which makes me fear lest I go astray in answering questions. But in order to break away from all the niceties with which you know how to divide words, I say to you and declare before you, gentlemen, and all here present, that I swear to God and the King—to God, on peril of the eternal damnation of my soul, and to the King, on peril of the loss of my honor and my life—that I never gave to the Marquis Ichan-Loys de Saluces any word or promise of marriage, and moreover I never in my life thought of doing so. And," she proceeded, "if there is any one who will say the contrary, here (and she took De Vieilleville by the hand) is my champion, whom I proffer to maintain my word, which he knows is true and uttered by the mouth of a lady of truth and honor. And I hope, trusting in God and my right, that he will make any such man admit, saving the presence of the Court, that he has lied like a villain."

The trial by combat was not then obsolete, but it was not frequently resorted to, and this bold appeal to it by the lady was greeted by the audience with a buzz of surprise and interest.

"This puts a different face on the matter," said the president. "Mr. Clerk, you may as well put away your writing materials, for as I look at it there is no more question of writings. Madame La Marechale has taken another road which is much shorter. Well, Monsieur," said he, addressing the Marquis, "what do you say to this proposition?"

The Marquis perceived at once that he was beaten. The strength and skill of De Vieilleville were well known, and he immediately saw that if he should accept this ordeal of battle, clumsy as he was, he was more likely to occupy the principal place at a funeral than at a wedding, and he replied to the president's question, "I do not want to take a wife by force, and if she does not want me, neither do I want her," and with a bow he left the courtroom.

De Vieilleville at once took up the matter and asked the Court if Madame La Marechale was not free to make a marriage agreement with whomsoever she pleased, since the Marquis had, by his own speech, abandoned his claim. The Court answered that she was free to do so. "Then, gentlemen," said he, "if it will please you to appear at the residence of Archdeacon Hardaz, we shall find there the Prince of La Roche-sur-

Yon, accompanied by the Duke D'Estampes, the Duke de Rohan and the Duke de Gye, who are waiting there for the betrothal, and the Bishop of Angiers there ready to perform the ceremony."

But the members of the Parliament made excuse, saying that they would deputize some of their number to report to the King what had occurred at that assembly. And so the Marechale with her train of friends took their leave. As they passed out, one of the members of the Parliament said in a low voice to De Vieilleville: "You had work for six months cut out for you if you had not thrown this challenge to combat across the road, for the Marquis had prepared a list of forty questions to put to Madame La Marechale about all that she had ever said to him or to his people; about the kisses which she had given him on their journey, especially the one which she gave him at the St. Marceau gate; and, among other things, about a promise made by her to give to St. Julien, the Marquis' counsellor, a chain worth five hundred crowns to wear at her wedding."

"Well," answered De Vieilleville, "she is a French woman, who is able to get the better of a hundred Italians."

"That is not it," said the other, "you are a shrewd adviser, and have carried out the affair so as to finish it up in less than an hour, and have got the lady out of a real mud-hole. Now go and perfect the betrothal."

So they separated, and Madame La Marechale went at once where the ceremony of betrothal was performed, and three or four days afterward she and the Prince were married at the Church of the Augustins by the Cardinal de Bourbon, but without any great display, as she was a widow.

The marriage proved to be a happy one, and the Prince and his wife always felt themselves much indebted to De Vieilleville, whose shrewdness and courage had brought it about, notwithstanding the covert opposition of the King himself.

GLAUBENS WUNDERLIED

(*Faith's Wonder Song*)

OUT under the stars of night's glory,
Through the dark as I wandered along,
My heart heard the words of His story—
And my soul set their music to song!

Yes, I know, down the time-endless ages,
Forever through eternity,
I shall yet hear those pæans of praises
Still lifting their anthems to Thee!

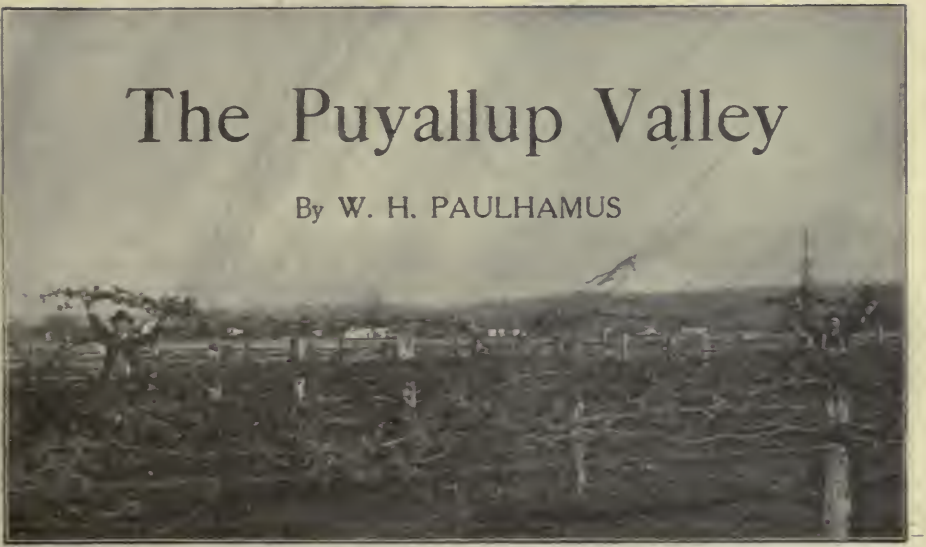
Still ringing through sorrow, truth's gladness—
Chimes of joy rung from depths of despair;
Sweetly singing love's hope through life's sadness,
In hymns to a heavenly air!

So I'll trust in God's night-hidden glory,
Though its splendor I cannot all see;
For the words of that star-written story
Make a meaning immortal to me!

—*Henry Young Ostrander.*

The Puyallup Valley

By W. H. PAULHAMUS



THREE-YEAR-OLD HILL OF EVERGREEN BLACKBERRIES, 50 FEET FROM TIP TO TIP
Showing Mount Tacoma in background

THE word Puyallup (pronounced Pu-all-up —with the accent on 'all') is derived from the language of the Puyallup Indians, who have a reservation adjoining the city of Tacoma on the east and extending to within two miles of the city of Puyallup. The word signifies "under the shadow"—under the shadow of Mount Tacoma, which is but forty miles away. Tacoma (or Tahoma) means "nourishing mother." This mountain was primitively held by the Puyallup Indians to be the throne and abode of the Great Spirit—under the shadow of whose snowy solitudes they felt themselves assured of His protecting care. While these Indians are designated as a tribe and while they have a reservation assigned to them, yet in their mode of dress and habits of life they are not Indians in the sense that the average Eastern reader understands that term, but are a civilized group who have had their land allotted to them in severalty and are now living as Americans, many of whom are highly intelligent, well educated and wealthy. Having the right to sell their property, it is gradually passing into the hands of white men who are building modern homes upon it. The Puyallup Valley proper extends from the mouth of the Puyallup River, which empties into Commencement Bay at Tacoma, to the town of Orting, a distance of some twenty miles to the southeast, and consists of many thousand acres of the most productive land on which the sun ever shone. The soil and climatic conditions of the Puyallup Valley produce a larger variety of fruits and vegetables to the highest possible standard than any similar area within the boundaries of the United States.

The towns of Puyallup, Sumner and Orting, and the villages of Alderton and McMillan all are in the Puyallup Valley, each of which has first-class schools and a happy, contented and prosperous population. The Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Union Pacific and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroads traverse the Puyallup Valley. These railroad facilities enable the farmers and fruit growers to market their products in every part of the great Northwest.

Twenty years ago the chief industry of the Puyallup Valley was hops. In 1882 hops grown in the Puyallup Valley sold for $1.10 per pound. When the reader is told that it costs but nine cents a pound to produce them, and that in those days an average yield was two thousand pounds to the acre, it is not hard to estimate how great were the profits of the hop growers that year. If hops should bring $1.10 a pound *every* year, the people of the Puyallup Valley would not resort to any other crop, but the unfortunate feature of the hop industry is that while the price may be extremely high one year there often occurs a series of years when the price is below the cost of production. For this reason the residents of this valley cast about for an industry that would be less precarious. Any industry that yields an abnormal profit one year, to be followed by a loss for the next two or three years is not stable or satisfactory. When the hops sold for a high price the farmers all bought fine horses, buggies, pianos, and all kinds of luxuries. Many of them took out $5,000 to $50,000 tontine life insurance policies; but with a bad year or two the life insurance policies lapsed and the luxurious personal effects were covered with chattel mortgages.

OVERLOOKING VALLEY AT SUMNER

Some fifteen years ago one of the hop growers planted a few red raspberry and blackberry sprouts, and this was the beginning of what is today the chief industry of the Puyallup Valley. The fields that were formerly covered with hops are now producing berries. The hop-picking season of the valley has now changed to the berry-picking season. To pick the hops Indians were imported, often from as far as a thousand miles away. They came by the hundreds, and in the fall of the year the entire valley was alive with the various tribes of Indians. Today in the harvesting of the berry crop the same number of people are employed, but it is the mother and her children from Tacoma, Seattle and other neighboring cities. They come both for pleasure and the recreation which the outing affords, and for the purpose of earning enough money to provide the children with shoes and clothes for the coming school season. In the early days of the berry industry the price was very low and there was a question whether the industry would survive. Only the local markets were available, and any day that these were overstocked the price fell below the cost of the crate and the picking. As is the case always under such conditions, the growers realized the necessity of either expanding their markets or of plowing up their vines. It was then decided to organize an association through which their fruit might be marketed in a thoroughly systematic manner. And instead of each community organizing a separate association of its own, the berry growers of the entire valley met and decided to organize but *one* association through which the entire crop should be handled.

The first year this organization was established the entire yield of the various small yards of the valley did not exceed five thousand crates. However, with the organization established, it was soon found that east of the Puyallup Valley—in the states of Idaho, Montana, North and South Dakota and in Manitoba—thousands of people were making money from grain and other pur suits, but could not grow sufficient fruit to supply their requirements. These markets, one after another, were gradually developed by the Fruit Growers' Association until today at least two hundred thousand crates of berries annually are produced in the Puyallup Valley and successfully marketed in the territory described. Nor is the demand in these same markets nearly supplied. To the average fruit grower the marketing of red raspberries might at first thought appear to be a hazardous business; yet, incredible as it may seem, the Puyallup Valley red raspberry can be shipped under refrigeration to markets fully two thousand miles away, arriving at destination in first-class condition. For example, the president of the Fruit Growers' Association has before him two letters from widely separated points, both of which are even more than two thousand miles from this valley. The association sold carloads of red raspberries, at so much per crate f. o. b. Puyallup or Sumner, to a well-known firm of Lincoln, Nebraska. It occurred to the president that it might be a good idea to put into one of the Lincoln, Nebraska, cars a complimentary crate for Hon. William J. Bryan, the well-known Democratic leader. That the raspberries were received by the family at "Fairview," the following letter from Mrs. Bryan attests:

Fairview, Lincoln, Nebraska, June 30, 1909.
Mr. W. H. Paulhamus, Puyallup, Washington.
Dear Mr. Paulhamus:

As Mr. Bryan will not be home until September, I write to thank you for the crate of red raspberries which you so kindly sent, and which reached us in excellent condition. We are enjoying them very much. Mrs. Wm. J. Bryan.

On the same day that the crate of berries was sent to Mr. Bryan, at Lincoln, Nebraska, one of the growers, Mr. J. H. McCord, who is shipper No. 255, put a note in one of his own crates of red raspberries delivered to the association, which read as follows: "I would be pleased to have the recipient report the condition of the berries in this crate on their arrival at destination." Mr. McCord had no idea where his berries would be shipped by the association, but within a reasonable space of time he received the following card:

Port Arthur, Ontario, July 28, 1909.
Mr. J. H. McCord, Puyallup, Washington, U. S. A.
Dear Sir:

Received crate containing raspberries grown by you. They arrived in Port Arthur July 23rd and were in excellent condition. My uncle is a commission man located here. I hope that I may learn more about Puyallup through you. Miss Ethel Brooks,
16 College St., Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada.

TYPICAL SCENES
(1) Scene at Valley Fair, 1908
(2) Interurban Car, Tacoma-Puyallup Line
(3 and 4) Evergreen Blackberry Fields

If the reader will refer to a map of the United States, locating Lake Superior, and tracing the border of the lake to its northwest point, he will find the city of Port Arthur. Here is submitted absolute proof of the carrying quality of the red raspberries of the Puyallup Valley. Two crates grown in the same community under the same weather conditions, reach consumers two thousand miles apart in excellent condition. The one sent to William J. Bryan, as has been stated, was put in a refrigerator car consigned to Lincoln, Nebraska. The other one, consumed at Port Arthur, was undoubtedly put in a refrigerator car consigned to Winnipeg, at which point it was necessary to take it out of refrigeration and ship it by ordinary express to Port Arthur. No other red raspberry grown will stand twenty-five per cent. of the "punishment" that the Puyallup Valley berry can stand.

The blackberries grown in this valley can be shipped fully as far and with equally as good results; in fact, it is now an assured fact that within the next two years not only the red raspberries of the Puyallup Valley, but the blackberries as well, will be marketed in the city of New York.

Mr. G. Harold Powell, Pomologist in charge of Refrigeration for the Department of Agriculture of Washington, D. C., has just completed an investigation of conditions in the Puyallup Valley, the government's object being to assist the Fruit Growers' Association in prolonging the life of its berries in transit by better refrigeration. It is Mr. Powell's opinion that the limit of the shipping quality of the berries, if they are properly picked, is defined only by the Atlantic Ocean. If this is true, the berry industry of the Puyallup Valley is but in its infancy. Ten years ago the output was 5,000 crates; today it is 200,000 crates. If the percentage of increase in the next decade shall be equal to that of the last, the berry production will then have reached into the millions of crates.

An average crop per acre of red raspberries is about three hundred crates; of blackberries, four to six hundred crates. The cost of picking, per crate, is thirty cents; the crate itself costs sixteen cents, making a total of forty-six cents. The association makes a charge of six cents per crate for distributing the fruit, making the collections and disbursing the receipts. The total cost to the grower, aside from taking care of his ground and bushes, is, therefore, fifty-two cents. When these berries average the grower $1.25 per crate, from which must be deducted the fifty-two cents, it leaves a very good revenue per acre. From five acres a person of average intelligence can derive an income that is at once larger and in the nature of its acquirement very much more satisfactory than is that received by ninety-nine per cent. of the men holding salaried positions in our cities. In addition to this, one has an independent life in the open air, which is beneficial not alone to health but which is largely free from cares and worries —just such a life as almost every thoughtful person would wish to live.

In conjunction with the bush fruits that can be so successfully grown in the Puyallup Valley, the poultry industry can be carried on with great success. Berry growers can afford to keep a flock of chickens for the good they do in the berry fields, even though the chickens should produce not a single egg. But with the egg and poultry markets of Seattle and Tacoma always in a lively condition, the poultry business is of itself a most profitable one in the Puyallup Valley. On a five-acre berry farm the owner can also have a five-acre poultry farm. And instead of the chickens doing harm, they add greatly to the productiveness of both the red raspberry and blackberry bushes; for they cannot reach the fruit, and by scratching they keep a dusty mulch on top of the ground, which holds the moisture in the soil and thus appreciably promotes the health and growth of the vine and its fruit.

The great objection to the old method of farming was the "one crop and the one payday" system. In the Puyallup Valley this system does not exist. Its farmers and fruit growers have diversified their business. Revenue from some source comes in every month of the year. In December, January, February and March, when prices are highest, they have eggs for the market; in April, May and June, broilers, rhubarb and asparagus; in June and July, gooseberries, currants, red raspberries and cherries; in August, September and October, cherries, plums, blackberries and early apples; in September, October and November, blackberries, apples, pears and potatoes. Any one of the products mentioned reaches the maximum of production and the perfection of quality in the Puyallup Valley.

GRANT
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

IN THE COSY CORNER

THIS month's Cosy Corner mail brought "Our Office Boy's Philosophy of Life," and with it a letter from one of the Cosy Corner guild, Mr. George A. Fiel, of Waltham, Massachusetts.

"Won't you please give me the bright side of the enclosed selection? With the Chapple optimism it would make very pleasant reading."

* * *

The family gathered together about the hearth, and in the glow of the firelight the matter was duly read aloud by the Captain, who sits in the chimney corner, tongs in hand, and picks up stray embers as they fall.

"OUR OFFICE BOY'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE"

"Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations?

"He comes into the world without his consent, and goes out against his will, and the trip between is exceedingly rocky.

"When he is little, the big girls kiss him; when he is big, the little girls kiss him. If he is poor, he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest. If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is prosperous, everyone wants to do him a favor.

"If he is in politics, it is for graft; if he is out of politics, he is no good to the country. If he doesn't give to charity, he is a stingy cuss; if he does, it is for show. If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner.

"If he gives affection, he is a soft specimen; if he cares for no one, he is cold blooded. If he dies young, there was a great future for him; if he lives to an old age, he misses his calling.

"If you save money, you're a grouch.
If you spend it, you're a loafer.
If you get it, you're a grafter.
If you don't get it, you're a bum.
So what t'ell's the use?"

* * *

It was frankly suggested, in the first place, that "Our Office Boy's Philosophy" had all the earmarks and body brands of an old steer on the range, and not of any yearling. If such sentiments have come from a bona-fide office boy, he must be the most phenomenally, abnormally, precocious, worldly-wise, cynical and blase office boy in existence. It hardly seems possible that even an American office boy could formulate so bitter an arraignment of human life, its origin, development and termination. Possibly he was only an office *boy* in name—he may have been one of those individuals who has never risen higher than his "first job," and who lives but to rail at the free-for-all contest for place or profit which is one phase of human life. If such be his case, it was decided that a vote of sympathy be passed for the office boy.

But if he be a real office boy—young, healthy, with red blood coursing through his veins—the circle about the hearth desire to talk the matter over with him, face to face. Rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, the firelight gleaming on his yellow hair, he seems to stand before us.

Did it ever occur to us, dear boy, that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations?

If you were a publisher instead of an office boy, you would not waste time asking such a question. If we allowed ourselves to worry over the cussedness of inanimate things—if we forgot the teachings of sainted mothers in regard to profanity, every time we are up against stupidity or carelessness—we should become nervous wrecks upon the sands of time, instead of busy publishers. Crosses!

Did it ever occur to *you*, most dolorous of office boys, that you would not have enjoyed your latest baseball game if you had not run yourself out of breath to make your home run, or caught out a batter at a critical moment at the cost of a lame wrist or broken finger? Was there ever a bit of work or play, which you really enjoyed, that had not in it an element of uncertainty as to success, or that did not cost you something in worry, effort, self-denial and temptation—yet, in the end, even in your eyes, was it not "worth while"?

You say "he comes into the world without his consent and goes out against his will, and the trip between is exceedingly rocky"—the old, world-wide complaint, expressed by that imperial pearl of poetic pessimists:

"Into this Universe and Why not knowing,
Nor whence like water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it as wind along the waste—
I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.

"What, without asking, hither hurried *whence*?
And without asking whither hurried hence!
Oh, many a cup of this forbidden wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence."

In precisely the same way came into life the birds, the beasts, the fish, that die for our needs or live to serve and delight us; the flowers, the foliage, the fruits and vegetables that rejoice or refresh us—it is the scheme of all things that has been pretty well tested in a much longer span of time than the life of one little office boy. Even a lad who counts himself very wise should not face life with less fortitude than is shown by a cow or a bird. Love and happiness prepared and greeted your coming. A father's care and a mother's tenderness guarded your helplessness, and your parents were proud of your increasing reason and strength. The joyous, radiant gayety of childhood gave you hundreds of days of ease and pleasure. The state, the town, the church and school sheltered you from evil and oppression, and sought to train you in wisdom and virtue.

If the way be rocky, there is much to lighten it, and much to make the journey pleasant if one would only be brave and determine to go on manfully and cheerily to the end, remembering that every road must be ballasted with rocks, and on the road of life the rocky experiences are the best of all possible ballast and afford a firm foothold.

"When he is little, the big girls kiss him," bless his heart! "When he is big, the little girls kiss him"—silly fellow, did he expect the *big* girls to kiss him without due and gallant invitation? Let him consider himself lucky that *any* girls kiss him unsolicited. What would be the value of kisses anyway, unless some effort were used to obtain them?

"If he is poor, he is a bad manager." Sometimes that is true. "If he is rich, he is dishonest." This is rarely said openly without some reason, and if untrue it is usually said by the envious or discontented, and in underhand ways.

"If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is prosperous, everyone wants to do him a favor." Credit means a man's own standing and responsibility, and in financial operations a poor man possesses no credit, in a business sense. Consider the wide expansion of credit houses—there is no man, however poor or unknown, who cannot get credit somewhere if he is foolish enough to want it.

The rich man receives no "favors" for which he does not give value, or is not expected to give due consideration in some way. Probably in the way of groceries, rents, doctor's bills, etc., the poor receive credit to the extent of many millions annually, a large proportion of which is never paid and utterly unappreciated. Many a poor man has blessings in his family which the rich one never knows.

"If he is in politics, it is for graft." This isn't said of ten per cent of the hundreds of thousands of office-holders in the country.

Those who come into contact with men in public life know that there is but the smallest percentage of office-holders and politicians in this country who are open to the imputation of dishonesty. It is a popular theme in conversation, but the fact is that the general tone of politics today is far better than people wish to believe. Politics are nothing more than what the people themselves make them—at least in the United States.

"If he is out of politics, he is no good to the country." Though clumsily expressed, this is true in the sense that every citizen of a republic owes it to himself and his country that he should take an intelligent, and when necessary, an active part in politics.

"If he doesn't give to charity, he is a stingy cuss." "Well, who denizes of it?" as Sairy Gamp would say. After the death of a so-called stingy man it is often found that he has done a great many generous things—at least, he cannot be accused of having given charity for show; if even the office did not hear of it, it is certain that his charity was not known to the general public. Too often the judgment of an office boy is determined by how much of the booty fell to his own portion.

"If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite," is seldom said of the average church member. Even if one-half of the active church members are hypocrites, let us believe that the remainder are doing work which would win even the commendation of a cynical office boy, who probably goes to Sunday School just in time to get a ticket for the annual picnic or a gift from the Christmas tree.

"If he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner."

In these days of broadening tolerance, this is said more in sorrow than in anger, for he who neglects religious thought and duties cannot fail to deteriorate in all the higher qualities of manhood, though many a noble life has been lived that was never thrown into the limelight of publicity, and never came within the ken of office boys.

"If you save money, you're a grouch;
If you spend it, you're a loafer;
If you get it, you're a grafter;
If you don't get it, you're a bum—
So what t'ell's the use?"

This final quintrain tells the whole story—it is the querulous refrain of thousands of persons who are continually sitting in judgment upon their neighbors, and who complain that the world is hard, and are likely always to find it so. What if a few cowardly, discontented people or a few writers who ought to have nobler ambitions, and who might well place their views of life and of human wisdom on a higher plane mumble this thought? It is true that we must have the evil with the good, pain with pleasure, danger with victory, weariness and exposure with enterprising and successful adventure. Who cares for water when he is not thirsty, or what is more precious than the crystal spring when the lips are parched and the heart fainting with thirst? How one remembers the rough fare that came after deprivation and fatigue, and the dreamless delicious sleep that followed upon utter weariness of body!

Wake up, O dolorous office boy! Tear up your bogus philosophy and "forget it." It will never bring you courage, manliness, truth, honesty, love, cheerfulness, health or success. It is of the breed of half-truths which are ten times more dangerous than whole-cloth lies—"A lie that is half a truth is ever the worst of lies."

There are great evils, misfortunes, dangers, injustices, oppressions, in this mortal life, which we are bound to do our part to lessen and abolish if we can and to endure manfully if we must. Many more and much greater calamities and sufferings have been endured for us by men and women whose very names are forgotten—those who but died that we might be free in body and mind, in word and deed. Only an office boy, who can never hope to rise to the full measure of a man, can accept your moping, disconsolate "philosophy of life," and saying, "So what t'ell's the use," stroke the "tresses of the cypress slender minister of wine," which delighted our old poet Omar Khayyam, or strike the Dutch bartender for "lager and pretzels," and become a mere cipher in the splendid sum of human achievement in our day and generation.

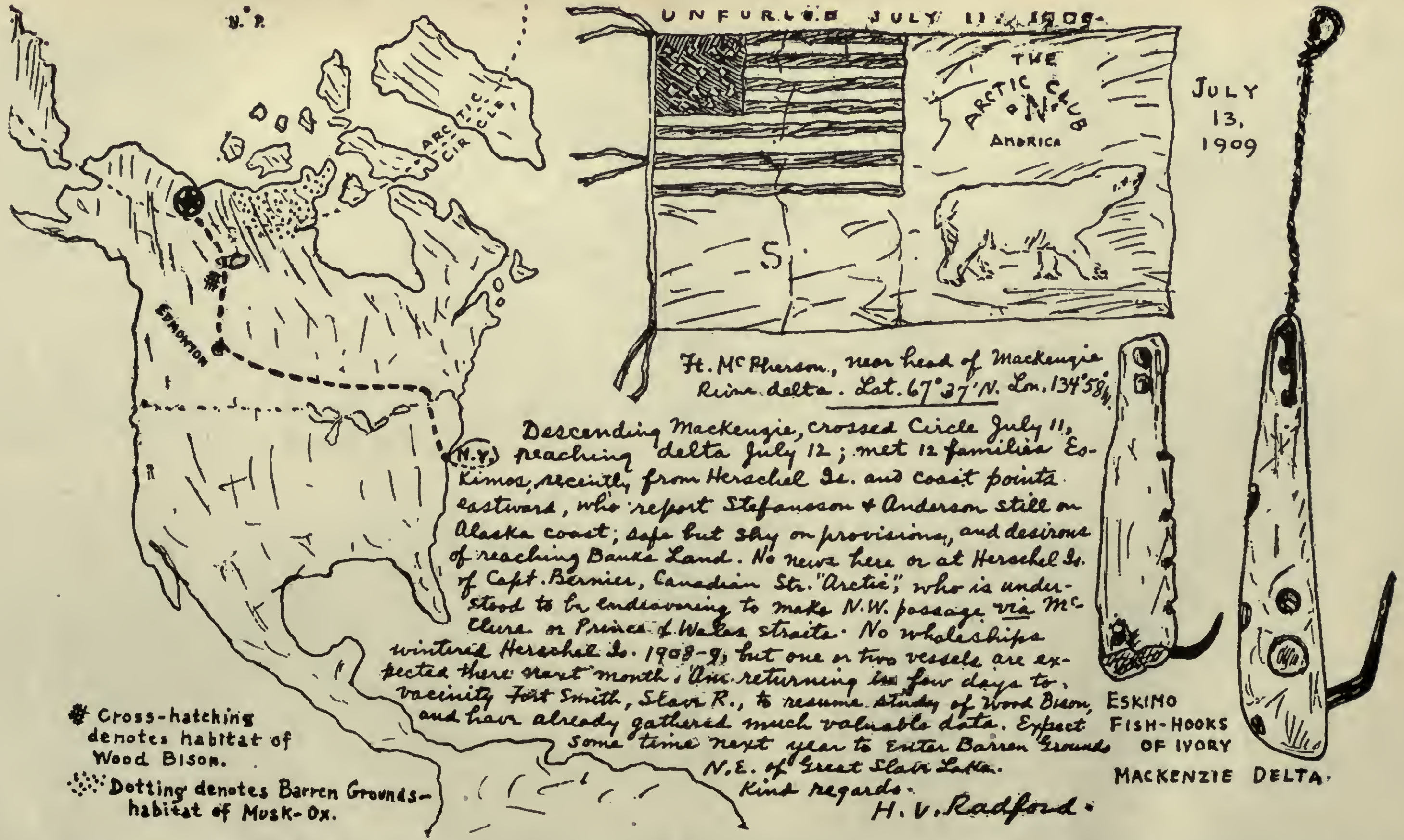
* * *

NEWS FROM THE NORTH POLE

LOTTE STRONG

"Who discovered the North Pole?" seems likely to be listed with such unanswerable interrogations as "How old is Ann?" "Who struck Billy Patterson?" and "Which came first—the hen or the egg?" It is comfortable and satisfactory to believe that the Stars and Stripes now form the topmost decoration of the globe, but outside of that gratification the ownership of that frozen circle of earth is of little importance to the layman. But the scientists, like hungry Eskimo dogs fighting for the own-

DRAWING BY AN ARCTIC EXPLORER ON THE BACK OF A POSTAL CARD


N. P.
ARCTIC CIRCLE
EDMONTON
N.Y.
UNFURLED JULY 11, 1909.
THE ARCTIC CLUB OF AMERICA
S.
JULY 13, 1909
ESKIMO FISH-HOOKS OF IVORY
MACKENZIE DELTA.
# Cross-hatching denotes habitat of Wood Bison.
∴ Dotting denotes Barren Grounds-habitat of Musk-Ox.

Ft. McPherson, near head of Mackenzie River delta. Lat. 67°37'N. Lon. 134°58'W.

Descending Mackenzie, crossed Circle July 11, reaching delta July 12; met 12 families Eskimos, recently from Herschel Is. and coast points eastward, who report Stefansson & Anderson still on Alaska coast; safe but shy on provisions, and desirous of reaching Banks Land. No news here or at Herschel Is. of Capt. Bernier, Canadian Str. "Arctic", who is understood to be endeavoring to make N.W. passage via McClure or Prince of Wales straits. No whaleships wintered Herschel Is. 1908-9; but one or two vessels are expected there next month. Am returning in few days to vicinity Fort Smith, Slave R., to resume study of Wood Bison, and have already gathered much valuable data. Expect some time next year to enter Barren Grounds N.E. of Great Slave Lake.

Kind regards.

H. V. Radford.

This illustration shows the fine pen work done by a hardy explorer on the back of a postal card. It was received by Capt. B. S. Osbon, secretary of the Arctic Club, New York, after the news of Cook's discovery of the North Pole. It shows in miniature the flag that is given to all the members when they start out on their journeys to the far north. It also has a good drawing of the ivory fish hooks of the Eskimo. Mr. Radford, who wrote the postal, is in the Arctic circle hunting wood bison for scientific purposes.

ership of a frozen bone, will doubtless wrangle all their lives on this disputed point. There is some wonderment that both men said to have discovered the coveted point on the earth's surface hail from Brooklyn, but anyone who has witnessed or been a victim of the daily crushes on the Brooklyn Bridge can readily believe that a man inured to such hardship might reach almost anything to be secured by hard shoving. If Brooklyn training will make good explorers, it looks as though the city might become famous for other things than churches and go-carts.

A few days after the news of the two discoveries of the North Pole reached me, I made up my mind to call at the headquarters of the Arctic Club in New York City. Entering a narrow hall at 132 East 23d Street, I pushed a button and informed the Club, in some remote part of the building, that I was on an exploring expedition and hoped to arrive at their headquarters. At the top of the stairs a young lady greeted me and ushered me into a little office, flooded with a sea of papers, but having no suggestion of polar equipment—no fur garments, no canned provisions, no Eskimo. But Captain Osbon, secretary of the Club was there, and he gave me much interesting information, including the postal card here reproduced, which speaks for itself.

An interesting character is Captain Osbon, now well into his eighty-first year; his varied experience is more interesting than any romance. He has sailed in both the Arctic and Antarctic seas, and has been a true soldier of fortune, having served as admiral in at least one of the South American navies during their intermittent revolutionary outbreaks. Captain Osbon was very willing to give his time in explaining the work of polar research, and described the methods by which the club members are kept in touch with the movements of those who are in the Arctic Circle.

The Captain is usually an exceedingly mild, gentle man of engaging manners, but his drooping moustache stands up like the fur on the back of an enraged feline when the name of Peary is mentioned, for he is a decidedly anti-Peary man. His heavy-rimmed spectacles slide down to the tip of his nose, as he declares his views of the rival discoverers of the Pole, for the moment forgetting his rudimentary training as the son of a Methodist minister. He has such a quaint, humorous way of telling his varied experiences that he seems like a man who has stepped out of the pages of a romantic buccaneer history.

* * *

MY BEST EASTER

BY M. A. PEINTNER

It was the day before Easter. I had just finished my baking—half a dozen mince, apple and pumpkin pies, a big plum pudding and four loaves of snowy bread. The goose, a noble specimen, was hanging cleaned and ready for tomorrow's roasting, and feeling its fat sides, I said to myself: "Oh, how the children will enjoy it!"

But I was very hot and tired and quite cross, and when I heard a noise by the open kitchen door was as much vexed as surprised to behold a ragged and dirty little girl gazing with longing eyes at the array of good things. Finally she said timidly:

"Please, ma'am, could you give me a loaf of bread? Jim is real sick and —" I did not give her time to finish. I was cross, God forgive me, as I always am when tired.

"A loaf of bread?" I cried. "Why don't you ask for the cakes and goose as well?"

She gave me one startled look and then turned and was gone like a flash.

My supper was like sawdust in my mouth, and all through the night my conscience kept reproaching me. In the morning it was the same, and I felt truly miserable. In that frame of mind I started down town, and as I was returning from my errand I ran across the identical little girl on a corner singing for pennies. That I didn't pass her by you can imagine. She soon took me to her home—a poor hovel in a back alley, which accommodated the mother and five children.

I invited them all to come to my house for dinner and then left them to prepare for their reception, thanking God that he had given me a chance to redeem myself. It was the happiest Easter we ever spent on the farm, and one on which we felt the blessing of the Lord rested, and we will never forget it. Besides the afore-mentioned goose and pies, there was a goodly variety of other dishes, and when dinner was all over, there wasn't much left to tell the tale. My little girl carried with her several loaves of bread, and other things to furnish their supper table.

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

BY— FREDERICK HULZMANN

NOW that the Christmas season is over, we can enjoy our New Year's records without a haunting suspicion that Jimmie, Joe or John have been overlooked in the Christmas list.

One thing is certain—the number of people interested in this department has been greatly increased by the many recipients of gift talking-machines this holiday season; these newcomers are welcome to join the circle and partake of the pleasure derived from this form of home entertainment all the year 'round.

* * *

The remarkable clearness of the Edison Records for the January list is even more pronounced than usual, and the selections seem to possess a tunefulness that is extraordinarily marked. Perhaps the most lasting impression is made by the three duets sung by Elizabeth Wheeler and Harry Anthony. The first of these, "Ring o' Roses" from "The Dollar Princess," is most fascinating. The story of the "make-believe" marriage gives a romantic attraction to the selection. The most impressive record of the month, perhaps, is the "Gobble Duet" from the "Mascot." It may be somewhat difficult to understand how the soprano's call of "Gobble, gobble, gobble," answered by the "Ba-a, ba-a, ba-a" of the tenor, could be anything but ridiculous, but the tunefulness and harmony of the music entirely dissipates any jocularity suggested by the name of the duet, and the record is singularly appealing. Another selection by these two popular singers is in the standard roll record, "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland." It is a charming love ballad, in which the lines of the verses are sung by the artists alternately with the chorus in duet form.

Perhaps the best-known singer of phonograph records is Ada Jones. This month her clever imitation of Irene Franklin's version of the popular song "Redhead" is particularly humorous and done in typical "kid" fashion. Another of Miss Jones's selections is the new coon song "Emmaline," sung with Billy Murray, in which the words of the chorus, "Emma, Emma, Emma, Emmaline," are sung by the lover in Mr. Murray's most catchy "coon" impersonation. Billy Murray also amuses his old friends with his clever work in the record "Funny Nursery Rhymes," one of the best disillusionments of the old nursery-day characters that has yet been produced. Mr. Murray is at his best in the sentimental march song, "Down in Sunshine Alley, Sally," and is met at the end of each verse by a chorus well drilled on the strong points of "barber shop" harmony.

Two stirring band selections, "The Washington Post," the "High School Cadets March," and "The Summer Girl," by Sousa, head the list of band records, and Victor Herbert is represented by an "Oriental March" that needs no comment. This popular number from "The Tattooed Man," full of Oriental swing and orchestration, reflects highest credit on the composer.

The entire forty-five Edison records for the month are "good," and special mention should be made of the new Grand Opera records, which have received the particular attention of the Edison Company during the last few weeks.

It is appropriate that with the beginning of the New Year the Columbia Phonograph Company should announce that an indestructible four-minute record has been perfected. Heretofore the indestructible record has been limited to two minutes, and the necessity for a longer record, with its wider range of music, has presented a problem to which the Columbia people have given much thought. The record has been perfected by means of a secret composition, and the company issues this month twenty new records beginning with 3001 and ending with 3020, the selections varying from the popular band numbers to the best of the duet and solo work of well-known artists. In addition to these new four-minute records, which, by some minor changes, are adaptable to the cylinder machines, there are twenty-four regular indestructible cylinder records, giving the owner of a cylinder machine a choice of forty-four records. In this list are such old favorites as "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," both sung with much expression by Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler. Frank Stanley renders "The Star Spangled Banner" in his rich baritone voice, and another pleasing old song is "Annie Laurie" by a male quartette.

Among the Columbia double disc records are several old favorites. "Darling Nelly Gray" is sung by Carroll Clark, baritone; "Sweet Genevieve," mezzo-soprano solo, by Merle Tillotson; "In the Gloaming," a vocal trio of mixed voices. Last, but not least, is Foster's "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," by a male quartette. These selections are of the kind that lie very near to the heart.

In the lighter vein, we have the comic song by Harry Bluff, "The Postman," in which the soliloquy refrain, "Walk, walk, twenty miles a day" is highly amusing.

Ten selections by John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor, who has recently joined the Hammerstein forces in New York, are among the Fonotipia double disc records. In addition to selections from "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "La Tosca," Mr. McCormack sings some of the old songs—"When Other Lips" and "Mary of Allendale," and very appropriately, "Come Back to Erin" and "Killarney." Two records from Ferruccio Corradetti and two in original Italian from Francisco Vignas are worthy of mention.

Those who have been "carried away" by the finale of the great fourth act from "Aida" when offered during the Grand Opera season can now carry to their very homes the great duets "The Fatal Stone" and "Farewell, O Earth," sung in Italian by the celebrities Johanna Gadski and Enrico Caruso on Victor records. These two selections head the Victor list for January, and are unquestionably the finest of the kind ever issued.

The new Manhattan tenor, Nicola Zerola, also gives two selections from Verdi—one "The Waves Will Bear Me," the other "I Shall Behold Her," from the "Masked Ball," and from Othello, "The Death of Othello."

"The Loreley" from the German, by Liszt, also "O Love, Lend Me Thy Might," from the French by Saint-Saens, are new records by Madame Louise Homer. Two other favorite contralto records of sweetness and beauty are sung in French by Jeanne Gerville-Reache—Chaminade's "Chanson Slave" and Bizet's "Card Song" from Carmen. A third Gerville-Reache record is "More Regal Than a King" from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba."

Antonio Scotti's rendition of the favorite Faust cavatina, "The Bravest Heart Shall Swell," cannot be passed without a word of commendation. Those who have learned to know and appreciate the clear, lyric tenor of Evan Williams will enjoy the new record "Absent" by Metcalf, an English selection which completes the more ambitious solo records on the January list.

Arthur Pryor's Band figures conspicuously in march records for January. Particularly good are the "Washington Grays March" and the splendid Russian composition, "Festival Overture."

Among the operatic medleys, the Victor people have fallen back on an old-time favorite, "The Bohemian Girl." The record includes a part of the overture, "In the Gipsy's Life," and "Come With the Gipsy Bride," by an efficient chorus; and the familiar "Then You'll Remember Me," with the finale, "Oh, What Full Delight" give a comprehensive sweep of the delightful opera. "A Vision of Salome," by the famous Bohemian Orchestra, is fully as good as their December issue, "Dream of Autumn," and will undoubtedly find as much favor. It is a generally accepted fact that the players of this famous orchestra are without a peer in rendering Bohemian waltzes. The third Faust ballet number is given by the famous Parisian Symphony Orchestra, and adds completeness to this innovation of the orchestration of well-known operas.

The "Love Light Waltzes" record by Bloom has all the swing and "go" of the modern composition played in concert time by the Victor Orchestra, and promises to surpass in public favor the well-known march, "One of the Boys." A wealth of semi-vaudeville sketches includes the work of Murray K. Hill and Steve Porter. Nat Wills, "The Tramp King," discusses the adventures of "Hortense at Sea" with his usual inimitable humor, while the special January "hit," according to the Victor Company, is the Von Tilzer-McCree success, "Carrie," sung by Billy Murray. Doubtless it will be universally welcomed among Victor owners, since it is a pleasing variation from the maelstrom of "ordinary" selections.

THE AFTERGLOW

By DORA M. HEPNER

I WAS sitting alone by my fireside,
  Watching the dying glow
Of the pine-knot on the irons,
  Burning away so slow.
And just when the room seemed darkest,
  When I thought each spark had gone,
Suddenly a tongue of flame leaped up,
  And but for a moment shone.
It flickered, and then it vanished,
  Like a ray of hope to a soul
Lost in the pit of darkness
  Before it reaches its goal.
It shone but the space of a second,
  Casting light o'er all the room,
So a little ray of sunshine
  Will dispel the deepest gloom.

The embers were my schooldays,
  Which had passed beyond recall;
Burned away, while I was dreaming,
  Watching shadows on the wall.
Then, when all the light had vanished,
  Then, when all the joy seemed gone,
Suddenly the spark of memory
  Like the little pine-beam shone.
And when days were darkest, saddest,
  And the world seemed going wrong,
Then the memory of my school days
  Has cheered me with its song.

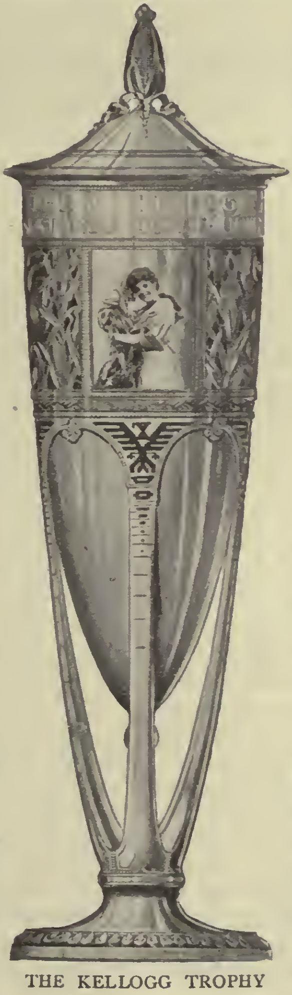
$1000.00 FOR AN EAR OF CORN

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE year just closed will be memorable in the history of corn production in the United States. With a crop aggregating over $1,616,000,000 in value, and over 2,668,000,000 bushels, it is no wonder that the American farmer has come to crown this crop as "King Corn." These figures are of more than passing moment in relation to the development of national resources.

In developing the corn products to their present high state of perfection, Professor P. G. Holden and Mr. W. K. Kellogg have been prominent. In connection with his work for the Iowa State Agricultural College at Ames, Professor Holden has done much in educating farmers to the importance of the right seed corn, showing that by careful selection the yield per acre could be greatly increased. Experts estimate that the addition of one kernel to each ear of corn would represent a net gain of a million and a half dollars per annum in the value of the corn crop, while one bushel per acre would mean many additional millions of income to the nation, not only to farmers, but to the entire country by increasing the purchasing power of the farmers, who are so largely responsible for the general prosperity.

In the manufacture and distribution of the Kellogg Toasted Corn Flakes, Mr. W. K. Kellogg has given an immense impetus to the corn crop of the United States. Mr. Stanley Clague, of the Clague, Painter & Jones advertising agency, who handles Mr. Kellogg's advertising, arranged for the offer of a grand prize corn trophy, to be awarded to the farmer who should make the best exhibit at the Omaha Corn Exposition in December, 1909. The object was not only to improve the quality of the product, but to increase the number of bushels per acre of the nation's greatest cereal. The rapid increase in production, shown in the statistics of recent years, shows rather the augmentation of the crop per acre, than an increased acreage. Only once in the last seven years has this crop fallen below the billion mark, and this in a budget worthy of the utmost consideration.


THE KELLOGG TROPHY

The trophy was awarded at Omaha, on the date scheduled, to Fred Palen, of Newton, Indiana, who is now the possessor of the beautiful thousand-dollar trophy cup, made by Tiffany, New York; it is one of the most artistic creations ever produced commemorative of any distinctly American achievement. It is fitting that this cup should be awarded to "King Corn," the golden, tasselled maize, sung of by Edna Dean Proctor, whose ode has long been regarded as a national classic. It may be that this latest triumph of the great American crop will result in its being made the national emblem of the United States, as has been so often suggested by Miss Proctor. On the trophy cup is produced in colored metals and enamel the well-known artistic creation "Sweetheart of the Corn." The cup itself is composed of gold and silver, is in the form of a vase and stands three feet high, and Tiffany may well be proud of the handsome design. Out of the tremendous yield of golden corn produced this year on American soil, this one notable prize ear of corn has made history. On this single cob are kernels worth about one dollar each, as there are over a thousand kernels on the prize ear. It was indeed a proud moment for Mr. Palen when he received the award and his modestly told story of seven years of effort is one of the romances of farming worthy of preservation. His parent stock in growing the prize ear had been Reed's Yellow Dent as the male plant, and the Alexander Gold Standard as the mother plant. The Standard was detasseled the first two years, and this cross produced the seed from which the "World's best ear of corn" has been grown.

The Iowa State Agricultural College, and the various corn expositions held throughout the country have been actively at work in bettering the type of corn grown each year, and the awarding of this trophy will further stimulate effort in this direction. An immense impetus will be given to this phase of agriculture, and this cup is a more remarkable award than any trophies ever awarded for athletic games. It is like ushering in a new era when such a prize is given for a utilitarian purpose, when the American farmer can glory in such trophies. The donor in presenting it has conferred a benefit on the nation at large, that far exceeds in importance prizes which have been given for athletic prowess, and the name of Kellogg will long be honored by corn producers. The basis of national force has to consider the food of the people, and it is believed that the remarkable progress of the American nation is largely due to the fact that corn enters largely into the diet of the people. Indigenous to the soil, corn has become a part of the history of the nation, harking back to the old-time struggle with privations and hostile Indians, on to the time of the Continentals, who lived on parched corn, and the rations provided today for the army in the form of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

It ought to be a matter of pride to the old Hoosier State of Indiana to have won the corn trophy, despite the fact that Illinois, Iowa and other corn states so largely exceed her in corn acreage. The immense quantities of corn grown are, perhaps, never so fully realized as at a corn show, where one passes between row after row of even, beautiful ears, laid in tiers with golden and silver white kernels glistening on the benches. Ear after ear shows itself covered to the very tip of the cob, rounded off with kernels, not a vacant spot appearing to mar its symmetry. Corn of every shade of pure white, silvery white, cream color and rich yellow is there, vying one with another in beauty, and reminding the onlooker of pearly teeth showing in the smile that betokens happiness and prosperity. When in Des Moines, a few weeks ago, it was a delight to look upon the wealth of corn products, and I thought it no wonder that the American farmer is today enjoying unexampled prosperity with such a reliable crop as corn serving as the backbone of farm products.

Such manufacturers as Mr. Kellogg, by so encouraging the best corn products, are constantly inspiring farmers to give more attention and study to the seed, to consider farming from a scientific standpoint, and to apply energy and intelligence to the increasing of crops just as brains are brought to bear on manufacturing propositions in order to make the most of every opportunity. The farmer is more and more coming to regard the land and the seed as his raw material, and is becoming increasingly ambitious to obtain the best possible results. Up to the last ten years comparatively little attention has been given to the improving of the corn crop, as compared with other products.

What may be done now that corn culture has been taken up seriously, remains to be seen. The Kellogg factories use twelve thousand bushels of corn every day, in making Toasted Corn Flakes for millions of breakfast tables. This use of corn affects not only the future of the farmer of the United States, but will be beneficial to all the people, for there is no civilized nation today that does not use corn and its products in some form. Over sixty thousand dollars in cash and other forms of prizes were awarded to exhibitors at the famous Omaha Corn Show; and with such encouragement given in other states and by manufacturers such as Mr. Kellogg in the future, one may expect to see almost anything in the way of improvement in corn, and Uncle Sam, with his towering cornstalks, may yet improve upon the tales of Jack and the beanstalk or the fairy of the cornstalk with a green silk dress.

WM P CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

AMONG other good things the *Chicago Record-Herald* has the following to say about the "Heart Songs" book: "'Heart Songs' is a volume of 500 pages of music and words representing the favorite songs of 25,000 people. The result is a thoroughly representative song book, well printed, with music for four-part singing or piano accompaniment, according to the nature of the piece.

"The book throws an interesting light on the musical taste of the common people of the whole country. The first thing to note is that ragtime is not in it. It was the good old standbys of our fathers' and mothers' youthful days that got the most votes every time. 'Annie Laurie,' Mr. Chapple tells us in an interesting preface, is the one great international favorite of all English-speaking people. The tremendous majority of pieces chosen were love songs, hymns, college songs, ballads and patriotic airs, with a fair minority of selections from the older operas, Verdi's being in the lead. Foster negro songs got a heavy vote, of course, and these, with a remarkably inclusive selection of college airs, are here reprinted.

"Then there are ringing old duets, such as 'Larboard Watch,' which I have not heard for many a year. The bridal chorus from 'Lohengrin' and Schubert's 'Who Is Sylvia?' represent the higher musical levels of the collection. The hymns selected by the largest number of people were 'Lead, Kindly Light,' 'Come Thou Fount,' 'Rock of Ages' and 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' The love songs, the most numerous of all, are equally representative of the universal taste. The volume deserves the place it undoubtedly will find in the hearts of song lovers."

* * *

FROM the good old days of Mapleson, and Abbey and Grau, yes, even back to the time when Jennie Lind charmed the young swells of our fathers' days and Adelina Patti gave her first farewell—"Made in Europe" was stamped on every singer.

Now the ebb has set in, and coal is being carried to Newcastle. American singers are singing in Europe. Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, Munich, Paris, London, and a dozen others—their opera houses resound with music from American throats.

One of the most notable successes achieved by operatic aspirants in recent years is that of a young American singer, Rachel Frease-Green, who made her debut at Covent Garden, London, last winter as "Sieglinde" in "The Valkyrie" and as "Eva" in "The Meistersinger." The staid and stodgy London press looked with misgivings on the daring experiment of the operatic management and of Dr. Hans Richter, the conductor, in placing such important roles in the hands of a "beginner," but was roused to a unanimous and unwonted enthusiasm by Mrs. Frease-Green's performances, and heartily commended the good judgment of the management.

Of Mrs. Frease-Green's "Sieglinde" the *London Times* next morning said: "She looked like a figure from Burne-Jones and showed the training and the instincts of a true actress."

The *Globe* said: "The chief honors of the evening were unquestionably carried off by Mrs. Frease-Green, the American soprano."

Mrs. Frease-Green has been engaged to sing in Berlin during the present season. Her voice, which in Wagnerian productions achieved such marked success in London, is said by European critics to have even greater possibilities in coloratura rôles.

FREASE-GREEN AS "SIEGLINDE"
In "The Valkyrie" at Covent Garden, London

She has already appeared as "Violetta" in "La Traviata" and as the "Queen" in "Les Huguenots," and has been given an even more flattering reception by the audiences and press of Berlin than she received in London, the leading newspapers writing in unstinted praise.

Of her appearance as "Marguerite de Valois" the *Berliner Morgenpost* said: "The part was sung by Rachel Frease-Green. The regal ornamentation of scintillating colorature with which the composer has adorned the part of the royal coquette was displayed by the artist with pearly clearness, purity and technical brilliance."

The *Die Welt Am Montag* said: "Before all shone Frease-Green, who warbled the most difficult colorature as effortless as a wood bird, and also, which especially pleases me in her, she sang as joyfully as one."

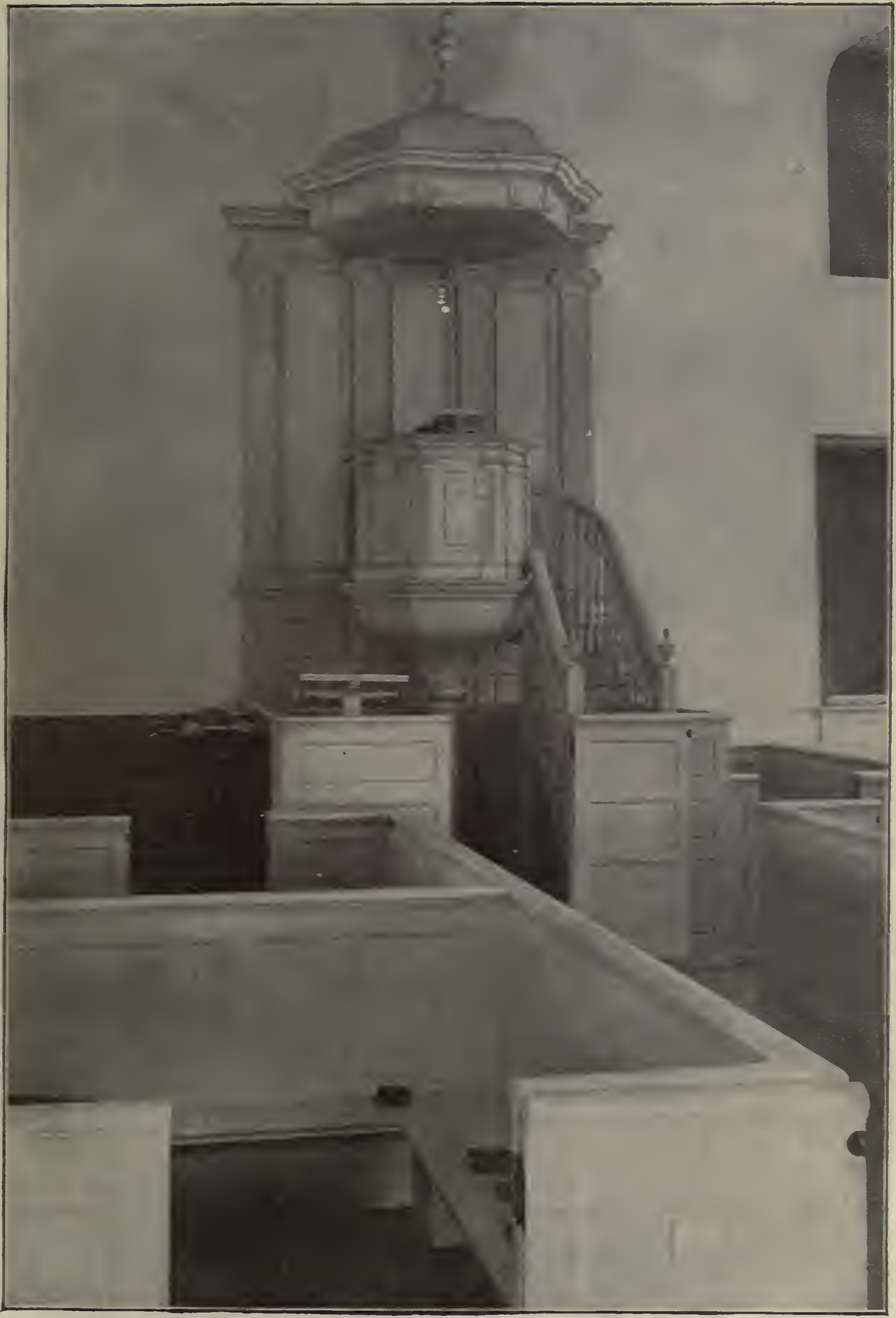
The *Staatsburger Zeitung* expressed itself: "Frease-Green, the richly talented American, whose 'Violetta' created a sensation, sang the part of 'Queen' with striking success."

In the *German-Austrian Theatrical Review* appeared the following: "It appears that to this song artist nothing is impossible, as, while the middle register of her voice is powerful, and possesses a full roundness, it has not suffered by loss of sweetness in behalf of the voluminous upper register. She has already had opportunity to display excellence as 'Traviata,' which calls for unquestionable dramatic expression, and, on the other hand, her performance as 'Marguerite de Valois' astonished by the ease with which she used her voice. To produce performances of such differing styles in such similarly worthy perfection, is possible only to a true song artist."

Bersen-Courier: "The voice of this artist is perfectly built, and free from all faults."

Germania (Berlin): "Finely rendered in the colorature parts, the supple voice also left nothing to be desired when a greater tone volume was appropriate."

The new prima donna is from Canton, Ohio. Her father, the late Judge Frease, one of the pioneers of the Ohio bar, was succeeded, when he went on the bench, by William McKinley, then a struggling young lawyer, as law partner of Judge George W. Belden, Mrs. Green's maternal grandfather. In the informal social gatherings that made up much of the social life of President McKinley and his wife, Mrs. Green frequently was called upon to sing, and was encouraged by the President to develop her ambitions to the utmost. The last occasion was in the Canton home of W. S. Hawk, of the Manhattan Hotel, New York, a few days before the Buffalo tragedy. President McKinley then prophesied flatteringly for her future. A



INTERIOR OF POHICK CHURCH, NEAR MOUNT VERNON, VIRGINIA
Restored as in Washington's day

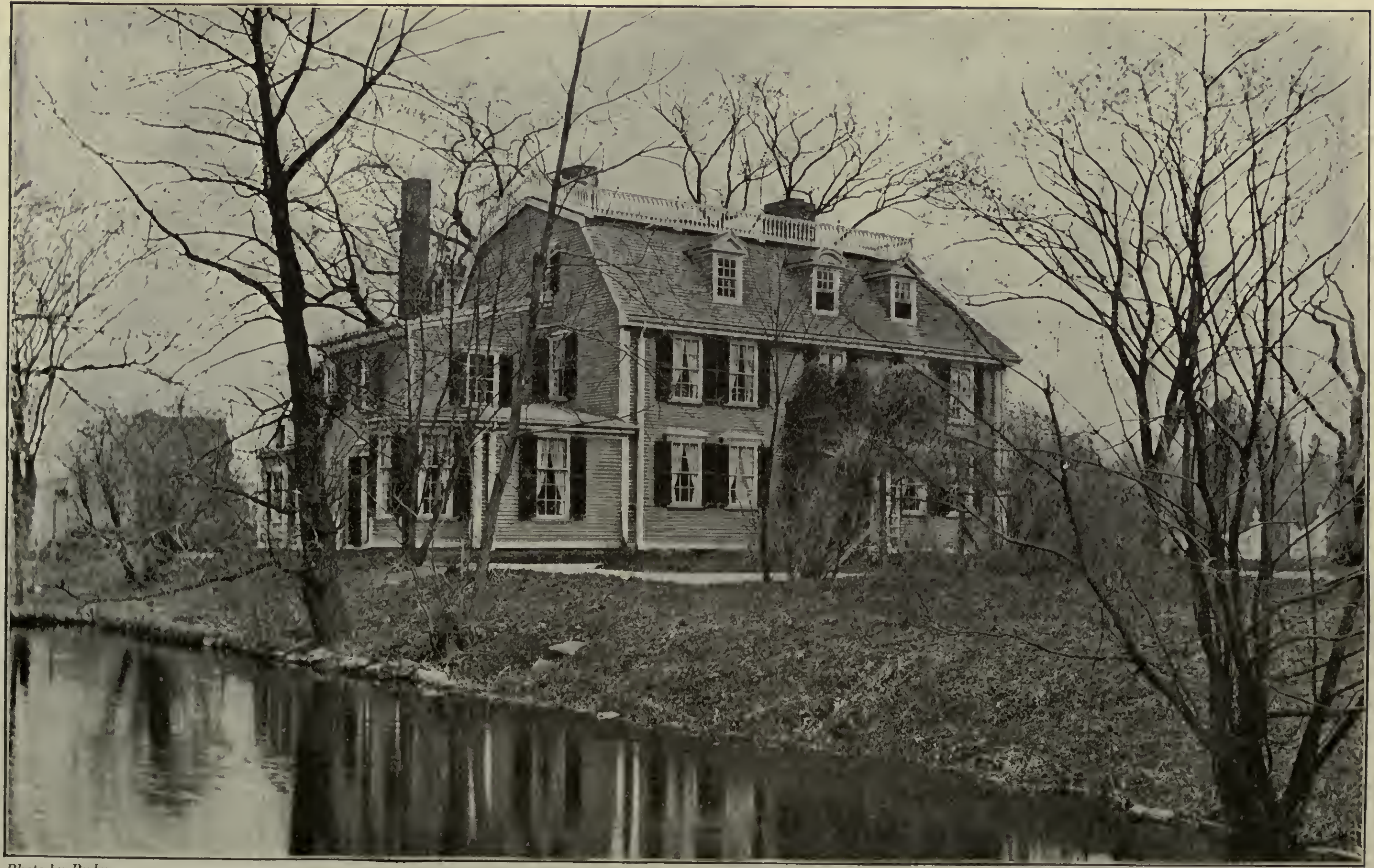


Photo by Ryder

THE "DOROTHY Q" HOUSE, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

The back part of this house was built in 1635, and at the beginning of the Revolution was the home of the Quincy family. It was here that John Hancock, Samuel Adams and other patriots were wont to meet to discuss England's policy toward her colonies, and this house was really the birthplace of American independence

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXI FEBRUARY, 1910 NUMBER FIVE

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

At least once every year the nation pauses to do honor to Lincoln and Washington. On the twelfth and the twenty-second of February the memories of these two great men are perpetuated in speeches which have, more than any other one thing, forecast the future policy of the nation. In the Lincoln and Washington memorial addresses public men usually find opportunity to give the people renewed pledges of fidelity to the great and never changing principles of honesty, integrity and patriotism represented by the characters and public services of these two noble leaders.

Trace back the notable utterances of public men for the past twenty-five years, and it will be found that, during the month of February, many new panaceas and many stirring banquet speeches are given to the people that crystalize later in the various political platforms or in the regular routine of state and national legislation. At dinners, public banquets and on all those occasions wherein public men sparkle and effloresce, occurring at this time of the year, there has been a general hustle for speaking appointments among rhetorical Senators and Congressmen, who court an opportunity to launch their new ideas and enthusiastic utterances for or against some important measure adorned with the halo surrounding the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln. The secretary of many a great man is now sombrely announcing in the anteroom that his chief behind the closed door is engaged on a speech for Lincoln's birthday, or Washington's birthday, and even the page comes cautiously in on tiptoe that he may not disturb the birthday flow of ideas.

A sub rosa reward has been offered for several months to those who will bring in a perfectly new, unpublished, authenticated anecdote of Lincoln, or even a perfectly original phrase that would well express the grandeur of the character of Washington. The Congressional Library has been ransacked by the secretaries of public men to find some novel bit of personal history or forgotten utterance which might add to the charm of a Lincoln or Washington address, and make it notable in the general display of forensic pyrotechnics.

Most important of all these memorial observances are the exercises held in the schools throughout the country, commemorative of the lives and achievements of these two great citizens of our country. As long as the high character and integrity of Washington, the human sympathy and kindliness of Lincoln, remain as the ideals of our children, so long is the unity of the nation and the stability of the republic assured.

* * *

THE official career and activities of President Taft suggest the central figure in a moving picture—he is here, there and everywhere and always moving. A scene that went direct to the hearts of all present was enacted when the President of the United States, leaving Carnegie Hall in New York in evening dress, wended his way down the "great white way," known as Broadway,

WHERE ABRAHAM LINCOLN TRIED HIS FIRST CASE
Court House, Macon County, Illinois

through the myriad vehicles that were taking home theatre-goers. Passing through silent, spectral and deserted side streets, he soon reached the heart of the Bowery, where the steel skeleton of the elevated overhangs dance halls, vaudeville shows and numberless saloons and resorts. Hundreds of people crowded about the door of the little mission, braving the storm to get a glimpse of the President as he waded ankle deep in mud and water. He was suffering from a severe cold—but that did not prevent his keeping his appointment at the Bowery.

A hearty greeting awaited him, and a stirring chorus responded to the question as to whether the audience knew what it meant for the President of the United States to come to see them. "We do—we do," they shouted. The walls of the mission house fairly trembled with the hearty response There was something in the kindly way in which Mr. Taft met those men, when introduced by Dr. Hallimond that evening, which will remain a bright spot even in the illustrious career of Mr. Taft.

Photo copyright, 1909 *Clinedinst*

MISS FRANCES CASSEL
Daughter of ex-Congressman H. B. Cassel
of Pennsylvania

"As I look into your faces I see in you earnest American citizens," said the President "Some of you may be down on your luck, perhaps, but you respond in every fibre to the same sentiments of loyalty, decency and aspirations for better ideals that animate every man in the country. If by being here I can convince you that the chasm between you and those who seem for the time being to be more fortunate is not so much of a chasm after all, and that there is a feeling of comradeship and a desire to help you to get upon your feet again and support families—these are the sentiments that we hope to inspire in every man who loves the Stars and Stripes, and these are the privileges that every American citizen ought to enjoy."

The President expressed the hope that the work of this mission would "help you and others over the hard places at times when the Lord and everybody else seem to be against you, and aid you at such times to believe that there are people in the world who sympathize with you."

After three more rousing cheers, he left

Photo copyright, 1909, *Clinedinst*

MISS RUTH WYNNE

Daughter of Mr. Robert J. Wynne, former Consul-General to London. She is one of this season's debutantes the mission to inspect the "bread line," showing hundreds waiting for a loaf, where emphatic tokens of the irresistible humanness of the President of the United States were given. Nothing is more significant of his character than such tours as these through the country and the dingy haunts of the great cities, keeping in touch with the people, even at the cost of being hailed to scorn by snifty critics, who would thereby attract attention to themselves by decreeing just what sort of dignity and deportment should prevail on presidential tours.

Photo copyright, 1909, *Clinedinst*

SENATOR NELSON W. ALDRICH
Chairman of the United States Senate Finance Committee going to the opening of the second session of the Sixty-first Congress

* * *

WE are often confronted with the fact that the most modern and up-to-date appliances are merely a repetition of those known in ages gone by. Many women firmly believe hooks and eyes, and especially "see that hump," are strictly modern. Information has come to Washington that in examining antique garments these important little fasteners have been discovered still remaining intact. In Westminster Abbey there is a table of articles which were worn by ladies of high degree in ancient times, and hooks and eyes were there for the gallant Raleighs and patient husbands to fasten.

The origin of familiar expressions hangs on the suggestion, apparently, of hooks and eyes. "We will do it by hook or by crook" might hint at fastening of a lady's gown, but in reality it refers to two prominent lawyers, who lived in London before the great fire some three hundred years ago. Ascertaining the exact sites of the burned houses engendered many quarrels about property. These troublesome cases were taken either to Hook or Crook, two legal gentlemen, who were so successful in untangling titles that their names became a proverb for all time.

* * *

IT is mysteriously whispered from time to time in Washington that there is something akin to a revival of that old-time poker spirit which ought to bring cheer to Sader Schenk in his unique position as the highest authority on the rules of the game. At one of those symposiums which had rather broken the record of stimulated human emotion, a certain Western gentleman—known to be curious in the matter of "jackpots" and "lucky in the draw"—had for some time "passed," "dropped out" and otherwise failed to take any special notice of the proceedings. One of the company thereupon related the story of a Scotch Presbyterian farmer who carelessly put "twa shillin'" on the plate, having mistaken the piece of silver in his pocket for the ample British copper penny. Needless to say this vital error was speedily regretted by the pious "canny" Scot. By vigorous signs he recalled the collecting elder and explained the case in a loud whisper—but the collection had been handed in. However, it was agreed that Sandy should pass him by and not offer the plate until twenty-three Sundays had gone, and thus the superfluous amount would be worked out.

Sunday after Sunday the silent, hard-visaged man in one of the front pews was passed by, until finally he almost forgot that there was such a thing as a church collection. Sandy had him in mind, however; and on the twenty-fourth Sunday following the error, the plate was presented as of yore, but the penny was not forthcoming. The keen blue eyes of the occupant of the pew were fixed upon the beams of the roof, until he was aroused by a penetrating whisper, heard throughout the sacred edifice.

"Jamie, mon, the time is up the noo; oot wi' yer collection; the plate winna pass this time."

After this story had been duly told, the man from Passerville took the hint and entered with spirit into the game.

* * *

OVER one hundred and fifty cats—just plain, ordinary, drowsy, purring cats—are on the government pay roll. Where the original cat came from, no one knows, and whether they now have the traditional "nine lives" has not been discovered, but it is certain that they cost the government one hundred and fifty dollars per year to feed. There were only two cats in the beginning—a number that has steadily increased. They were first brought into the service to kidnap the rats in the Post Office Department, and it was believed that they ought to be glad of a chance to distinguish themselves by serving their country in this way. Now that they have rid the department of the rats and lost their occupation, all they have to do is to doze away the sunny hours on the threshold and eat such good things as the chief provides.

African rats have been sent to this country by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, for the purpose of eating up all other kinds of rats. While some people think it a mistake to import these, in view of the object lesson afforded by sparrows and the brown-tail moth, all are agreed that nothing is so good and safe a means of getting rid of rats and mice as the old-fashioned cat.

The repulsive features of rats seem less marked since ladies began to wear "rats" as a part of their coiffures. The latest question in scholastic circles is: "What is the origin of the term 'rat' as applied to hair-dressing?" Ladies of seventy state that this use of the

Photo copyright, 1909, *Clinedinst*

SENATOR R. M. LA FOLLETTE

Rushing up the Capitol steps to be in the Senate chamber when the second session of the Sixty-first Congress is opened

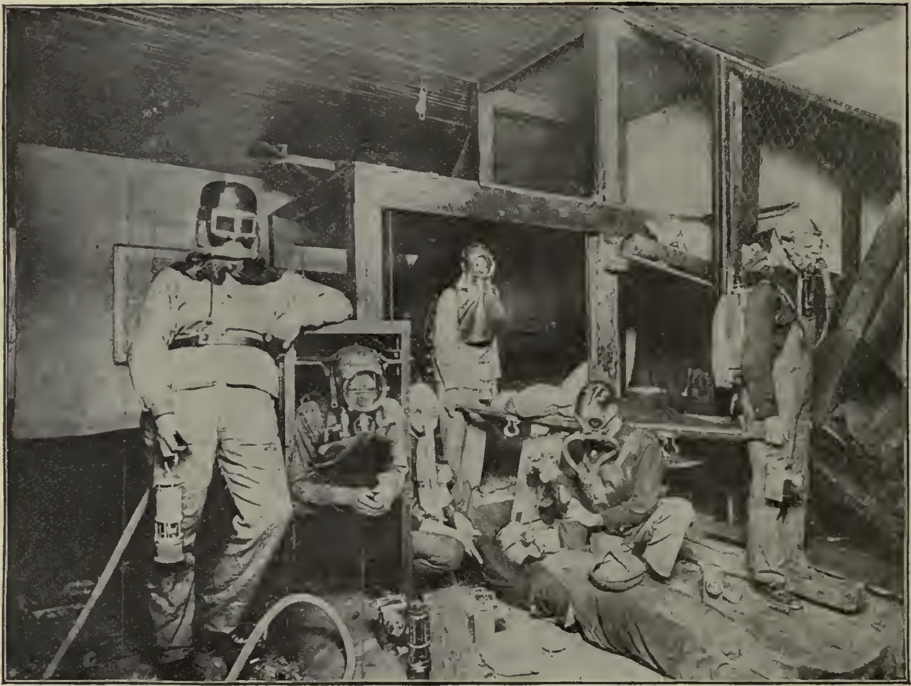


Photo by Clinedinst

MEN WHO FACE DEATH, READY FOR RESCUE WORK AT THE MINES
Helmet and oxygen tanks used in entering shafts filled with gas and smoke

word is not new—in their girlhood "rats" and "mice" were worn in the hair, and on state occasions the lady who had the greatest number of both on her head was considered most complete in stylish array.

* * *

IN spite of the fact that affairs at Washington involve a succession of explosions, political and personal, the geological survey has never lost interest in seeking to prevent explosions of another nature, and has issued a primer on the dangers and hazards of the use and abuse of explosives. Mr. J. A. Holmes, in charge of this branch of the work, has made an especial study of every phase of the cause of explosions. He insists that the misuse of giant powder and other explosives, while considered of least importance in causing mine accidents, has much to do with many fearful casualties which furnish heartrending narratives for the front pages of daily newspapers. Over five hundred million pounds of explosives yearly are used for various purposes in the United States, showing that far more powder and high explosives are expended in peaceful pursuits than in war or hunting. Over four hundred people are killed and injured in the transportation and use of explosives each year, to say nothing of three million dollars' worth of property destroyed by these accidents. An investigation of mine explosions has shown that the new type of quick-flame explosives, designated as "permissible," can be used with greater safety than any other where gas or inflammable dust exists. The heavy toll of life represented in the death roll of American mines is a list of woeful occurrences that has awakened more popular interest in the work of geological survey than could have been aroused by a thousand lectures on the general resources of the country. Mr. Carl Scholz and Mr. Thomas F. Walsh of Chicago have been very active in urging the necessity of a mining department with a representative in the President's Cabinet, that will give this great industry the proper attention it deserves from the federal government.

Photo copyright 1909, *by Clinedinst*

COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY EXPLAINING HIS NORTH POLE DATA

Before the Research Sub-Committee of the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C. From left to right, Gilbert H. Grosvenor, editor of the *Geographic Magazine;* Otto H. Tittmann, Superintendent Coast and Geodetic Survey; Willis L. Moore, Chief Weather Bureau; Robert E. Peary; Henry Gannett, Chairman United States Geographic Board; Colby M. Chester, Bureau of Equipment

ONE hot afternoon in August, when Secretary Hay was hard at work at Washington cultivating his "open door" policy, he had been receiving a delegation of ambassadors and charges d'affaires in Room 212. As he sat down, after bowing the party out, he whirled around on his desk chair, and someone asked if the secretary knew the name of the young man who wore a monocle, or single eyeglass.

Yes, he knew his name and could describe his long line of ancestors accurately, until it came to his mental equipment, when the kind-hearted secretary mildly shook his head, and sat silent.

"Mr. Secretary, why do these Englishmen always wear a monocle instead of the regular double eyeglasses?"

"Seriously, one lucid explanation occurs to my mind, and only one. Perhaps these gentlemen of distinguished ancestry can see with one eye all that their brains could possibly comprehend, or perhaps if they were to use both eyes, their bewilderment would be all too embarrassing and produce a mental pandemonium which they avoid by using half the vision only—a very wise economy of anatomical powers, don't you think?"

* * *

WHEN in Milwaukee recently, many were the stories I heard of the days when "young Shaughnessy" was connected with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad as purchasing agent and how he handled his work like a true-born executor. Today there is a feeling of pride in the city that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the distinguished president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose personal influence extends from coast to coast, was born in Milwaukee, in the year 1853. Meeting Sir Thomas today in his office at Montreal, one notices that he stands as straight as a soldier; though his moustache and imperial have also a military suggestion, he looks every inch the great industrial commander that he is, and yet he is a man from whom those who meet him expect absolute justice. It is no surprise that he has been a great potential power in the development of Canada.

Whether he is found in his office, or in his home, where he indulges in his favorite recreation of music, during which he does a heap of thinking, or whether he is busied going over real estate plats as a diversion, there is always the kindly glance of his eye, which has an added twinkle when Milwaukee is mentioned. Sir Thomas is the executive head of the greatest railway corporation landowner, which has done much toward the development of the Dominion, and has the distinction of being the largest owner of real estate on record in the world. On its property roll are mines and farms, hotels and myriad telegraph wires and great fleets of steamers. The Canadian Pacific has played an important part in the development of the country to the north of us, to say nothing of its influence on the international traffic belting the globe. Singularly representative of "the mother country" is it in its widespread interests. When the clear, blue eye of Sir Thomas rests upon a report, or when he strokes his moustache and quietly gives an order, he represents a remarkable conservation of human energy in handling large projects in a masterly, executive manner. It is this indomitable energy and ceaseless activity that have won for him a leading place in the front rank of empire builders of whom our English cousins are rightfully and naturally so proud.

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY
President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Milwaukee-born and world-reared

* * *

THERE may be something in a name, even when it appears on the Civil Service examination lists, or the muster rolls of the army and navy. In the Napoleonic army a young man of outlandish patronymic was listed for promotion. The emperor heard the list of qualifications, and nodded cheerfully after each one, until at last the name of the young soldier was given in full.

"Impossible—impossible to promote a man with such a name—a man so afflicted could never be promoted to a high position."

One of the emperor's habits was to browse among the pages of ancient and modern history, looking for euphonious names. He observed that popular statesmen often had long appellations, whereas military heroes usually had sonorous and dignified names, somewhat short.

In the past century Biblical names have been less popular than they were when it was customary for the parent to close his eyes, open the Bible, and christen the heir of the house by the first name which met his father's eye. On Cape Cod scriptural names are even now often heard, and Eliphalets, Hezekiahs, Joabs, and even Mephibosheths are to be found among the older relatives of the present generation.

Not very long ago a wealthy Washington gentleman had a new valet, whose name was somewhat of a puzzle to him. The initials were V. D. C. Cheney, and his employer wondered at times what Cheney's name could be. One morning he inquired.

"It's like this, sir," replied the valet, who happened to be an Englishman. "My mother dearly loved to read novels when she was young, and some of the names stuck in her memory. One was valet de chambre; she never knew just exactly what it meant, but the French sounded well, and she had me christened that. It fits me—don't you think so, sir?"

* * *

THE plan of President Taft for the reorganization of the government of Alaska is to put it practically on the same basis as the Philippines. This would include a governor appointed by the President, and a com-

Copyright 1909, *Clinedinst*

MISS ALICE BOUTELL

Daughter of Representative Boutell, who will make her debut this season

Photo by Clinedinst

THE NEW WHITE HOUSE OFFICE

The exterior has just been completed. The new section is built on ex-President Roosevelt's tennis ground

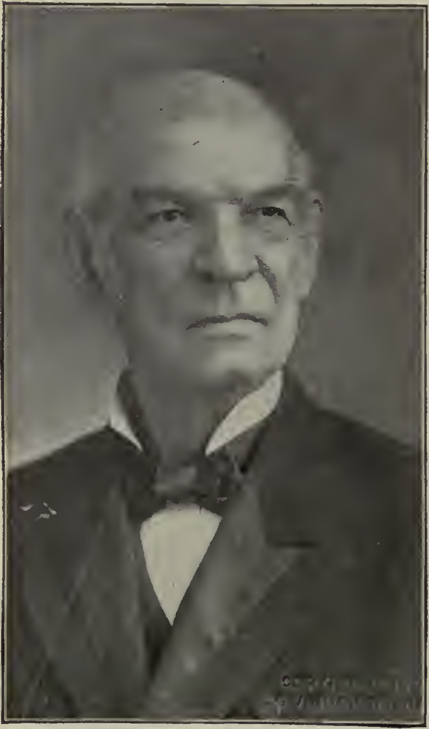


Photo copyright, 1909, *G. V. Buck*

REPRESENTATIVE NEHEMIAH D. SPERRY
Of Connecticut

mission of five also chosen by the chief executive, who would unite in exercising the legislative powers. Both the governor and commission are to be answerable to one of the departments at Washington. The President expressed his belief that conditions are not ripe for regular territorial government in Alaska.

This was the essence of a speech delivered at the Seattle Exposition in the Natural Amphitheatre, where the great crowds were seated tier upon tier, reaching almost as high as the tree tops. That immense concourse of 20,000 hung in silence on the words of the President, and could hear his lowest tone, owing to the peculiar acoustic properties of the place. In front were the Seattle school children, clad in red, white and blue, making a thrilling, living flag, with stars in their caps to represent the stars in the color scheme of the flag.

* * *

A SON of one of the great number of unidentified heroes of the Civil War, whose very graves are unknown, William Ashley Sunday has come into prominence as one of the most successful evangelists of his time. Born on a farm near Ames, Iowa, where the great agricultural college is located, he made a brave struggle to assist his

Photo by Clinedinst

CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON

$12,000,000 was given by Mr. Carnegie to build this magnificent temple, and encourage investigation, research and discovery to the improvement of mankind

widowed mother after the death of the husband and father on a southern battlefield. The mother still remains the inspiration of the great evangelist, whose words move thousands to rally under the cross. He made his way through school by cleaning blackboards, sweeping floors and doing other janitor work, never hesitating to do anything that would help him to obtain an education. He was a locomotive fireman on the Chicago & Northwestern Road, and retains the hearty and affectionate regard of his old railway associates.

An ardent lover of baseball, his career on the diamond was launched on the vacant corner lots, where he gained experience and prowess in the national game, until "Billy" Sunday became widely known as a star player. Captain "Pop" Anson soon secured the young Iowa lad for his famous baseball team, and "Billy" was chosen as one of the party to make the notable trip round the world, but an accident interfered with his going. Known and admired by fans all over the country, he continued to break all records in speed around the bases, and was without a superior as a fielder. While in Chicago on a ball-playing expedition he attended a religious service; the story of

Photo by Clinedinst

W. J. CALHOUN OF CHICAGO

Appointed minister to China by President Taft

"Billy" Sunday's conversion has been told and retold and never fails to interest. He has steadfastly continued his evangelistic work at a meagre salary and has refused various offers of five hundred dollars a month to play ball, because his heart and soul is in the great evangelistic work. True, he speaks brusquely at times, but he always has something to say that goes direct to the hearts of his hearers. He is a great admirer of the work of Mr. Chapman, though the latter handles his audiences in a different manner. "Billy" Sunday knows humankind thoroughly, although it is said that he had a hard time when he tried to pass the examinations necessary to become a Presbyterian minister. If the number of converts count, it may be said that the former baseball champion has more earned runs to his credit than any other living evangelist. The same concentration, the same singleness of purpose is evinced in his evangelistic work as when making his record in baseball. In one town in Iowa, the number of converts brought in by "Billy" Sunday in a single sermon at an afternoon service surpassed all records that have ever been made at a single evangelistic service.

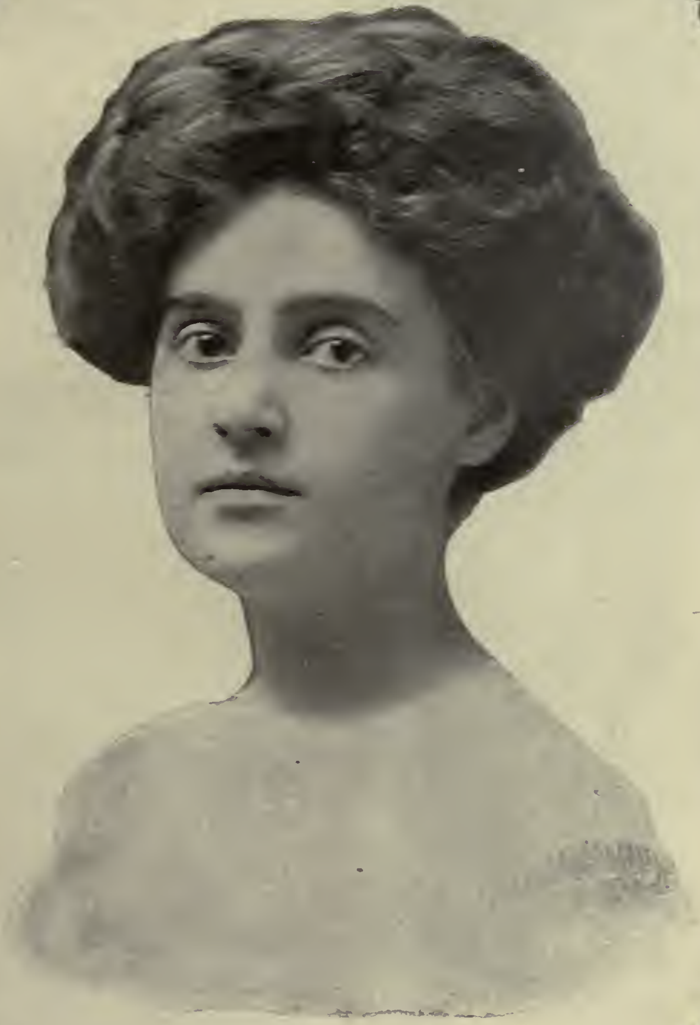
REV. WILLIAM A. SUNDAY
The noted evangelist

* * *

THE new story of how a Congressman really "got the hook" is being diffused through cloak room circles. He was under the spell of Rooseveltian hunting theories, and believed that the one thing lacking to complete his statesmanlike make-up was that he should be a real sportsman. He had never caught a fish, killed a bird, nor taken life in any form—except possibly in the case of a buzzing mosquito or a droning fly. It was a serious blot on his 'scutcheon that he had never brought home trophies of the hunt. An invitation came to join a hunting party, and he accepted it with grateful haste. Excitement rose high at home while packing supplies for the trip. There were things to eat and drink, and, above all, ample supplies of bait and guns. The ambitious sportsman was told just what to get; he merely endorsed the order and sent it to the store to be filled.

Photo by Clinedinst

TWO EASTERN SENATORS
Elkins of West Virginia and Rayner of Maryland going to the opening of Congress December 7



MISS GEORGIA KNOX

Daughter of the Secretary of State. She is considered to be one of the most beautiful women in this country

Photo copyright, Clinedinst

The party was soon ready to sally forth after game in the marshes. Getting into the boat they paddled along in the cool of the morning, watching the sunrise; the embryo sportsman became absorbed in the beauty of the river banks and the sun coming proudly up above the hilltops. Suddenly the nose of the boat twisted around a curve into the midst of what looked like about a million ducks.

Photo copyright, 1909, *Clinedinst*

SENATOR W. MURRAY CRANE

Going to the opening of the second session of the Sixty-first Congress

"Get your ammunition—get your gun ready—now steady," whispered the friend, in a frenzy of excitement.

The statesman came hastily down from the clouds and groped in the bottom of the boat for the right package. He found his gun, and racking his brains for the many instructions as to the proper methods of loading, he fumbled with the package, keeping one eye on the ducks, while his friend was carefully "sighting." At last the paper was opened, the bag inside untied—plainly disclosed to view were twenty-five dozen assorted fish hooks—ferocious-looking hooks!

With a glance more expressive than any words, his sportsman friend indicated that this time for sure the statesman had undoubtedly "got the hook."

Ex-President Roosevelt has one less ardent follower in sportsman ambitions than he had a year ago.

* * *

JINGLE, jingle goes the telephone bell. No quiet seclusion nowadays. Yet there are compensations—watch the profiles of the people through the glass of the public telephone booth, at the railway station. The expressions come and go—you can discern when a man is talking to his wife, and when he is talking to the customer he wishes to propitiate or enthuse, or when the young swain is talking to his Juliet; there is no mistaking that fixed little smile directed at the black trumpet. Everyone who uses a telephone has some peculiarity, some pet word, which comes as naturally to the lips as the familiar "hello." Some men say, "Well, well," others "What is it?" In fact, the telephone is coining new words—"wa'tis't?" for instance.

One afternoon I happened to be in a drug store when a man at my end of the wire was evidently trying to order flowers. Apparently the "hello girls" at the other end had been at a ball and were describing the gowns. The gentleman mumbled words that were not blessings as he listened to the details of "that blue empire," and "the pink directoire," while the "little white China silk" was about the last straw. For the sixth time, in a tone of long-suffering patience, he said:

"Kindly give me the line, if possible.

"What? What line do I want—I have told you six times—oh, what line do I *think* I have? Well, I *thought* it was a telephone, but judging by the conversation, I should say it is a clothes line."

* * *

A HEARTY response to the opinion of President Taft concerning a central bank of issue came from Mr. George M. Reynolds of Chicago, at the meeting of the American Bankers Association. Mr. Reynolds occupies a prominent position in financial circles, and has a strong following among the constructive banking organizations of the country. The President called attention to the fact that the trend of monetary evolution inevitably points to the establishment of a central bank of commerce, which will manage the national reserves and exercise a sort of governmental supervision, enabling it to meet any casual stringency that may occur in the United States. Such an arrangement would also protect legitimate business from dangerous stock and manipulation speculation.

B. F. McMILLAN
Whose novel ideas on the monetary situation have attracted widespread attention

It has been generally agreed that it would be well to make such an adjustment of the monetary issue as would eliminate the Wall Street influence, and preclude all possibility of the monetary supply of the nation being manipulated in any way for political or speculative objects. The whole matter is simply a question of the confidence of the people in themselves and in the tribunals chosen to maintain and wield power, directly in the interests of the people, all the time, rather than allow preparations to stand in abeyance until the panic is on.

Copyright, 1909, *Dana Hall*

G. M. REYNOLDS
President Continental National Bank of Chicago

* * *

AS an ardent advocate of having the next state admitted into the Union named Lincoln, Representative Kinkead of New Jersey has begun his session campaign. He insists that the name of the Great Emancipator ought to be preserved as that of one of the commonwealths that make up the sisterhood of states.

Elected to the Sixty-first Congress by a handsome majority of over five thousand, the Congressman has never failed to look sharply after the interests of his birthplace, Jersey City. He represents a lively constituency in his state, which includes

Hackensack and Passaic, and has done a great deal of work through widening the Hackensack and Passaic Rivers, toward the improvement of Jersey City, Newark, Kearny and Harrison. He has also been actively at work on another bill which permits subordinate posts of the American Veterans of Foreign Service to use the rifles and belts now stored in the arsenals of the United States, provided they give a bond for their safe return.

Photo copyright, 1909, *Clinedinst*

ADMIRAL W. W. KIMBALL

Who is in command of the American forces in Central America

* * *

PLANS for the President's travels during the present year include a trip to Alaska. Now that Walter E. Clark has been inaugurated governor of that wonderful country great progress is anticipated in exploitation. The climate and resources are every day better understood. It is not, perhaps, generally known that the southern coast of Alaska is much milder than the climate of the southern Norwegian coast, and that the habitable area of Alaska is far greater, being over 120,000 square miles. Norway, with its lesser tract of habitable land, has a population of 2,250,000, occupying not over 30,000 square miles. It is prophesied that the territory to the north will some day have two or three million inhabitants and be one of the important portions of the Pacific Coast.

When President Taft has completed his four years' term, none can gainsay the fact that he will be the best-informed and most widely traveled ruler that ever presided over the destinies of the United States. In three continents he has personally studied character by meeting persons in all classes of life and has grappled with great problems under the most varied conditions. His gripsack is always ready to go—and goers count for much in these days.

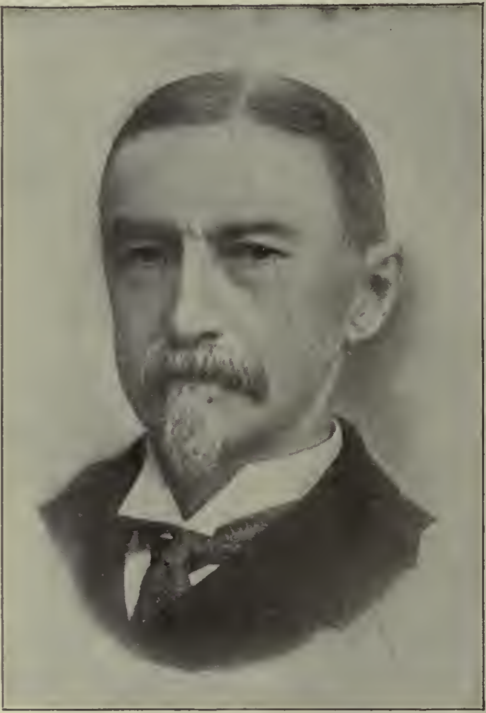
CONGRESSMAN KINKEAD OF NEW JERSEY

FLORENCE SMITH AS "KOKOMO" IN "THE TOP O' TH' WORLD"

THERE are examples of great achievements in the business world that furnish young men an incentive to choose a mercantile career, even though by education they may be fitted for professions.

It would be difficult to take the full measure of such a man as Mr. E. C. Simmons, who is easily the Nestor in the jobbing hardware trade. Mr. Simmons has been over fifty years engaged in business, and most interestingly recounts the developing changes that have occurred and of which he might truthfully say, like pious Aeneas of old, "of these I was a great part."

When Mr. Simmons began at thirteen years of age as an office boy, almost everything in the line of "tools" was imported from England. Files were wrapped, two dozen in a coarse paper package, and packed in casks; hand-saws were also brought from Sheffield; horseshoe nails being all of English make and coming in twenty-five pound bags with points protruding "like quills upon the fretted porcupine." The price was from twenty-five to thirty cents per pound.



E. C. SIMMONS
Founder of the great hardware company which bears his name; President of the Prosperity League of America

Gradually American industries sprang up here and there. File-making was introduced in Providence. In 1868 hand-saws began to be manufactured in Philadelphia. It is indeed almost a history by itself that the hardware trade reveals, as recalled by Mr. Simmons when he grows retrospective.

One of the most notable was the vocation of the traveling salesman now so closely identified with almost all lines of trade. This began with the hardware business; and, besides, they were not salesmen at the start but "collectors." As such they were sent out to collect for the goods already sold, and it was only by gradually taking an "accommodation" order now and then that they passed from collectors to alert, aggressive salesmen.

The development of the National Banks later with their system of checks, drafts and exchanges, quite fully supplied the growing needs for a collection service, and stimulated general distribution of merchandise.

Mr. Simmons has probably employed more first-class salesmen on the road than any other individual or corporation in the world. He has also probably developed and disseminated prosperity among retail merchants more by his trade-marked goods, intelligently advertised, than any other factor in the business. He has seemingly been blessed with prophetic vision, and has perceived the openings for broad avenues of trade through fields while yet pathless.

His company was the first mercantile house to incorporate. He paid his salesmen what they were worth on a profit-sharing basis, and so stimulated them into their fullest endeavors.

It was his house that issued the first complete hardware catalogue which was published in 1880. For eighteen months the work had been pushed on without a precedent or a guide to go by. The first edition cost over $30,000, but the result was worth the cost, for the business during the subsequent twelve months increased over $1,000,000.

That book was the making, also, of the

Photos by
G. V. Buck

MISS MARY DAVIDSON
MISS CLAIRE WRIGHT

MISS KATHARINE CRANE
MISS EDITH SUTHERLAND

retail hardware merchants. The company's present catalogue contains more pages than the International Dictionary, and describes 79,000 separate articles.

It was interesting to hear Mr. Simmons relate the changes and improvements that have attended the growth of the hardware business. Every ten years fully one-third of the whole line becomes obsolete or is superseded by improved designs.

Demands are not simply supplied, they are created; and each new demand created is like a dragon's tooth, in that it causes a want to spring up which can only be supplied by new things and more of them.

Mr. Simmons will need no effigy to perpetuate his memory when Father Time has cut him down. But if a monument be erected, let it be as big as the Vulcan of Birmingham, that typified the growth of the iron industry at the St. Louis Exposition.

Photo by Buck, Washington

MRS. J. B. McCREARY
Wife of the former United States Senator from Kentucky

CURIOUS things come to light sometimes in Washington, indicating the confidence which exists between people in the conduct of the business of this country. A torn linen collar was shown, which had been turned in instead of a check; there was also a piece of lath, and a piece of shingle hanging over the desk of a bank teller as tokens of the peculiarities which occur in the banking business.

"When this piece of lath was presented," said the teller of the bank, "I was startled, but on it was written clearly a check for two hundred and fifty dollars, in the handwriting, and bearing the signature, of the owner of a large sawmill; he was at the plant with his son and they had neither paper nor check book with them, yet the money had to be obtained for the payroll without delay."

* * *

NOW and then the dramatic incidents of the historic campaign of 1884, when James G. Blaine was defeated for the presidency, are recalled. When Mr. Blaine expected to receive a delegation, he was accustomed to ascertain in advance from the spokesman just what was to be said in order that he might make a fitting reply. The late Mr Devine, a newspaper man associated with the New York papers for many years, was usually entrusted with this preliminary work. Mr. Blaine attributed his defeat to the single instance when this rule was not rigidly adhered to during the campaign. This one lapse gave an opening for Dr. Burchard's unfortunate epigram.

In the morning of that day Mr. Devine was obliged to absent himself, in order to attend the funeral of a member of his family. Mr. Blaine was notified that a delegation headed by Dr. Burchard would call on him—the delegation arrived and addresses were duly exchanged. On Mr. Devine's return the first thing he did was to look over the afternoon papers of that day; he was horrified to see the perilous words uttered by Burchard: "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." He hastened to his chief and showed him the account. Mr. Blaine was surprised:

"I did not hear Burchard use those words."

Then he told how he had gone out and met the delegation on the stairway; how the Doctor had made his speech in a sing-song voice, while Blaine was preoccupied thinking what he should say in reply, and failed to observe the alliterative (and for him and his hopes fatal) words, until they were called to his attention by Mr. Devine, after they had been published and spread broad cast on the eve of election.

* * *

THE Post Office Department has been the center of the firing line for the opening month of the session. First there was the question of the $69,000,000 deficiency to be considered, and now comes the protest that this charge ought not to be shouldered on the second-class matter, for it is felt that a thorough investigation as to the use of the frank and the rates paid to the railroad would reveal conditions presenting quite another aspect of affairs. The very fact that private companies are able to furnish this second-class rate in competition with the Post Office indicate that the price paid the railroads for mail carriage must exceed express rates. No department is of so much importance as this in regard to all forms of publicity and in solving the many vexatious problems that have to do with helping out other departments of the government.

One of the recent decisions of the department is that if the words, "Not to be opened until Christmas," appear in ink or pencil on any packages, first-class rates of postage must be paid, while if the words are affixed with a rubber stamp, the package so decorated is permitted to pass through the mails on the lower rates. This seems about as fine a distinction as that between "also" and "likewise," but it proves the efficacy of the rubber stamp, and hints that corporations are given an advantage over private individuals, as business firms are more likely to use rubber stamps than the persons who write letters from the home writing table. Some of the printers of the country have protested against the appropriation by the Post Office Department of the business of printing envelopes, which they regard as their own prerogative. Altogether this department is a tempting center of attack for those who wish to criticise, because it is the one function of the government that comes directly in contact with the people when they "get the mail."

SENATOR WESLEY L. JONES OF WASHINGTON

GOVERNMENT clerks in Washington are allowed so much time every year for vacation and so much for sick leave. The improved health of the capital city has eliminated the sick leave requirements, and of recent years clerks have been somewhat worried as to how they should continue to secure it in view of their robust health. A conversation overheard in one of the corridors throws light on the situation.

"You bet I was up against it last August."

"Thought you had a fine vacation—what was the matter?"

"Vacation was all right—it was before I started. You see I secured medical certificates from two different doctors—the first was an insurance doctor who gave me a clean health bill to obtain a policy. The other doctor was a friend of mine, and he gave me a certificate that would help out on my vacation for extended sick leave."

SENATOR DOLLIVER OF IOWA

"Well, what of it? Lots of us do that. Does your conscience prick you now?"

"Well, I shuffled the two certificates and sent the insurance doctor's assurance of good health to my chief, with a note asking for extended leave; the paper making me out desperately ill, I sent to the insurance company."

"What on earth did you—I see you have not lost your position?"

"Well, I lay awake all of one night worrying. In the morning I had an inspiration—I told the chief the truth."

THE old tradition of regarding every hotel guest arriving with bag or trunk as perfectly solvent is rapidly losing ground at Washington, and respectable-looking luggage is no guarantee nowadays that any reasonable bill for board and lodging will be paid.

Some time ago a guest made some stay at one of the principal hotels, and at first seemed to have an abundant supply of greenbacks. After a while, the only bills in his pocketbook seemed to be for board, which began to run up from week to week; finally the gentleman suddenly disappeared. There was a great deal of talk about his reason for sudden departure, and the landlord consoled himself with the thought that he held his customer's trunk. Time passed; the guest could not be traced by the detective who took up the case.

"He has gone for good, evidently."

"Yes," sighed the landlord.

"Well, don't be discouraged," said one of the clerks. "You can take what is in his trunk to pay his bill. Everything must be there, because he never carried any parcels out."

Alas! like Mother Hubbard's cupboard, the trunk was bare.

"I remember," said the landlord sadly, "that he was forever writing letters, and he no doubt sent off all his effects in the hotel envelopes he so industriously mailed."

* * *

THERE have been a number of diplomatic posts which the President has had difficulty in filling. One disappointed candidate took the situation philosophically, though he considered himself beforehand "just the man" for the position.

When his friends learned that he had been rejected, someone asked:

"How was it that you did not secure the post of ambassador to England?"

"The only logical reason I can present, sir," said the gloomy candidate, "is that I do not speak the language of the country. And yet, think of it, I spent six weeks in England, and every Englishman I met thoroughly understood me when I whispered, 'Come and have one on me!' Talk about the language of the country; after one night at a 'Pub' I was fairly soaked in English accent—'Hs' and 'hall.'"

THE most conspicuous opponent of Senator Aldrich in the tariff struggle was Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa, but despite that senator's wit, eloquence and undisputed talent he found himself outnumbered in the votes which carried the bill through to a brilliant finish. Senator Dolliver is a born orator and seldom writes an address, preferring to deliver it straight from the shoulder in massive periods. He more closely approaches the giant stature of Webster in this respect than any man now on the floor of the Senate. The Iowa boys always remember Jonathan P. Dolliver as a popular speaker, though he insists that his speeches "are written out in the agony of toil, under the heat and glare of the gas jet."

The son of a Methodist minister, Senator Dolliver entered early upon a political career; he had the old-fashioned way of using anecdotes to illustrate his points, which was then considered effective, though he may have changed his style with the times. He is one of the orators who frankly admit that they "like to talk," a taste he thinks he may have inherited from his father and grandfather—the latter a Massachusetts seafaring man, whose cargo of cotton during the war of 1812 was confiscated by General Jackson; if he had his grandson's eloquence it is probable that he made some remarks that would have been worthy of preservation. When preaching on a large circuit in Virginia, and often riding two hundred miles in a week, Mr. Dolliver's father met the lady who became his wife, and that is the reason that the Senator hails from West Virginia and was educated at the State University there.

After his graduation, at the age of seventeen, the young man decided to migrate to Illinois. He tells thus of this first Western visit:

"Standing in the railway station of Columbus, Ohio, a policeman tapped me on the shoulder, and with a warning glance said:

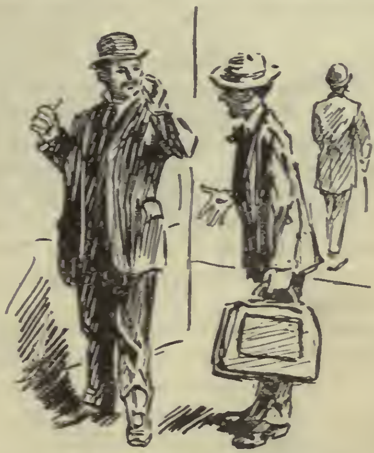
"'You have just been talking, my boy, with one of the most dangerous pickpockets in the United States.'

"'One of the most dangerous pickpockets in the United States has been talking to a country boy who has not a red cent to his name,' was my reply."

* * *

A curious West Virginia law case, in which a father sued a university for the expulsion of his son, turned Mr. Dolliver's attention to the study of law, which he later took up as a profession. After the financial panic of 1873, he and his brother Robert decided to pool their money and go West in search of a law practice. After some study of geography, in the pages of a borrowed atlas, the state of Iowa was chosen because it held the commanding position between the Mississippi and the Missouri, and the city of Fort Dodge became their home because it stood near the centre of the State.

Determined to succeed, the brothers economized by using the law office as kitchen, lodging and place of business; at times they worked on the public streets for $1.50 a day when law fees were entirely too slender. When young Jonathan was elected Corporation Counsel at two hundred dollars per year, it was thought that his career was fairly started. In the meantime he had made a great reputation all over Iowa as a Fourth of July and Decoration Day speaker. At the age of twenty-six he was chosen temporary chairman of the Republican Committee of Des Moines.



Senator Dolliver met his first pickpocket

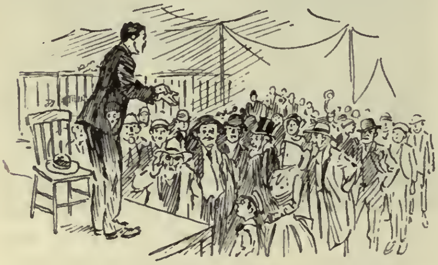
* * *

The young man was called to New York by the Hon. James G. Blaine and met with great success as a campaign orator throughout the Eastern states. Nominated for Congress in 1888, he served six terms, was elected to the United States Senate, and last year rounded out twenty years of continuous service in the National Congress.

In his campaign of 1896 Senator Dolliver used a circus tent and made a special feature of answering all questions personally addressed to him by his constituents; he increased his majority at this time from five thousand to twenty thousand. In 1900 he was presented for vice-president, at the suggestion of "Uncle Mark" Hanna, who wished to use his name to control the situation at the time Theodore Roosevelt was nominated. He was picked out by the administration leaders as their candidate in 1908, and undoubtedly could have secured the nomination had he desired to give up his promising and brilliant career in the Senate.

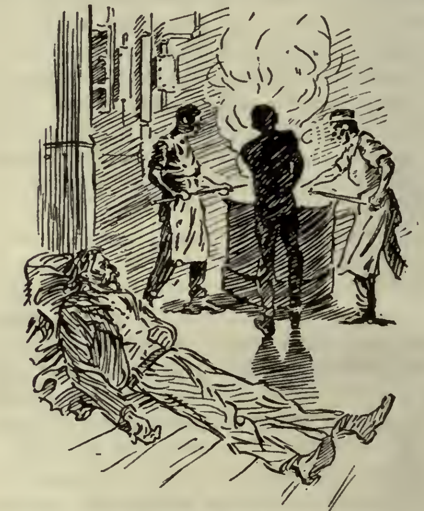
The Senator has a way of biting his words off short, suggesting an explosive, forceful, staccato movement. He has a thick growth of black hair and dancing black eyes, and wears a heavy moustache; although a tall man, he stoops slightly, but when uttering his impassioned periods, assumes a leonine air, and rises to his full height; then his listeners know that something special is coming. He has spoken in the Old South Church, Boston, and is very popular with all kinds of audiences, having spoken in almost every state and territory of the Union.

One of the many young men whom Senator Allison took delight in helping, Senator Dolliver was once accused of being merely a "crutch" to the Grand Old Man of Iowa; in his reply he paid a touching tribute to the declining years of his senior, telling of his father's crutch in his own home, which the children of the household considered it an honor to be allowed to bring forward for use. The speaker pleaded guilty to the fact that he, too, considered it an honor to be even a crutch standing in a corner, provided he awaited the need of such a man as Senator Allison. He regarded it as a proud distinction to aid, even in so small a matter, the career of his distinguished colleague in the Senate. His homely illustration and generous tribute to noble and honored age turned the tide against Senator Allison's opponents and reached the great-heartedness of Iowa's famous senator.


Young Dolliver makes his debut in a circus tent

* * *

EVERY inventor in bygone days protected himself as best he could; one of the elder clerks of the patent office remarked that this fact accounted for the fewness of women inventors in those days. The only way to preserve a patent was to keep it absolutely secret, and these mysteries of processes and invention were the dearest possessions of families, guilds and corporations. Employes were sworn to keep the secrets which tempted the cupidity of competitors and had to be carefully watched over.


Inventor discovers the secret process

No secret has been more jealously guarded than that of making Venetian glass. When Paoli wandered northward and stopped in Normandy it was believed that he had betrayed the great secret, and the dagger of a Venetian brave ended the life of the supposed traitor.

The secret of making cast steel was discovered by a watchmaker. No one was admitted to the factory where the process was utilized except workers who were sworn never to betray the secret; the vows were rigid and the penalty for breaking them most severe. One bitter night a man dressed as a farm laborer came to the door of the factory, apparently exhausted by his tramp through the inclement weather and heavy snow. The foreman thought he was overcome by the cold; he seemed perfectly helpless and was brought in and allowed to drop before the fires, apparently in a stupor.

The man who had succumbed to the cold lay on the floor wide-eyed in the shadows; he saw the workmen cut the bars; he saw the cut pieces placed in the crucible; he saw the blowpipes at work raising the heat to the highest possible degree; he saw the steel melted, the crucibles withdrawn and their contents cast into moulds; with his knowledge of iron and steel making, he unravelled the mysterious process. Then the stranger revived and profuse in his thanks escaped with the secret of steel making and gave it to the world.

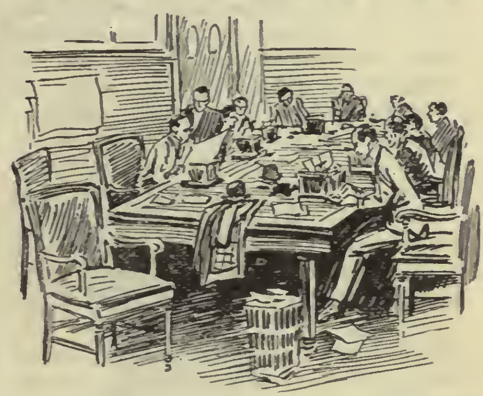
* * *

THE manner of gathering news at Washington has greatly changed since early days. In the White House office is a "press room," wherein the representatives of the local papers have typewriters and telephones, and dash out to catch the wayfaring legislator as he passes out from the President's room. At a certain hour they informally call on Secretary Carpenter and obtain information over the desk as to what is going to be done. These are not official statements from the President, but editors all over the world are free to draw deductions as to whether or not the statement is given out with authority.

All other departments are visited at certain hours for information; the boys file in, hat in hand, with scarcely a note book among them, and obtain material in a few minutes for thousands of words sent out all over the country. Little attention is paid now to debates in either house, as compared with former years. There is always someone watching in the press gallery and anything spectacular or interesting is quickly described and put upon the wires. Language counts for much in a statement. The purpose of the United States to take Porto Rico was made known in a very plain and ordinary dispatch, but when printed was embellished with elegant phrases that gave it the dignity characteristic of an official proclamation.

New appointments for office are given out in a most unconventional way, but it is seldom that the newspaper boys are not posted on what is coming; they make official calls and confirm the news gathered in those mysterious ways which none but newspaper circles can fathom.

Typewriters stand always ready at the White House reporter's quarters to grind out finished copy from scrappy shorthand; routine information is freely interchanged, but when a choice bit of exclusive news is obtained, the lucky correspondent is not anxious to converse, and his comrades soon suspect that he "has a scoop," not so common an occurrence as it was before the presidential daily routine was systematically established.



Reporters busy in getting "30" on the hook

* * *

ONE cannot travel far in the State of Washington today without realizing the popularity of Senator Wesley L. Jones, not only in North Yakima, his home, but throughout the state. His popularity is founded upon innate worth and years of conscientious work for those people whose representative he is. Like many other prominent men in the United States he has won his position at the front not by any fortuitous set of circumstances but by hard work and perseverance—aided in no small degree, as he himself says, by the cheerful help and self-denial of his wife.

Mr. Jones is a product of the soil, having been born near Bethany, Illinois, in the early sixties, three days after the death of his father, a soldier in the Forty-first Illinois Volunteer Infantry. As the boy grew up, he aided his mother in the support of the family in every possible way, hiring out to do farm work when but ten years of age. Until he was sixteen, he went to winter school and worked during the summer months, subsequently "teaching" his way through the Southern Illinois College. Acquiring a teacher's certificate, he taught school two winters and in summer vacations worked as a harvester. He obtained a legal education in Chicago by studying during the winter and working on the farm of "Long John" Wentworth just outside of that city during the summer. For two years after he was admitted to the bar in 1886 he continued to teach school, and then he set out for the Territory of Washington, arriving there April 1, 1889, a stranger in a strange land. He cheerfully went to work in a real estate office at a salary of fifty dollars a month, and in the following year he began the practice of law with a local firm of attorneys.

* * *

Well known as a political speaker, Senator Jones "had something to say" in every political campaign since 1884. He served continuously as representative-at-large from the Fifty-sixth to the Sixtieth Congress, and his nominations were given each time by acclamation. Having a broad conception of the rights of all, he stands today with no enemies and with as many friends as any man in the United States Senate.

Senator Wesley L. Jones in the good old school days

In the winter of 1908 he became a candidate for nomination as United States Senator, and after a personal campaign of the state he had the unique distinction of being the first man in his state to be nominated for the Senate by the direct vote of the people, this nomination for senator being the initial trial of the direct primary law which had been enacted by the preceding Legislature, and which made it possible for a poor man to go before the people of his state, without money and without price, and accomplish that which heretofore had seemed to be a heritage only of the rich. Last January he was elected to the United States Senate by a unanimous Republican vote, and his term of service expires March 3, 1915.

* * *

HER generous contributions to the Nava Y. M. C. A. have made Miss Helen Gould a personage of great interest to the "jackies," and her name is a familiar one in the United States Navy Yards. One afternoon at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, it was remarked there that Miss Gould was attending the services.

Helen Gould, the idol of the naval Jackies

"Say, is it true that Miss Gould is here?"

"Sure," was the reply.

"D'ye spot anybody that looks like her?"

"Shut up, don't talk so loud. See that little woman over there with a black hat and a fur around her neck?"

"Git out—that ain't Miss Gould. She'd never be dressed as plain as that," they said, looking at the lady wearing a plain black coat and fur. "She's got too many dimes to need economy."

"She's spending her dimes for the good of such roustabouts as you and I."

"Ain't she a beaut? Wish we could talk to her and tell her she's the real stuff."

They approached the vicinity of the black hat, with its bow of plain black velvet. By the time the two navy boys got up to her their courage began to fail, but Miss Gould came forward quickly and gave them a hearty greeting. Later she visited the "den" in the Y. M. C. A. Building where sandwiches were served; her interest in the work being done for the navy boys is deeply and affectionately appreciated, and they felt especially honored by this opportunity to become acquainted with Miss Gould.

* * *

IF you happen to have a penny in your pocket, look and see if it is one of the new issue bearing the impress of the head of Abraham Lincoln instead of the conventional Indian. The change is looked upon as peculiarly apropos. Lincoln probably had a more intimate acquaintance with pennies than with dollars, and it is especially suitable that his portrait should appear on the copper coinage so often in the hands of the plain people whom he loved. With George Washington represented on our two-cent stamps and Lincoln on pennies, we are beginning to travel in the right direction, and to apotheosize our own great men rather than conventional heroes of the misty past. It is appropriate that the memory of these two great men, the father and the saviour of the Republic, should be constantly brought before the minds of the people in their everyday life through the medium of stamps and pennies.

* * *

AT the beginning of the social season, Senator Kean of New Jersey "broke out" with a very apropos new story concerning the attractive daughters of a New Jersey millionaire and a sprig of nobility from across the water.

The gentleman had been entertained at the hospitable New Jersey home, and on the last night of his visit a ball was given. He invited the second daughter of the house to "sit out" a dance with him, and during "the witching hour" in the greenhouse he offered, in most poetic terms, his hand and heart for her acceptance. The young lady either was not attracted by the prospect of a lifelong companionship with his lordship, or had found someone more to her mind, for she spurned his offer. He sighed heavily and said:

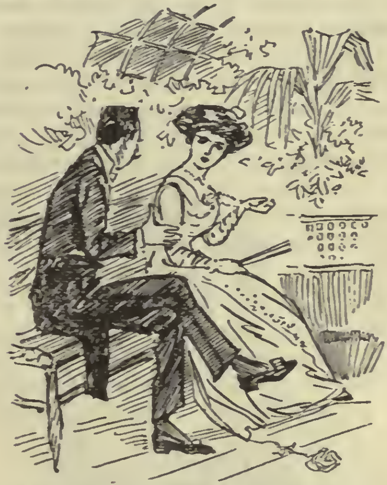
"My dear young lady, I have bared to you the most sacred feelings of my inmost soul. May I ask that you will never reveal a word of what has been said between us tonight?"

"I am not a gossip, sir."

"But promise me, oh, promise me, not to let the curious and idle world know what has passed between us at this witching hour."

"Certainly I will promise, but why are you so persistent? It is not a thing I should care to repeat."

"Should you divulge it," said the ardent youth, "it would be fatal to all hope of future happiness for me; but now," he breathed a sigh of relief, "I shall find an opportunity to propose to your older sister before I leave the country."



The lord proposes—but the American girl disposes

* * *

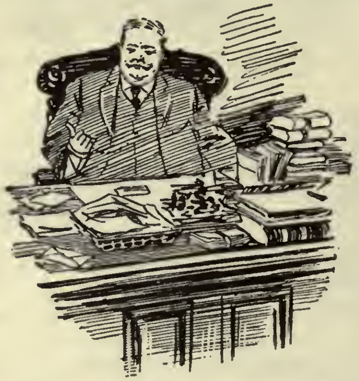
TALK about the complications of life—Uncle Sam has his troubles. Interesting facts are gleaned from the blue book of 1909, which has just been issued by the Census Department. The number of federal workers on the government payroll is now rapidly approaching 400,000, which represents a twenty per cent. increase in about two years.

The Treasury Department leads with an enrollment of almost 7,000 persons, and Secretary MacVeagh has the largest payroll of any cabinet official. Over $31,000,000 are paid to 28,000 persons in Washington, averaging a little over $1,000 each. This will be increased during the coming year by the 3,000 people to be added to the Census

Department, which will soon evaporate the additional appropriation of $5,000,000. All other states and territories take a back seat in the rear of the national Capitol when it comes to the enjoyment of Uncle Sam's payroll, when compared to the District of Columbia. Residents of this area receive over $7,000,000 of the budget; New York follows with a compensation for governmental service aggregating a little over $3,000,000. Arizona is the most modest in the sisterhood of states in regard to the money received, as her officials only receive a total of $25,000. Strange to say, the executive department of the government does not stand high, on the payroll or in regard to the number of persons employed; only forty-three persons all told are engaged in attending to the business and personal affairs of the President of the United States, and the executive department of the "greatest nation on earth" as Barnum would say it.

* * *

THE ease and deliberation with which President Taft dispatches work has always created remark. A visitor commented on this recently to the President, adding that no matter how perplexing the problems, or how aggravating the situations, his friends and the people have faith in his ability to bring things out all right. The chief executive glanced at the desk strewn with all manner of propositions, from entanglements pertaining to census work to the appointment of an ambassador or a stray postmaster.



Once in a while the President stops work

"Time," he said, "sometimes effects cures for which physicians are given credit, and it occasionally happens that things are best settled by being simply let alone until the situation changes in the natural march of events."

With that he swept the papers on his desk into a drawer and said:

"Now for a game of golf. In other words, instead of trying to forestall and force decisions, I believe in often allowing time to do the work; I have sometimes been given credit for settling matters which in fact righted themselves. Results are not always secured by trying to force conclusions."

* * *

WITH the development of aeroplanes, the installation of the eighteen-hour express train between New York and Chicago, and the added ease and speed of traveling all over the country, our grandfathers would see startling innovations if they could return for even a momentary peep at the old world that they knew. A trip across the continent is talked of with less interest than was excited by a journey to the county seat in days gone by. Nor do these changes apply to business men only. The farmer no longer spends an entire dreary winter on his farm, but enjoys a few weeks' change of scene, returning invigorated and with expanded ideas on farming. In even the most remote villages, here and there is a resident who has been "off for a trip to Europe" or elsewhere, and has just returned with all the latest news and fashions. A little jaunt to Africa or the Philippines is considered nothing very extraordinary.

The increased intermingling of the people of the whole world through travel recalls a remark I noted in one of Secretary Hay's latest speeches at the Ohio banquet in New York. He pictured the modern American tracing his ancestry and claiming kinship with some especial state or city, saying in the course of his speech:

"I was born in a small town in Indiana; I was reared in Illinois, educated in Rhode Island, learned my law in Springfield, Illinois, my politics in Washington, and diplomacy in Europe, Asia and Africa; I have a farm in New Hampshire and desk room in the District of Columbia.

"When I look to the springs from which my blood was drawn, I find that my first ancestors were Scotch and half English on one side, and on the other were descended from Germans who were half French. My own father was from the West and my mother from the South. With such facts in mind, I can only assume an aspect of deep humility in any gathering of the favored sons of any state, and confess that I am nothing—nothing but an American."

* *

SOME enterprising statistician has figured out that the American people use up the enormous total of seven hundred billion matches a year. It is our one best guess that matches lead pins in the race for popularity, unless we include hairpins—big and little. But what a boardwalk the 225,000,000 feet of pine boards used annually for matches would build!

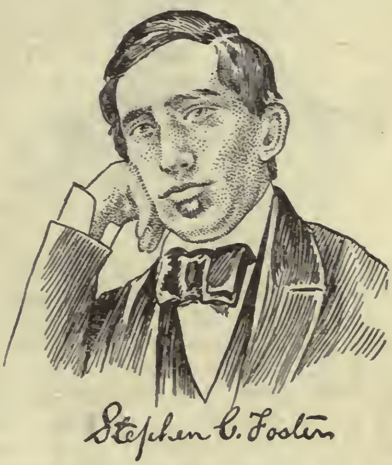
A match for any match—looking for a match

At this rate a shortage in the wood supply will soon oblige smokers to be more economical in the use of matches or else to resort to the wax variety. The supply of sulphur is thought to be adequate for the entire human race—smokers included.

* * *

A GROUP of Senators had gathered in the committee room. It had been a hard day in which there had been incessant study of schedules, interspersed with wrangles over technical points, that had been wearisome. In the midst of the silence and gloom, someone started to hum an old song, half forgotten by many present. Then others began to sing or whistle familiar airs, and tell incidents of interest and moment connected with those songs that had been turning points in their own lives. Finally it was agreed among the small body of Senators that, after a summary was made of the songs of the country, two names stood out prominently in American music—John Howard Payne, whose remains were brought back to Washington from foreign soil by a grateful republic, and Stephen C. Foster. The many melodies connected with those two names will live long in the hearts of the people. It was suggested that the remains of Stephen C. Foster ought also to be brought to Washington and rest beside those of John Howard Payne in Oakhill Cemetery.

It is a singular thing that the immortal song, "Home, Sweet Home," should have been written by an American, and yet was sung first on foreign soil in 1823. It was Jenny Lind who immortalized this song in Washington. The law-makers of the nation stood there in the twilight and paid a tribute to these two great song-writers which was certainly indicative of the power of music over the human heart.

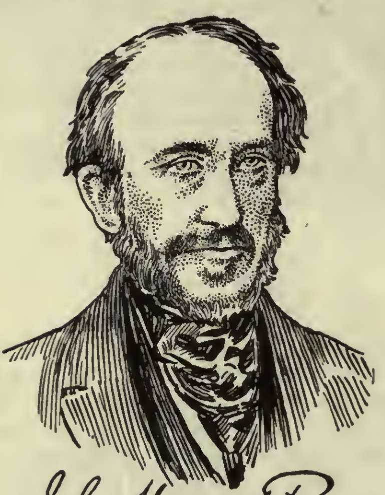


Courtesy Swift & Co., Chicago

It was agreed that the songs of Stephen C. Foster, the Pennsylvania balladist, which have been translated into every language under heaven, and have touched the hearts of human beings of every race and clime, have immortalized their writer. The Senators agreed that this sweet minstrel of the United States ought to have a monument such as would be worthy of one who had left so deep an impress upon the world's heart history.

Especially significant in these days is the increasing love of old songs—nothing is more popular, as is evidenced in the sale of calendars and books giving a history of the song-writers, or excerpts of their verses, or the words and music entire. When people cheerfully pay their money for these things, prosaic as it may seem, it is proof positive that the songs are enshrined in the heart of the nation, and have become a potential force in national life.

As the party broke up, it was easy to determine at just what age each one of the distinguished legislators had been "a love-sick swain," for each one was humming the special song that had charmed his heart in those bright days. Before they parted they made a final effort to sing one song all together. While the rendition might not have passed the judgment of the musical critics, for there were some undertones and overtones, to say nothing of discords, yet it was an inspiration to hear the United States Senators singing together the songs of John Howard Payne and Stephen C. Foster, two balladists who have won an enduring place not only in the United States, but the world over, because they have appealed to the heart of humanity.



John Howard Payne

Courtesy Swift & Co., Chicago

* * *

REFRESHMENTS are to be served at the White House receptions hereafter. This will somewhat restrict the list of guests and will also reduce the hours for receiving to thirty minutes, but it really does seem as though it will give a different flavor to the White House receptions that will be refreshing after the long seasons of stiff "walk-arounds," at which the guests stood in line, solemnly shook hands and as solemnly took up the line of march and then departed. A little coffee, a sandwich, a morsel of cake, will add to the sociability, so the ladies insist. When one sees the stately ambassador bowing to the ladies over a teacup, it somehow dispels the fearful, official aspect of a great diplomat, and recalls the story of Dr. Johnson, who, before all else, insisted on English that was absolutely faultless. A lady of fashion once said to him: "Won't you join me this afternoon in a cup of tea, doctor?"

"Madam," replied he, in stately fashion, "I would with great pleasure, but I fear that for a lady of your proportions, and a man of mine, the quarters would be too small."

The average number of guests at receptions at the White House in years past has been nearly two thousand, but now it will be essential to make the number somewhat less, for even the most accomplished hostess would hesitate at entertaining so many. Mrs. Taft has not a social secretary, but is assisted in her social labors by her old friend, Miss Mabel T. Boardman, who is prominently associated with the Red Cross work, and has long been an intimate friend of the President's family.

* * *

IT was James McNeill Whistler who remarked that America will never be thoroughly civilized until the tariff on works of art is abolished. Such remarks cause truly patriotic persons to look about them in search of home talent on whose works there can be no embargo in the way of tariff and duty. Among others whose work is attracting attention, Miss Mary Cassatt, of Philadelphia, has become one of the famous painters of the United States. She has expressed herself very clearly on the subject of the tariff on works of art, and tells how the Custom House by classifying bas-relievos as "quarried marble" subjects them to a fifty per cent. duty. Miss Cassatt expresses herself as forcibly in words as in painting.

"If anything should be free, it is the visible expression of beautiful ideas. It is absurd to put a duty on pictures or statuary. It is impossible to set a value on them; nothing is so subject to a rise and fall in popularity as canvas. Works of art ought to be allowed to enter the country without dispute."

WASTE IN AMERICAN ROADS

By ROBERT J. THOMPSON

American Consul at Hanover, Germany

ONE of the most eminent bankers and students of economics in America remarked to the writer, during the depressed period of 1893 and 1894, that the cause of hard times in our country could be logically attributed to but one thing and that was the wastefulness of the American people.

"If the American people would exercise the personal economies of the French and Germans, with our natural resources, want and hard times, so called, would never occur."

I feel this a proper preface, although seemingly far-fetched, to the following observations and suggestions which I wish to make in regard to the public roads and highways of America and Germany.

There is enough land, arable and capable of producing crops, in a half dozen of the northern middle states, set aside by law for road purposes and actually wasted, to amount in value (if returned to the farmer), to over one hundred million dollars; this on the present basis of land values which is calculated according to the annual profits in crops of the land per acre. Wasted does not really express the condition. It is more than wasted, for, above all, the generous width of roadways in America is, in my judgment, one of the prime causes of the intolerable, indifferent and primitive condition of those highways.

I do not know that Germany is more noted for the excellence of its roads than any other of several European countries, but it would not be an extravagant statement to say that I have never seen in Illinois, Iowa or any other Western state, a country road as good as the poorest to be found here. And while this is due principally to the scientific building and maintenance of public roads in Europe, it is perhaps likewise attributable in equal degree to the restriction of their highways to a reasonable and workable width.

Here in Germany are roads over which perhaps a hundred times more traffic passes than over similar roads in America, and which have been used for a thousand or fifteen hundred years by vast armies from the days of the Roman Empire and the Germanic tribes and nations down to the present, where troops are manoeuvred over them rapidly and in large numbers. These roads range from twenty to thirty feet in width, while out in Iowa or Minnesota or Ohio, where the traffic is comparatively very light, we take land of an average value of one hundred dollars per acre and cut it up with roadways sixty-six feet in width, practically two-thirds of the same being given over to weeds, which furnish an inexhaustible supply of seeds for the adjoining farm-lands forever.

The farmer in Germany who has conquered the weeds on his ground need have no thought of their being started again from uncultivated or uncared-for land along the roadways. There are no weeds, no mud or chuck-holes, no sand stretches in the roads here. Looking into the valleys from one of the thousands of lookout towers which have been placed on the summit of nearly every high elevation of land or mountain in Germany, the roads lie before one's view like bright white ribbons running past squares of green or brown fields, along the verges of cultivated woods, and binding Dorf to Dorf—village to village—in an unending garland of inspiring beauty and practical utility, in solution of the first and most important problem of human economy and evolution—that of transportation.

It is not an infrequent sight, when traveling by railroad, through the more level stretches of country in Germany, France or Holland to see an automobile flying over some main highway running parallel with the railroad, keeping easy pace with your train for miles, it being necessary generally only to slacken speed when passing the larger villages or cities and never on account of poor roads.

The good roads question for America seems almost hopeless when considered with such pictures before the eye. But I believe that one of the simplest and most practical measures that could be taken for the betterment of our roads would be to reduce their width to from one-third to one-half of what they now are. Work could then be concentrated on the roadways and drains, the waste land returned to the farmers or abutting property owners and by these perfectly natural economies make both the building and maintenance of the roads a much simpler and less expensive proposition.

No road can be called really good if it is bordered with weeds or mud, and to care for and keep up a road from sixty to seventy feet in width, not to mention the loss of land, means, in the long run, nearly double the expense of a thirty or thirty-five foot road. Here is offered a possible twofold economy and such an economy as has been exercised in Europe from the earliest times up to the present.

The Prussian law specifically states that unnecessary width of roads shall be avoided on account of the cost of land, and the greater expense of construction and maintenance. The standard width of public roads in Prussia, divided into driveway, foot and bicycle sections is as follows: (Meter, 39.37 inches).

	DRIVEWAY	FOOT	BICYCLE
First Class	8.5 meters	3.5 meters	2.5 meters
Second Class	8 "	3.5 "	2.5 "
Third Class	7.5 "	3.5 "	2 "
Fourth Class	6 "		2 "

The above figures are minimum divisions.

The driveways of the public roads (chaussees) of the first, second and third classes are built of stone; the driveway of the fourth class chaussee may be of dirt.

It will be seen from the foregoing table that the average width of the chaussee or highway of the first class in Prussia is approximately thirty feet, and this width has been found to be ample for all purposes for the past thousand years or more.

In the United States, public highways in the states given below may be conservatively estimated as follows: (Data for Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan furnished by state authorities.)

Minnesota	80,000	Miles
Wisconsin	60,000	"
Michigan	60,000	"
Iowa	70,000	"
Kansas	70,000	"
Nebraska	50,000	"
Missouri	80,000	"
Illinois	80,000	"
Indiana	70,000	"
Ohio	80,000	"
Total	700,000	"

Reducing the width of these public highways, which now average sixty-six feet by thirty feet—leaving them still eight feet wider than the highways of Prussia—would give back to the farmers of those states for cultivation two and one-half million acres of generally tillable land, which, at an average valuation of one hundred dollars per acre, would mean the restoration to the producing values of the states named of two hundred and fifty million dollars. This sum has an annual interest value of twelve and one-half million dollars, an amount which with great advantage might be recovered and if applied to the proper scientific construction of roads in the United States would in a few years give us the most extensive and finest country road system that the world has ever known.

LET US SMILE

From the Book "Heart Throbs"

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile,
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow-men
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again,
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

The Scene Shifters

by Florence Miriam Chapin

THE physician pushed open the door of the waiting room and looked in curiously.

"What in the world—why, Miss Sumner?"

The girl at the desk looked up in confusion. "Oh! it's you, Dr. Byrd, come in."

"Have you any idea what time it is?"

"One o'clock. The cathedral bell just struck," she answered, averting her eyes and playing with the paper before her, as she waited his reprimand.

"What time do you go on duty?"

"Seven."

"Expect to be fit?"

"I never have been late."

"Then this isn't a first offense?"

She shook her head. "Oh, no!"

"I never found you here before."

"I never have been here. There wasn't any ink upstairs, so I came down for some, and—well, it was quiet here, and I thought I was safe, so I stayed."

"Ink!" He came nearer and saw the scattered manuscript on the desk. "So that's it—clerical work?"

"No." The girl collected the sheets and dried her pen. "No, it is a story."

The physician looked at her quietly without speaking, then leaned over and touched the manuscript. "May I read it?" he asked unexpectedly.

"Yes, if you like." Her fingers yielded the copy to him, and she rose listlessly and crossed to the window. The man noticed the weariness in her attitude before his eyes dropped to the manuscript.

It was long before he ceased reading, but the nurse kept her stand by the window. The wind moved the folds of her gown now and then, and lifted the dark hair from her forehead, blowing it back in little soft waves against the crisp muslin cap, but the slender figure stood motionless. The pungent odor of damp earth and geranium leaf came up to her out of the darkness. In the daytime she hated those scarlet geraniums for the discordant flame of color they flaunted against the dull brick of the hospital building, but they were indistinct and sombre now, and she accepted their odor gratefully.

She seemed to know instinctively when he finished reading, and turned to find his eyes upon her.

"Why are you here?"

"Learning to be a nurse," she answered, wondering at his tone.

"What for?" he persisted.

"It is too late to go through the whole catechism, Dr. Byrd," she reminded him.

"There isn't really a place for you here."

She looked startled. "But I thought—you mean I am not giving satisfaction?"

"There are so many who can do just as well."

She nodded. "Oh! I know I can only be just ordinary; never the skilled nurse who rivals her physician, but—" His look baffled her, and she waited.

"Look here!" he cried, springing up. "Don't you know what you're doing? Why, this stuff, here," shaking the manuscript, "is gold—pure gold. You have no right to be wasting your time in a field already overcrowded, when you've a whole world of your own waiting for you."

Her surprise held her silent. "Why, Dr. Byrd—"

"You're wornout, too. Where's your enthusiasm? Most folks would be light-headed if they could turn out a night's work like that."

"I really believe you are in earnest," she finally said.

"Why, girl, you know it is true. What possesses you to stay here?"

She shrugged her shoulders deprecatingly. "One must live."

"But stuff like this pays!"

"I have failed to make it."

"Then you've tried?"

"Oh, yes! I gave up because the postage was ruining me." She laughed. "I couldn't afford the luxury of being an author."

"Well, I know someone I'd like to have see this, anyway. If I write a note to him, will you deliver it in person and show him the story?"

"Today?"

"Yes. I will get you a substitute, and you take a day off to enjoy your discarded luxury."

"Turning missionary, Dr. Byrd?"

The physician smiled into her upturned face. "No, only trying to play the scene shifter for a little. You are so obviously the square peg in a round hole."

"But there aren't holes enough for all the square pegs!"

"There are for some of them, though. I'm not trying to right the world—only a very small part of it,—not more than five and a quarter feet," he added, surveying her slight figure.

"Five feet, five inches and a quarter, sir!" she exclaimed, dropping him a mocking courtesy. Her weariness had fallen from her like a cloak, and her winsome face showed flushed and vivacious in the light.

"The correction was timely," Byrd ruefully admitted. "It makes my task more formidable by two inches and a quarter, but I guess I'll chance it. I was always good in fractions."

She laughed. "The zeal of the true reformer burns within you, that is clear, and I feel honored to be the first victim. But if we keep such unearthly hours, the whole hospital will see the need of striving for our reformation," she reminded him, moving toward the door.

"Your pardon. The hour and the place had quite escaped my thoughts. Go get your forty winks and come down about eleven. I'll have the note ready for you, then. Perhaps I'd better keep the manuscript. You are such a doubting Thomas, you might make way with it before my plans had a chance to mature."

The nurse laughed, but made no offer to take the story from him. "By the way," she challenged from the threshold. "You questioned my ability to burn the candle at both ends and still show up on duty. What about the disobedience of the superior?"

"If you had struggled for five hours on 'Dietaries,' wouldn't you want a little respite before turning in?"

Beulah made a wry face. "Sounds like it," she agreed and disappeared.

When she presented herself an hour before noon in Byrd's office, faultlessly attired for the street, the physician looked at her approvingly.

"The uniform is not unbecoming, but I like you vastly better thus," he declared frankly.

"There is a personal trend to that remark that is slightly annoying," she objected deliberately.

"Fussiness is the direct result of late hours," the doctor pronounced significantly.

She laughed gayly. "The evidence is against us both—I'll not appeal. Where is the note?"

He handed her the manuscript typewritten. She looked at it in dismay. "Why, Dr. Byrd!"

"Oh, that! Things were quiet round here, this morning. I found someone to do it without a murmur."

"You did it yourself," she accused quickly.

"Wrong! Love of truth compels me to deny the charge. Here is the letter, and good luck go with it. Make the most of your holiday—it is just the day for it. Jove!" he added, turning to the window, "I wish I could go with you."

"Do you get tired of it, too?" she asked incredulously. "I never supposed you doctors—"

"One gets tired of everything at times," he answered. "You will find that even the glory of a second George Eliot palls now and then."

As she went through the corridor, the sickish sweetness of ether fumes assailed her, but she quickened her steps and was soon beyond the hospital gate.

It was a brilliant day. May, at her highest perfection, was giving place to June, and there was a vernal freshness everywhere. Beulah took keen delight in it all. The novelty of being out in the open, carefree and unchallenged, in what was always the busiest time of the day at the hospital, keyed her enjoyment to a high pitch. The soft wind, heavy with the scent of blossoming shrubs, fanned a faint rose-pink into her cheeks, and her clear eyes, reflecting an inward light, shone from beneath their heavy lashes with an unusual brilliance. She seemed the very embodiment of youth and the spring time; she was a child, but with a woman's fuller appreciation.

Once a small boy, likely some hapless truant, recognizing a comrade spirit, offered her a spray of lilac. She tucked the white flower into her belt, and with a sunny smile, passed on, but more slowly, lengthening her walk with the same instinct that causes a child to lag over the last few rods to the schoolhouse.

On the Common she stopped, a most undignified nurse, to watch the antics of the small urchins gathered around the Frog Pond, and it was not until her neglected manuscript slipped from under her arm that she recalled her errand.

With a backward glance she hurried on and reached the publishing house quite out of breath. There was the usual wait, then she was shown to the editor's room. By this time her enthusiasm was febrile, though she stemmed it bravely while the note was being read.

"Well, he seems to think you have something pretty good here," vouchsafed the editor, looking up at last. "And Byrd's opinion is generally worth something. Is that the story?"

Beulah nodded, handing him the packet. "Shall I wait?"

"Oh, yes," agreed the editor. "I want to see what kind of a critic the doctor makes. I haven't seen him for an age," he went on, unfolding the manuscript. "What a lively lad he used to be! Led off in all the college pranks; best company I ever knew. His wife's death sobered him a good deal, though."

"His wife!" The exclamation was involuntary, and Beulah bit her lip in vexation at herself.

"Yes, before he left college—five—six years ago. She died before the honeymoon was over."

The editor's eyes fell to the story, and there was silence in the little room.

The girl, oblivious of her surroundings, sat plunged in thought. She forgot how pregnant the hour was for her; how much of her future depended on the effect of her work upon the man. The personal was swept aside, and she was viewing Byrd in the new light this sudden revelation threw upon him.

"Any more like this?" The editor's voice penetrated her reverie.

"Oh, yes. The supply far exceeds the demand."

"Well, send them in. I can't make any promises, but I'll look them through." He handed her a slip. "This manuscript I'll keep, if that figure is satisfactory," he concluded.

Beulah regarded the check incredulously. "You really accept it!" she exclaimed joyously; then suddenly, "So the doctor as a critic is—"

"O. K., like everything else about him," responded the editor warmly. "I congratulate him—and you. Don't forget the other stories."

"No, indeed!" Could Byrd have seen her then, he would not have thought her lacking in enthusiasm.

It was evening before she saw the physician. "I have to thank you for the happiest day in my rememberance," she told him generously. "It was perfect, and see!" waving her check triumphantly. "You proved a prophet." Then she added mischievously, "in two ways."

"That is a very poor pun. I hope that your success doesn't mean your decline," he laughed, shaking his head.

"I wish I could find some way to thank you for all you have done."

"Remember me in your orisons tonight, child. I have need of them."

She looked up quickly. He was smiling at her, but with the sad, whimsical smile that had come to be associated so much with him, and what one girl of his acquaintance called his benediction.

"That only makes me all the more your debtor," she said impulsively, holding out her hand. "Good-night, Dr. Byrd."

Beulah worked both late and early for several weeks after that, but she was careful not to trespass downstairs again, so her indiscretion passed unheeded.

Byrd found time now and then to look over the girl's work, and growing more and more convinced of her ability, kept urging her to devote her whole time to it. Meeting her on the stairs once, carrying a tray of medicine, he looked sharply at her and exclaimed: "Why, Nurse Beulah—still in the round hole!"

She nodded. "The truth is, I'm a little afraid of the square one—it is so new and uncertain."

"I didn't see anything very uncertain about that last bit of paper you showed me the other day," he argued.

"No, but there is the little matter of board and lodging that never seems to enter a worthy editor's head. The hospital, you see, is more considerate, and never forgets that trifling matter."

"Faint heart!" he declared, passing on.

"Oh, you'll have your way before long, I suppose," the nurse called down to him. "You seem determined to eject me from this place."

In another month Beulah left the hospital. "You see, I am really going," she told the astonished physician, "to try my wings,—or my pen, to be more exact. Wish me luck?"

"The very best and highest that a woman's life can hold," he answered gravely. "May the promise of your name prove true in all things, little Beulah."

"Fulfillment!" she whispered softly, and her eyes suddenly welled with tears. "Why, no one ever gave me such a beautiful wish as that before."

The new existence was a kind of dream life to Beulah, though the girl really lived more keenly than ever. She made her home in a quiet suburb with a former patient, two delightful old people with hearts still young. Then there was a beautiful shaded garden, where she sometimes worked all day with her books, and her chamber windows faced the sunset, so the girl was happy, and the weeks fled swiftly.

She was missed at the hospital, and some of the nurses vainly tried to lure her from her quiet retreat, arguing that she need not desert them so completely. But she was wise in staying away. Byrd had begun to loom too largely on her horizon. Her gratitude to him and her appreciation of his unusual ability, coupled with the knowledge of his boundless charity, seemed to set him apart from other men whom she knew, and the brief story of his early tragedy, which she knew now from first hand, placed him even more alone. He stood to her as an heroic example of achievement. She marvelled at the courage that had dared so much against such overwhelming odds, and bowed before the strength that had lifted him, from the very ashes of his grief, a man known among men.

But she found these things too often in her thoughts, and taking her lesson from his life, plunged deeper into her work, and St. Vincent's saw her no more.

One afternoon in midsummer, Beulah from her shady nook, hearing steps upon the gravel walk, looked up to see Byrd bearing down upon her. She rose with eager, outstretched hands. "You!"

"Even I—the mountain came to Mahomet. But what transformed Beulah have we here?"

She frowned down his approval. "'Tis, perhaps, the uniform you miss," she said in her old light way.

"So you have hidden yourself off here, with never a thought for old friends," he went on reproachfully. "Do you know what a lonely old place St. Vincent's is these days?"

She swung lightly in the hammock. "It is nice to be missed," she said thoughtfully, "and it was you who sent me away from there—do you remember?"

"But I didn't tell you to shake its dust from your feet forever!"

"There never was any dust in St. Vincent's," she objected.

"Oh, child, are you never serious?"

"Only when it suits my mood, and that is seldom."

"I'm getting tremendously proud of your work, Nurse Beulah," he told her later.

"Honestly?"

"And I term you my most interesting case. I never made a better diagnosis."

"But wasn't it a case of luck? I'm not exactly in your line, you know," she teased.

He parried easily. "You forget that fractions are."

"Would it be too flippant to suggest that fractures come nearer the mark?"

"So you would deprive me of the honor of discovering a celebrity. I thought you more generous than that."

Byrd came out quite often during the summer, and toward the last of the hot weather, she began to notice his fatigue and to remonstrate with him.

"You look more fit for a cot in one of your own wards tonight, than you do for this jaunt out here."

"Whew! I am tired," he agreed, sitting down on the steps and throwing aside his hat. "It looks pretty comfortable down in your arbor. Can't we go?"

"No. It looks nicer than it really is. They have only just taken the sprinkler away. But you can have this hammock, and I'll promise you all the attention due a private convalescent."

"Jove! I'm not used to any such treatment as this!" he exclaimed, leaning back against the balsam cushions. "You'll have me spoiled, and I'll not want to go back."

"You don't have to go right now. Remember the old saw about bridge-crossing?"

"The rebuke is accepted with a contrite spirit," came meekly from the hammock.

"You certainly do look comfortable," she acceded from the steps where she sat, her head braced easily against the post. "Now, then!"

"Oh, don't expect me to be responsive tonight. I'm in a beastly humor."

"Well, way out here to tell me that? I thought only women frazzled."

"Perhaps they are more frank about admitting it. Why, the day was unbearable, that's all. You know the kind," he continued, seeing that she waited. "There were more annoyances than usual. The little fiddling things that set one's teeth on edge. I feel like an automaton with wornout strings."

"What really happened? What touched the mainspring?"

"A heavy operation this morning is responsible, I guess. One of the attendants lost his head, and was more worry than the patient; then the bandages were bungled. Oh, things just went from bad to worse. The whole building seemed as noisy as a foundry. Maynard told me yesterday he thought that I'd better room outside for a while. He seemed to see things were bothering me,—so I must be getting grumpy."

So others were beginning to sound the alarm! "Isn't that good advice?" she suggested slowly.

"Oh, it may come to that sooner or later—not now. I am needed there."

"Better let up for a while," she cautioned.

"Tut! don't begin to prescribe. Why, I've only one symptom—grouchiness, and that is constitutional."

They were silent for some little time after that, before he said thoughtfully: "This retreat of yours is perfect, Beulah."

"I know," she answered softly, "and I'm your debtor for it all."

"Mine?"

"Yes. I borrowed all my courage from you."

"Stuff and nonsense."

"But it is true," she persisted earnestly. "If it hadn't been for you, this would be impossible, and I should still be wearing that stiff blue uniform."

He smiled whimsically. "Well, if there ever was any debt between us, it was cancelled long since."

"How?"

Impetuous and eager, the girl leaned forward, and the gleam from the hall fell full upon her, lighting the soft, creamy folds of her gown, the slender throat and her fair, delicate face.

Suddenly Byrd left the hammock and bent over her. "Because I love you, Beulah," he answered tensely.

She came to her feet with a startled cry, and the physician drew back.

"Forgive me, dear, I never meant to speak, but a kind of madness seized me. I ask your pardon, girl. No one has the right to offer women like you a life that has its memory. Forget what I have said, if you can."

White and still she stood there before him, like a wraith in the mellow rays of the light. She had no words with which to answer his appeal; she scarcely seemed to heed his presence, though she knew when he left her, and soon after crept softly up to her room. But not to sleep. She knelt by her western window until the stars paled, while the old life in St. Vincent's passed in review before her. First came the early awakening of her interest in Byrd's splendid career; his kindness to her and the friendship that had grown out of it; her compassion for the story of his stricken bride; then the realization of her own too intense interest in the man; and, now, tonight, those swift words of declaration.

That he should care! The girl's dreams had never carried her that far, and the sudden truth was bewildering. She had been happy in the dawn; the sunrise blinded her.

She felt no pain or resentment against that earlier love; its very ephemeral beauty seemed to place it beyond such thoughts, and there was, she knew, a feeling of thankfulness that he remembered; that there was a part of him that always would remember. And yet, it had been such a fleeting dream, and six years had passed. Was he not free now?

He did not come again that night, and Beulah swamped herself with work that she might have less time to think. Then came the news of his breakdown. The girl longed to be back at her old duties, then, though she knew that her part would have been small. Only the deft hands of the skilled workers might tend him.

It was late in the fall before she ventured to the sickroom, and the patient was well on toward recovery.

She walked slowly through the hospital grounds. So much that influenced her life had had its beginning here; so much had happened in the few short months since she left. The geraniums, dry and brown, no longer offended the eye, and she smiled whimsically at them, remembering the night when their odor had stolen up to her, as she stood by the office window waiting for Byrd.

She found him sitting up, but she was appalled at the change in him.

"They tell me you are going away, cruising in some outlandish place," she said, taking his hands.

"The others know more about it than I do,' but I believe there is some such plan. It is good to see you again."

"Well, what indifference! Don't you want to go?" She laid down a mass of yellow chrysanthemums and faced him.

"Oh, anything is welcome that will put me in trim to get back to work again. What glorious flowers!"

She nodded. "I brought them to you from the arbor. You would scarcely know the place now, autumn has transformed it so—though it is still beautiful."

"You look like a flower yourself, girl," he said almost roughly, watching her wistfully, as she stood there before him, graceful and slender, her fingers moving restlessly among the heavy foliage of the chrysanthemums. Then, with an attempt at lightness: "Don't think you mock me with your strength, Nurse Beulah. The first seabreeze will send me home a Samson"

"Nay, you must not think of that. Take a year to be happy in, and get well."

"No. My happiness comes from my work, here," he answered, shaking his head. "You mustn't ask me to give up everything."

"And is there nothing else—you want?"

The question was low and faltering, as she bent a little toward him.

The physician turned his head away. "No, Beulah."

"Truly?"

"Yes," he lied softly.

Then the girl's face flushed, and her starry eyes, brilliant and half tearful, looked down at him growing more wilful and compelling. "Turn and turn about is only fair play," she said, kneeling beside him and forcing him to look at her. "I am going to play the scene shifter, now. You are so obviously the square peg in a round hole, John!" Her laughter rang out, broken and catchy. "And in my square—the one you found for me—there is room enough for two—of a kind. Will you come, dear?"

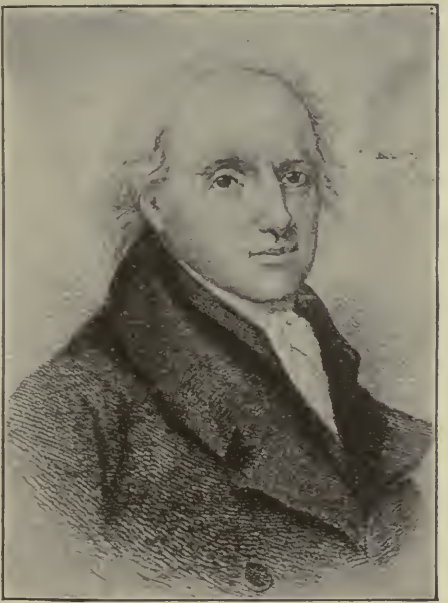
HISTORIAN OF THE CHERRY TREE

PARSON WEEMS AND HIS LIFE OF WASHINGTON

By WALTER B NORRIS

Photographs by Carroll S. Alden

IF there were in the country such an organization as an S. P. P. C. T.—a Society for the Protection and Preservation of Cherished Traditions—it would certainly have upon its roll of "Preservers of Traditions"—a fitting title of honor in such a society—the name of Mason Locke Weems, familiarly called Parson Weems. To him we are indepted for the anecdote of Washington and the cherry tree, Washington and the seeds which sprouted to form his name, the moralizing apple tree of Washington's childhood, and for many others. To him, also, as almost the earliest biographer of Marion, we owe most of the popular stories of that "Swamp Fox of Carolina" during the Revolution.


REV. MASON L. WEEMS
(From a print in the possession of D. McN. Stauffer, M. Inst. C. E.)

Weems's biographical writings were the most popular books of a century ago. His "Life of Washington, with Curious Anecdotes," has passed through more than seventy authorized, and many pirated editions, and is still printed. Lincoln, who borrowed the book when he was a mere lad, testified to one of Weems's sons during the Civil War that when a boy it had been his favorite book. Yet the well-known story says that Lincoln left the book in a chink in the wall, and found it in the morning spoiled by the rain—in consequence of which he had to work for three days for its crusty owner. Combined with Washington's farewell address, which was usually included with it in one volume, it practically created the ordinary American's conception of Washington's character.

Later writers, however, never searched to find out who the author was or what were his opportunities to secure information about Washington that others might not uncover. They accepted as true a few not very well authenticated, and rather inconsistent stories of his peculiarities, and then dismissed the matter, dubbing his work "a farrago of absurdities," "a lying little book," "an amusing piece of fiction," "full of ridiculous exaggeration."

Yet the author was one of the most interesting public characters of his time. In the spacious mansion of the Southern planter or in the cabin of the "poor white" one might meet him plying his trade as a book agent. On the Sabbath one might find him preaching to rich or poor, or, as one traveler did, preaching "an eloquent extempore sermon" before the legislature of a Southern state. One might meet him in his book store in Dumfries, Virginia, writing biographies or moral pamphlets, or in Philadelphia, consulting his employer and publisher, Mathew Carey.

Better still, if one was fortunate enough to visit him at his wife's old home at Belle

Air, not far from Mount Vernon, one might hear him, in his moments of relaxation, even play a few Scottish airs on his violin, for his descendants deny that he took his violin with him on his journeys or ever played for a wandering showman. Kindly, cheerful, with a wit that made him the life of every company he entered, he was altogether a delightful companion. Yet he was a man of convictions; had, as a young man, freed the slaves bequeathed him by his father, wrote one of the first books on temperance, and spoke boldly against the popular vices of the day.

Although a voluminous writer and preacher, Weems seems never to have said much of his own life, and the history of it has never been correctly stated. His birthplace is usually stated as Dumfries, Virginia, but was in reality Herring Creek, on the western shore of Chesapeake Bay. Here on October 1, 1759, at the family homestead of Marshes Seat, of which only a crude picture exists, Weems was born. His father is said to have been a son of the Earl of Weemyss, a Scottish nobleman who fell at Preston in 1715, fighting for the Pretender, and Weems himself studied medicine at Edinburgh and then divinity at London, returning to England after the Revolution to be ordained a clergyman. After nearly two years, in which he had an interesting correspondence with John Adams and Benjamin Franklin about the matter, he was ordained by the Bishop of London without being obliged to take the oath of allegiance to the king—one of the first Americans so favored.

After returning to Maryland in 1785, Weems served as rector of two churches near Annapolis, All Hallows from 1785 to 1789, and St. Margaret's from 1791 to 1794, part of the time acting as one of the supervisors of the clergy in that section. Already he had tried his fortune as an editor and seller of books, and after this period made it his life work, although he preached often and at one time may have had a regular pastorate. At his death in 1825 it was said that he had been instrumental in circulating nearly a million copies of the Scriptures and other valuable books.

Weems seems early to have come in contact with Washington. The latter's diary for March 3, 1787, has the following:

"The Revd. Mr. Weems, and ye Doctor Craik, who came here yesterday in the afternoon, left this about noon for Port Tob. (Port Tobacco)."

About 1790, also, the vestry of Christ Church, Alexandria, of which Washington was a vestryman, voted to authorize the rector, Rev. Bryan Fairfax, to employ as an assistant the Rev. Mason L. Weems, or any other man he chose. Although he failed to secure this position, he was later successful in what may have been his real quest in that section. On July 2, 1795, at Belle Air, near Dumfries, and less than twenty miles from Mount Vernon, Weems was married to Fanny Ewell, the eldest daughter of Colonel Jesse Ewell.

The Ewells were a family of importance in the section. They were closely related to the Balls, the family of Washington's mother, and Colonel Ewell had been a classmate of Thomas Jefferson at the College of William and Mary, and remained an intimate friend through life. At Belle Air in 1760, Colonel Ewell's sister, Mariamne, had married Dr. Craik, Washington's family physician and lifelong friend. Dr. Craik had accompanied Washington on the Braddock expedition of 1754, on the trip to the Ohio in 1770, had later settled at Alexandria at Washington's urgent request, and served through the Revolution as one of the chief surgeons. After the war he continued to be Washington's physician, was with him in his last sickness, and survived till 1814. He is generally credited with having been Washington's most intimate friend and confidant.

Dumfries, when I visited it last summer, lay still and peaceful in the warm June sunshine, and no bustle of commercial life stirred its quiet air. But at the time of the Revolution it was the most important port of entry on the Potomac, and the tobacco ships sailed up to its wharves where now are four miles of marsh and sedge. The Ewells were wealthy tobacco merchants but sought refuge from the low situation of Dumfries in their country-house, Belle Air, five miles to the north. Here or in the vicinity Weems made his home the rest of his life, although he spent most of his time traveling as a book agent.

During the last year of Washington's life Weems had considerable intercourse with him. On March 31 of that year (1799)

Washington wrote him about a land transaction in western Virginia—perhaps Weems thought of moving there. On July 3, 1799, Washington acknowledged the receipt from Weems of a copy of the Immortal Mentor, a book edited by Weems, and a sort of guide to health, wealth and salvation. Washington's letter was such a strong testimonial in favor of the book that Weems ever afterwards printed it on the back of the title page.

BELLE AIR, VIRGINIA, THE HOME OF REV. MASON L. WEEMS

In August a vilely-printed little pamphlet was produced by Weems with the following title:

"The Philanthropist; or A Good Twenty-five cents worth of Political Love Powder, for Honest Adamsites and Jeffersonians, With the following recommendation by George Washington:

"Mount Vernon, 29th Aug. 1799.

"Reverend Sir,

"I have been duly favored with your letter of the 20th instant accompanying the Philanthropist.

"For your politeness in sending the latter I pray you to receive my best thanks. Much indeed is it to be wished that the Sentiments contained in your pamphlet, and the doctrine it endeavors to inculcate, were more prevalent. Happy would it be for This Country at least, if they were so.

"With respect I am Rev. Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"GEO. WASHINGTON.

"The Rev. Mr. Weems."

Washington added: "But while the passions of mankind are under so little restraint as they are among us—and while there are so many motives and views to bring them into action, we may wish for, but will never see the accomplishment of it," but Weems left out this bitter sentiment and pleaded for toleration in politics and a recognition of what true equality means, even defending John Adams, then as unpopular a President as we have ever had.

Living thus in the vicinity of Washington's home, in a family related to him, and with his recent attempts at writing so favorably thought of by him, it is not strange that Weems, immediately after Washington's death, produced something about him. On February 22, 1800, he dedicated his book to Mrs. Washington, thus:

"To Mrs. Martha Washington, The Illustrious Relict of General George Washington, Very Honored Madam,

"The Author hopes he shall escape the charge of presumption for dedicating this little book to you, as it treats of one, to whom you, of all on earth, were, and still are, the most tenderly related. One of my reasons for writing this sketch of your husband's life and virtues is derived from those virtues themselves, which are such true brilliants as to assure me, that even in my simple style, like diamonds on the earth, they will so play their part at sparkling, that many an honest youth shall long to place them in the casket of his own bosom.

"Should it contribute, in any wise, to diffuse the spirit of Washington . . . . It will be matter of great joy to one, who can sincerely subscribe himself the lover of all, who fear God, honor the President (Adams or Jefferson), revere the laws, and are not given to change.

"May God's everlasting consolations attend the bosom friend of Washington, is the prayer of orphan'd America and the prayer of

"Honored Madam,

"Your Sincere, though Unknown Friend,

"M. L. Weems.

"February 22d, 1800."

The first edition was published at Georgetown, District of Columbia, probably in 1800, though no date is given, and was soon followed by others in Philadelphia and Elizabethtown, New Jersey. Weems probably sold most of these himself. The title page of a copy of the first edition in the Boston Athenaeum shows that Weems was already a shrewd book agent. It reads:

"A History of the Life and Death, Virtues and Exploits of General George Washington, Dedicated to Mrs. Washington, and containing a great many curious and valuable Anecdotes, tending to throw much light on the private as well as public life and character of that Very Extraordinary Man, the whole happily calculated to furnish a Feast of true Washingtonian Entertainment and Improvement both to ourselves and our children.

(Six lines of poetry)

"Printed for the Rev. M. L. Weems, of Lodge No. 50, Dumfries, By Green & English, Georgetown. (Price 2s. 3d. only)."

All these editions are different from the book as we know it today with the anecdotes of Washington and the cherry tree, etc., for these did not appear till the fifth edition, published in 1806. Little is said about Washington's early life and all that is given on the authority of others. He says: "At a time when many young men have no higher ambition than a fine coat and a frolic, 'often have I seen him,' says the Reverend Mr. Lee Massey, 'riding about the country with his surveying instruments at his saddle.'"

The Rev. Lee Massey was one of Washington's rectors from 1767 to 1785, and resided in the vicinity of Mount Vernon till his death in 1814 in his eighty-sixth year. This would place his birth in 1729 and make him a close contemporary of Washington.

Just after the Life of Washington was published we get an interesting sidelight upon Weems from John Davis, an Englishman who visited America for four years and a half and lived for several months of 1801 in a Quaker family near Mount Vernon. His rather tart observations upon America and Americans are in contrast with his kindly treatment of Weems. He found that Weems was preaching at Pohick Church, near Mount Vernon, and accordingly went to hear him. He says:

"Hither I rode on Sunday and joined the congregation of Parson Weems, a minister of the Episcopal persuasion, who was cheerful in his mien that he might win men to religion. A Virginian churchyard on Sunday resembles rather a race course than a sepulchral ground. The ladies come to it in carriages and the men after dismounting make fast their horses to the trees. I was astounded on entering the yard to hear 'steed threaten steed with high and boastful neigh.' Nor was I less stunned by the rattling of carriage wheels and the cracking of whips and the vociferations of the gentry to the negroes who accompanied them. But the discourse of Mr. Weems calmed every perturbation, for he preached the great doctrine of salvation as one who had felt its power. It was easy to discover that he felt what he said; and indeed so uniform was his piety, that he might have applied to himself the words of the prophet: 'My mouth shall be telling of the righteousness and salvation of Christ all the day long: for I know no end thereof.'

"After church I made my salutations to Parson Weems, and having turned the discourse to divine worship, I asked him his opinion of the piety of the blacks. 'Sir,' said he, 'no people in this country prize the Sabbath more seriously than do the trampled-down negroes. They are swift to hear; they seem to hear as for their lives. They are wakeful, serious, reverent, and attentive in God's house; and gladly embrace opportunities of hearing his word. Oh, it is sweet preaching, when people are desirous of hearing. Sweet feeding the flock of Christ, when they have so good an appetite.

"'How, Sir, did you like my preaching?' 'Sir,' cried I, 'it was a sermon to pull down the proud, and humble the haughty. I have reason to believe that many of your congregation were under spiritual and scriptural conviction of their sins. Sir, you spoke home to sinners. You knocked at the door of their hearts.'

"'I grant that,' said Parson Weems. 'But I doubt (shaking his head) whether the hearts of many were not both barred and bolted against me.'"

Pohick Church enjoys the unique distinction of having been largely due to Washington himself. In 1773, when the vestry, of which Washington was a member, proposed building a new church, Washington by means of plans he drew himself convinced the other vestrymen that it should be placed on its present site as most central. Here he worshipped until the Revolution, though after that the church seems to have lost prestige, and he deserted it for Christ Church, Alexandria. No complete roll of its rectors exists, but the words of Davis suggest that Weems was its rector, or at least preached there often about the year 1801, the date of Davis's visit. In editions of the Life of Washington after 1808 Weems has

POHICK CHURCH, NEAR MOUNT VERNON, VIRGINIA affixed to his name "Formerly Rector of Mount Vernon Parish," meaning Pohick. Though this has been charged to him as deliberate falsehood, it seems probable, and was at least justified by his actually preaching, probably frequently, in its pulpit.

It is thus clear that the opportunities open to Weems to secure firsthand information about Washington's life were much greater than has generally been supposed. Through his relatives the Ewells, and their relatives the Balls, through Dr. Craik, with whom he had the double bond of connection by marriage and medical studies, through his association with such people of the region as Rev. Lee Massey, many of whom had known Washington from early years, and also through other friends whom he met in his book-selling journeys through Virginia, he might easily come upon stories which had never been published.

This view is supported by the manner in which Weems introduces his famous story of the cherry tree.

"Some idea," says Weems, "of Mr. Washington's plan of education in this respect, may be collected from the following anecdote, related to me twenty years ago by an aged lady, who was a distant relative, and when a girl spent much of her time in the family." This "twenty years ago" agrees curiously enough with the visit Weems made to Virginia in 1787, which we found recorded in Washington's diary. Who the "aged lady" was it is interesting, but perhaps idle, to conjecture. She told Weems how Washington refused to share with his brothers and sisters an apple she had given him and how his father cured him of that by showing him how generous the apple tree was with its fruit. Then follows the cherry tree story itself:

"The following anecdote is a case in point. It is too valuable to be lost, and too true to be doubted, for it was communicated to me by the same excellent lady to whom I am indebted for the last.

> "When George was about six years old, he was made the wealthy owner of a hatchet, of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond; and was continually going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favorite, came into the house, and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. 'George,' said his father, 'do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree yonder in the garden?'
>
> "This was a tough question; and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself, and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, 'I can't tell a lie, Pa, I can't tell a lie, Pa, I did cut it with my hatchet.'
>
> "'Run to my arms, you dearest boy,' cried his father in transports, 'run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is worth more than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold.'"

The cherry tree story does not seem to exist in any other form or to have ever been attributed to any other character in history. The colonial regard for fruit trees is reflected in the laws of Virginia, which by various enactments in 1691, 1705, and 1748 provided a penalty of one hundred pounds of tobacco for allowing one's animals to bark fruit trees. In England at the same time the penalty for cutting a fruit tree was death. Wanton injury to a cherry tree, was, therefore, a serious matter, and an act of this sort by young George, with the further feature that when asked about it he spoke the truth, would be remembered by his relatives and neighbors.

For the story of the seeds which Washington's father planted so that they would sprout to form his son's name and from which he drew the lesson of "a great first Cause," parallels exist. It has been said that Weems got the suggestion for it from a similar anecdote by James Beattie, author of "The Minstrel," in his "Life of his Eldest Son," a book Weems may have sold. But the incident was not original with Beattie, and it is as likely that it happened in moralizing America of the eighteenth century as anywhere. Weems's statement that Washington was often the arbiter of the disputes of his schoolmates is given as received from "a very aged gentleman, formerly a schoolmate of his (Washington)," and the feat of throwing a stone across the Rappahannock at the lower ferry of Fredericksburg, a place close by Washington's boyhood home, is placed on the word of Colonel Lewis Willis, his playmate and kinsman, "who has been heard to relate the incident." Such an array of authorities, all people of the part of the country where the book and its author were well known, would, if mere invention, have called forth resentment against a writer so well known and so highly connected as was Weems.

Weems spent the rest of his life traveling through the states from Pennsylvania to Georgia, preaching often, but chiefly selling books—the Bible, his own biographies of Washington, Marion, Penn and Franklin, and tracts and lively moral treatises for the common people, many of which he wrote himself in an endeavor to promote morality and an abhorrence of the common vices. In 1812 he published one of the first temperance books in America—"The Drunkards' Looking-Glass: Reflecting a faithful image of the Drunkard, in sundry very interesting attitudes with lively representations of the many strange capers which he cuts at different stages of his disease." His "Hymen's Recruiting Sergeant: or the Maid's and Bachelor's Friend," in spite of its crude title contains much good advice even for the young people of today and presents a refined and sensible ideal of womanhood. Then there are his series of God's Revenges against gambling, adultery, duelling, murder, and even cruelty to husbands, all of which are full of horrible but interesting examples.

After more than thirty years of preaching, writing, and bookselling, Weems was taken sick at Beaufort, South Carolina, on one of his journeys, and died there on May 23, 1825—on his lips his favorite text, "God is Love." First buried in Beaufort, his body was later brought to Belle Air and interred in the family burying-ground of the Ewells. Here just behind the old Belle Air mansion he rests beside his wife, his grave unmarked and its location known to but few. Through the efforts of the present owner of the property, however, the spot has been carefully located and an attempt made to preserve not only the home and grave of Weems but some records of his life and real character, and to his co-operation much of the present article is due.

I AM YOUR WIFE

From the Book "Heart Throbs"

Oh, let me lay my head tonight upon your breast,
And close my eyes against the light. I fain would rest;
I'm weary, and the world looks sad; this worldly strife
Turns me to you; and, oh, I'm glad to be your wife!
Though friends may fail or turn aside, yet I have you
And in your love I may abide, for you are true—
My only solace in each grief and in despair,
Your tenderness is my relief; it soothes each care.
If joys of life could alienate this poor weak heart
From yours, then may no pleasure great enough to part
Our sympathies fall to my lot. I'd e'er remain
Bereft of friends, though true or not, just to retain
Your true regard, your presence bright thro' care and strife;
And, oh! I thank my God tonight, I am your wife!

CLIPPING COUPONS BY THE MILLION

By MITCHELL MANNERING

IN the minds of many people clipping coupons is regarded as the favorite occupation of the idle rich, but there are some conditions under which this pleasurable pursuit, as it doubtless is looked upon by those who have nothing else to do, becomes real work and hard work in the sense that it involves great care and responsibility. Cutting the coupons from several hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds, or even a few millions, is a delightful diversion, but when it comes to clipping them off by wholesale it is turned into a task. In most cases the tearing off of the small sections of paper, which represent three or six months' interest, is an incident, but with the great life insurance companies, which have hundreds of millions of their trust funds invested in high grade bonds of railroads, corporations and municipalities, it is an important part of their business.

The accompanying photograph illustrates the conditions under which vast wealth is stripped of its romance and the handling of it becomes a routine matter, though it is none the less carefully safeguarded. It shows the security room of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, with four clerks busily engaged in clipping the coupons from seven million dollars' worth of bonds that are piled up in front of them and which represent a big day's work. Generally speaking, the bonds are of the denomination of one thousand dollars and are bound together in packages of fifty for convenience in handling. Until a few years ago it was the rule to clip the coupons as they fell due, which necessitated handling all of the bonds twice or four times a year, as most of the interest is paid semi-annually, though some of it is paid quarterly. Under the present management, along with the other economies that have been introduced, all of the coupons for a year in advance are clipped at one time.

Soon after the end-of-the-year rush, incident to the preparation of all of the data which goes into the annual statement, the clipping process begins. It is performed, not with scissors, which are too slow and laborious, but with thin plates of steel with sharp edges, against which the coupons are torn off. Four men, trained to the work, can dispose of from three and a half to six million dollars' worth of bonds in a day, depending on their condition and the thickness of the paper. The coupons, in packages of fifty, are then placed under a strong knife, operated by a screw, and cut into two or four parts, according to whether they fall due semi-annually or quarterly. After this, the bonds and the coupons are locked and sealed up in separate safes, and the bonds are not touched again until the next year. The date on which the interest is payable is printed on the coupons and as they fall due they are withdrawn and placed with a trust company for collection. It requires from three to four months to cut the coupons from all of the bonds in which the premiums paid by Equitable policyholders are invested, and they represent an annual income of about twelve million dollars. The chief dividend distribution dates are January 1 and July 1, but there are some coupons falling due every month.

Directly in front of the tables on which the coupons are clipped is the vault, which holds nearly five hundred million dollars' worth of interest-bearing securities. It stands directly over the main corridor of the Equitable building at 120 Broadway, New York, and tens of thousands of people walk under it every day without so much as a suspicion that one of the world's greatest treasure houses is just above their heads, and so close that a tall man could almost touch it with his cane. But to get into it is a different matter. The vault itself, which stands in a large room with an open space all around and above it, is about twenty-four feet square and nearly twelve feet high, and has walls fifteen inches thick. It is entered through double doors, each of

CLIPPING COUPONS WITH $7,000,000 WORTH OF BONDS ON THE TABLE

which weighs over nine tons. The combinations on these doors are so arranged that it requires three men, one of whom must be an executive officer of the Society, to open them. No one man, not even the president, is allowed to enter the vault alone; there must always be three, and one of them must be an officer. No securities can be taken from the vault, even to be counted on one of the regular quarterly examinations or for the clipping of coupons, except on an order signed by one of the executive officers, and their removal and restoration must be witnessed by another officer. The bonds are kept in safes, with which the interior of the vault is lined, and these can be opened only by an officer.

These precautions are typical of the manner in which the interests of the policyholders are watched over by the present management of the Society. When Paul Morton became president, he announced that the policy would be "not to make the Equitable the biggest life insurance company in the world, but the safest and best," and he has proceeded along this line. The cost of management has been greatly reduced, by economies and improved methods, and at the same time the Society's income from its investments, through the foresight and wisdom of its Finance Committee, have been largely increased. In five years the average rate of interest realized on all of the investments has been raised from 3.90 per cent to 4.45 per cent, which means an annual increase of more than two and a half million dollars in that part of the income account, and the dividends to policyholders, which represent the unused portions of their premiums and the interest earnings in excess of the three per cent which must be earned by and added to the policy reserves every year, have been doubled. Within the same period the average rate of interest on new mortgage loans, in which approximately one hundred million dollars of the Equitable's assets are invested, has increased from 4.55 per cent to 5.54 per cent. During the last year for which figures are available when this is written, there was an increase in business of nearly 25 per cent, yet the expense of management was nearly one hundred thousand dollars less than in the previous year.

It is doubtful if there is another large financial institution in the world which could show such a record for economy and efficiency of management as that which has been established by the Equitable during the past five years. Furthermore, following the new plan of investing the Society's assets in those sections of the country which produce the premiums, so far as may wisely be done, loans within the state of New York have been reduced and large investments distributed through the South and West. To facilitate the placing of these loans appraisers were sent to all of the important cities of the West and South to study real estate values and familiarize themselves with the surroundings and general conditions. Consequently, when an application for a loan is received, these experts know the property and are able to at once place on it a conservative valuation.

In line with its policy of full publicity the Equitable publishes every year tables showing its premium receipts and disbursements in each state and its investments, divided in the same way. This new idea has won pronounced popular approval and has gone far toward silencing the old campaign cry of small companies, whose business is practically confined to the state in which they are incorporated, to "invest your money at home," for it shows that in most of the states, and particularly in those where values are steadily increasing, the Equitable's investments greatly exceed the cash reserves on policies in force within those states. This excess of investments above the total cash reserves, which are constantly increasing for the payment of all policies at maturity, is due to the fact that the Equitable has a surplus of more than eighty million dollars over the legal requirements. A part of this is paid out every year, under maturing policies, but the whole sum is kept at work for the benefit of all of the policyholders, to whom it belongs.

Every business day in the year the Equitable pays out more than fifty thousand dollars in death claims, matured endowments and annuities, and it is unique in the fact that more than ninety-eight per cent of its claims are paid on the same day that the proofs of death are received; the few delays that occur are almost invariably due to some defect in the proofs. Since its organization fifty years ago, the Society has received in premiums the sum of $1,089,789,415, and it has paid to its policyholders an aggregate of $656,772,602. The present assets added to the payments since organization make a total of $1,129,112,112. This means that the Society has returned to its policyholders or holds in trust for them $39,332,697 more than it has received from them in premiums, in addition to which it has paid taxes on real estate and premium receipts, as levied by the different states, amounting to $15,399,421. This strikingly emphasizes the earning power of money when it is wisely invested and the importance of interest, which is an essential principle in all life insurance calculations.

The result of these methods is illustrated by the fact that during 1909 the Equitable received applications for over one hundred and fifty million dollars of insurance, of which more than one hundred million was issued and paid for. The ambition of the present management runs to quality instead of quantity, and it would rather issue policies to many men for a few thousand dollars each than to insure a few men for hundreds of thousands of dollars. This, it is contended, is better for the Society and for the community at large.

Getting back to the matter of coupons it is interesting to note that the amount to be paid out by American corporations this year in interest on bonds and dividends on stock will be considerably in excess of a billion and a half dollars, or more than five million for every business day. Dividends will be paid by many corporations for the first time since the early part of 1907, before the panic, and others will increase their dividend rates. More than half of the total distribution will come from the railroads. These dividends, instead of going to a comparatively few very rich men, as was the case twenty years ago, will be distributed among more than two million investors. In these days of suffragette activity it is noteworthy that of the fifty-four thousand holders of the securities of the Pennsylvania Railroad more than twenty-four thousand are women.

IN THE COSY CORNER

A large number of contributions of uniform excellence are coming in to the Cosy Corner, and it has been suggested by several of the members that the awards should be changed to two prizes of five dollars each, and the remainder of the sum appropriated given in one dollar prizes. This plan will be adopted for the future, as we can then offer a larger number of selections to the circle around the fireside. Where's that story you were planning to send in? Think over the most thrilling experience of your life and relate it to the listeners in the Cosy Corner.

A NARROW ESCAPE

BY WILLIAM HODGE

"The Man From Home"

IT was my sixth or seventh week in the theatrical profession, and I guess I had been discharged at least three times a week for some blunder or other that I had made, either on the stage or off, every week of my engagement, but I had been taken back each time for a new trial. I was the property boy of the George A. Hill Repertoire Company. Mr. Hill played any town that didn't possess electric lights or sidewalks. He claimed his company became nervous when they got into a town that had a sidewalk in it. In Hackettstown, New Jersey, the week I speak of, we were displaying our talent in a small church which had been converted into a theatre by simply enlarging the pulpit to what they called a stage; a few stationary wings were placed on either side. The pews were unchanged. The large stove still stood in the rear and another in the front, near the left of the stage. The small organ kept its position at the right, and some of the keys were still in fairly good condition. There were two dressing rooms—one on the right of the stage for the ladies, and one on the left for the gentlemen. I forget the name of the play for this particular night; it was from the pen of Mr. Hill. He wrote most of his company's plays, and I think he called this one the "Golden Cliff"—I am not sure—anyway, I played the part of a policeman and was made up in a red wig, red sluggers underneath my chin, and enough grease paint on my face to paint the entire audience. I wore a double-breasted coat with brass buttons, and a policeman's hat, and carried a prop policeman's club, which I think was made out of the leg of a black walnut chair. It was awfully hot! Gee! it was hot! I had been made up since shortly after supper—amateurs always make up early in the afternoon for fear they won't be ready. All I had to do in the "Golden Cliff" was go on in the third act, put my hands on the villain's shoulder and say, "You are my prisoner," then lead him off, right third, and I thought I did it beautifully this night, much better than I had done it any of the six or seven weeks I had been on the stage. Oh! but it was hot though, with all that wardrobe and the wig and all those whiskers. Mr.

Lewis played the villain, and he was a fine villain, too. The audience knew he was the villain before he spoke; they could tell by the way he scowled and pulled his eyebrows almost down on his cheek. He went into the ladies' room to visit his wife while Mr. Hill was down in the center of the stage doing his specialty. In these little companies everyone does a singing or dancing specialty somewhere in the play, but Mr. Hill was too old to sing or dance, so he always recited some of his own poetry. He was down center reciting one of his favorite poems, "McGinty's Bull Pup." I was standing behind one of the small wings simply melting, and trying to think of my props and duties in the next act and avoid any mistakes, for I was happy over the way I had played my part. I usually stumbled over a rug or my feet or something, just as I was about to say "You are my prisoner," but I didn't this night, and I was proud of myself; I forgot everything and quietly removed hat, wig and whiskers, pulled off my coat and threw it over my arm and started across the stage for the dressing room. As I reached the door, Mr. Irving jumped toward me and throwing up his hands, exclaimed: "What did you do that for?" I was puzzled and in holy horror said: "What have I done now?" "What have you done?" exclaimed Mr. Irving. "Why, what on earth did you come across the stage for?" "Why, because I wanted to get over here," I answered in utter wonderment. Mr. Irving heaved a deep sigh and walked up and down the dressing room, and finally looked at me—such a hopeless look. I trembled and said again: "Why, what have I done?" He said in a voice I shall never forget. "You came across the stage in your shirt sleeves and your wig and entire make-up in your arms, in sight of the audience, and Mr. Hill down there doing his pet poem. Didn't you hear the audience yell as you came across there? You are discharged for sure—nothing can save you now. You might as well pick out one of the old man's eyes as injure one of his recitations."

I looked back of me and saw what I had done. I saw myself going home on the next train. I sank on one of the trunks. I looked at Mr. Irving; he was my only friend. He had saved me so many times by a word to Mr. Hill, and while I was looking at him he exclaimed with a sigh, "I'm afraid, my boy, you're hopeless." He paused again and looked at me and finally burst out laughing, and advised me to say nothing, and whatever Mr. Hill said to me not to answer him back. I took his advice. Mr. Hill came off, came into the dressing room. I didn't speak. Mr Irving didn't, either. Mr. Hill went to his mirror, touched up his make-up with a little powder, grunted a little—he had a peculiar little grunt, which was caused by some throat trouble. He turned around in his chair—I was waiting for the outbreak, and I thought the reason he did not jump on me when he first came in was because he was so angry that he couldn't speak. He looked at Mr. Irving and gave another little grunt as he struck a match and lit his pipe.

"That 'McGinty's Pup' is a great poem, Harry Irving," he remarked in a voice rich in conceit the old gentleman was so well noted for among his friends. "It never fails to land an audience. Did you hear them yell at it? The rubes couldn't wait 'til I finished it. They laughed like Indians right in the middle of the first verse." And he pulled away at the old corncob pipe with a conceited twinkle in his eye as Mr. Irving gave me the wink, and remarked in a flattering tone of voice, "Yes, George, it's a wonderful piece of poetry." He turned his back to Mr. Hill and pretended to arrange something in his trunk, and then peeped over his shoulder and winked at me again, and I realized that my life was saved. Mr. Hill hadn't seen me cross the stage.

* * *

KILLING A RATTLESNAKE

BY PEARL ROBERTSON

One afternoon in August, about the year 1875, my father sent my sister Louisa and me on an errand to a country store about two miles distant from our home in southwestern Missouri. I was, at the time, about ten years of age, my sister three or four years older. The road ran through the woods, over rocky hills and through hollows.

We set out on foot soon after dinner. The day was warm, but there was a good breeze stirring, and we walked the two miles over the hills with ease. Arriving at the store our business was soon transacted and in a short time we started back.

After going some distance we sat down on a big, flat rock by the roadside and removed our shoes and stockings, tied them together and swung them across our arms. We had gone but a few steps farther when my sister suddenly sprang back with a startled scream. At the same instant, I gave a frightened leap forward, leaping fairly over and alighting about three feet beyond the object in our path. A monster rattlesnake lay stretched full length across the road.

For a fraction of a minute neither of us spoke, but stood watching him. The snake did not move. "Is he dead?" I asked. As if in answer, he moved his head slightly, then lay still. "I expect we'd better try to kill him," said Lou, looking about for something to use as a weapon. I ran down the slope to where there remained part of an old rail fence, and choosing a stout piece of rail, brought it and handed it across to her. The snake lay perfectly still, and when she gave it a few smart blows over the head it still did not move. When she had beaten it sufficiently, as we thought, and being sure it was dead, we proceeded to examine it. "My, what a big rattle it has!" said Lou, lifting the tail with a stick. "Fourteen rattles. Let's take the snake home and get father to cut the rattles off for us."

As we lifted the snake on the rail, he slowly wound himself about it. "Are you sure he's dead?" I asked doubtfully. "Course he is," said Lou. "Snakes always move for a long time after they're killed." So, each of us carrying an end of the rail, we proceeded homeward.

Just as we were climbing the slope of the hill which hid the cabin from our sight, we saw father coming toward us with an axe on his shoulder. "O father," I called, "see what a big snake we've killed!"

As father came up we put the rail down, when, with a lightning-like movement, the snake unwound himself from the rail and coiled himself, ready to strike. With one quick blow of the axe, father severed its head from its body. "Merciful heavens!" cried he, his face pale with horror, "what were you girls carrying that snake for?"

"We—we thought we had killed it," said Lou, beginning to cry.

"And we wanted the rattle," I added.

"Well, rattle or no rattle, don't ever do such a foolish thing again." And, you may be sure, we never did.

A DANGER IN AULD LANG SYNE

EMMA B. VAN DEUSEN

How well I remember, as though it were yesterday. I was but a little shaver of seven or eight, Fred was twelve, and Marjorie was ten. Mother was very sick, and father obliged to go to town. It was a snapping cold day in early winter. The big cellar was full of vegetables, and the frost was creeping in. Father said he would build a fire in the old stove down there, before he went away, and we boys were to watch it. He said if we could change the air a few degrees, we'd save our winter supply of apples, potatoes and other vegetables.

So he started a blaze, and after many injunctions to Fred to be careful of the fire, and, particularly, to let nothing disturb our sick mother, he drove away. We watched him until the snow-clouds swallowed him up in the distance, and the jingle of Dolly's bells could no longer be heard.

As we turned from the window, we caught a queer sound—a rumbling in the wall.

Fred looked at us—we looked at Fred. He turned deathly pale, and started for the cellar, Marjorie and I at his heels. Sure enough, a little handful of shavings on the sill, over the rusty pipe, was charred, and sparks were falling down from between the siding and the lath and plaster, which with the uprights, set eighteen inches apart, formed a flue for the fire, kindled by a spark which had found its way through a hole in the rusty pipe, and lit among the shavings on the sill. The house was burning; the flames were rushing toward the top.

There we were, three children; mother very sick; father gone, and the house on fire. Our hearts stood still, our faces blanched. We were rooted to the spot, while that ominous rumble increased to a sickening roar.

Suddenly, Fred awoke. I shall never forget it.

"Quick," he shouted.

He seized the axe, and sprang toward the stairs, while he gave orders like a general, hurling the words over his shoulder as we ran.

"Marjorie, go into mother's room—talk to her—soothe her—sing to her—anything to keep her calm, and *don't let her know.* If she hears me chopping, tell her we boys are fixing something. I will cut a hole here in the dining-room wall. Harold, you bring water, and we'll pour it down.

"Quick! Quick! Go, Marjorie. Hurry, Harold!"

The dull thuds of the axe mingled with the strains of "Lady Lou" and the splashing of the water, as pailful after pailful was brought and poured upon the leaping flames, until their hoarse roar subsided into angry crackles, and died with occasional, lingering, dissatisfied snaps.

The house was saved; our mother was saved, and by Brother Fred's clear-headed generalship.

* * *

A CLOSE CALL

BY CHARLES S. GERLACH

Possibly nothing more interesting is told of Senator "Steve" Elkins of West Virginia, than his relations with Cole Younger, the bank and train robber, now out on parole from the Minnesota penitentiary at Stillwater, where he was sent for the noted Northfield bank robbery.

Senator Elkins and Cole Younger were boys of the same neighborhood down in old Missouri before the war, and after that scrape broke out, Elkins joined the army on the union side, while Younger became a member of Quantrell's band of guerrillas. One night Elkins, while making a call some distance away from his camp, was captured by Quantrell.

And this was no joke for Elkins, for Quantrell did not make it a practice to keep his prisoners very long, and neither did he make it a practice to let them get away.

"The hat's mine," said one of the band.

"The coat for me," remarked another.

"I must have his boots," put in a third.

"I need his pants," shouted a ragged rascal in the rear.

But Quantrell interfered.

"Shut up, all of you," he said. "Don't you see there is no tree here to hang him on? Put him on his horse and bring him along just as he is till we find a good place to dispose of him a little farther away from this Yankee camp."

So they placed Steve on his horse and rode away Presently Cole Younger, who was a minor officer in the Quantrell band, ranged his horse alongside the captive and gave him a quiet cursing for letting himself get caught.

"I know, I know," replied Elkins. "But I'm here and you have got to get me out of this, Cole; you've got to get me out of this."

"I will, if I can," replied Younger, "but it is d——d risky business and I am liable to lose my own neck if I am caught at it. But I know this country here; a couple of miles ahead we get into a piece of woods, and that is probably where they are going to hang you. But just as we enter the timber there is a path off to the right, and when we get opposite it I will say it is d——d dark. When I say that you wheel to the right and ride like h——l. Your horse probably will find the path all right, but at any rate it is your only chance."

This arrangement was carried out. When Younger said it was d——d dark it was just about that dark, and a moment after Elkins had spurred away to the right and was lost to sight. The band sent a volley after him and then chased him for a time, but presently Quantrell called off the pursuit, saying they were on an important march and he was not going to spend any more time after one Yank.

In due time Elkins reached his camp safely.

* * *

XENOPHON

MAE E. SWETNAM

Not Xenophon the Philosopher, but a little horned toad is the hero of this story.

One day last October my little girl brought this baby toad to me, asking that she might keep it for a pet. She had picked it up under a fig tree in the garden.

It was so small, being only three inches in length from its horn-crowned head to the tip of its little striped tail, that I feared it would not live; but it has not only lived, but thrived and perceptibly grown, is very tame and has proved in many ways a most interesting pet.

I knew that many Mexican children tamed these little creatures, even carrying them in their bosoms, and had questioned them as to the proper food for them; but they would say "nada, Senora" (nothing, madam). It seemed too cruel to deprive him of food and liberty at the same time, so I experimented a little, and found that Xenophon enjoyed a dinner of ants immensely, and refused all other food when he could get those.

The large red ants are abundant here, and four of them proved sufficient for a hearty meal for him. I had filled a quart pail more than half full of white sand, and placed my little prisoner in it, where he seems contented.

Sometimes I take him in my hand, and gently stroke his head; he will invariably shut his eyes and seem to take the greatest pleasure in the caress.

The next morning after placing him in the sand, I looked in the pail, but my pet had disappeared; the surface of the sand was smooth, and I thought he must have gotten out during the night, but a little later, when the sun was sending its bright, warm rays over porch and pail, I saw the head of Xenophon, poked out of the sand, followed slowly by his entire body. He had simply gone to bed.

We need no other barometer. When the day is fine, he will remain covered until about ten o'clock in the morning; but when I find him up bright and early, with his little head erect and in a listening attitude, I know there will be a sand storm sometime during the day, and this little weather prophet never fails in his predictions.

For a long time he would not eat when he knew he was observed, but now he eats serenely no matter how large is his audience.

He will eat nothing that is not alive. I have tried him with dead ants and flies, but he would not give them a second glance, even when I knew he was hungry; they must not only be alive, but active. When the live ants are placed in his pail, he will watch them for a while, his little beady eyes following their every movement; when you see him get up on his feet, and his little tail move to and fro, like that of a cat, you may know that he means business. He will watch his opportunity, and dart forward, his little red tongue flying in and out with lightning-like rapidity, gathering in ant after ant until his appetite is satisfied; then he will flatten himself out on the sand and seem to go to sleep.

Sometimes his little fringed body will look lean and lank, but he can puff up in an incredibly short time, and appear quite corpulent.

He manifests no particular intelligence except in regard to the weather, but he knows his name, and will open his eyes, if asleep, and even turn his head, when I call "Xenophon."

I have tried to see him bury himself in the sand, but he refuses to give up the secret of that performance, and I only know that he does it, leaving not one trace to show where "under the sand he lies."

THE HORNED TOAD

I feel that it is cruel to keep him in such close quarters, and know that some day I will give him his freedom, yet it will be with a feeling of sincere regret, that I part with my little desert pet, "Xenophon."

* * *

THE TURKEY GOBBLER

BY MRS. J MOREHEAD

A funny incident happened at our place a few years ago. We had a white turkey gobbler of great size. We also raised some geese with a chicken hen, which left them quite early. The gobbler adopted the goslings, left his perch in the tree to sit with them at night, and went with them every day to the river, standing on the bank till they came out of the water, and bringing them to the house every night. It was quite amusing to see them. This is a true story.

* * *

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS

BY NETTIE RAND MILLER

Little Ethel came running into the house one day with a very sad face.

"Mamma," she cried, "my dolly has been dreadful sick and died and gone down to God."

"What was the matter with your dolly?" her mother asked.

"It had the doctor dreadfully," Ethel replied.

STEAMER ROSARIO IN AN ICE JAM
An incident in one of Captain Coffin's earlier Arctic expeditions

RECORDS OF A POLAR EXPEDITION

By EDWIN COFFIN

Captain Steamer "America"

EDITOR'S NOTE:—To present a true picture of the real struggle of polar expeditions, the NATIONAL *has arranged with Captain Edwin Coffin, who spent twenty different seasons in the Arctics, for the publication of his private journal kept during the last ill-fated Ziegler Polar Expedition, which only escaped total annihilation in the cold regions of Franz Josef Land by the arrival of a relief ship. Captain Coffin, in his article "Twenty Years in the Arctics," published in the October* NATIONAL, *told of many incidents of his trips through Behring Straits to the coast of Siberia and North America, which was widely quoted and appreciated. In this diary there is no attempt at story telling, simply a matter-of-fact chronicling of the twenty-four hour periods as they passed. In no way can a more adequate idea be gained of the real life of an expedition Captain Coffin is an old-time whaler, careful and conscientious, who has rounded out his years of active life on the sea, and lives at his old home in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, where his townsmen have honored him with important duties to discharge in the town government. But withal, the Captain says he sometimes yearns for the tremendous solitude of the Arctics. The zeal for covering distance toward the pole, when once acquired, is as lasting as life itself. The bronzed features of Captain Coffin light up with a greater enthusiasm when he talks of shoving a steamer through the pack ice of the Arctics, than when the office of town selectman is under discussion. The Captain made this diary for his own archives, but we are fortunate to have prevailed upon him to take the* NATIONAL *readers over this "personally conducted tour" of the Arctics before it is filed away.*

IN January of the year 1903, I entered into an agreement with William Ziegler of New York to go as master of the "America," a bark-rigged steamer of six hundred tons, well built and specially adapted to bucking the heavy ice in Arctic seas. My long experience as captain of whaling vessels in northern waters had given me a great deal of information necessary to successfully take this costly expedition to its destination—Tepletz Bay, Crown Prince Rudolf Island.

My first task, and one on which in a great measure depended the success of the undertaking, was the choice of my officers and crew. They must be both able-bodied and young, and I decided that among our hardy ice whalemen I would find the men I wanted. But I found it no easy task, as many had already signed for their regular whaling voyages. By the first of March I had made agreements with a first and second officer, steward, cook, mess boy and eleven seamen, and on the seventh I assembled the crew in Boston and took them to New York, where I placed them in a good hotel instead of taking them to one of the regular sailors' boarding houses.

On the tenth of March we sailed on the big liner "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" for Hamburg.

On the voyage over the boys enjoyed their outing as second class passengers, and arrived at Bremenhavn in fine condition. At Bremen they remained one night to look over the city, and at Hamburg we had to wait four days for a steamer to Norway. We finally secured passage on the steamer "Olaf Kyre," and all through the first night out she showed us the difference between her and the big liner, by her rolling propensities. I noticed the next morning that we were the only ones seated at the breakfast table. Arrived at Bergen with one sailor sick, and I had him placed in the hospital and subsequently sent home. Here the crew were signed under the same agreements by the American Consul.

As the "Olaf Kyre" had to stop at all way ports to deliver cargo, I changed to a fast express boat, the "Erling Yarl," and arrived March 28 at Tromso, one of the most northern ports of Norway, latitude 69° 30′ north. At this port I found our steamer "America," which had been lying up for the winter in charge of Chief Engineer Hartt, who had secured accommodations for the crew. At other places as far north as this I had always found ice five feet or more in thickness, and ships wintering would be frozen in until July. Here was no ice at all, and it never does make in the harbors or bays.

After dinner I went on board of the "America" to note conditions of ship and furniture, and after a survey I found there was much to do in the way of repairs. Above the rail she looked like a wreck. The hull was in good shape outside, but the decks looked as if they needed renewing, as much as I could see of them for litter and dirt. The next day First Officer Haven started in with the crew to clear away and get the ship in readiness for the workmen. As there was no dry dock large enough to take the ship out, I went to Trondhjem, several hundred miles south, and secured a dock there.

Owing to a strike in Bergen I found it impossible to get workmen enough to do all the work I had planned and still allow us to get away early in June, and the alterations and repairs kept us at the shipyard until June 18. At the yard we took on board six hundred tons of coal, and then steamed to the quay and finished coaling on the 23d. We had to uncrate and unpack cases to get our provisions on board, but in spite of the many predictions of our nautical friends we did get all stores on the ship, though they were piled so high that it gave us little room to move around. A stable was constructed for the Field Party's (expedition men) twenty-five ponies which would be taken on later in Russia, with a dog kennel on the top to hold one hundred or more dogs.

On June 23, at high water, 6.30 P. M., we started for Trano (sixty miles south of Tromso) to take on two hundred dogs and five ponies which were left there by the former Baldwin-Ziegler expedition in 1902. The steamer was now deep in the water, but all hands were eager to commence their hazardous trip to Franz Josef Land. The expedition party of sixteen men had all arrived at Trondhjem on May 28.

We had fine weather up through the inside passages, and arrived at Trano and dropped anchor close to the shore at 5.30 A. M., June 26. Trano is a small island with a few farmhouses and one church. At 12.30 P. M. we finished loading our live cargo and left for Tromso, arriving at 8.30 P. M., the same day. The genial represenitive of Mr. Ziegler, Mr. W. S. Champ, was on board to be with us to the last possible minute, going with us to Archangel and returning to Vardo, Norway.

My ship's company numbered twenty-four, including myself and the expedition party of fifteen, all told. The dogs were quiet at first, but later on made all hands tired with their howling. The expedition party went on shore at Tromso for a run. The next day all hands worked like beavers getting stores from the warehouse off in a lighter, completely filling up the deck, and on top everywhere where a case could possibly stick. We had to leave a four-oared boat which had been repaired here, owing to the fact that no possible space could be found to take it on.

At 9.30 P. M. we hove anchor and started for Archangel.

From my private journal written on shipboard during this voyage I take the following:

Sunday, June 28.—Calm and clear. Unpacking and stowing stores and lashing up deck load in all parts of the ship for outside going tomorrow. Came out by North Cape, latitude 71° 18′ north. Sea smooth and dotted over with fishing craft and small coasters. Also saw three lumber-laden steamers bound south from Russia. North Cape is where so many tourists come to view the midnight sun, and another interesting sight here is the large rookery of sea gulls.

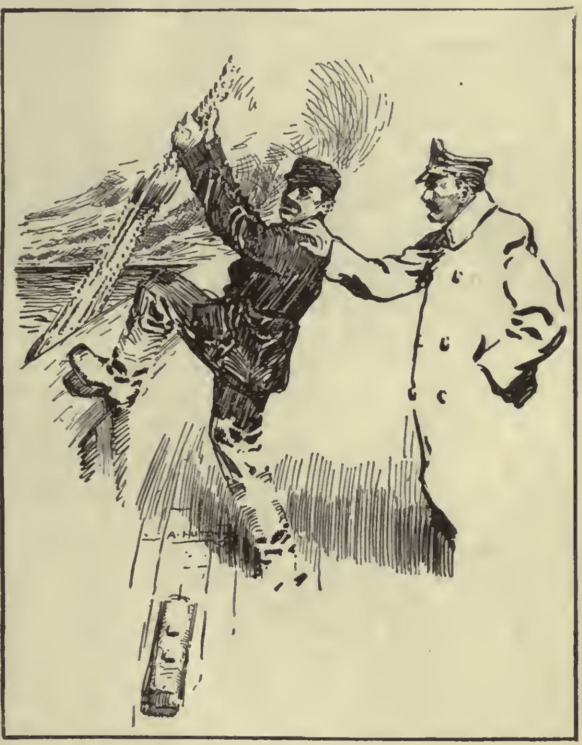
June 29. — Light easterly winds and clear. Considerable head swell coming in from the east. At 4 P. M. passed inside of Vardo. Leaving this last port in Norway, took departure, Vardo, bearing north 23° east, distant one and one-half miles, for Archangel.

June 30.—Same fine weather first half day, last half thick fog. Passed three lumber-laden steamers.

July 1.—Filled the coal bunkers from the forward hold in order to get the ship's head out a little. There has been a fog all day with light winds prevailing.

July 2.—Variable winds and rain in squalls through the early morning. Sighted land at 5.10 A. M., Karetska light five miles distant. Changed course, south 45° 00′ west, for lightship on the bar. At 8 A. M. came up to the bar. Took two pilots, came in over two bars and anchored off the port of Solomboul, near the landing, in four fathoms. Dense fogs all through the White Sea.

July 3.—Expedition men are enjoying a run on shore. Crew busy filling coal bunkers and trimming ship to the eighteen-foot mark, as that is the limit to carry over the bar outside. It gives us a heavy list to port to get this draught. At the Custom House, when preparing my statement I found to my surprise that it was the twenty-third of June in Archangel. Some of the boys tried a swim alongside, but I noticed they made a quick trip out of the water. Air is much warmer than the water in this latitude, 64° 30′ north.



We had another man to put off here

July 4.—Lighters came off with sixteen tons of cracked corn and hulled oats, twenty-five ponies, twenty-six dogs, deer skins for ice travel, and stores for the ship's use. Now all ready to go to sea, which will be at high tide early tomorrow morning. The ship is jammed full again, so 'tis slow work to get from one end to the other. As fast as coal is taken from the holds, goods are stored in their place, and so it will be until we make the ice.

July 5.—At 1.30 A. M. we started with one pilot on the bridge. Got over the inner bar and were obliged to anchor on account of a dense fog outside. At 11.30 A. M. started again, and on coming up with the lightship a boat was sent from her to take off the pilot. We also had another man to put off here—an English sailor who had stowed himself away in Solomboul and wanted to go pole-hunting, too, but the verdict was that he must go back to his ship. The channel out is very narrow, just admitting one ship to pass another. At 2.30 P. M. took departure from the lightship, south, 52° west, distant seven miles.

JULY 6.—Thick fog again today. The ponies and dogs are doing fine and are all in good condition.

JULY 7.—We are now outside the White Sea, in Barrents Sea once more. 'Tis blowing a gale from the west. This morning I had to stow down the engine on account of washing the dogs off the forecastle head. Just before slowing down a sea came over there. From the bridge I could see a confusion of parts of dogs in the water; their chains only kept them from being swept overboard. This kind of dog has very little liking for water. One vessel in sight running off before the wind with very little sail out. This evening the wind has moderated some, also cleared a little between us and the land, but still thick off shore and heavy seas rolling. I notice poor appetites are in order today among the expedition party. A few have none—others attribute the cause of lost appetites to bad air from the engine room.

JULY 8.—Strong northwest winds and heavy swell rolling in. Dogs getting showered rather too often for their liking. The ponies are well stabled and don't seem to mind the rough water. After dinner the sea subsided and I rung up full speed again. Several vessels in sight during the day.

JULY 9.—Fine weather and a smooth sea once more. No trouble with appetites now. At 3.30 P. M. arrived at Vardo. Mr. Champ left us this evening for Tromso, on an express boat. We gave him three cheers, a blast on the bugle, and blew the whistle. Here we took on sixty tons of coal and filled up all water tanks.

JULY 10.—Fine weather. Got ready and at 6.30 started for the ice. All well and anxious to sight it, and make the beginning toward the pole.

JULY 11.—Fine weather and smooth sea. Put the crow's-nest at the foretopmast head, all ready for working ice. Have had the ship under all sail since leaving Vardo, to save coal, as we may need it all before we finish. Mr. Fiala, the leader of the expedition, took some pictures of the ship under sail, this afternoon. Our crow's-nest is a good one, with room in it for four men; constructed with a wooden frame and No. 1 canvas covered. At 1.45 P. M. started steaming full speed. Have put in electric connections between the pilot house and engine room, thus doing away with the necessity of shouting orders, or the use of whistles or flags to signal the deck. When the dogs are howling, which they often do (one commences and the rest join in) 'tis almost impossible to hear even a strong whistle signal on the bridge. Also in working through close ice, one does not care to turn around to view the deck to see if the orders are being carried out right as signalled by a whistle.

JULY 13.—Fine weather and calm. Came up to the ice at 6 P. M., latitude 74° 51′ north, longitude 38° 37′ east. Saw a Norwegian sealing craft at this point apparently trying to work east. This part of the ice was the most northern in this longitude, with a bight making northwest, thence southwest some twenty miles. This ice was solid and unbroken, with some very heavy ice frozen in the field, and with some small holes extending in about one-quarter of a mile from the edge. Looking north over the field it appeared to be very white and solid clear to the horizon. Far as I could see from the crow's-nest it made off east 12° north, so I steamed eastward, following the solid ice and looking for a lead of water or a weak spot to buck the ship into the north and east. The dogs were much excited when the ship plowed through points of ice, and did the howling act to perfection, which can better be imagined than described—over two hundred dogs howling at once. If I cannot find a lead of water between here and Nova Zembla, there will be some tall bucking ice and little coal left after reaching our destination, in 81° 47′ 56″ north. I did not speak the sealer, as she was west of me and I did not care to go out of my way. The sight of the ice today was a welcome one to all the expedition folks, showing them that the real beginning of their undertaking had arrived. Sighting the pack so far south showed me 'twould be no easy job to get north even with our good ship.

July 14.—Most of this day fog in squalls, clearing so I could see the road very well at times. Found some loose ice and steamed in about fifteen miles northeast. Coming up to solid ice was obliged to work out to the east making a little southing. Much heavy ice today. The ponies did not seem to mind the ship ramming it. Sometimes the shocks would start them from their stalls to the deck. The sailors' quarters being forward, they got but little sleep and were out on deck watching the ship buck through the big pieces. They will soon get used to it and only be disturbed by occasional severe shocks. The dogs were taken from the top of the forecastle head and chained underneath. The temperature is a little below freezing since making the ice. Have to stop steaming in fogs when following off to the east, as I wish to view every mile so as not to lose any leads or other chances to work north. Southerly swell running among the loose ice at the edge, causing much scraping and grinding against the ship's sides, and getting rather tired of it I worked the ship out into a clear hole. Lying still awaiting the lifting of the fog. Cleared up through the night, when we started steaming through loose ice, latitude 74° 32′.

July 15.—Considerable fog all through this day. Steamed through a point of ice six miles, which made off south to loose, heavy ice, twelve miles. Temperature below freezing today. No life of any description either in the water or air. Never has been my fortune to see more desolate ice scenery in my experience of twenty-three years in the Arctic Ocean. Gave the men a good rest this day, also the ponies, as I only worked through one point of ice, lying still most of the time. The ice looks just the same as when we first came up to it. No chance to work anything but solid ice to get north. I have to make southing every day going east, and I do not like it. Can spare the time, but not the coal. Still I must know if I take the ice in the best place to get north, and I have seen no best place yet. I do not care to work in one hundred miles and have to work out again. Had to fill the coal bunkers again today. All hands are well. Latitude 74° 24′, longitude 44°.

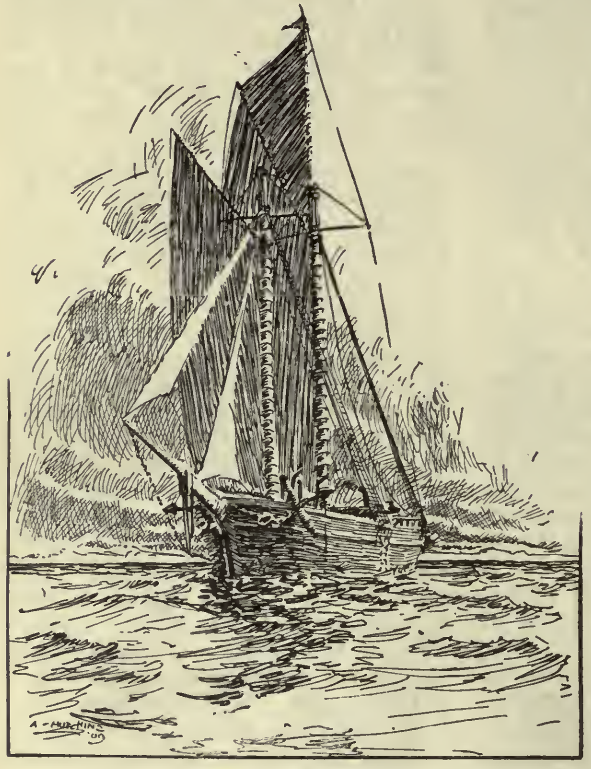
July 16.—Big swell coming in from the south, no wind, and fog part of the afternoon. Worked through many points of ice today, all making off southwest. One of the ponies has colic, and the doctor has his first patient. Got no sights for latitude today. Seems like lost time to some of the expedition folks that the ship does not go north through the solid ice. Patience is one of the most essential qualities needed in making a passage through ice in these latitudes, as any ice-breaking ship can do about so much and then stick for days. The ship is in good condition, and the leaks are growing less every day as the hull rises out of the water by use of coal and stores.

July 17.—Our usual friend, fog, in evidence nearly all through this day, with light variable winds and some thunderclaps for a change. Ship lying still among loose ice. At 2 p. m. fog lifted. Started steaming, but had to make much southing. No leads of water showing. Rather discouraging having to work south when you want to go north. This is one of the phases of "iceing" which tries one's patience. One of the expedition party comes toward the bridge, glances up at the standard compass, says, "Why! we are going south," confers with another member, remarking, "Guess we are bound to Norway for more coal," also takes a squint aloft at the crow's-nest to see if any one is in it conning the ship—all impatient to reach the goal. At 8 p. m. hauled the ship up to northeast and forced through heavy loose ice, coming to scattering ice and small holes. At 11.30 p. m. came to a large hole. Fog shutting down, stopped steaming as I could not see over one hundred feet—a genuine Arctic fog. Shows considerable water here, but our position is much south of where we were four days ago. Latitude today 73° 40′, so would have to find a long hole to take us as far north as the highest reached—75° 00′. Saw some large pieces of land ice today, evidently from Nova Zembla.

July 18.—Fog cleared at 8 a. m., and showed we had steamed into a large bight showing all solid ice around it. Had to work off to southeast again. Latitude 73° 48′ at noon; longitude 48° 5′. Working heavy close ice until 3 p. m., when we came to a large hole of water making east northeast At 7 p. m. sighted Sukhoie Point, Nova

Zembla, distant forty miles, bearing northeast. Ice looks more open toward the land. Fog came in again at 9.30 P. M. Stopped steaming and laid in a small hole, after running a lead of water to solid ice. There are no large leads here, and so far as I can judge no water between ice and land.

JULY 19.—Fog lifted at 7 A. M. Worked through northeast toward the land until I came up to solid ice extending to the land and making off south. At noon latitude was 72° 47′. Now I have steamed across the sea and have satisfied myself there is no division of the ice or any leads running north. Nothing bnt solid ice with some weak places. The best place was in 74° 42′, longitude 49° 0′ east, also the nearest point to destination. Bucked through into clear water and headed north and west. Saw a few seals. Sea smooth as glass. Weather clear.



This forenoon a sealing schooner came up

JULY 20.—Commences with light northeast wind and clear. This forenoon a sealing schooner came up, which proved to be the same one we saw on sighting the ice July 13. His catch was seventy seals. They expected to be in Norway September 1. Their boats were off at the edge of the ice, hunting. These hardy icemen reported this as the iciest season in their experience, and expressed wonder that I was confident we would get through the ice to our destination. "Why," they said, "no steamer will ever reach there this year." Mr. Fiala and I went on board to send letters, as our last chance would be this craft. We made a short tarry and said good-bye, not knowing when we would see another sign of civilization. Started on our course, following the ice northwest. At this point I realize we have got to do some hard bucking and burn coal before we can make even Cape Flora, the south destination. I will not have to stop for fog on my back track, having looked the ground all over.

JULY 21.—Fog and northwest wind. Still below freezing. Don't look as if there would be any summer here. Plenty ice around. Passed one berg in the fog one thousand feet long and seventy-five feet wide, and saw it after passing it. It had a flat top with perpendicular sides, making a bad obstruction to run against. Had just stopped on account of heavy floes, and being near where I would attempt to take the ice to go north. All day we passed dead loons by the hundreds, also little auks floating on the water, which would indicate a hard spring at Franz Josef Land. These birds fly north every spring, arriving at Cape Flora about March 10. This year the ice did not open out for them to feed, and when they started south for food 'twas too late, and they fell exhausted at the southern edge of the ice, dying of starvation. (I had noted the habits of these fowls in the early spring of 1901, during my stay at Cape Flora). Some fell on the ice which melted and left the birds floating, others were washed off by southerly storms. These birds had been reported by sealers arriving in Norway early in June, and I was asked by some prominent gentlemen in Trondhjem to take note for some reasons for this heretofore unheard-of occurrence. And the above solution is what I arrived at. Taking advantage of lying still, I had the coal bunkers refilled. At 7 P. M. still foggy. Waiting for a good light-up to pick out the best place to force the steamer into the pack. Am getting anxious to get through, as there is so much work after reaching our destination, and this bids fair to be an early winter, as 'tis below freezing every day to date. At 11 P. M. the fog lifted so I could see four miles. Rung up full speed and steered west about six miles, where the ice looked weakest. Worked through a point of heavy ice when the wind came fresh from the northwest bringing a dense fog. I had seen enough to know this was the best place, so headed in due north and forced her into the floe. 'Twas heavy, flat ice, broken in large pieces through which I could make about four miles an hour.

JULY 23.—Came up to solid ice at 1.45 A. M., when it cleared fine, with a light north wind, and now could pick out the weakest spots to buck through. Made one-half mile and got the propeller stalled. Cut away awhile, clearing the wheel, and let her go again. By picking soft places we could go ahead without much backing up. Although we made a crooked course we were making north. Made twenty-five miles to the good. Fog at 3.50 P. M. again, but did not stop. At 11 P. M. could see about four miles, and the ice was getting more rotten. Some small holes showed up which did look more encouraging after this hard day's work. Shot two seals and had them for supper; they were pronounced good. Everybody now feels in good humor as they are figuring how long we will be getting through the ice and just how much water there will be on the north edge of the ice between it and the land. Some say sixty miles, the least, forty. Only a few days back it seemed uncertain. It takes only a little for a rise or fall of the men's spirits in this dreary northern clime.

JULY 24.—Calm and light winds all through this day. Could only work east today as the ice was so much thicker, with no holes in sight to the north. From the crow's-nest one can see about seven miles to determine ice conditions ahead exactly. Sounded and got one hundred and twenty-five fathoms of water, with a slight drift to northeast. Waiting tonight for a good light-up to the horizon. I think there are some holes to the north beyond our range of vision.

JULY 25.—Wind southwest; fog until afternoon. In a light-up we bucked through some heavy loose ice in between two floes and made eight miles north by west and tied up to the ice. The first Polar bears were seen this afternoon; two came strolling up toward the ship. The men sighted them a long way off and got rifles enough to kill a score. I was eating dinner when the animals came near enough to shoot (about seventy-five yards). One bear dropped at the first volley, the other turned and ran off, was hit and rolled over several times, jumped up and escaped by reaching a big hole, where he soon disappeared among the scattering ice. The men were so excited they couldn't shoot straight. The first bear had a ball through his backbone and was disabled. The men jumped out on the ice to chase the wounded one. One of the party was trying to get a sailor to shoot with a boat-hook, saying: "Why don't you shoot before he gets away." He afterwards said he was not a bit excited. We saved the meat to eat. The skin was a summer one and not large, about seven feet in length, very white and glossy. I don't think any of the boys were proud of their shooting—thirty odd shots having been fired. At 10 P. M. let go and bucked along another lap, making about five miles, and again tied up. Shot two seals and one loon this evening. The sailors made frequent excursions after seals on the ice. They are too shy to let anyone get within good shooting distance. They keep near holes, which they roll into and disappear under the ice. Latitude today 76° 32′, longitude 54° 11′, four degrees east of Flora, all of which I had to make to get north. It needs a good gale to break up these immense floes north of us. The ship is fast coming up out of the water, we are using so much coal. Some of the heavy sheathing put on in Trondhjem is getting splintered with so much ice-bucking. The ship, with her nine hundred tons of dead weight, stops hard when she brings up under full speed. Not like a ship in ballast trim.

Sunday, July 26.—This day commences with clear weather, with the wind northeast and fresh. The sun came out for a short time. The thermometer stands at 31° above F. Ice is piling up around the ship, which is in a bight in the big floe, preventing any pressure on her. To the south the ice is opening also some west. After dinner, ice slacking a little. I pushed the ship into the hole, west. Fog hanging all around in the horizon. About 2 p. m., all at once, here was a bear which had come up unperceived, standing on his hind legs sizing up a new kind of scent from our ship. Four of the expedition boys (or fieldmen as they were called) started post haste after our white visitor, who immediately turned and galloped for the water. One of the men shot him in the back of the neck, while in the water, and then he tried to haul himself out on a cake of ice. Another man, Vaughn, shot him in the head, killing him instantly, the bear sliding back into the water. A Polar bear will always float on the surface. We lowered a boat and towed the bear to the floe, where we skinned him and saved the carcass to eat. Mr. Fiala held a religious service in the cabin after supper. Everybody well. Not one case as yet for the doctors. All the animals in good condition.

July 27.—Today the wind is northeast, quite fresh, and overcast. Ice is drifting fast to south and west, and as we are still tied to the ice we are drifting directly from our course. Several large icebergs are near us and are continually working through the flat field ice. Some of these bergs are drawing from thirty to fifty fathoms of water and hard as rocks, and are a great help in smashing and cutting through the floes, allowing us to follow in their wake, then find a weak spot and work through toward the north. No seals or bears seen today. Had bear steak and curried bear's meat. 'Twas very good, but rather strong for a steady diet. The ice is opening to the south. A few spots of water can be seen in the northeast, but now six miles of old pack ice are between it and the ship, and it is impossible to break through. Not much encouragement this day (and the fog came to see us) of the ice opening, as the wind is moderating fast. At 10 p. m. the ice is closing around us everywhere, and as the ship is lying between two immense floes we will probably have to move to get out of the pressure. Everything on board goes like clockwork. All are doing well.

July 28.—North wind today with fog most of the day. At 3 a. m. had to move a short distance on account of the ice closing in. Nothing but unbroken fields of ice to north and no chance to move today. Our water is getting rather low, and we have to look for some on the high ice. The season is so cold 'tis not easy to find any that is perfectly fresh. It is still below freezing. Latitude today, 76° 40′, longitude, 52° 30′. The men made several unsuccessful trips out on the ice for seals. Impatience again cropping out. The rattlings on the main rigging show the wear, where our ambitious boys are constantly running up and down, looking for leads toward the land of ice and snow. The day closes with the same kind of weather.

July 29.—Wind north, fresh, with fog lifting occasionally so we could see three to four miles. The rigging is all ice from the fog freezing on it, so it has to be pounded off with clubs to reach the crow's-nest on the foremast. At 8 a. m. started working through narrow leads and ice north until 11 a. m., when the fog came in very thick. At this time we came up to solid ice and had to make fast once more. At 1 p. m. had a short lift of the fog, and I saw a chance to make a mile more of northing by going to the westward a short distance through a point of the field ice. Steamed one and one-half miles to the north and again came up to the bulkhead in the fog. Tied up shortly after the fog lifted, and I found myself in a hole of water one and one-half miles long, one-eighth mile wide, and shutting up rapidly, one hundred yards away, and working down toward us was a berg, which I measured from the dinghey after viewing it to see if there was any fresh water on the top. 'Twas nearly square, 375 feet long, 325 wide, and 75 feet high, with perpendicular sides, with no way of getting to the top. Not relishing a contact with this gentleman, I got the steamer under way and steamed out of its track. In ten minutes the ice was jammed up together, and has probably opened in other places. Have made fifteen miles due north so far today, and feel confident I could work some more to the north if the fog was not so dense. Many times, working in the fog, you will find on clearing you have got in the wrong place and have to burn coal to get back to the starting point. The men are getting impatient once more and think they would like to arrive at Franz Josef Land with twenty tons of coal rather than try to save coal where we now are. This I overheard one of the field party say. Quite fortunate he does not run the ship. This fog will cause more mischief than burning coal, I am afraid. Found some water on the ice after supper and filled one tank—about twenty-five barrels. Day ends the same.

July 30.—This day comes in with fresh northeast wind and dense fog. At 7.45 A. M., cleared some, and at 8 fairly clear. Got steam and started, bucked just about one-quarter of a mile, and got stuck fast, as the ice was closing up fast when we started. Looks like loose ice in to north and east; all field ice. Very large cakes, apparently. At 3 P. M. the fog came in again thick as ever. We shot two seals in a small hole, but both sank immediately. I sent the first officer aloft to see what he thought of ice conditions. He is a man with fifteen years' experience in working ice, and his opinion was, as he said, that it is no earthly use to try. We are now in the centre of a large floe about twelve to fifteen miles around it, and opening to north and east, but we cannot move as the pressure is on around the steamer. Fog is lighting up in squalls, and the wind is increasing fast and will open out this floe we are in. By to-morrow we will be able to make a good run north. I threw away several tons of coal trying to make some headway in this jammed-up ice, simply to satisfy one man. After supper it cleared up and I had to buck the steamer back on the old track where I came in this morning. At 10.50 P. M. came up to a heavy point of ice which was shoving on a large floe and could not buck through. Tied up to another part where there was a narrow neck through into the big lead south, running around the ice to northeast. Mr. Fiala tried mines of gun cotton to break through the narrow neck, but had no success at this time. It cracked the ice all the way through, but as the pressure was still on it did no good. Midnight still tied up to the ice. Latitude 76° 40′, longitude, 52° 32′.

July 31.—At 7.30 A. M. it cleared up and the ice commenced to open through the points where I tried to get through yesterday. Got steam and worked through to the eastward, following the edge of the big field ice. At 11 A. M. the fog came in again. We soon came up to solid ice and tied up, as the ice seemed to be opening out where the pieces were jammed and broken up between the floes. I felt better satisfied with this day's work of twelve miles to the good—north, 32° east. At 10.30 P. M., calm. The fog cleared away fine, and the sun kept out bright, making the warmest evening of all. Got under way, and worked through the heavy loose ice to the north, where I found the ice very weak and leads of water all running east and west, so I had to cross them, steering well to the north.

August 1.—Comes in calm and clear. Worked along through the same kind of ice until 4 A. M., when we came up to the heaviest ice I had seen, regular old Arctic pack ice, with lots of water on it. Here was ice that no ship could get into at any place, that I could see from the crow's-nest. It made off southwest as far as the glasses would show. Now was the chance to fill our water tanks. We put a force pump on the ice, pumped fifty barrels which was enough to fill the after tanks. While at work the fog came in, latitude 77° 9′, longitude 51° 1′, this A. M. At 3.30 P. M. it cleared, and I followed the pack east to find an end. Steamed twelve miles and found where the flat ice was pressed against it, tied up and waited for the ice to slack up.

August 2.—This day comes in with light northeast wind. Ice slacked to the north at 8 A. M. Got steam and headed to the north, finding little narrow leads of water and flat field ice which we bucked through until 3 P. M., when we came up to solid pack ice. (The last two hours had been steaming in the fog). Tied the steamer up to wait for the fog once more. Made about thirty miles, north 11°, east. Sounded and found one hundred and ninety fathoms ice drifting north 45° east. This is the first time I have found a northerly drift. 'Tis very small, one-half knot an hour, so it affects the ice but little in opening and shutting. Day ends same. All well, and so ends this day.

August 3.—This day comes in with northeast wind and a dense fog. At 1.50 P. M. cleared up, and showed from aloft that this northeast wind had done some good toward opening the ice to the north. I immediately got the ship under steam and worked to the north. The ship got many hard knocks, as the leads were wide enough to get a good headway to buck through between the leads; all flat ice, but very hard on account of the continued freezing temperature. Came to a large hole in the ice making nearly east and west fifteen to twenty miles in length and seven miles wide. At 9.30 P. M. came up to a perfectly solid pack. Not a hole or crack to be seen in it—regular old Arctic hummocks. Headed to the east to look for some ending of this kind of ice; followed it off ten miles until it made off southeast as far as I could see. Turned and steamed to the west until it made off south. So gave up and tied up to the edge of the pack, at 12 midnight, as I can only get south now. Wind is increasing and may open out to the west, the most likely-looking place, especially with a northeasterly blow. The only way will be to find an end and work north to flatter ice. I don't hear any of the expedition boys saying anything about going through this ice. So far it has been all hard work and slow progress. The ship has been kept out of all pressures, not once being caught between two floes coming together. No accident of any kind to the ship or machinery. The latitude today is 77° 50′, longitude, 52° 45′. The ice is drifting fast south and west.

AUGUST 4.—Wind north and a little more moderate. Ice pack remains the same. The horizon looks like some water, northeast and west northwest. I will go east again as far as possible. At 2 P. M. started steaming to the eastward, and made nine miles, east, northeast. Then ice made us go off south southeast. (There were only a few short holes into the northeast.) Now comes in some fog and rain, every drop freezing on the rigging. It makes a hard job of climbing to the crow's-nest. At 7 P. M. fog came in so dense I tied up to a floe for a while. When the fog lifted so I could see four miles we again started, and I had a cold-finger job getting up and into the crow's-nest. The ice was two inches thick on the rigging. One of the dogs fell overboard and we had to stop and lower the dinghey to pick him up. The rascal seemed to enjoy his bath, but did a lot of rolling on the ice (where he hauled himself out), before the boys caught him. Saw two bears but had no time to spare to interview them. At 8.30 came up to larger fields of ice, and the leads are growing smaller. Raining hard. Visible horizon ten miles, from aloft. In every direction we steam (south and east) the ice gets larger and closer. Latitude 77° 50′, longitude 52° 09′ (poor sights). Up to today have steamed through one hundred and forty miles of ice to the north.

AUGUST 5.—Wind east northeast, raining and a little fog. Gave up going to the east. Have satisfied myself there is no chance to get north that way, so commenced to work off to the west. At 9 P. M. came up to a neck of flat ice, bucked through and headed northwest in a narrow lead of water. Fog not so dense as usual; can see about one mile ahead, and keep the ship going in leads and through flat ice. At 12 midnight still going on our course. Everything aloft frozen stiff.

AUGUST 6.—Fresh northeast wind and fog coming in squalls. Working along same as last night, sometimes in between long fields of ice with loose ice between. At 3.45 P. M. fog came in very thick, so had to tie up to the ice. Saw a few seals hauled out on the ice. Chance looks good to sight the land now. At 6.30 fog lifted so I could see two miles. Could not see any road farther north. All the ice is flat now and thin in spots, and everybody thinks the "America" will win out and reach Cape Flora. In consequence of this feeling the rigging is getting a short rest. All the animals are in good condition. The ponies have more comfortable quarters than the dogs.

AUGUST 7.—Wind southeast, moderate; fog lifted enough to see about six miles to the north; all clear south and the ice tight as a bottle in that direction. At 12.30 let go and worked north, and at 1 o'clock the fog again came in very thick. Working between a solid ice field to west and large pieces of ice frozen together east—a very narrow lead with heavy ice wedged in between the floes. At 3 A. M. came up to ice making across our course, east and west. Could not find any lead, so tied up again. Ice seems to be of the same nature—flat fields of it. The one west of us I have followed thirty miles without seeing any end. At 8 A. M. cleared up good to the north. Franz Josef Land was in sight, Northbrooke and Bell islands showing out first. Cape Flora bearing north, 22° 30′ east, thirty-five miles distant. The islands showed white with black stripes alternating with the white. Looks like clear water near Northbrooke Island. I found a narrow crack in the ice running alongside the big ice field west, and jammed and bucked through into little holes, finally coming up to where it was pressing together. Had to buck out and go back a quarter of a mile into a little bight of water to avoid the heavy pressure that was smashing up the ice between the floes. Killed three seals today and secured them. Fog again after dinner until 8.30 P. M. when it cleared some. The steamer is lying snug in the bight—no pressure on her. Now we are thirty miles from the land, and instead of finding fifty to sixty miles of water at this north end there is not over twelve miles.

AUGUST 8.—Wind light northeast and a thin fog, but very close ice and continually shoving up at each edge of the floes. Cannot make a move until it slacks up. Last half of the day thick fog. Filled the coal bunkers from the main hatch, and cleared up the decks as much as possible, for the steward to get from the galley without having to pass forward over the after house. Dr. Newcomb reported a horse sick with glanders, which was shot and thrown overboard with all its gear from the stall, so as not to infect the other animals. All the ponies are O. K.; dogs doing well as can be expected in such crowded quarters; having to keep them chained and no room to exercise them, they are having hard times.

AUGUST 9.—Light easterly wind with fog at intervals. At 10 A. M. let go and bucked through toward the gateway of this big floe; got through into a small hole, when the ice commenced to squeeze up again. Stopped and tied up at 11.30 A. M. Ice closing everywhere. Fog light now. Saw land bearing north 14° 30′ east (call it Bell Island) twenty-five miles distant. First time it has cleared enough to see the land since yesterday. Many are over-anxious to go ahead, and just now I could get plenty of ice pilots. As we have practically arrived at our first destined port, I can get along with the pilots who have brought the ship this far—the officers and myself, with the crew, who have been very willing and able to do all they have been called to do. I only hope when it comes to sledging from the most northern island in the spring, *all* will do as well. This is undoubtedly a season of much ice and as my first officer, Mr. Haven, said, "an ice cake of one mile circumference is a small one." At midnight there is no change. Ice squeezed up and all small holes frozen over.

AUGUST 10.—Wind west, northwest, blowing twenty-five miles an hour and snowing hard. Plenty of young ice. No change until 3.50 P. M., when, the ice slacking a little, we let go and bucked through one mile of heavy pieces, crossing several narrow leads of water. Then the ice again squeezed up hard and blocked the steamer solid. At 11 P. M. Mr. Fiala put a charge of sixty pounds of gun cotton in mines on a heavy cake of ice to open out a passage for the steamer between two floes, which proved unsuccessful. Thick all day until after 7 P. M. Saw the land once at 7.30, for a short time. Water showing close to land. So will be able to make an early landing at Cape Flora. Mr. Fiala shot a bear. Could not get the meat.

AUGUST 11.—This day comes in with west wind, moderate, with light snow squalls and thick fog. Tried to buck through two points of ice, but had to give it up, the pressure coming on. Used gun cotton to blow up two pieces of heavy ice at the entrance between the points. Kept the ship one hundred feet away with a full head of steam to force my way through the minute it slacked; the first officer at the point to watch it. At 3.20 P. M. it commenced to slack. I immediately started full speed and broke through. Here 'twas flat ice between the floes and no pressure. Worked about five miles through holes and ice when we came to larger leads of water. Fog came in thick, but I did not stop, as we did not come to any ice we couldn't work. Saw two bears which were on a large field of ice, and they chased the steamer until the fog hid them. Couldn't afford to stop to shoot them. At 10 P. M. had run my distance out, making Cape Flora bearing north eight miles distant, and tied up to an ice field, as the fog was so thick, and to give all hands one good night's sleep. Latitude this afternoon was 79° 23′ north, longitude 48° 23′ 30″ east.

AUGUST 12.—At 4. 30 A. M. the fog cleared away. Bell, Mabel and Northbrooke Islands in sight. Cape Flora bearing north 17° 30′ east, distant ten miles. Had made easterly drift since tying up last night. Let go and steamed in until near the rock. Mr. Fiala, myself and several others went on shore to see what condition the buildings and stores were in. All the lower part of the island was covered with snow. The houses consisted of one log dwelling house, in fair condition, one storehouse and stable built of two and one-half inch planks in good condition, two portable houses with canvas tops, one full of stores stored there by the Duke de Abruzzi, the other with some stores left by the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, all in good condition (apparently), also a few tons of coal in sacks. The roof was blown off this last named house. We had to cut through ice inside the dwelling house to open the doors, where it had leaked through the roof. Mr. Fiala put on shore (in the house) a small cache of stores for a small party early next spring. This afternoon others went on shore with the boat in charge of the first officer. Did not anchor, but laid off and on under steam. There is food enough here to winter about fifteen men in good shape with what game they would shoot—walrus, bears and seals, and some loons (ducks). Left here this afternoon and steamed east to the entrance of De Bruynes Sound, which was full of ice on the east side and many bergs on the west side. I find the only clear water is from Cape Grant east to this point, about thirty-five miles, extending south, say, fifteen miles, its greatest length. All east is unbroken ice extending from the land. Water showing far as I can see from the crow's-nest up this sound. Headed northeast up the sound under full speed. Weather fine. At 9 P. M. came up to ice making clear across the English Channel, solid. Scott Keltie Island, bearing east five miles distant, looks like a good place to winter a ship. At 9.20 started southeast to look for a chance to go north via some of the other smaller channels. Had to steam back in our old track and haul to the east around Hooker Island. Everyone feels better now as we have reached this Polar region in good shape, although we have burned too much coal for my liking. Saw some walrus in the water and a few seals just south of Cape Flora. Game does not seem plenty.

AUGUST 13.—Fine weather. Worked through ice and small leads to McClintock Island. Here we came to ice making solid on the land and no water to be seen south. All the channels were still frozen over, so I had to give up this route. There still remained the outside route west of the island, which I concluded to try before trying the English Channel again. At 4.40 P. M. turned around and headed back toward Northbrooke Island, steaming through loose ice part of the way. Arrived off the island at 6.30 in the clear water. Off Cape Flora came in a thick fog, but as it was clear water to Cape Grant I put the log over and steamed thirty-two miles, when we came up to ice and tied up, after trying to work through ice and finding it growing worse as I went west. Well, 'tis a case of wait for clear weather.

AUGUST 14.—Moderate southeast wind. Fog still thick and the steamer lying still. Sounded and got 230 fathoms. The ponies are doing fine; eat everything in sight—hardwood rails and deck; had to cover the main rail, lash rail and plank shear completely over with heavy tin to keep them from eating into them. Of late there was room for three ponies outside the stalls, and here the tin was used to protect the ship, as well as in the stalls. Nothing is safe from them and they are all alike. Commenced to put sledges together. Yesterday saw some walrus and one grampus. The weather has softened notwithstanding the land is all covered with ice and snow. Hope it continues, as it will make easier work breaking the ice going north to our destination. Contentment reigns on board again. A bear was sighted in a hole today. Mr. Riliette went after him in the dinghey and shot him, killing him at the first shot. Towed him to the ice alongside the ship and skinned him and saved the meat. A large bear with fair skin, though not like a winter skin. Ice commenced to jam up, so I got up steam and worked in toward the land to get to a big hole to make the ship fast. Saw another bear while steaming in, but did not stop to shoot him, as the ice was moving too fast, apparently with the tide from the channels. Very heavy ice now. At 3.40 P. M. tied up. Still foggy. At 8.30 P. M. the fog lifted a little, and I saw the top of Cape Crowther bearing north two miles distant.

(*To be continued*)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1848

By JAMES SIDNEY ALLEN

IT has often been said that Abraham Lincoln was unknown as a leader before the debate with Douglas in 1858. I copy from Taunton papers of September, 1848, interesting notices and a review of his address in that city in the Taylor and Fillmore campaign, twelve years before he became President.

The fact is, he had then shown such marvellous power of public speech before the people and in Congress during his single term that the Whig National Committee secured his services on the stump in Massachusetts, then feared to be a doubtful state. He spoke in Tremont Temple, Boston, in Lowell, and other places—men now alive remember parts of his speeches.

There were three political parties. The Whigs had nominated General Zachary Taylor, a slaveholder, for President. Lewis Cass was candidate of the pro-slavery Democrats. Ex-President Martin Van Buren headed the new Free Soil Party, whose leading issue was embodied in the Wilmot Proviso forbidding extension of slavery into the territories and new states. General Taylor, wholly of military experience, was non-committal on all the issues between the parties.

Abraham Lincoln supported and trusted him and used his wonderful powers of logic and ridicule against the Free Soil Party. He was opposed to slavery extension but not ready to form party lines on that issue until 1856 when the Free Soil developed into the Republican Party—which made him President of the United States.

(From *American Whig*, Taunton, September 21, 1848)

"Honorable Abraham Lincoln, M. C., from Illinois, delivered an address before the Whigs of Taunton, last evening. This distinguished gentleman has visited a number of our most populous towns at the solicitation of our Whig friends, and he has met with a most cordial reception. He was warmly received last evening. He is from the Democratic State of Illinois and is a champion of Free Soil and Free Speech, and afforded us the pleasure of a specimen of Western eloquence in favor of Taylor and Fillmore. He spoke in Chelsea on Tuesday evening, and the *Evening Journal* says: 'The Hon. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois delivered one of his argumentative and spirit-stirring addresses, which was listened to with much interest and with ardent manifestations of concurrence in the views advanced.'"

Deacon Edward W. Porter, East Taunton, says Lincoln spoke in Union Hall in his shirt sleeves, it being a very hot evening.

(From *Bristol County Democrat*, Taunton, Friday, September 29, 1848)

"The Taylor men were well entertained Wednesday evening, the 20th inst., at Union Hall, by an address from the Hon. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. The address as well as the speaker was such as to give unlimited satisfaction to the disheartened Taylorites. Such a treat it is indeed seldom their good luck to get, and they were in ecstasies! At former meetings their spirits were too low for a good hearty cheer, but on this occasion 'the steam was up.' It was reviving to hear a man speak as if he believed what he was saying and had a grain or two of feeling mixed up with it; one who could not only speak highly of Taylor, but could occasionally swell with indignation or burst in hatred on the Free Soilers. When political spite runs high nothing can be too pungent or severe, and the speaker is appreciated in proportion as his statements are rash and unscrupulous. So it was on this occasion. The speaker was far inferior as a reasoner to others who hold the same views, but then he was more unscrupulous, more facetious and with his sneers he mixed up a good deal of humor. His awkward gesticulations, the ludicrous management of his voice and the comical expression of his countenance, all conspired to make his hearers laugh at the mere anticipation of the joke before it appeared. But enough concerning the speaker; let us examine his arguments.

"General Taylor, he argued, *has* principles, though he has not given expression to them on the Tariff, Bank and other questions of policy. This, however, is in direct contradiction of Taylor, himself, who in his letter to Delany writes, 'As regards the second and third inquiries (about a bank and tariff), I am not prepared to answer them. *I could only do so after investigating them.* I am no politician; near forty years of my life have been passed on the Western frontier and in the Indian county.' The speaker next discussed the veto question and said that Taylor was the first Whig candidate that had come fully up to the Whig platform in this point, because unlike all other candidates before him he had not even claimed the right to advise Congress on matters of policy. The proper limitation of the veto, he contended, was the Whig platform itself, and General Taylor by his equivocal silence had come up to it better than the great parent of Whig principles—Henry Clay. He did not know that General Taylor had professed that he would *not* veto the Wilmot proviso, but *believed* that he would not, because General Taylor had promised not to veto any measure unless it was unconstitutional or passed in haste and acknowledged that to be constitutional which had been established by long usage and acquiesced in by the people. As the constitutionality of the Wilmot Proviso he said 'had never been disputed,' it was therefore acquiesced in by the people and consequently Taylor was bound not to veto it.

"He subsequently admitted in speaking of Cass, that in the Nicholson letter the constitutional power of Congress to exclude slavery from any territory in the Union was denied. Yet he seemed to forget this when he said that the constitutionality of the Proviso had never been disputed. He seemed to be entirely ignorant that every propagandist of slavery in existence, with John C. Calhoun at their head, claimed the right, under the Constitution, and independent of Congress, to carry their 'property' into any part of the United States territory and there to hold it.

"Calhoun said in the Senate that when the South consented to the Missouri Compromise the rights of the South granted by the Constitution were given up but belonged to the South the same as if no compromise had been made. Thomas Corwin said in his speech on the Compromise Bill introduced in the Senate last session of Congress that the constitutionality of any measure excluding slavery from the territories could not with safety be left to the decision of the Supreme Court. The House of Representatives had the same views and rejected the bill. None of these facts did the speaker allude to, but instead uttered the stupendous falsehood that the 'constitutionality of the Proviso' had never been disputed. Without this 'whopper,' however, the argument would have been defective. There would have been a gap in it, so the lie was made big enough to fill the gap that the argument might thereby be made sound and conclusive.

"He related a conversation which he overheard at the dinner table of a house in Lowell between two Free Soilers. One of them remarked that the reasoning of the Taylor men was not logical, for it certainly was illogical to say, 'General Taylor is a slaveholder, therefore we go for him to prevent the extension of slavery.' He thought this was an unfair statement of the case and gave what he deemed the correct one in the form of a syllogism as follows: 'General Taylor is a slaveholder, but he will do more to prevent the extension of slavery than any other man whom it is possible to elect; therefore we go for Taylor.'

"It needs no argument to prove that the major proposition does not include the minor and has nothing to do with it. But let that pass. The minor proposition asserts that General Taylor will do '*more*' to prevent the extension of slavery than any other man it is possible to elect, and this assertion is made before the logician has even attempted to prove that General Taylor was opposed to the extension of slavery at all! The attempt is made to prove that he will do *more* than any other man before it is proved that he will do the first thing. But taking for granted that General Taylor will not veto the Proviso (a position founded on a lie) is that a proof that he will do anything to prevent the extension of slavery? He may never have a chance to veto the Proviso even if elected in November. The slave states are equal with the free states in the Senate and before the Proviso can pass that body one or two of the Southern Senators must yield.

"Under such circumstances, is it likely that any Senator from the South will be influenced to vote for the Proviso by the executive patronage of the unrepentant slaveholder, Zachary Taylor? Is it not more probable that it would be brought to bear on some Northern doughface? It would be quite safe for Taylor to make an equivocal promise not to veto the Proviso, but he has not even done so much as that. The speaker contended that Van Buren had approved the policy of the Mexican War and the annexation of new territory. This he did not prove from Van Buren's letter written in 1844. If he had read that letter to his hearers they would have found that Van Buren wrote *against* annexation, partly because it would produce war. The proof he gave was the fact that some of the same individuals who supported Van Buren in 1844 had since voted both for Texas and war.

"He said in another part of his speech that the Northern Democrats were opposed to the annexation of Texas in 1844. Yet he undertook to prove that Van Buren was in favor of annexation and war from the fact that these men once supported him and that at the very time they themselves were opposed to annexation. But why should Van Buren be held responsible for all his friends? Where is the proof that he ever favored the extension of slavery in all his life? Is General Taylor responsible for all who now support him? Are the sins of Berrien Mangum and other propagandists of slavery to be laid to his charge? He has enough to answer for on his own account if we acquit him of all guilt connected with the Native Church burning of Philadelphia.

"To show the recklessness and audacity of the honorable gentleman and the low estimate he had formed of his hearers, it will suffice to give but one specimen. Speaking of Van Buren, he said 'he (Van Buren) won't have an electoral vote in the nation nor as many as all others in any county in the nation.' The reasoning adopted by the Whig Free Soilers he gave in the form of a syllogism as follows: 'We can't go for General Taylor because he is not a Whig. Van Buren is not a Whig; therefore, we go for him.' This dishonest statement of the case elicited warm applause from his truth-loving hearers. The syllogism should have stood thus: We can't vote for a man without principles. General Taylor has got none, and Van Buren has, at least, got one good Whig principle; therefore, we go for Van Buren against Taylor.

"For the benefit of those who are like the speaker, always misrepresenting the Free Soil Party, I will define our position in a pro-syllogism. The abolition of slavery in the territory of the United States can never be accomplished unless the North is united. But the North cannot be united until old party lines are broken down. But these lines cannot be broken down unless every man is willing to sacrifice his attachment to minor questions and make opposition to slavery the leading idea; therefore, we have come out of the old pro-slavery parties and formed the United Party of the North."

LINCOLN AT FORT STEVENS

By P. H. KAISER

ON the eleventh day of July, 1864, General Jubal Early with his army was menacing the City of Washington. His forces were concentrated in front of Fort Stevens and the other forts in the immediate vicinity, and the city was momentarily expecting an assault would be made—first upon the forts and then upon the city itself. The writer was a private in Company "K" of the 150th regiment of Ohio National Guards, and the company was stationed at Fort Stevens in front of which the heaviest skirmishing and fighting was going on.

The members of our company were manning and firing the large guns within the fort. While the skirmishing and rifle fighting was going on at quite a lively rate down in front of the fort, we were sending shot and shell far over the heads and in front of the riflemen, driving the enemy from certain dwelling houses in and behind which they were hiding, and from windows of which they were pouring balls into the ranks of our skirmishers.

In the midst of the battle, I saw, standing upon the parapet a few rods from the gun to which I was assigned, a tall man wearing a tall stovepipe hat and a long coat, who was watching the progress of the fighting with the closest interest, wholly unmindful of the danger in which he stood. Many eyes were turned in his direction, and upon inquiry I learned that the man was President Lincoln.

General Wright, in command of the 6th Corps, stood near him with a field glass viewing the contest, when a bullet wounded a surgeon nearby. The General turned at once with the order.."Mr. President, step down from that parapet, you are too conspicuous an object to remain in so exposed a position." Like a good soldier he obeyed orders and stepped down.

This was, I understand, the only battle during the Civil War of which the President was an eye-witness.

This was the first and only time I saw the Great Emancipator.

LIFE AND TIME

A shadow is our little hour
Within Life's lifted light;
A shifting of the lamp, and lo!
The shadow sleeps in night.

A pressure at the heart is life;
A longing in the eye;
A word unspoken, quivering
Upon the lips a sigh;

A sunbeam on a billow's crest
That dies when falls the wave;
A breath of evanescent wind
Blown over Summer's grave.

If life so brief a thing may be
How firmly should we hold
The treasure that is ours today,
The noontide with its gold!

For all we hold of life and time
May suddenly depart
When Death's voice 'passionate and strong'
Calls to the wayward heart.

—*Henry Dumont.*

The Soup for the Pigs

By Maud C. Keator

WHEN Lynette Thornly hied from the strenuous social life of the city to the quiet and peace of her aunt's farm, several of her suitors followed, bent on capturing the capricious butterfly and tying her to the lapel of their coats. But the dull life of the country proved too monotonous for even their ardor, and after a brief stay they retreated from the field of battle—all save Pemberton Anderson—he secured board at an adjoining house, but camped on Auntie Hawkins' front porch and haunted her rose garden.

"I never thought it would be Pem," remarked Lynette to her mirror one night, "never! The egotism of him!"

But as Pemberton was the personification of good nature, romantic, handsome, and served to break the monotony of her self-imposed exile, Lynette demurely plumed her wings and tried to be gracious.

"How did you happen to remain here to hide your light under a bushel?" gibed Lynette, wickedly, her blond head atilt and her gray eyes dancing. "Poor Pem, you'll have countryitis!"

"Well, you know," Pem informed her, gazing down from his great height, "I'd stand anything for you, Lynette."

"How truly noble!" mocked the witch, catching up her blue lawn gown and sweeping him a playful courtesy.

So she stood, a bewitching picture, slim as a silver dart, rose colored, with the fire of the setting sun on her golden head.

He strode nearer through the sweet bloom of the rose garden and caught her hands, gazing down tensely.

"I asked you three months ago to be my wife, Lynette. Haven't you walked on my heart long enough, dear? Aren't you tired of the play?"

She surveyed him a moment in silence, observing the dark, smooth-shaven face with its sensitive, boyish mouth, brown eyes and its crown of rumpled curly hair.

"I like curly hair," she commented at last, gravely. "That's the reason I like mine. You're handsome, Pem, real handsome, and you make a capital lover. But, Pem, really, I'm not sure that you'd make an ideal husband. No; I need convincing."

She shook her head doubtfully, but an impish light danced in her eyes, and her rosy mouth twitched.

"You bloodthirsty little soul," cried Pem, losing his temper. "You heartless—"

"Thank you," she interrupted coldly, drawing back among the roses. "Those are very sweet words, Mr. Anderson, too sweet to woo with—the honey of them stings."

"Lynette," he pleaded in consternation, "is this one of your play spells, or are you in earnest?"

"Bloodthirsty little soul," she repeated, her eyes glowing. Then she made him a frigid bow, turned and trailed toward the house.

"Lynette, please—I beg your pardon a thousand times—on my knees! I thought you understood that I meant that you were torturing me with your dear sweetness, your careless witchery! Oh, Lynette!"

But the dimpled mouth was drawn down to hard, unyielding lines, and the saucy head was tilted defiantly as she mounted the steps of the porch and passed from his sight behind the rose vines.

He turned and went forlornly down the garden walk, across the rustic bridge to the house adjoining.

Lynette, from behind the tangle of honeysuckle and rose vines, watched him out of sight, her slender figure shaken between anger and silent laughter.

"What a great big silly he is. What a weak wooer!"

She stamped her foot, and her lips curled.

"Oh, for a man! Why didn't he carry me off, or hold me prisoner? Instead, he pleads when he should demand," she cried with the wisdom of eighteen years.

For a long time she stood staring down through the sweet dusk of the garden, her face suddenly pensive.

"If I could only make Pem desperate enough, he'd rise to my ideal. Poor Pem, he nearly reached it today; he called me a—" She trilled out a joyous laugh and hugged herself in delight. "Only he wasn't quite angry enough to dare. Oh, Pem, if I were a man I'd show you how to woo and win!"

Two days had passed since the scene in the rose garden, and Pem had failed to call and make his usual obeisance at love's shrine. Lynette opened her eyes in wonder.

Then two more days dragged on. Lynette pouted and tossed her wilful head. But when a whole week of silence had elapsed, her wonder and anxiety gave place to anger. She became interested in the pigs and chickens, resolutely keeping her eyes turned from the front yard when Pem was likely to pass.

"What's the matter with the man who used to live out on the front porch?" asked Auntie Hawkins at last, in surprise. "The one you call Pem. I haven't seen him bobbing around lately."

"Oh, you mean Mr. Pemberton Anderson? He—he's perfectly horrid!" railed Lynette, her fluttering gaze escaping the older woman's severe eyes.

"Oh, ho, that's it, is it?" commented Auntie Hawkins wisely. "Well, I never did like him. He seemed sort of namby-pamby to me."

"Well, you should like him, Auntie Hawkins," blazed Lynette. "He's perfectly—perfectly—"

"Oh, ho," exclaimed the older woman again with an odd little wink, trying to make her plain face inviting, "I understand."

But she did not. She could never understand the thousand of warring emotions which momentarily dominated the excitable, capricious, but sweet and adorable Lynette, any more than a staid old hen could understand a hummingbird.

"I'm going to a quilting tomorrow, Lynette. Do you care to go with me?" asked Auntie Hawkins after several moments of thoughtful silence.

"I—I hate quiltings," sniffed Lynette. "I went once with you, auntie, and I almost died listening to those awful women tearing everyone to shreds!"

"Will you tell me," inquired auntie curiously, "how you manage to remain here with me so long?"

"Blessed if I know, auntie, unless it's to cheer you up. You know that you need cheering awfully."

"Thank you, dearie," answered the older woman, drily.

"You don't believe it?" questioned Lynette, her eyes wide with pretended surprise.

"I think it is something else."

The girl smiled in a way to bring the peek-a-boo dimples out to storm auntie's hard heart.

"Auntie, I'll 'fess up, because I like you—lots!"

Lynette sank on a hassock in front of the older woman's chair and hunched her knees beneath her chin. Then she smiled winsomely into auntie's condemning eyes.

"Lynette, is that the way girls are in the habit of sitting in New York?"

The girl glanced from her aunt's outstretched, accusing finger to her own white-slippered foot and dainty ankle.

"Auntie, dear, you should go to Atlantic City," she tinkled out. "The ladies are very particular and prim—about the temperature of the water! They wear very long gowns, too, way down clear over their little footsies. It's considered a disgrace for even the toes of their shoes to be seen."

"I've heard of Atlantic City," retorted auntie grimly.

"It's a very pleasant, jolly place," quavered Lynette longingly. "And I'm here!"

"No chains bind you here," reminded her aunt stiffly.

"There may be no chains," acknowledged the girl, "but there is duty. You see, I ran down here because all the men, that is, the most of them, were determined to marry me. Of course, I couldn't marry them all, so I thought I'd try and find out which loved me best. As a test I hiked down here to you, auntie, love. And the result!" Lynette's great eyes mourned.

"Only Pem has stood the test, Pem!"

Suddenly the delicate face became tragic.

"Auntie, perhaps Pem has gone back—I haven't seen him for a week!"

"Well, if you want to find out, I guess you can," suggested Auntie Hawkins cheerfully, picking up her sewing.

"I—I believe that I liked Pem the best of all," choked the girl.

"You can go over to the Crawfords and find out, can't you," urged auntie coolly, "as long as you feel that way?"

"I'd die first," flashed the girl hotly. Then quietly, "Well, I'll stay here with you, auntie, and be a dear, cross, prim old maid like you until I die!"

"Then if I go to the quilting, will you feed the pigs and chickens about five o'clock?"

"I'll feed anything," answered the girl wearily.

Auntie regarded the slim, white-gowned figure critically.

"'Fraid you can't carry the swill-pail, Lynette, without straining yourself. Guess I'd better have Seth come over and look after the pigs."

"I don't want anyone," declared Lynette. "I—I want to be alone."

The older woman patted the girl's arm gently.

"I suppose you think that I'm sort of unsympathetic, don't you? But you see, you are so young and childish, and your troubles so small that it makes me laugh—these funny little sorrows of youth. You think you love that curly-headed garden-haunter, but in a few years from now you will have loved at least ten times. Besides, you couldn't possibly be sad more than five minutes at a time."

But at this Lynette stamped her little feet indignantly, perked her head and whisked from the room. She darted back an instant later and standing in the doorway flashed back: "Auntie, I was just pretending—what I told you about Pem—I just hate him!"

It was nearly eleven o'clock the following morning when Auntie Hawkins put on her bonnet preparatory to starting to the quilting. She had given Lynette careful instructions regarding the pigs and the chickens.

"You must feed them at five o'clock, Lynette, they expect it. I never could let the poor things go until all hours before they are fed, like some folks do. It's just as easy to feed them one time as another. And, Lynette, don't throw out the dishwater after you've washed your dinner and supper dishes. It's only shiftless farmers that waste good dishwater. I feed it to the pigs; they just love it. You'll find the swill pails on the back porch. Give Psyche twice as much as you do Victor; I'm fattening her. And don't carry the pails too full and strain yourself," she advised, bustling about stiffly in her clean starched skirts in search of sewing bag and scissors.

"Why don't you call it soup for the pig?" demanded Lynette thoughtfully. "It would sound more—more poetical, more in harmony with their names, auntie."

Auntie Hawkins sniffed. "Don't be foolish, child, and don't forget what I told you about starving the poor things. I expect to be back about seven o'clock."

She whisked out, only to dart back a moment later for her handkerchief.

"Guess I'd forget my head if it wasn't fastened to me. Good-bye this time."

Lynette watched the tall angular figure stride down the garden walk, pass through the gate and down the dusty road beyond. Then she turned wearily and threw herself on the couch.

She was not hungry, and she was determined never to eat again. She should starve herself sick. Perhaps Pem would relent when he heard that she was ill and reproach himself for his nasty temper. It would be a long time before she should ever ask him to call again. Perhaps she should never have the chance—for of course he had returned to the city. If he had not gone, he never could have remained away from her side so long.

At this thought Lynette buried her head in the sofa cushions and fairly sobbed. Then she brushed the tears angrily away, picked up a magazine and read herself to sleep.

It was three o'clock when she awoke and the afternoon sun was sifting through the screen door of the sitting room. Outside, the fragrant tendrils of honeysuckle, which entwined the porch, waved softly in the breeze. From the direction of the barnyard came the contented cluck of the chickens, mingled with the lazy grunts of the pigs.

Lynette raised herself to a sitting posture and glanced at the clock on the sideboard. She was disgracefully hungry. Pem or no Pem, she would eat; she wouldn't starve herself for any man. And she would be happy. Life was long. She would yet have the chance to lead him a gay dance and repay him for his indifference.

She set briskly to work to cook an elaborate dinner. Enveloped in a big blue gingham apron with sleeves rolled to her elbows, she mixed and rolled the biscuit, cut them out with the biscuit cutter and shoved them into the oven. She became so interested in her work that she forgot the indifference of Pem and trilled forth a song in the very joyousness of youth and health.

She went down into the cool darkness of the cellar and brought forth a chicken which her aunt had prepared that morning for their supper at night, together with bread, butter, pickles, slaw, cake and jelly.

After the table was set, she stood off and surveyed it critically. The flowers, the snowy linen, the delicately browned chicken and biscuits looked inviting, but the only plate at the head of the table appeared lonely.

"I wish," she reflected aloud, "that someone would wander in—some old hungry tramp, or—or even Pem! Wouldn't I pepper his chicken until it strangled him? I guess yes!"

She took off her apron, smoothed her hair and seated herself at the table. She ate her dinner in defiant misery, for no one came to disturb her solitude. Then she rose, cleared away the food that was left and put the dishes in the dishpan. But they were greasy and needed soap. Thereupon Lynette tripped out to the woodshed to the soft soap barrel and brought in a large cupful of shining brown soap. Not knowing how much to use, she dumped the whole cupful into the water and whisked her hands around to dissolve it. The bubbles rose high.

"I wonder why auntie never used soap in her dishwater," mused Lynette. "I guess it's because she is too saving. Goodness! I don't see how she managed without soap."

After the dishes were finished, she poured the water into the pails, laughing as she did so. "Soup for the pigs, and I guess they are hungry by the way they squeal. Nothing musical about that."

She lifted the swill pail with both hands and carried it down the steps. It was painfully heavy and slopped so that she tried carrying it with one hand. Finally after a laborious journey she reached the pigpen.

Psyche must have smelled her dinner, for she had planted her forefeet on top of the fence and stood sniffing eagerly. Victor, from his separate pen, came leisurely from his house which stood in the center of the lot and looked on coolly, occasionally making some remark in hog Latin and blinking his wicked eyes.

Lynette lifted the pail to the top of the fence and rested it there a moment, then she poured the soup in Psyche's trough. Some of the swill went on the pig's head, which could not very well be avoided, as Psyche had dropped her forefeet from the fence to the trough and maintained her position defiantly.

Lynette watched curiously. Certainly Psyche was not polite, for she gulped her soup down hurriedly with snorts of delight while Victor looked on enviously.

Then something happened. Psyche had never stopped to taste the soup until it was down. She supposed, of course, that it was like all her other soup, but it was evident that she suddenly realized a difference. She paused in surprise, looked cross-eyed and wobbled painfully.

"Heavens!" muttered Lynette, with a sudden suspicion, "auntie never used soap!"

Psyche rolled her eyes, moaned feebly and fell limply to the ground.

For one awful moment Lynette stared in bewilderment. She had killed the pig! What would auntie say? Something must be done, and quickly. She must get someone there.

She dropped the swill pail, flew up the back yard, around through the rose garden, over the rustic bridge to the adjoining house. She would ask Mr. Crawford to help her; he surely understood pigs. Then it came to her suddenly that she might hear whether Pem had returned to the city.

She ran hurriedly up the gravel walk to the porch, her white gown whipping around her feet with the swiftness of her motion. Her hand was on the knob when the door opened and Pem sauntered forth. Pem in a natty brown suit with a golden-brown tie and shoes to match his eyes and hair.

Lynette was on the point of calling him "Nice brown boy," when she remembered her grievance and the tragedy of the pen.

She clutched his arm frantically. "The pig, Pem, for heaven's sake, come quickly!"

Pem looked insulted.

"Is this another of your little jokes, Miss Thornly?" he demanded coldly.

"She's got a fit," cried Lynette indignantly. "You heartless man. I poisoned her! I gave her soap soup—lots of it, instead of just plain dishwater soup—and she's dying! Auntie never will forgive me, never! She—she was fattening Psyche, too!"

Pem's face was as grave as a funeral as he yielded to the straining hand on his arm, and raced after her over the rustic bridge, back through the rose garden to the pigpen.

He gazed from the outstretched pig back to Lynette's pale little face.

"What's an antidote for lye? Lemons," he triumphed.

"Lemons," wailed Lynette blankly, "there's not a lemon in the house, and where will I get lemons five miles from town?"

Pem puckered his brow. "Vinegar, then?"

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than she was racing toward the house.

Pem turned and regarded the huge muddy side of Psyche with dismay. But when Lynette returned with the vinegar jug, Pem, natty suit and all, was heroically perched astride the groaning beast.

Whether it was the weight of Pem or a new symptom of the poison, Psyche squealed, grunted and rolled her eyes spasmodically.

Lynette recoiled with a frightened scream. "Oh, Pem, she's going mad!"

"Pour the vinegar down her throat," ordered Pem, his face red with the effort of holding Psyche's jaws apart.

Lynette obeyed, tilting the jug so that its contents flowed down the pig's throat in a steady stream.

"My, she holds a lot," remarked Lynette nervously. "You don't think that will hurt her, do you?"

"The worst it can do is to pickle her," he answered grimly, mopping his forehead with a trembling hand and trying to straighten his tie.

Whether it was because there was no more vinegar or whether it was because the antidote was having an effect, it is difficult to say, but at this juncture Psyche grunted, squealed and writhed with such vigor that Victor tore out of his house, and seeing his mate seemingly in the hands of cannibals, made a furious lunge at the intervening fence, bore it down with a snap and a grunt and made a mad charge on the occupants.

Lynette stood speechless with fright, but Pem, seeing that the situation brooked no delay, caught the girl around the waist and ran pellmell to the low roof of the pigsty. He scrambled up the steep sides to the peak, dragging Lynette up beside him.

The infuriated hog reached the sty just as they reached the top, and planting his forefeet on the low part of the roof glared at them vengefully.

Pem, balanced nicely on the sharp edge, held Lynette's arm tenderly. Neither spoke for a moment, but gazed down at Victor's vicious jaws, then on to Psyche, who by that time seemed to have completely recovered, and was trotting around the pen, the picture of contentment and health.

"I'm not very comfortable, are you?" questioned Lynette, glancing at Pem hunched up on his sharp seat, pale, torn and grim. "I wish that pig would go away!"

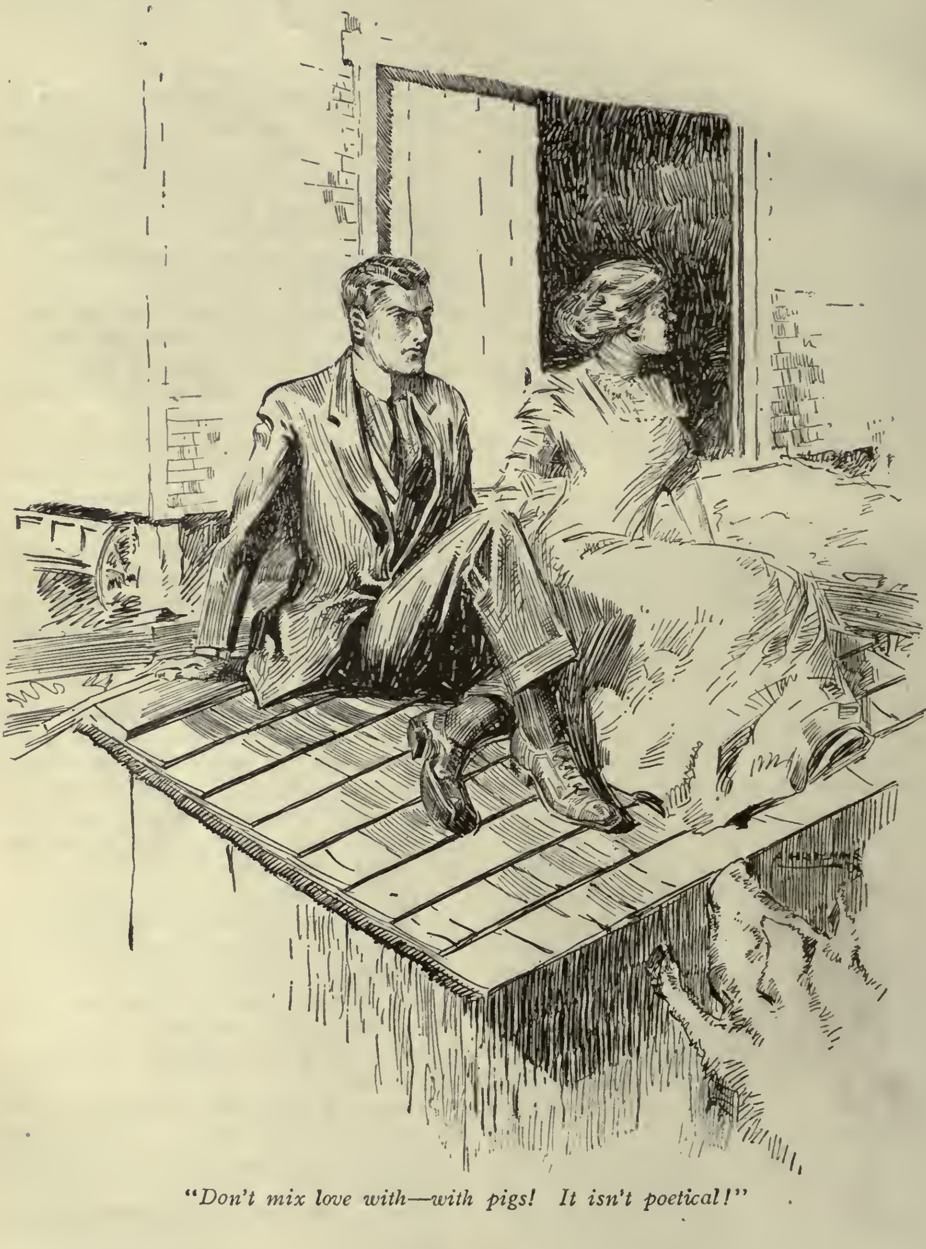
"He evidently intends to eat us," Pem commented gravely. "I see it in his eye. I guess we will have to remain here until someone rescues us."

"What will auntie say?" groaned Lynette, her lips quivering childishly. Then suddenly remembering her grievance, she faced Pem resentfully.

"I'm sorry that I had to ask your help, Mr. Anderson."

"Is that the thanks I get, Lynette?" he demanded gloomily.

"I thank you, Mr. Anderson," she answered with ceremonious politeness, her



"Don't mix love with—with pigs! It isn't poetical!"

head held high and her dimpled mouth drawn down to a severe scarlet line.

Victor still stood with forefeet firmly planted on the edge of the roof squealing at them in impotent wrath.

Pem gazed down the slanting shingles into the pig's snapping eyes, and sudden determination hardened his face. He turned to her grimly.

"It's come to the turning point, Lynette. I've helped you with that confounded pig. I wouldn't have done it for another girl. I want to ask you, have you come to a decision yet?"

"I haven't," she resented, her saucy nose perked skyward. "And I wish to suggest, as you value the love of a woman, never, when you propose, press your suit on top of a pigsty. Don't mix love with—with pigs! It isn't poetical!"

"It's gone beyond the poetical point," he answered savagely. "When a man's been waiting three months for an answer, he's not apt to be poetical, or tactful, or even sweet tempered. It's going to be aye or nay, now, this minute," he blundered on, heedless of the gray fire in the girl's eyes.

"It is no, then, Pemberton Anderson."

Pem reached out long, strong arms and clutched the defiant little figure. He gazed at her wrathfully.

"Lynette!" as he spoke he lifted her clear off the roof so that her tan-slippered little feet dangled over Victor's cavernous jaws. "It's going to be yes, or I'll throw you down to the pig." He gazed at her hungrily. "What a sweet morsel you'd make for his soup, dear. I would it were mine!"

Lynette writhed with anger. To be insulted was enough, but to be held in that disgraceful manner, helpless, dangled like a rag doll, was maddening. Her eyes searched the grim face. Pem looked dangerous. At last it had gone beyond mere play; it was earnest—dead earnest.

"On second thoughts," resumed Pem, I've decided to throw myself down with you. We'll both be soup for the pigs!"

"Pem," she implored, feeling the danger of their slippery position. "Please, Pem!"

"Is it to be love or soup? Quick!"

She tucked her head down like a hurt bird. "Pem!"

But for answer he dangled her nearer the pig's nose. "Down we go!"

At that opportune moment Lynette spied Auntie Hawkins opening the front gate and called to her frantically.

"Auntie, auntie, here we are, back here on top of the pig house."

Auntie Hawkins' face was a study in wonder as she drew near.

"For the land sakes! what are you doing up there?" she demanded.

"Please keep Victor away, coax him away with some—some soup, or poke him in the ribs with that stick there, so we can get down, and I'll tell you," said Lynette nervously. "We've had a dreadful time!"

"I should say so," commented auntie, glaring at Pem, as they descended gingerly from the roof and shied Victor's rough advances.

"He saved the pig," Lynette interrupted, then explained.

A flood of changing expressions surged over Auntie Hawkins' face as her niece related the story.

"Well," she remarked, smothering a giggle, "I guess you'd never make farmers. Even your soap soup wouldn't hurt a pig occasionally, though it would not be healthy as a steady diet. As for Victor—" she giggled again—"I guess he was just insisting on his dinner. A hungry hog is rather apt to look dangerous to the uninitiated."

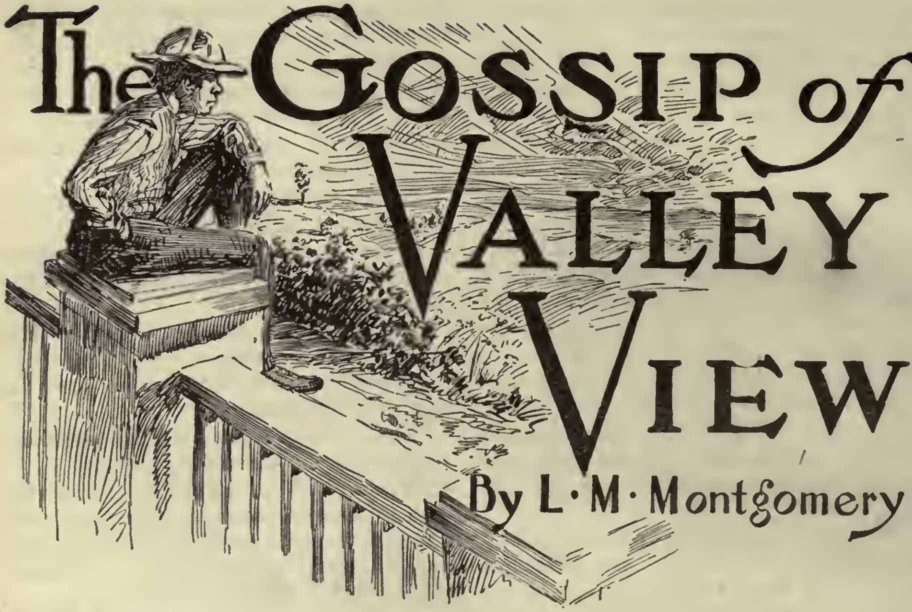
Lynette turned first white, then red. She faced Pem furiously.

"And you knew this all the time!"

But when she met his laughing eyes and outstretched arms, she sank weakly into their tender embrace and laughed.

The Gossip of Valley View

By L·M·Montgomery



IT WAS the first of April, and Julius Barrett, aged fourteen, perched on his father's gatepost, watched ruefully the low-descending sun and counted that day lost. He had not succeeded in "fooling" a single person, although he had tried repeatedly. One and all, old and young, of his intended victims had been too wary for Julius. Hence, Julius was disgusted and ready for anything in the way of a stratagem or a spoil.

The Barrett gatepost topped the highest hill in Valley View. Julius could see the entire settlement from "Young" Thomas Everett's farm, a mile to the west, to Adelia Williams' weather-gray little house on a moonrise slope to the east. He was gazing moodily down the muddy road when Dan Chester, homeward bound from the post office, came riding sloppily along on his gray mare and pulled up by the Barrett gate to hand a paper to Julius.

Dan was a young man who took life and himself very seriously. He seldom smiled, never joked, and had a Washingtonian reputation for veracity. Dan had never told a conscious falsehood in his life; he never even exaggerated.

Julius, beholding Dan's solemn face, was seized with a perfectly irresistible desire to "fool" him. At the same moment his eye caught the dazzling reflection of the setting sun on the windows of Adelia Williams' house, and he had an inspiration little short of diabolical. "Have you heard the news, Dan?" he asked.

"No, what is it?" asked Dan.

"I dunno's I ought to tell it," said Julius reflectively. "It's kind of a family affair; but then Adelia didn't say not to; and anyway it'll be all over the place soon. So I'll tell you, Dan, if you'll promise never to tell who told you. Adelia Williams and Young Thomas Everett are going to be married."

Julius delivered himself of this tremendous lie with a transparently earnest countenance. Yet Dan, credulous as he was, could not believe it all at once.

"Git out," he said.

"It's true, 'pon my word," protested Julius. "Adelia was up last night and told ma all about it. Ma's her cousin, you know. The wedding is to be in June, and Adelia asked ma to help her get her quilts and things ready."

Julius reeled all this off so glibly that Dan finally believed the story, despite the fact that the people thus coupled together in prospective matrimony were the very last people in

Valley View who could have been expected to marry each other. Young Thomas was a confirmed bachelor of fifty, and Adelia Williams was forty; they were not supposed to be even well acquainted, as the Everetts and the Williamses had never been very friendly, although no open feud existed between them.

Nevertheless, in view of Julius' circumstantial statements, the amazing news must be true, and Dan was instantly agog to carry it further. Julius watched Dan and the gray mare out of sight, fairly writhing with ecstasy. Oh, but Dan had been easy! The story would be all over Valley View in twenty-four hours. Julius laughed until he came near to falling off the gatepost.

At this point Julius and Danny drop out of our story, and Young Thomas enters.

It was two days later when Young Thomas heard that he was to be married to Adelia Williams in June. Eben Clark, the blacksmith, told him when he went to the forge to get his horse shod. Young Thomas laughed his big jolly laugh. Valley View gossip had been marrying him off for the last thirty years, although never before to Adelia Williams.

"It's news to me," he said tolerantly.

Eben grinned broadly. "Ah, you can't bluff it off like that, Tom," he said. "The news came too straight this time. Well, I was glad to hear it, although I was mighty surprised. I never thought of you and Adelia. But she's a fine little woman and will make you a capital wife."

Young Thomas grunted and drove away. He had a good deal of business to do that day, involving calls at various places—the store for molasses, the mill for flour, Jim Bentley's for seed grain, the doctor's for toothache drops for his housekeeper, the post office for mail—and at each and every place he was joked about his approaching marriage. In the end it rather annoyed Young Thomas. He drove home at last in what was for him something of a temper. How on earth had that fool story started? With such detailed circumstantiality of rugs and quilts, too? Adelia Williams must be going to marry somebody, and the Valley View gossips, unable to locate the man, had guessed Young Thomas.

When he reached home, tired, mud-bespattered and hungry, his housekeeper, who was also his hired man's wife, asked him if it was true that he was going to be married. Young Thomas, taking in at a glance the illy prepared, half-cold supper on the table, felt more annoyed than ever, and said it wasn't, with a strong expression—not quite an oath—for Young Thomas never swore, unless swearing be as much a matter of intonation as of words.

Mrs. Dunn sighed, petted her swelled face, and said she was sorry; she had hoped it was true, for her man had decided to go West. They were to go in a month's time. Young Thomas sat down to his supper with the prospect of having to look up another housekeeper and hired man before planting to destroy his appetite.

Next day three people, who came to see Young Thomas on business, congratulated him on his approaching marriage. Young Thomas, who had recovered his usual good humor, merely laughed. There was no use in being too earnest in denial, he thought. He knew that his unusual fit of petulance with his housekeeper had only convinced her that the story was true. It would die away in time, as other similar stories had died, he thought. Valley View gossip was imaginative.

Young Thomas looked rather serious, however, when the minister and his wife called that evening and referred to the report. Young Thomas gravely said that it was unfounded. The minister looked graver still and said he was sorry—he had hoped it was true. His wife glanced significantly about Young Thomas' big, untidy sitting room, where there were cobwebs on the ceiling and fluff in the corners and dust on the mopboard, and said nothing, but looked volumes.

"Dang it all," said Young Thomas, as they drove away, "they'll marry me yet in spite of myself."

The gossip made him think about Adelia Williams. He had never thought about her before; he was barely acquainted with her. Now he remembered that she was a plump, jolly-looking little woman, noted for being a good housekeeper. Then Young Thomas groaned, remembering that he must start out looking for a housekeeper soon; and housekeepers were not easily found, as Young Thomas had discovered several times since his mother's death ten years before.

Next Sunday in church Young Thomas looked at Adelia Williams. He caught

Adelia looking at him. Adelia blushed and looked guiltily away.

"Dang it all," reflected Young Thomas, forgetting that he was in church, "I suppose she has heard that fool story, too. I'd like to know the person who started it; man or woman, I'd punch their head."

Nevertheless, Young Thomas went on looking at Adelia by fits and starts, although he did not again catch Adelia looking at him. He noticed that she had round rosy cheeks and twinkling brown eyes. She did not look like an old maid, and Young Thomas wondered that she had been allowed to become one. Sarah Barnett, now, to whom report had married him a year ago, looked like a dried sour apple.

For the next four weeks the story haunted Young Thomas like a spectre. Down it would not. Everywhere he went he was joked about it. It gathered fresh detail every week. Adelia was getting her clothes ready; she was to be married in seal-brown cashmere; Vinnie Lawrence at Valley Centre was making it for her; she had got a new hat with a long ostrich plume; some said white, some said gray.

Young Thomas kept wondering who the man could be, for he was convinced that Adelia was going to marry somebody. More than that, once he caught himself wondering enviously. Adelia was a nice-looking woman, and he had not so far heard of any probable housekeeper.

"Dang it all," said Young Thomas to himself in desperation. "I wouldn't care if it was true."

His married sister from Carlisle heard the story and came over to investigate. Young Thomas denied it shortly, and his sister scolded. She had devoutly hoped it was true, she said, and it would have been a great weight off her mind.

"This house is in a disgraceful condition, Thomas," she said severely. "It would break mother's heart if she could rise out of her grave to see it. And Adelia Williams is a perfect housekeeper."

"You didn't use to think so much of the Williams crowd," said Young Thomas dryly.

"Oh, some of them don't amount to much," admitted Maria, "but Adelia is all right."

Catching sight of an odd look on Young Thomas' face, she added hastily: "Thomas Everett, I believe it's true after all. Now, is it? For mercy's sake don't be so sly. You might tell me, your own and only sister, if it is."

"Oh, shut up," was Young Thomas' unfeeling reply to his own and only sister.

Young Thomas told himself that night that Valley View gossip would drive him into an asylum yet if it didn't let up. He also wondered if Adelia was as much persecuted as himself. No doubt she was. He never could catch her eye in church now; but he would have been surprised had he realized how many times he tried to.

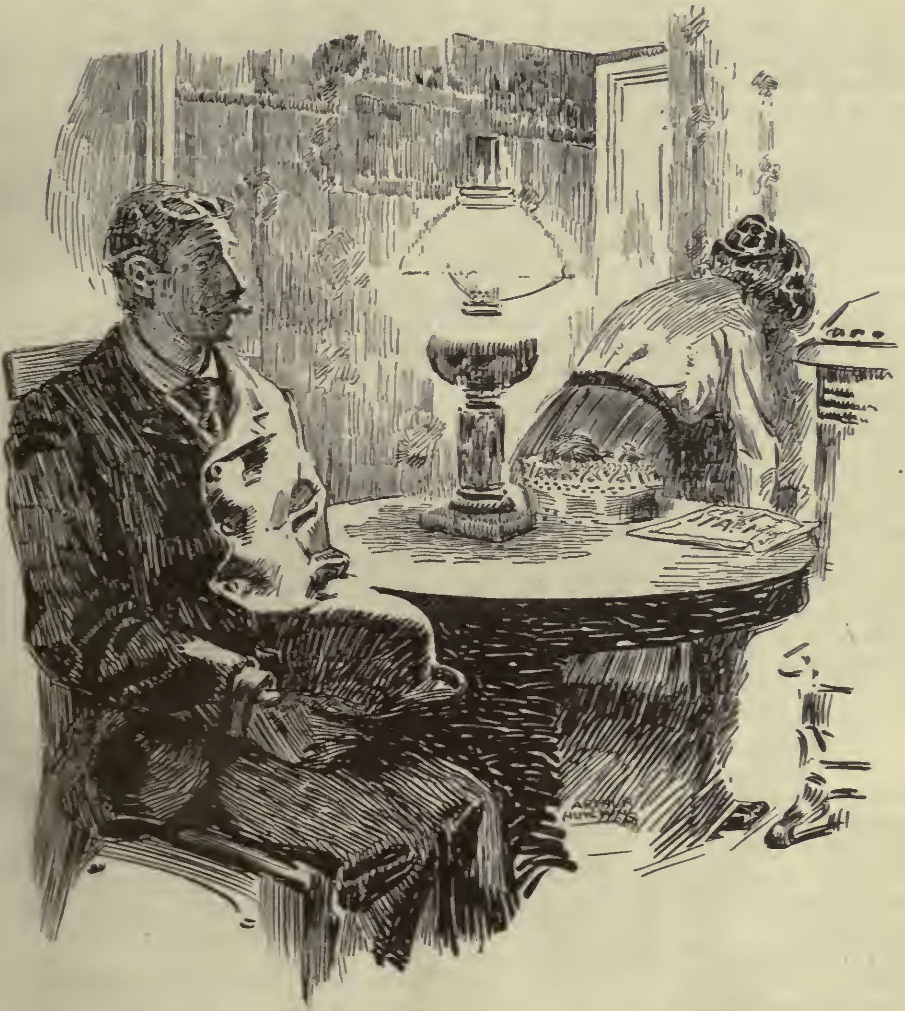
The climax came the third week in May, when Young Thomas, who had been keeping house for himself for three weeks, received a letter and an express box from his cousin, Charles Everett, out in Manitoba. Charles and he had been chums in their boyhood. They corresponded occasionally still, although it was twenty years since Charles had gone West.

The letter was to congratulate Young Thomas on his approaching marriage. Charles had heard of it through some Valley View correspondents of his wife. He was much pleased; he had always liked Adelia, he said—had been an old beau of hers, in fact. Thomas might give her a kiss for him if he liked. He forwarded a wedding present by express and hoped they would be very happy, etc.

The present was an elaborate hatrack of polished buffalo horns, mounted on red plush, with an inset mirror. Young Thomas set it up on the kitchen table and scowled moodily at his reflection in the mirror. If wedding presents were beginning to come, it was high time something was done. The matter was past being a joke. This affair of the present would certainly get out—things always got out in Valley View, dang it all—and he would never hear the last of it.

"I'll marry," said Young Thomas decisively. "If Adelia Williams won't have me, I'll marry the first woman who will, if it's Sarah Barnett herself."

Young Thomas shaved and put on his Sunday suit. As soon as it was safely dark, he hied him away to Adelia Williams. He felt very doubtful about his reception, but the remembrance of the twinkle in Adelia's brown eyes comforted him. She looked like a woman who had a sense of humor; she



Wondering if all men felt so horribly uncomfortable when they went courting

might not take him, but she would not feel offended or insulted because he asked her.

"Dang it all, though, I hope she will take me," said Young Thomas. "I'm in for getting married now and no mistake. And I can't get Adelia out of my head. I've been thinking of her steady ever since that confounded gossip began."

When he knocked at Adelia's door he discovered that his face was wet with perspiration. Adelia opened the door and started when she saw him; then she turned very red and stiffly asked him in. Young Thomas went in and sat down, wondering if all men felt so horribly uncomfortable when they went courting.

Adelia stooped low over the woodbox to put a stick of wood in the stove, for the May evening was chilly. Her shoulders were shaking; the shaking grew worse; suddenly Adelia laughed hysterically and, sitting down on the woodbox, continued to laugh. Young Thomas eyed her with a friendly grin.

"Oh, do excuse me," gasped poor Adelia, wiping tears from her eyes. "This is—dreadful—I didn't mean to laugh—I don't know why I'm laughing—but—I —can't help it."

She laughed helplessly again. Young

Thomas laughed, too. His embarrassment vanished in the mellowness of that laughter. Presently Adelia composed herself and removed from the woodbox to a chair; but there was still a suspicious twitching about the corners of her mouth.

"I suppose," said Young Thomas, determined to have it over with before the ice could form again. "I suppose, Adelia, you've heard the story that's been going about you and me of late?"

Adelia nodded. "I've been persecuted to the verge of insanity with it," she said. "Every soul I've seen has tormented me about it, and people have written me about it. I've denied it till I was black in the face, but nobody believed me. I can't find out how it started. I hope you believe, Mr. Everett, that it couldn't possibly have arisen from anything I said. I've felt dreadfully worried for fear you might think it did. I heard that my cousin, Lucilla Barrett, said I told her; but Lucilla vowed to me that she never said such a thing or even dreamed of it. I've felt dreadful bad over the whole affair. I even gave up the idea of making a quilt after a lovely new pattern I've got, because they made such a talk about my brown dress."

"I've been kind of supposing that you must be going to marry somebody, and folks just guessed it was me," said Young Thomas—he said it anxiously.

"No, I'm not going to be married to anybody," said Adelia with a laugh, taking up her knitting.

"I'm glad of that," said Young Thomas gravely. "I mean," he hastened to add, seeing the look of astonishment on Adelia's face, "that I'm glad there isn't any other man—because—because I want you myself, Adelia."

Adelia laid down her knitting and blushed crimson. But she looked at Young Thomas squarely and reproachfully.

"You needn't think you are bound to say that because of the gossip, Mr. Everett," she said quietly.

"Oh, I don't," said Young Thomas earnestly. "But the truth is, the story set me to thinking about you, and from that I got to wishing is was true—honest, I did—I couldn't get you out of my head, and at last I didn't want to. It just seemed to me that you were the very woman for me if you'd only take me. Will you, Adelia? I've got a good farm and house, and I'll try to make you happy."

It was not a very romantic wooing, perhaps. But Adelia was forty and had never been a romantic little body even in the heyday of youth. She was a practical woman; and Young Thomas was a fine-looking man of his age with abundance of worldly goods. Besides, she liked him, and the gossip had made her think a good deal about him of late. Indeed, in a moment of candor she had owned to herself the very last Sunday in church that she wouldn't mind if the story were true.

"I'll—I'll think of it," she said.

This was practically an acceptance, and Young Thomas so understood it. Without loss of time he crossed the kitchen, sat down beside Adelia, and put his arms about her plump waist.

"Here's a kiss Charlie sent me to give you," he said, giving it.

BE RADIANT

WHAT if the gathering clouds portray
  The coming of a passing shower,
Be radiant and crown each day
  With thoughts of fast-increasing power.

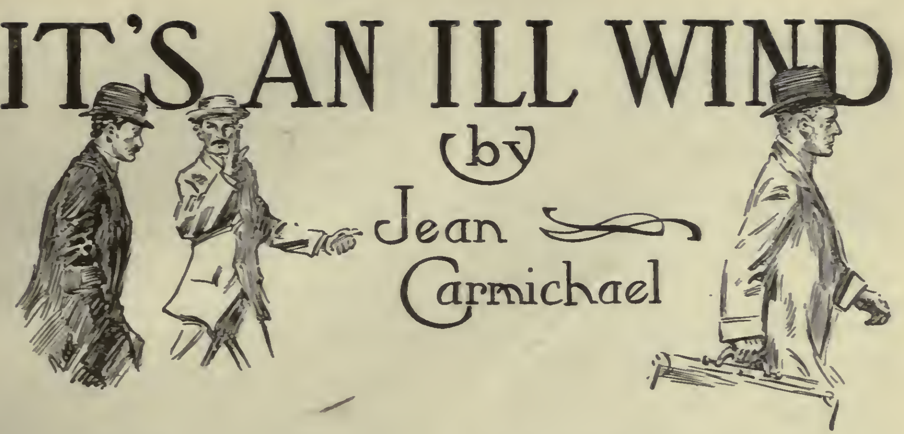
And when the showers in torrents fall,
  And earth seems but a darkened mass,
Respond with cheer to every call,
  And smile on each and every class.

Alice Baker.

IT'S AN ILL WIND

by

Jean Carmichael



I KNEW from the beginning that I was being followed by detectives. I spotted them at the Grand Central, and I knew that the only reason they did not arrest me there was because they were not absolutely sure I was the man. They were going by my description only, and that is sometimes misleading, as the best of detectives know, but they did not intend to let me out of their sight, that was certain.

It seemed odd to think that it was really I who was the hero, or rather the villain of the story. I, as a newspaper man, had been on just such a story so often. If I had not been playing the role of the hunted I should probably have been sent to write up the whole thing. Tomorrow the papers would be full of it. I wondered where I should be at that time. I was too familiar with the ways of such cases to enjoy the prospect.

I was tired, dead tired. Ever since I had seen him fall I had been on the move, hunted from one place to another, conscious of detectives on my track. It was in sheer desperation, because I had to do something and that quickly, that I went to Forty-second Street and took the three fifty-two on the Shore Line. It was a local, and I thought that I could skip them, perhaps, at some little country station. So I sauntered over to the gate and down the platform with the rest of the commuters. As I strolled through the train someone called, "Why, Tom Wentworth," and I encountered Martha Dearborn's black eyes that never miss anything.

Thank the fates, she did not mention my name loud enough for the detectives to hear in the confusion, for they were looking for a fellow named Wentworth, six feet tall, broad-shouldered, smooth-faced, with brown hair and eyes. I could not get out of sitting down beside her for a few minutes, and I smiled grimly as I glanced back and saw my two breathless shadows sitting close behind, and thought how shocked the conventional Miss Dearborn would have been could she have read my mind.

When one does not know whether one will be spending the summer in the Tombs or not, it is rather amusing, to say the least, to have a woman inviting you for the week-end and asking your plans for July and August. I turned a bit and raised my voice so that my followers could hear, as I told her that I had promised to spend the next week at Idlewilde up on the Hudson, with the Conovers, but that perhaps by the thirtieth I could run out to Stamford to spend a Sunday at her home. At any rate I would save the first week in September for the alluring yachting trip she was planning. And then, after a little more empty, idle persiflage, I rose in my grandest manner, although my knees felt decidedly shaky, and telling her that I had to see a man in the smoker on business, I moved on. At the door I saw that the detectives were seized with a similar desire and were close at my heels.

As I sank into a seat in the forward car I didn't care much what happened next. The sight of those familiar stations on the Sound brought back a rush of old recollections. When I was up at New Haven at college I had motored over these roads and sailed over the blue Sound every chance I could get. Stevens, my room-mate, and I had between us a couple of motor-cars and a sloop, and just the shimmer of the sunshine on the water brought back the old longing for the wind and the open road or the good salt waves. Five or six years of hard work in New York I found had not dulled the call of the wild after all.

And now I had done this thing that would disgrace me and, worse still, bring disgrace on the old college. I had not meant to do it, but I hate to see a man strike anyone weaker than himself, and when I saw that brute kick the kid I forgot everything and lit right in, and the next thing I knew he fell like a log, and they all yelled I'd killed him. I ought not to have run, I suppose, but Corcoran shoved me out of the door and said, "We'll fix this all right, old man. Get out," and I didn't stop to reason about anything. I got out.

The farther we went from New York the less I knew what to do. I hated to have a scene there on the train; there were several people I knew slightly, besides Martha Dearborn. It was the deuce of a mess. I decided to get off at the next station, no matter what it was, rather than have those beasts of detectives watching me the way a cat watches a mouse-hole. It's wearing to the nerves, though I had never realized in all my life before that I had any. I'd always been such a healthy, happy, normal sort of brute.

The train began to slow down for a station. I looked out and recognized it as one of the many charming places scattered all over that part of the coast, and, nonchalantly picking up my suitcase, I stepped jauntily off. The two men were close behind again. The train still lingered, and I saw Martha Dearborn looking out of the window curiously at me. I couldn't be arrested there under her gossipy nose. There was only one trap drawn up beside the platform, a stunning high English cart. As I stood there hesitating a moment the groom touched his hat, and called out, "Mr. Esterbrook? Step this way, sir, if you please," and I stepped.

Jove, it was good to see the look of surprise on those detectives' faces, as I started off in that trap! They evidently were not quite convinced, however, for I saw them, when I looked back, talking with the baggage master, and then making for the one rickety old hack there was at the station.

It was a risky game I'd been roped into playing—palming myself off as an expected guest. There would be the deuce to pay, I was sure, when I arrived. Imagine being set down suddenly into a strange house-party, especially at the end of such a day as this had been. I leaned back and decided to enjoy life while I could, at any rate. I could not help feeling, even under the circumstances, that it was good to be driving rapidly through that crisp cool golden afternoon, with the salt wind blowing in my face, and ahead of me the dark blue line of the Sound. After ten months of New York one appreciates a place like that. I had heard that spring had come, but Madison Square was the nearest I had come to it, and suddenly from the hot, dusty, reeking city, where one grows pessimistic over the luckless pots the potter marred in making, to be transported into May, real May, with air that was saturated with appleblossoms and lilacs—it almost made one forget.

Then, of a sudden, the sight of the pink and white domes of the apple trees clutched at my heart. Things I had tried for five years to forget came rushing back into my mind. I was standing again under an apple tree with Margaret Inness. I could smell the subtle sweet perfume of the blossoms and I could see the rosy petals dropping on her shoulders and her dark hair. I had not seen her since. She had broken it all off that summer and gone abroad, and now, although I had thought it was all over and forgotten, the scent of those appleblossoms brought back the old pain. I tried to make myself believe that I was thankful enough that I had not brought disgrace upon her, but it was all swallowed up in the overmastering desire to see her again.

It was a long drive to the house, the unknown house I was going to, and I had time to think over many matters and to decide that the best thing to do was to stop the horse, get out and disappear in the woods that were thick hereabouts. It might surprise the groom, but he could not do anything. Fortunately, however, I looked around before I stopped, and, behold, not far behind came the station hack, rumbling and careening from side to side, the decrepit horses urged to their utmost speed.

That decided me! It was better to go on and bluff it out. I was lost if I stopped, and so, lighting a fresh cigarette unconcernedly, I drove in through two great iron gates, past the lodge and down a winding avenue through the woods. Great ferns waved on either side under the oaks and sometimes a rabbit scuttled across the road. It reminded me of a place in England where I once visited. Then the road swept around a wide lawn to a great rambling stone house covered with ivy, an English house with mullioned windows and oriels, and quaint chimney-pots. On the terrace in front there were people; I could see light frocks and bright parasols. The house party was having tea.

Some one came forward to meet me, as we drove up under the porte cochère. She was a graceful woman in a trailing white gown with very black hair and blue eyes. "Mr. Esterbrook?" she said, and held out her hand cordially. From the little note of interrogation in her voice it suddenly dawned on me that she did not know her expected guest, and so far I was safe. "Jack has not come yet, I am sorry to say. You'll not mind just putting up with us for a little while?"

I expressed my delight most sincerely in not minding Jack's absence in the least, and the next thing I knew I was walking along the terrace beside her toward the little group by the stone balustrade. My nerve came back, poor fool that I was, and for the moment I forgot I was not Mr. Esterbrook, a carefree individual, come to spend the week-end at this charming country-place with these delightful people.

I took the little group in at a glance. There were eight or ten well-bred men and women of the idle rich class. Over by the tea table a slender girl with dark hair coiled low on her neck was standing with her back to me, waiting for the cup of tea a young matron was pouring. As my hostess started to introduce me as "Mr. Esterbrook" the girl turned. I heard a little half-startled exclamation, and I looked straight into the troubled eyes of Margaret Inness. Then she dropped the cup she was holding with a little crash on the stone pavement.

I sprang forward to pick up the pieces. "Don't give me away," I whispered, "I'll explain when I can see you for a moment alone."

Margaret always had good nerve. She never waited for reasons and explanations; she always trusted her friends, but I could see that this was a problem that was almost too much for her. However, she began to laugh at her clumsiness about the cup. Then she monopolized me shamelessly there before them all, laughing and jollying in the same old way, and when the others had finished their tea she called to our hostess:

"Anna, I am going to show Mr. Esterbrook the view from the terrace before you send him to his room."

"Very well," the other said, "Mr. Esterbrook will find Parkinson in the hall when he chooses to go to his room. Do amuse him now, Margaret, to keep him from being quite bored at not seeing Jack at once. Jack is so anxious to see him that this delay is rending his soul, I know."

I secretly wondered whether Jack *would* be so anxious to see me, when he arrived, and then we sauntered off around the long library wing to the other side of the house. The glorious sweep of sparkling water made me catch my breath, and when I looked at Margaret I caught a little glint of something like sadness and regret in her clear gray eyes. I wondered if she, too, were thinking of those old days. She had grown older, graver, sadder, in those five years, and yet there was an added something, a sympathy, a sweetness, a depth that had been lacking in the young girl, with all her fascination and beauty.

"Now tell me about it, Tom," she said, looking up at me.

And then I told her the whole story, concealing nothing. All the color left her face as I told her; even her lips were white.

"I don't blame you at all," she said. "It's a terrible thing, Tom, but you couldn't see him kick a child to death. You did not mean to kill him. Weren't there enough witnesses to prove that you did it to defend a weaker person?"

"I wouldn't trust that crowd," I said. "It was in a Bowery saloon. I was working up a story and Corcoran has often given me points before on the neighborhood. But the crowd in there was rough; they were mostly pals of the man I struck. They look on me as an outsider, a snob, probably, and they don't love me. No, I wouldn't trust anything they would say, if they were hauled up as witnesses."

Two or three men and girls came around the corner of the house chattering and laughing, and Margaret and I, still talking, turned to the right and crossed the wide lawn toward the shrubberies. I poured the whole story out to her. I was telling her of my sensations, dogged by those detectives, telling her fortunately in low tones, when I saw them watching us come.

"Don't look startled," I warned her, "but they are waiting on the path ahead of us, now. We will pass them in a moment."

Margaret had her nerve right with her. As we went by the men, she raised her voice, and without even glancing in their direction said, clearly and distinctly, "Why, *Jimmy Esterbrook*, don't you remember when we were children how we used to play with Mathilde Lyon? You *surely* haven't forgotten Mathilde?"

"Of course I remember now," I said, laughing. "We used to build sand castles down there on the beach, and live most of the time in castles in the air, the three of us. We had good old times together, down at Uncle Jim's. You were always a good sort, even if you *were* a girl."

By that time we had turned the corner and were making for the house again. Margaret was very white. I slid my hand in her arm and gave it a bit of a squeeze.

"You're a brick, Margaret, if ever there was one," I said. "And your nerve is thundering good. How could you do that so suddenly? They must be convinced now that I'm James Esterbrook, and no Thomas Tremont Wentworth. I hope they will leave me in peace. If they don't, I think I'll be a fit subject for an alienist. It's nerve-wearing, to say the least."

"You poor, dear old Tom," Margaret said sadly, and before she turned her face away I caught a sparkle of tears in her eyes.

"Don't tempt me, Margaret,'" I said, "Don't sympathize or I'll say things I've no right to say to you—now." And I stalked on over the velvety sward, striking savagely with my stick at an inoffensive dandelion that had escaped the lawn-mower. Margaret walked on, looking straight before her, silent, thoughtful. I could see nothing but her pure profile cut like a cameo against the green.

Our hostess was waiting for us on the terrace and promptly sent me up to dress for dinner, and not until I had closed the door of my big, cool, airy, chintz-covered bedroom, all full of the scent of the sea from the many windows open seawards, did I remember that I did not even know the name of my hostess. I had been so absorbed in the mere fact of seeing Margaret again, and of realizing that my love for her was as strong and vital a thing as it had ever been, that I had never thought to make inquiries about my hosts.

I dressed and then sat down before the quaint English latticed window to think the matter over. I had almost made up my mind that I could play the part no longer, that the only honorable thing was to go and apologize to my hostess and leave her hospitable house at once, when I discovered that it was exactly seven o'clock. It would be hard to explain in a hurry. I decided it would be simpler and more civil to wait until after dinner; besides, I must confess it, I was ravenously hungry.

Before I had time to speak to Margaret alone, dinner was announced, and I found myself between her and a vivacious Miss Martin at an exceedingly lively end of the table, where any low-toned conversation was out of the question. The long dinner was very gay and hilarious. I had, for the time, forgotten the varied events of the day, when the pompous butler came in with a telegram. Our hostess read it and then looked up with a smile at the rest of us and said: "Jack says, 'We will be out on the ten-thirty.' Now who in the world is Jack bringing out tonight? This is most mysterious." Her delicately penciled eyebrows were drawn in a little frown.

I turned cold. Of course Esterbrook himself was coming with "Jack." I felt like a trapped animal. As I rapidly evolved plans in my head, I ate two courses absently, and was only reminded of the existence of the others by finding that I was the unconscious center of their merry eyes, and was being offered untold wealth in exchange for my absorbing thoughts.

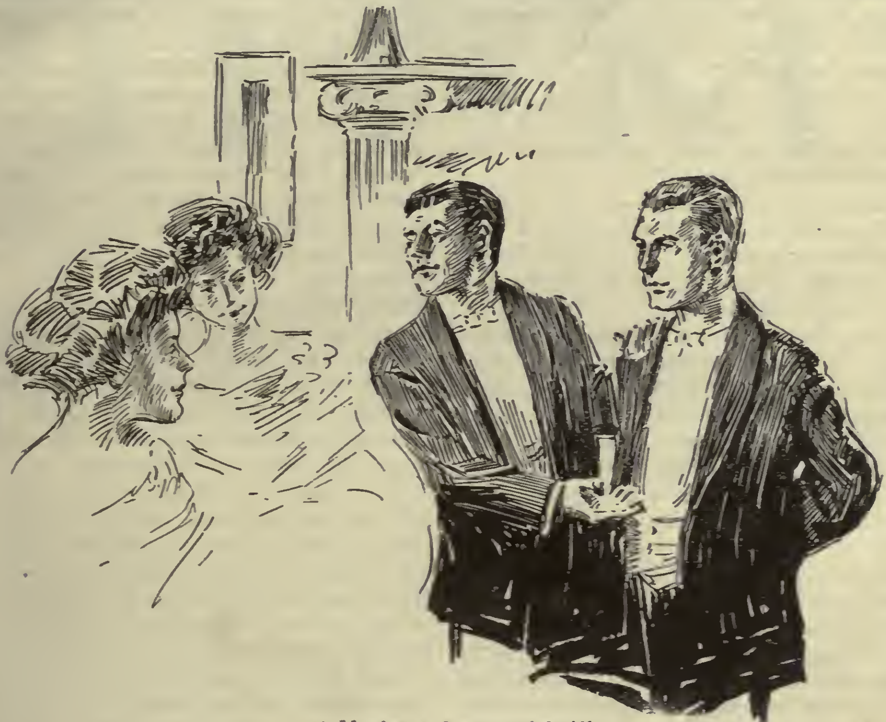
Then I was conscious of a man beyond me leaning forward across his neighbor to confide in young Uxbridge that there had been quite a bit of excitement before dinner. Two suspicious-looking characters had been seen hanging about the shrubberies. Several people had seen them at different times. They had been ordered off, and the gardeners had been detailed to watch the house during dinner. There were two of them, he said, and thereupon he proceeded to give an exact description of my faithful followers.

My appetite was quite gone by then. Margaret, dear girl, looked distressed also, and she hardly touched her salad. I longed for a bit of private conversation with her, but no sooner did we go into the great library for our coffee than my hostess set me down to make a fourth at bridge. Before I had time to draw my breath the cards were dealt, and I was a prisoner for the evening. I cast a pleading glance at Margaret, as she went off to play billiards, but she only smiled brightly and nodded to me that all was right.

It seemed to me no time at all before there came the honk of a motor-car outside, and a rush to the hall with little cries of "Jack's come." I found myself standing a bit apart, feeling lonelier, I will confess, than ever in my life before. I was contemplating making a bolt through the long window on the terrace, when Margaret came and slipped her hand through my arm in the shelter of the friendly portiere.

"You can explain it all to Jack," she said, "He will never mind in the least. He's a good sort and will understand."

I started to say, "For Heaven's sake who *is* 'Jack,' on whose hospitality I am encroaching, adorable Margaret?" when I stopped, for a hearty voice I knew as well as my own was calling out to one and another jovially, "How are you, Anna?" "Well, Uxbridge, I am glad to see you," "Tom Peters, this *is* good." "Jove, it's bully to get home. It's two whole weeks I've been on those beastly trains, more or less. This running out West don't suit me, when I've got all this waiting for me at home."



"You're a hero tonight!"

The voice could belong to no one in the wide world but old Jack Simmons, who was in the class of Ninety-umph at Yale. At almost the same instant he caught sight of me and pushed past the others holding out both hands.

"Why, Tom Wentworth," he boomed out in his big, hearty bass that had been the pride of the Glee Club. "What lucky wind blew *you* here? Why, Tommy! Why, *Tommy!* I haven't seen you since Triennial." He was shaking both hands so vigorously I winced. "And, faith, it's a queer chance. I was reading all about you in the last edition of the *Yellow Evening*

Dispatch on the train, you blithering idiot. I suppose you haven't told any of these people what you've been up to, you great big modest baby?" He shook me gently.

The others had gathered around in silence, looking at us with surprise. Mrs. Jack's face was a study.

"I have a big confession to make," I said, feeling hot at the sight of all those eyes on me. "I have to apologize for palming myself off on these people, old man. I'll explain it all to you."

"Explain be hanged," said Simmons, "It's enough you're here. You're a hero tonight, did you know it? Probably you haven't seen the papers."

He fished out the familiar old evening paper and opened it, while I watched him with horrible fascination.

"Picture of the hero," he announced, and held it up for all to see.

Over the caricature of a photograph of me, taken in the early nineties, were the startling head-lines: "Wentworth of the Evening Despatch, Hero of the Day—Rescues a Child from the Brutal Blows of a Bowery Bully—Deals Summary Punishment to Paddy O'Sullivan, the Victor of a Hundred Prize Fights. Mr. Wentworth, the famous full-back of Yale, knocks down the assaulter." And then Jack began to read aloud a most lurid account of the innocent and beautiful child, who was being done to death, and of my gallant rescue. I was compared to St. George, to Sir Galahad, to all the saints and heroes in Christendom. I knew the style of it. Teddy Flaherty, my colleague, had gotten hold of the story and made a good column out of it for the last edition.

I felt Margaret's arm tremble against mine. The reaction was too much for the dear old girl. I longed there before every one to pick her up in my arms and run away with her, away from the others, out into the moonlit night.

"He isn't dead. I'm not a murderer!" rang through my head over and over again.

"By the way, Esterbrook couldn't come after all," Jack said. "He was awfully sorry, Anna, but at the last minute he telephoned me at the Club. I am beastly sorry, for I wanted you all to know him. He's from San Francisco, you know, and doesn't get East very often."

I felt the puzzled looks cast at me. "But I've got to explain my side of the story," I said when I could get in a word. "I palmed myself off as Esterbrook, Jack. I've a tale of my own to unfold."

I can see it all now, the big baronial hall, with its dark panelling as a background for the group of people in evening dress gathered about, all looking curiously interested as I told them of the long day, of being shadowed by the detectives, and how, when Sheridan, the groom, beamed on me as the only eligible person who got off the train and tempted me to play the part of the expected guest, I had fallen from grace and palmed myself off as Esterbrook. With those men dogging my footsteps I had to do something in a hurry. I told them that the suspicious-looking men in the shrubbery who had created such excitement earlier in the evening were there to watch me.

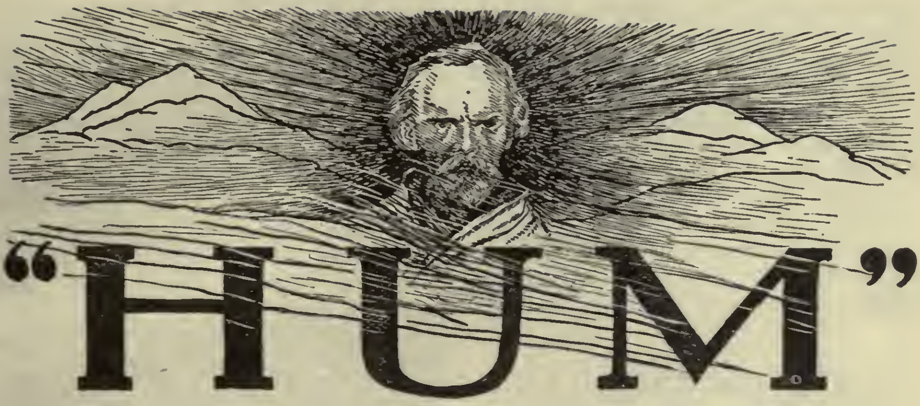
They all listened to me breathlessly, and when I had finished the men ejaculated sympathetic "By Joves," and "Beastly," and "Bully for you," while the girls gave little gasps of horror and excitement, and they all crowded around, exclaiming and questioning, until I was immensely embarrassed.

When they all were through, Mrs. Jack held out her hand to me and said laughingly, "I owe you a debt of gratitude. You've really made my house-party a success. They were all horribly bored before you came. It is like having a Princess Scheherazade come to be a parlor entertainer."

Jack threw an arm about my shoulder. "Now don't let's talk about it any more. I want Tom to forget all about it. He is here and that's all I want. Can't we have a rarebit, Anna? I'm starved for one. Come on, all of you." He drew Mrs. Jack's hand through his arm and led the way to the dining room.

But Margaret and I slipped out of the long French window into the scented moonlit night. The perfume of the apple-blossoms was faint and sweet, and as we strolled down to where the trees lifted pale pink domes touched with moonlight, we forgot those wasted five years and began over again where we left off then.

"Well," said Jack later, as we confessed our little secret to him and Mrs. Jack, "seems to me, old chap, I've read somewhere, in the Bible or Shakespeare, that 'it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.'"



"HUM"

A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

Copyright, Reid Publishing Company

CHAPTER IX

ORON raised his hand. Two massive doors rolled back. Five thousand white scarfs fluttered, as the throng of richly robed men and women rose to welcome three, comparatively, small men in purple robes, and a dark-skinned boy clothed in gray. I turned to Soratiya.

"Fear not," he said, "I will help you."

Malonda rose. "People of Zoeia," he said, "a privilege never before enjoyed by one of our nation has been granted to me. It is to present to you Feanka, Tooma, Audofa and Motoo, from the 'underworld.' Our guests and our brothers."

Another ripple of white waves, and I went forward.

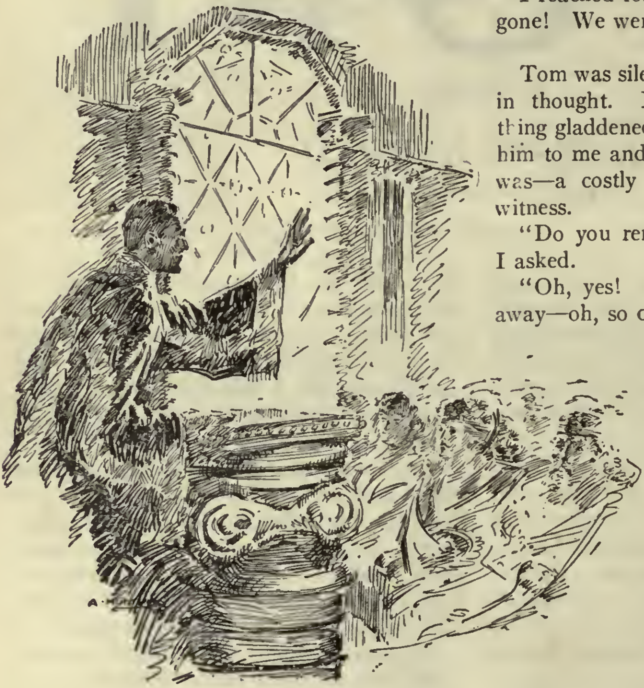
In very imperfect Zoeian, I told my story. Soratiya's ready assistance, with Tom's excellent work, enabled me to bridge many embarrassing situations. However, my tale, from beginning to end, was, to my audience, a drama full of novelty and thrilling climaxes. From our embarkation at New York to our final escape from the canyon, not an eye left me; not a sound was uttered, save murmured enthusiasm. The Zoeian dames bent forward, with the rapt expression that betokens intense emotion.

This evidence of absorbed interest was specially emphasized in a young girl who sat not far from the platform. She was just enough unlike her island sisters to be noticeable. Her eyes were blue; her hair a golden hue; her stature much below that of her companions. Her beautiful, earnest face—but partially concealed by her veil—fascinated me. Each time I looked at her I had a vague remembrance of some one I had known.

I spoke for two hours, closing with an account of our struggle in the rift; our emotions on beholding the star. Many sprang to their feet as a storm of applause broke forth. Oron, and others on the platform, clustered about us with warm congratulations and repeated expressions of wonder and delight. Their eager questions multiplied rapidly. Their thirst for our history seemed insatiable.

I exhibited our revolvers, the deadly use of which I had described while Tom sketched our other firearms. They handled the weapons with extreme caution until, with Soratiya's aid, I explained that the danger lay in the cartridges, several of which I took from the basket and showed their construction. The audience would not leave. They watched my movements and endeavored to catch my words. Malonda, noticing this, spoke with Oron; then asked me if we would go among the people and show them the "firetubes."

Glad of the opportunity, each took a revolver and mingled with the throng. Then came a fusillade of questions and compliments that overtaxed our vocabulary. Too dazed before, I now noticed the exceeding beauty of the auditorium; the soft, rich color of the walls; the superb tapestries; the artistic bronze seats—all illuminated by the peculiar, subdued light that failed to reveal its origin. Briefly—for a merry laugh drew my eyes to a bevy of brilliant beauties who had monopolized my handsome comrade. Apparently, their interest centered more on his personality than on the "fire-tubes."



I spoke for two hours.

I sought for Hum, and little wondered that group after group pressed close to him, for, once more, the moonlit vision on the cliffs was before me. As then, I tried to dispel the illusion, but it was as fixed as was the dark face of Moto, at that moment beaming with joy. A comely matron had just placed on his finger a glittering ring. Time was passing. I gathered my companions, and we retraced our way to the platform, where Oron and his majestic confreres were preparing to depart.

"We still linger," he smiled. "It is difficult to leave the feast when hunger pleads. Hard to pass the cup untouched, when parched by thirst. But the mantle of night infolds us—the star, Nazron, sinks. We must go." In his grand, statuesque beauty he stood, for a moment, apart with us—then, in heartfelt tones, he said to us:

"Brothers, the resistless impulse of the divine will has led you to us. The shield of the Infinite has protected you when beset by perils. You are yet weary; worn by long journeyings through strange lands. Rest with us in peace."

I reached forth to grasp his hand—he was gone! We were in our chambers.

* * *

Tom was silent, but restless. Hum, buried in thought. I, too, was voiceless. Something gladdened the eyes of the boy. I called him to me and took his hand. Yes, there it was—a costly diamond; an unimpeachable witness.

"Do you remember who gave you this?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! But she went away—all went away—oh, so quick!"

"Let me see," said Tom. "The ring is a rare one; but it's not absolute proof. The boy might have—"

"Easy, my chum! How about that?" I pointed to his arm.

"True!" he said, brushing the fresh crayon dust from the sleeve of his robe. "It all happened; but—how? Audofa, can you tell us?"

"I hardly dare venture an opinion," he said. "We have recently crossed the threshold of things unknown to us. It may not, probably will not, happen again. Possibly, the concentered mass of Zoeian influence overpowered us. Better not dwell upon the subject tonight. Soratiya has advised a holiday tomorrow; a visit to the factories, and an excursion south of the city. Wisdom demands that we go to rest at once. *Somaven*, comrades!"

"Jove!" exclaimed Tom; "I believe it was one of those things Detwold told about."

Huan was famous for its linen and a fabric made from *miele*—a material difficult to distinguish from the silk of the cocoon. In all the factories the operatives had that healthy, contented appearance which comes from early hours, light labor and fixed reward. Here, again, the single hand of a wise government was in evidence.

The various processes and the intricate machinery were explained to us, but in reply to our inquiries concerning the power employed, we were invariably told that it came from the sun. This we knew, in a general way, but the method by which the solar force was utilized by these people—that was the unsolved problem.

When we passed the southern limit of the city, a train of cars was emerging into the open. In Zoeián cities railways were never seen on the surface. They appeared only when clear of the boundaries. No smoke or dust followed these silent, swift-moving vehicles.

"In twenty-four minutes that train will reach Oron's city," I said. "Can you grasp that, Tom Selby?"

"Scarcely, Fean. We were about double that time coming from Grant's Tomb to Forty-second street. Yet they say New York is a fast town."

The sugar cane plantations and groves of nut-bearing trees invited us to tarry. In the midst of a somewhat animated conversation Hum paused. "Feanka," he said, "among your great audience, not one was more absorbed than the girl with the blue eyes and light hair, who sat in front of you. A peculiarly sweet and winning woman."

"Did she recall any one you ever saw?"

"No, yet her face haunts me."

"Who is the paragon you are talking about?" asked Tom. "I did not see her."

"Your chance comes tonight, my clever artist," I said.

"Heaven grant we have no more dissolving views."

"So say I, comrade. I recall other singular experiences I have had during my intercourse with these people. At times, their faces and voices seem far away."

"Why the dickens didn't you speak of it?" Tom asked. "I have noticed the same thing."

"Probably, for the reason that made you silent. I attributed it to some functional disturbance in my sense organs. One doesn't care to refer to his personal disorders. How is it with you, Audofa?"

"I, too, have observed this strange occurrence," he said. "There are times when Soratiya's face becomes indistinct, but I never fail to hear his words. It certainly is remarkable; but I do not believe it wise to pursue the subject further, just now."

"Audofa, may I ask what engaged your thoughts at the moment of my untimely question?"

"Oh, I was thinking of what these high-bred, courteous and contented folk represent; of the possibilities for the human family if they would but adopt the means employed by this race. I cannot understand their isolation."

"It may have been a prime factor in their exaltation," I said, "by preserving them from the contaminating influences of the outside world."

"Your suggestion invites thought, Feanka; but, in my opinion, there has been a higher force; a power working toward self-purification and spiritual elevation."

On our return, we passed through vineyards where young men and women were gathering grapes, singing as they worked. Their fine physiques, auburn hair in varying shades, dark lustrous eyes, graceful costumes, and, withal, their expression of happiness as they moved through the green foliage, made a goodly picture.

A jolly half hour we spent with these merry harvesters as we ate the delicious fruit they offered us. Here, as elsewhere, the fair toilers clustered within Tom's circle. He was a refined sybarite who loved to bestow pleasure lavishly.

I pointed to the sun. "See, it is growing late," I said.

"Scott, we must skedaddle!" he exclaimed. "I haven't finished my program nor arranged my make-up."

* * *

Another exhilarating reception, and my well-favored associate warmed to his work. Though I knew there was a fine vein of knowledge and sentiment in Selby which seldom came to the surface, he surprised me.

He gave a concise account of the discovery of our country, of our people, our laws, manners and customs, with happy local sketches. Then took up our commercial, social, religious and domestic systems in a way that caused Oron to lean forward with eager attention, while Malonda twice drew nearer to the speaker. Our commerce, currency, banking system, manufactures, methods of travel, climate and products, were tersely enumerated; our religion and domestic life pithily described—the latter, in a way to cause many ripples of laughter in his audience. His final eulogium on his companions and glowing tribute to the Zoeians aroused a demonstration that heightened the color in the man I loved.

When I suddenly grasped the geographical position of this race, and realized that they could have no more conception of existing conditions elsewhere than we have of those in the planet Saturn, I did not wonder at the tremendous wave of enthusiasm that came from Oron and his associates. What did astonish me was the marvelous clearness with which these people could trace the relativity of the facts to which they had listened. Whence came it? A hypothesis flashed across my mind—one so startling, I paled and grew dizzy—

"Comrade, they are leaving!"

The voice was Hum's. It sounded faint—far away—but it recalled me.

The human cordiality at parting was most welcome. I was glad to see the multitude pass slowly out; to feel the warmth of Oron's hand; to hear Soratiya say: "Feanka, I will walk with you to your abode."

* * *

"Well, thank heaven, we stayed in our clothes tonight," exclaimed Tom, from the couch. "How did I get on, Fean?"

"Famously! You rose to sublime heights, my chum."

"Th—thanks! I shall descend to profound depths, for I am about played out. Oh, by the way, I saw your bluebird. She made my hair curl!"

"How?"

"H-m—oh—er—I don't know. Too tired to explain now. Ta, ta—Somaven—all!"

"What did you think of him, Audofa?" I asked, as Tom disappeared.

"It was overwhelming! Feanka, the man is an enigma! A strange compound of wisdom and frivolity. However, it is not for us to sit in judgment. He is one of God's noblemen! He is holding his own."

"Tomorrow night, Audofa."

"Yes—the last and the least."

"No, no, old shipmate, the greatest and the best."

My debonair comrade prepared for heavy work. He well knew that the Hungarian would tax his ability. Everything arranged to his methodical mind, he sat idly enjoying the brilliant concourse from whom pleasant recognitions and smiles were flowing; now and then emphasized by the flutter of a scarf or the wave of a jeweled hand. He was sufficiently self-conscious to estimate, at its full value, this tribute to his attractive personality; and lavishly did he reciprocate the treasured token, until a misshapen man—with nothing in his bodily appearance to attract, save his large, expressive eyes—rose and stepped forward. Then, with a graceful wave of his hand, to some one, Tom picked up his crayons.

Even I marveled that the Hungarian received so tremendous an ovation, such positive homage. Was it owing to something his audience, with clearer vision than mine, recognized in this man? Something as yet unrevealed to me? By what force did he hold them spellbound for more than two hours, while, in simple words, but with thrilling effect, he dextrously wove facts and incidents into the story of his life.

I looked at Tom—at times, his deft hand lost its cunning; at Oron—when his eager eyes drooped in meditation; at Soratiya's face glowing with admiration; at Malonda's and Reeba's rapt, awed expression; at the thousands of white scarfs waving frantically; and I knew that the old iron-smith had won.

Chapter X

"Hokenda!" announced the trainguard quietly but distinctly.

Oron gave us warm welcome as he led us to his motor-vehicle. A crowd had gathered in anticipation of our coming, but no unseemly curiosity was manifest, only appreciative interest.

"First, to the restafa," said our host, "where refreshments await you. After midday I will take you to my home. Oronena, with my sons and daughters, will give you greeting. Afterwards, we will talk until the evening hours; then, many from our city will come to meet you. Motoo, my boy, you will be happy at the children's festival today."

I remarked upon the similitude of the two cities.

"But slight difference exists except in size," he said. "We aim at uniformity.

Long since, we solved the problem of how to house the earthly body without detriment to its spiritual counterpart."

"Aye, that is apparent everywhere," asserted Hum. "Our people have much to learn."

"This is the seat of our government," our host went on. "Our public buildings, library and museum are here. Our observatory and accumulators are at Bacca, a city further south. See, you are expected," he said, pointing to two men-in-gray who stood by the entrance to a building similar to our abode in Huan.

"These are our brothers," he said to them.

"We understand, Oron."

"They will care for you," he said at parting, "*Yolo, yolo*," (farewell).

* * *

"I say, comrades," exclaimed Tom, later, "we know nothing about living, in its true sense. We go through life restless and dissatisfied, hopeful of great things beyond. These folk have the secret of right living. They have forgotten more than we ever knew."

"Not much of a secret, after all," said Hum, turning from the window. "It has been plainly spoken to our people for ages, but they have refused to heed the teaching. Steeped in their aggressive selfishness, their minds have been closed to the entrance of the true light. These people are the living exponents of the truth as it is in Christ."

"I guess that's about the size of it," agreed Tom; "besides, they have Oron. He could change the color of Chicago."

"By the way, that reminds me," I said. "Why did you and Audofa stare at him so, the first time he entered the class room?"

Tom laughed. "But for your arrant skepticism, I should have told you long ago. We recognized his likeness to the figure made by the trees in Elgrane."

I appealed to Hum. He nodded assent.

"How do you explain that occurrence," I asked.

"Explain nothing, Audofa," opposed Tom. "He thought us light-headed, but he failed to realize the thickness of his own pate."

"Well, it is remarkable!" I said.

"Wonderful, indeed, Fean, but not more so than the thoughtfulness of these Zoeians. Gray, number one, has called us to dinner."

The unstudied ease and grace with which Oronena and her charming sons and daughters received us did not surprise me. I had ceased to wonder at anything on this island. I accepted all as the natural heritage of a race who had, as Selby said, "learned the secret of right living," had materialized ideas in ways which, as yet, were but crude images in the minds of our ablest scientists.

The Oronena's simple greeting was characteristic: "Though you come from unknown parts, we do not look upon you as aliens," she said, "but, rather, as members of one great household, whom the Supreme has sent to us, in furtherance of His divine plan. Our bounty, as you have pleasantly expressed it, is from Him, but—" she smiled winningly —"it pleases us to be the chosen instruments for its dispensation."

Many gems dropped from her fair lips, until Oron rose and invited us to a rose-embowered pavilion in his park.

"I love this spot," he said. "It has pleasing associations. It is a fitting place wherein to tell you of our country and ourselves. You have already learned much from Soratiya, and by observation, but there are special facts and incidents it is my privilege to impart. Do not hesitate to ask questions, or make remarks.

"Our domain is on the top of a mountain several thousand feet in height, about a hundred miles in length, and nearly twenty-five miles in breadth. The surface is somewhat rolling, but mostly, a plain encircled by lofty, precipitous peaks among which we find many minerals and fine gems."

"You are safe from invasion," suggested Tom.

"I do not understand," said Oron.

Hum explained.

"I get the meaning," he said, "but cannot comprehend the event Tooma suggests. Some of our wise men have ascended the accessible peaks, and by the aid of powerful glasses, have discovered that we are surrounded by a hot sea from which vapor continually rises. They believe this water comes from countless hot springs. Its depth is not known. Owing to the vapor, we know but little of the far away shores. Once in seven years a remarkable phenomenon occurs. The water falls rapidly a thousand feet, and at once returns to its former level."

"This is of intense interest to us," I said.

"That frightful shaft must be hundreds of feet in depth. How did you ascertain the exact features of this event?"

"It was in this way, Feanka: Our science men had long noticed periodical changes in our weather tubes that indicated strange disturbances in our atmosphere. After repeated experiments, extended through many years, they formulated a theory which you, and one of our people have found to be correct."

"Do I understand, Oron, that some one from here has had an experience similar to ours?"

"Yes. Near the city of Bacca, there is a natural curiosity, a chasm of indefinite length. Once in seven years, during the protracted rains, the gorge into which it opens becomes, for a brief period, a small lake. This lake soon recedes, leaving the bed of the chasm nearly dry until the next periodical rain. Our theory was that the fissure had an outlet, but not large enough to exhaust the water during the copious rainfall. The man to whom I referred conceived of embarking in a small boat and allowing himself to drift, he knew not where. It was a wild undertaking for a Zoeian, for though not lacking in courage, the spirit of exploration has never possessed us. At one time, the thought of establishing intercourse with the outside world was agitated. Our engineers even went so far as to penetrate to the margin of the slope; in fact, descended a short distance. They found the mountain side nearly vertical; the surface vitreous; two conditions almost impossible to meet."

"We saw these peculiar features when we crossed the lake," I said. "For hours, we sought a landing place. Truly, it would be an almost insurmountable work, yet, could it not be done?"

"Possibly, Feanka—but after all, to what end?"

"Aye, to what end?" said Hum.

"After seven years," Oron went on, "this man returned, with a tale of adventure, marvelous and interesting. It explained some mysteries and, as I said, confirmed our theories. He had reached the lower end of the rift, and found that it communicated through a small opening with a large vaulted chamber filled with water."

As Hum raised his hand, Oron paused. "I have seen that passage," he said, "it was to the left of the one we entered."

"Then it is as I supposed. The dome-shaped chamber is the summit of the shaft so graphically described by Feanka. Curiously, this man came to the place just as the sea level was about to change, and thus reached the basin below."

"Alone, and in darkness!" exclaimed Hum. "He must have been a man of nerve."

"He is," said Oron, "but he was provided with our portable lights—*syunas*, we call them. He went out by the passage through which you entered. No, not so; you came in from the western side?" I inclined my head. "Then, there must be an eastern outlet," he said, "for he crossed the lake to the shore opposite where you embarked."

Oron raised a *kanjoot* to his lips, then went on: "With great astuteness, the man computed the time; reached the mouth of the shaft at the turn of the tide, and rose to the rift, through which he worked his way back to the chasm. How, I scarcely know, as he carried quite a burden. You can imagine our joy, when Termal returned after so long an absence."

A man-in-gray entered bearing a silver salver filled with fruits, nuts, and a flask of wine. With a graceful gesture, Oron said: "May the Father's blessing come with His bounty."

Looking through my glass of golden wine, I reflected: A people with no base motives, no ignoble purposes, no corroding cares, no dread of foes; probably—no dread of death.

"Do you mean to say one can leave this place but once in seven years?" asked Tom. His eyes had an awed, startled expression for an instant, then he smiled, and helped himself to an orange.

"That is the actual fact," asserted Oron, somewhat amused. "It gives us happiness to know that you will be our guests for seven years. I hope it causes you no regret."

His words staggered me for a moment, then I seemed to forget all my past life, and lived only in the present—an experience I now and then passed through.

"Not a bit of it," exclaimed Tom; "why should any one want to leave this paradise?"

Oron smiled.

We rose to meet Soratiya. His musical voice had heralded his coming. "We are pleasantly engaged," said Oron. "Will you join us?"

"No. I will stroll in the park," he said, selecting a bunch of grapes. "Stroll, and meditate. Oh, where is Motoo?"

"At the festival," I replied.

"That is right, Feanka. The boy has fine qualities; the children will like him."

"Oron, will you continue your history?" asked Hum.

"Yes, Audofa. Our country, at a remote period, doubtless, formed part of a vast continent. We have old sayings; do you understand?"

"Yes, we call them traditions, tra-di-tions," I said.

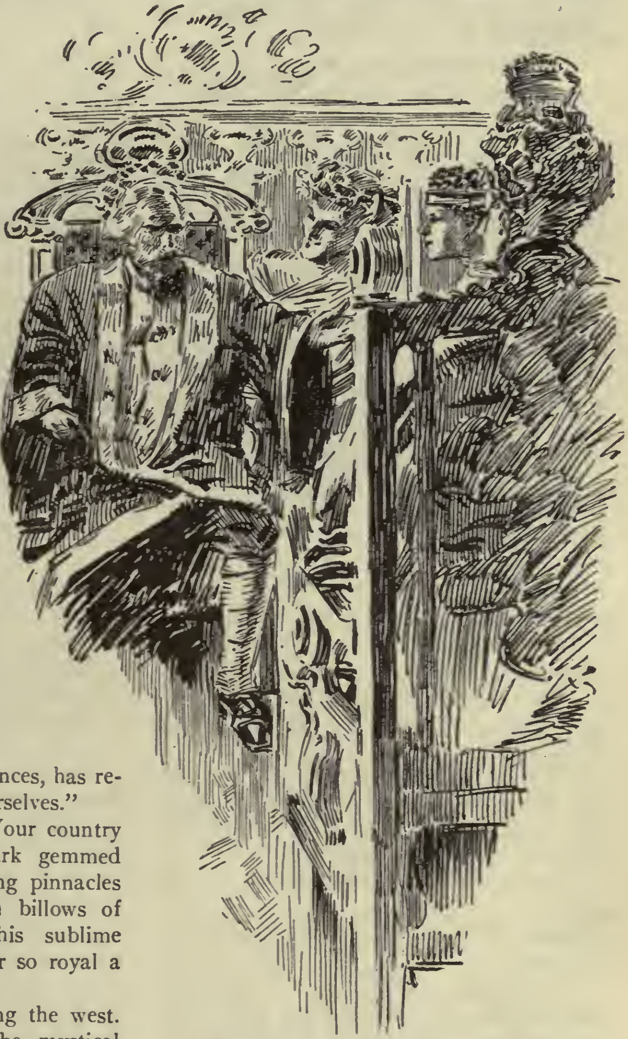
"Well, they are very vague," he went on. "They make us out as having an immense antiquity, and ascribe to us a stature greatly above our present height. Be this as it may, they probably are correct concerning some convulsion of nature that separated our island from the mainland. The other portion of our race must have survived the catastrophe, otherwise, the 'tra-di-tion'— I can speak your word," he smiled— "the 'tra-di-tion' which Audofa received from the African tribe, could not have existed. Being in contact with other nations, their racial individuality must have been lost long ago, while ours, through force of circumstances, has remained. We are a people by ourselves."

"Grandly alone," I said. "Your country rests on a mighty rock of dark gemmed porphyry, crowned with glittering pinnacles and turrets which rise through billows of rose light. We have seen this sublime vision. It is a fitting throne for so royal a kingdom."

Evening radiance was mantling the west. Oron's superb face reflected the mystical glow. "Transcendently glorious!" he exclaimed, as he gazed down the Acacia avenue. A moment of thought, then he went on: "Another ancient assertion is that our race originated from a phenomenal blending of spiritual and human elements. These old sayings, however, are dim with age, yet we certainly are endowed with distinctive physical peculiarities and some occult powers."

Hum's look of absorbed interest changed to one of surprise.

"Oron," he said, "the Hebrew and Christian people have a very old book, a writing that is supposed to give the history of this planet from the dawn of its creation. In it is a statement which confirms that tradition. I have read it. Would that I could recall the exact words."



He was sitting by Oronena and her fair daughters.

"How astounding!" exclaimed Oron. "Ah, Audofa, if you could but remember!"

A man-in-gray was approaching the pavilion.

Oron rose. "Come, brothers," he said, "let us return to meet my guests. We will resume our pleasant intercourse tomorrow."

I cannot adequately describe the events of that memorable evening. The beautiful harmonies still vibrate in my memory with all their original charm. In thought, I paraphrased the poet's words:

> And Zoela's capital had gathered then
> Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
> The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

It was an assembly of men and women majestic in stature, faultless in face and figure, brilliant and intellectual, yet warmed by an atmosphere of fellowship and unfeigned cordiality.

Soratiya led us through groups of these peerless people clustered on the broad verandas, in the fragrant flower-clad bowers, or in the rose and gold salon. Everywhere, the ardent thirst we had aroused was manifest in their eager questions and urgent invitations. Their importunity, however, never transcended the bounds of perfect courtesy.

Later in the evening, my comrade and I, from a thick covert, watched the strange, fascinating scene. An intertwining of rich colors, dark luminous eyes and flashing jewels, while soft Zoeian accents blended with the delicious strains of the orchestra.

"Hold me, Fean!" cried Tom, "I don't know where I am."

"You are in the heart of Africa, my chum."

"African heart? What are you giving me?"

"Nothing, as yet, my comrade; but you will get a glass of cold water presently. Hey, pull yourself together. You are bewildered by your surroundings."

"That's the truth, Fean. Better get that cooler."

Going for the water, I encountered a bevy of damsels.

"Oh, Feanka," they cried, circling round me with shapely, waving arms and parted lips, "when will you tell us stories and show us th—th—"

"The fire-tubes?"

"Yes, yes!" they shouted, midst peals of laughter.

My own co-ordination was slightly impaired. I sympathized with Tom. "And will Tooma talk to us, and—and—?" They imitated his sketching, causing a cross-fire of jeweled light that dazzled me.

"Oh, yes," I said, "he will talk to you, sing for you, and—and—draw your faces close—to nature, I mean."

I had made a terrible mess of it, and hurried for the restorative. I prescribed one for myself.

Turning from the fountain, a beautiful arm went out and a soft hand rested on my shoulder. It was the Oronena's.

"Feanka, come sit by me," she said, "and tell me of your people. Tell me of your country's fair daughters. Tell me of their religion and their God."

Where the fountain had gurgled, rose delicately tinted walls inclosing a gorgeous chamber. I gazed vacantly as I replied:

"I cannot tell you, Oronena. "I have forgotten them. They exist no longer."

"I understand," she said, with winsome smile. "If Fulma were but here, she could re-form the link between the present and the past."

"Fulma?" I exclaimed. . . .

"Well, anything in that water?" asked Tom, staring at me. "You have been gazing at it some time."

"No, it is clearer than my head, comrade. Now, drink and be off if you feel equal to meeting a crowd of beauties who have asked for you. They are not far from the Rose Pavilion."

"Jove," he exclaimed, emptying the glass, "the restorative power of this Zoeian water is astounding."

* * *

Did these people have no gastronomic claims? Yes, delicacies, in great variety, were served. No games, no dances? Both, my reader, but quite different from those known to you. If you can picture something between a minuet and the lancers, you will have a faint idea of a Zoeian dance or *naja*, a movement at once graceful, appealing, enticing. We joined in three of these *naja*s, awkwardly enough I am sure, though our high-bred associates gave no sign of amusement. We were so conscious of our inferiority in more respects than one, that at the end of the third dance Tom whispered: "Frank, I feel as though we should be in our little beds."

"My own sentiment, comrade," I said, "though even there, we might be besieged by these enthusiasts. Look at Hum. Nothing to incite a sense of inferiority there."

He was sitting by Oronena and her fair daughters, Tesia and Isa, while he held a crowd breathless with one of his thrilling tales of the sea.

And Moto? I laugh, even now, when I think of him standing amidst a galaxy of maidens who were loading him with goodies while they listened to his story of the ring.

Happy girls and boys! Happy abode of peace, where love exerted its mighty power! A dream land, through which great, grand Oron shed radiance and affection. Never more impressive than when, with his royal family, he stood on the marble steps as the guests departed and bestowed on each his paternal blessing. "*Yolo, yolo—Subaketa yune.*"

* * *

It all ended at the restafa.

"Well, comrades—?" I exclaimed.

"Don't ask me, Hat," said Tom. "I can't command the proper words just now."

"Not even about the repast?"

"Oh, it was grand! A clear case of beauty without the beast."

"So it was, Tooma," said Hum, turning from the cabinet where he had been absorbed in a large book bound in intricately carved black wood, "but not as grand as this." He pointed to the cover. On raised letters of embossed silver was the title:

"Sayings of Kesua, Our Master."

"H-m, that is curious," remarked Tom. "I thought Oron was master here."

"Ah—I must study this holy book," said Hum.

"Not tonight," I advised, "it is late; and we are to meet Oron in the morning."

"Just this much, Feanka," urged Hum. "It is singular! It reads something like this—'if a light is covered it will not show. It should be put on a high place."

I met his earnest look. "Audofa," I said, "you and I have read such words before."

"Certainly, we have, my shipmate, that is why it is so strange. Well, it is late," he said, closing the book reluctantly. "*Somaven.*"

Chapter XI

What had the Oronena meant? Who was Fulma? Had I met my regal hostess at the fountain and heard her musical voice in the decorated chamber? Surely, and Tesia had looked at me and smiled when the name, Fulma, was mentioned. And yet, it was all indistinct.

When I associated this event with others of like peculiarity, the more I wondered under what conditions we were living. Generally they were so realistic, but at times so illusory. What the character of the people so delightfully tangible, yet occasionally beyond our touch? Had we, as Hum expressed it, "not yet found ourselves"?

These and kindred questions banished sleep. I was glad when morning dawned, when actual sunlight warmed my room. It comforted me to receive Oron's hearty greeting at the Rose Pavilion. Even then, I was surprised that he made no allusion to the previous night, but pointed to a flock of birds nestling and carolling in and about the bower. "They are rendering homage to their king," he said, smiling. "Let us listen a moment. There is a spontaneous genuineness in the little songsters not yet attained by their human brothers."

"Not if they have passed beyond earth's limitations?" I asked.

"Yes, if wholly free from the bondage of unreality."

Hum and I looked at each other. "It is a deep question, Feanka. This morning I will tell you of our government."

"A subject of great interest to us," said Hum.

"Our government," said Oron, "is a simple one as compared with those of which you have told us. It is paternal and protective. It owns everything; controls all the activities and products of our country; supplies our needs and—"

"Pays all the bills?" asked Tom.

"I do not understand Tooma's question," said Oron.

I took out some gold pieces and explained the currency system common with civilized nations. "It is intricate," he said, much interested. "I do not see the need of it. If a child asks its father for food, clothes, or shelter, his parent demands nothing in exchange. Why should a government do otherwise?"

"Is there no individual ownership whatever, here?" I asked.

"None, Feanka."

"Then, owing to your peculiar geographical position and unique system, nothing has any real value."

"Value, Feanka? Ah, I think I get your meaning. No, nothing has any worth beyond its power to promote the welfare of my people."

"That's it!" exclaimed Hum, his hand in audible contact with his knee. "That's the true secret of living."

"But, Oron," I said, "in this great family of—" ("about a million," he interpolated), "there must be a diversity of tastes and desires not wholly unmixed with covetousness."

"That might be," he said, "but the feeling you name is not fostered by our system. Although there is no social distinction, we are divided into three degrees. Each person may attain to the highest, but a child born in a family of the third degree must commence his life work in the first. In this degree are those who till the soil, manufacture fabrics, work on the roadways, in the mines, and assist in household affairs, as the attendants at the restafa. I trust they care for you well?"

"Admirably, Oron."

"Those of the second degree organize and direct all labor, distribute the products and keep the records of the nation. In this degree also, are teachers, artists, musicians and others. The third degree comprises but two hundred persons. They constitute the National College. The members of the body are chosen from the second degree by ascertained eligibility, for the higher work of the College. Vacancies are occasioned only by advancement into a loftier life. To this degree belong our science men and our spiritual teachers."

"Oron, how old must a man be to enter this degree?" I asked.

"There is no age limit, Feanka. Ordinarily, one is not qualified under a hundred years."

"A hundred years! To us, that seems a great age."

"Is it so? The average age of our people is two hundred and fifty years."

"Wh-ew!" It was Tom.

"But have you no diseases, no sickness here?" I asked.

"No, nothing that I understand you to mean," Oron replied, somewhat perplexed. "Occasionally, an accident occurs, but very seldom—our people are prudent. If anything happens, our science men know what to do."

"And no one dies from disease or accident?"

"It is rare, Feanka, for one to pass away through those causes."

Tom's lips parted for his favorite exclamation, but suddenly tacked: "Oron, why does any one ever die?" he asked.

"No one dies, as you use the word, Tooma. What you call death, is progression. Our government," he went on, "is administered by a conclave, chosen from the people, who hold office seven years. The head of the nation is the presiding officer during his earthly life."

Drawing from his girdle a thin silver disk on which a golden hand marked the time, our host raised the *kanjoot.* A man-in-gray soon appeared, with fruit and wine.

I placed a gold piece by a pear as I said to Oron: "According to your system, these articles are of equal worth."

"Not so, Feanka. The real and typical value of the fruit exceeds the restricted value of the metal. You must remember that in Zoeia gold has no such importance as you ascribe to it."

Again, Hum made audible approval. A low whistle escaped from Selby.

"How do you account for your great longevity?" I asked.

"I can not, my brother. It had not engaged our thought until you told us of other races. Doubtless, it may be influenced by our mode of life, so different from the conditions described by Audofa and Tooma. It may be the result of our strong desire and united effort for the common good; as this tends to destroy selfishness, and promotes tranquillity."

"Reason enough!" exclaimed Hum; "but there is, I think, another factor, your food."

"Quite likely, Audofa. Our wise men have freed it from impurities and non-essential elements. It is savory and wholesome. You find it so?"

"Well — I — should — say — so!" exclaimed Tom. "Nothing better at the—Palmer House."

In Oron's responsive smile lingered a doubt as to my comrade's meaning.

"This is delicious wine," I remarked. "Has it any intoxicating principle?"

Oron looked at me inquiringly. I could not convey my meaning.

"Fean, I might illustrate," said Tom.

"Not on your life," I said in English.

Hum looked up with a pleased expression.

"This wine is refreshing and nourishing," continued Oron. "We produce it in large quantity."

"Do all your people have it?" I asked.

"Certainly, Feanka, each is served alike. Our island yields an abundance of everything."

"You mean that every one, irrespective of degree, has the same food?" I asked.

"Why not? We are one flesh and blood."

"In what way is the nation supplied, and by what method do you regulate the amount that each is to receive?" asked Tom.

"By a simple system, Tooma; records are kept of all births, marriages and departures; yearly products and population. These are corrected annually. Everything is distributed to warehouses in the different districts, and from these, families and individuals are supplied."

"Can each one have just what he wants?" inquired Tom. "Don't you keep any book of accounts, or have any debit and credit system?"

"I understand the first part of your question, Tooma, but find it difficult to grasp the remainder. Doubtless, it has to do with meritorious acts. Yes, each child of the government can have as much of anything as he wishes. Our supply always exceeds the demand. Members of each degree require and desire only those things which best fit them for the duties of their particular station. When they pass to another degree, they know that their added duties and needs will be provided for."

"Oron, I would ask a question," I said. "Your answer may explain something difficult for us to understand. Why should not the man, in whose house we have been, on a plantation near Huan, wish for such things as we see here?"

"The answer is easy, Feanka. Happiness does not consist in having, but in being and doing. The man you mention has a house as comfortable though not as large as this, and grounds equally contributive to his happiness, though not so extensive. His requirements and allotments will be in the ratio of his advancement, but his real happiness will not increase. His cup can never be more than full. That it will be full, he has learned from the lips of our Master."

"The complete solution of the socialistic problem!" exclaimed Hum.

"Yes, the sword that cuts the 'Gordian knot,'" declared Tom. "I wish they had it in Chicago. But," he added, "a government thus acting must, like this, be free from all venality."

"Oron, you spoke of a Master," said Hum.

"Yes, Audofa, and it leads me to tell you of the greatest event in the history of our nation. In the period eight thousand, there was born to the house of Kena Rea, of the second degree, a male child of unusual comeliness. He was specially distinguished from other infants by the absence of the racial mark. As he grew in years he displayed an indefinable grace, and became the special study of the National College. While he joined with other children in their pastimes, his highest pleasure was in retirement and meditation; a meditation, at times, so deep as to render him unaware of his surroundings. The boy, Kesua, often spoke of other scenes, places and conditions, in a way that mystified his parents. They watched his mental development with great interest and some solicitude. He made such rapid advancement in his studies, that he was admitted to the National College for higher instruction. Here he amazed his teachers by his clear insight into things concerning the universe and the destiny of man. His repeated reference to his divine origin and mission, his intense spirituality and superhuman knowledge, together with his physical exemption, finally convinced the wise men that he was the *Subagino* (the Manifestation). As such, he was left to his own self-development. At the age of twenty years, he became a teacher, and devoted his life to the spiritual elevation of the nation. His one theme was love and reverence for the Father; reliance upon, and submission to the divine will; with unlimited love for all fellow-creatures. Our entire nation accepted the Master's teachings. They have been our rule and guide ever since.

"At the age of fifty, the Master passed away. Our people bowed their heads in grief—so great was their love for him. His unblemished body was prepared for the burning—as is our custom—and left, for a season, in silence. When the final rite was to be performed, it had disappeared."

"How did they account for that?" asked Hum.

"After years of profound thought by the College, it was revealed to them that the *Subagino* had had a spiritual body, which, through their blindness, they had failed to discern."

Hum leaned back, his eyes closed. "Has there ever been a reappearance?" he asked.

"Not as at first," said Oron, "but every seven years our Master comes to us, or rather, being psychically drawn together, we seem to be lifted to the divine presence, where we receive words of wisdom and instruction. At these periods our spiritual vitality is renewed; it never leaves us."

"'Lo, I am with you always,'" murmured Hum. "It was the Christ!" he exclaimed.

"My brother, did you know of this?" asked Oron astonished.

"Nay, not whereof you have spoken, but of the great event in Palestine when, two thousand years ago, our Christ was born. His teaching was the same as was given to you."

"Audofa, you spoke a name—what is its meaning?"

"Christ — Christos," said Hum—"the Anointed—the divine manifestation."

"Wonderful! Won — der — ful!" exclaimed Oron. "Our word has the same signification. Astounding! Have you a history of your Master's life and words?"

"Yes, a sacred book read by all Christian people."

"Oh! if I could but compare it with our precious volume," said Oron. "Audofa, had your Master many followers?"

"Not during his life, but since his ascension, one-third of the earth's population has accepted his doctrines."

"Are the nations you told us about of the number?"

"Yes, nearly all," said Hum, with an air of sadness.

"Incredible!" exclaimed Oron.

"Alas, it is true!" said the Hungarian.

* * *

I sat in a cozy corner of our apartment and watched the evening light gather on the face of my old shipmate as he searched the sacred book so dear to him. Tom had remained at Oron's to have some music with the young people; but Hum and I had returned to review what we had heard and further endeavor to "find ourselves."

"Audofa, we have had a wondrous day," I said.

"Yes, Feanka, a notable day. An amazing day!"

"I can scarcely understand it all," I said.

"Well, I think I can. The entire nation drank of the living water. There was a grand, united reception of our Lord. He came unto his own, and they received him. They are showing forth his works in their lives."

"But their story of the advent is so different from ours," I said, "especially at the close."

"What matters it, my friend? After the lapse of centuries a veil of obscurity gathers about such histories. Besides, the conditions were entirely different. It is enough to know that the power of God was upon them; that the spirit of the Most High has guided and comforted them ever since. I bow low when I think of my own race."

"Poor exponents of the Christian faith, I admit, Audofa; but we must remember that the soil on which the divine seed fell in Judea lacked the fertility that exists here. Besides, the receptivity of this race is in great measure due to their peculiar endowments. You and I have had too many experiences not to realize how different these people are from the human family as we know it. They have not only high attainments, but they possess certain powers to which we can bear witness, and, I doubt not, many others unknown to us. This reminds me of something I have long wanted to ask you. It concerns our terrible experiences at the crevasse and on the plateau."

"I know what you would ask," he said. "I have ofttimes wondered that you did not ask. Until it was needed, I was not aware of the power you saw exhibited. It was, at once, a revelation and an endowment. It was the outcome—" he hesitated, as if doubtful what meaning his words would convey—

"Of what?" I asked.

"Of my firm conviction that I was guided to exterminate evil by the divine power—that power which has guarded our footsteps to this Celestial City."

"You should have been a Zoeian, Audofa!"

"Nay, my fellow-pilgrim; in the distribution of our Master's talents, I was not deemed a worthy steward."

I looked at him, as I recalled Oron's allusion to the origin of his race, and the Hungarian's succeeding statement. Then I asked him regarding both.

"Have you never read it in your Bible?" he asked.

"Never," I confessed; "what was it?"

"It confirms the tradition," he said. "I cannot repeat the verse, but can give you the substance; though I could not explain it to Oron in Zoeian. It is this—some one calls you on the *kanjoot*, Feanka."

"Yes, it is Oron," I said. "He wishes to see me."

"Then go at once, my shipmate!"

"And you?"

"I will try to recall the Hebrew's words; then read on in this priceless book. It is filled with the bread and the water of life."

* * *

As I entered the hall, Tom, with Geando and Relso (Oron's sons), were passing to the music room. "Oh, yes—I sing," Tom was saying, "but I strained my voice singing 'desert airs' while crossing the continent."

"Not to the breaking point, I hope," said Geando. "The girls are waiting for us."

With well-curved lips and slender, tapering hands, the Oronena gave me gracious greeting. Her eyes? Well—she had violet eyes. More I need not say. Their soft light held me captive, as at the fountain; but it did not, as then, fade away. Instead, I felt the sweetness of her warm adieu, as she turned to join her daughters.

"Oron will meet you in the library," she said. "Let us see you before you leave."

"Feanka, I wished to see you alone," Oron said, closing the door. "Tell me all you know about Audofa. Everything you can recall."

I told him of my experience with the Hungarian from our first meeting until we reached Zoeia; of his parentage, his courage, fidelity and resourcefulness; ending with an account of the battle with the Mahale robbers, and the affair on the Mohegan.

"And you saw this figure—saw him deal with the robbers?"

"As plainly as I see you, Oron."

He sat by the table, his head against his hand. "It is strange," he said, "exceeding strange. And you tell me his mother was a native of India?"

I assented.

"Feanka, from what I have learned of this man, through his address, your history, and my personal observation, I cannot put away the thought that a remote ancestor of his was of our race."

"A Zoeian!" I exclaimed. "Could such a remarkable thing have been possible?"

"Yes, it was possible, though not probable. The other portion of our race was lost to us. Audofa's mother might have descended from one of them. Her ancestor, if a Zoeian, must have been advanced, or he could not have transmitted such a heritage to this man. It would have been a case of—of—I do not quite know how to express it."

"Return to the original type?" I asked.

"Yes, that is it, Feanka."

"Our term for that is atavism, Oron."

"'At-a-vism,'" he repeated slowly. "Ours is *mootupa*. Then, his name, Adolph; Soratiya tells me it is the same as Audofa; an old name with us. It is remarkable! Well, I think we may be able to prove or deny my impression. We will meet at the pavilion tomorrow."

"And Tooma?" I asked.

"I—think—not. No, I will arrange with Tesia to have some music."

"Listen!—it is fine! Let us join them."

The sweet strains of well-harmonized voices came to us. Tom's fine baritone was at its best.

"Ah, my brother," he exclaimed, his tall form erect, his grand head thrown back—"It is angelic! It is an inspiration!"

"I will not tarry longer," I said. "Audofa has much to say to me."

"Then go, Feanka—*Somaven!*"

* * *

"Such a good time!" exclaimed Tom, as he burst upon us an hour later. "Such a jolly good time! How could you leave?"

"My musical prodigy," I said, "when Oron and I left the library, you were running through the bars pretty lively."

"Correct, Fean, I was seeking a place for a rest, so I couldn't pause. I felt shaky, but there was no staff to lean on. Their music is awful queer."

"Dear boy, you are very sharp."

"Think so, Hat? In that case, I must lower my tone. At the dinner table, I really thought I was—flat."

"Only natural, I presume, my chum."

"Hello! Key of D. Who would have thought it, from mon cher Francois. The girls? Oh, they are simply delightful! Tesia is stunning and Isa is cunning and we are all to meet in the morning—ho, ho! Well—I have found out why these folk are so high bred." Hum and I looked up inquiringly. "It's their altitude."

"Better say their rectitude," advised Hum.

"Thanks, old shipmate, amendment accepted. *Somaven* all!"

* * *

The morning beams crept through the roses on the bower and rested on a man with perfect features in superb repose. His face was illuminated by his soft, lustrous eyes—the eyes of a scholar. He was waiting for us.

"Loredo," said Oron, as we entered the pavilion, "you have met our brothers before."

"Frequently," he said, giving us his hand, "and I meet them again, with pleasure."

"Let us walk," said Oron, "and breathe the fragrance of the morning."

We passed down the Acacia avenue to a lake nestled amid rich foliage. Here and there were clusters of narcissus, camellias, azaleas, and other flowering plants. On the lake, black and white swans were floating. Above circled bright-robed birds carolling their joy—sometimes sporting on the mirror surface from which they tossed aloft miniature cascades of iridescent light.

"They rejoice!" exclaimed Oron.

"Yes, with songs of praise," smiled Loredo.

The Hungarian's face grew radiant. "It is good to be here," he said.

"Truly, Audofa," said Oron, "but we must not longer tarry. Our thoughts must be otherwise engaged."

Again, he led us through places of rare loveliness, nor paused until we reached a high mound where stood a septangular building embosomed in trees flanked by an esplanade.

"Loredo, you know this place," said Oron.

"Well, indeed," he said; "the house of meditation and aspiration."

There was not a sound save the occasional trill of a bird. It was the abode of absolute peace. As vividly as then, I can see Loredo standing by Oron, grave, thoughtful, expectant; his eyes, full of hope, resting on Hum's bent form and lined face.

"Audofa," said Oron, "that which brings us here pertains to you."

"To me?" cried the astonished man.

"Yes, Audofa. From what I have observed, and in other ways learned, I have a hope and a belief. Please bare your arm and leg."

The two Zoeians examined each member closely.

"It is unmistakably present," said Loredo.

"Yes," assented Oron, "it is faint, but definite."

"It could not be as plain as in direct descent," said Loredo. "It must needs be a case of *mootupa*, but it is well marked."

Noticing the Slav's extreme agitation, Oron said, "Do not give way to undue emotion, my brother."

"Pardon me," implored Hum. "From childhood I have known that mark, but its import! No, no!" he cried, "it cannot be possible!"

"Loredo, might the other token be present?" asked Oron.

"I think not," he replied, "still, this is a pronounced type. Let us search."

They bent long and critically over the bowed head.

"It should be here," said Loredo, placing his finger on the crown, "but, under the circumstances, it might be elsewhere."

Oron bent low as he worked in the thin hair. Suddenly he asked Loredo for the lens. "See!" he cried.

"It is there!" exclaimed his associate.

Oron again adjusted the glass. "Feanka, what see you?"

Slowly I replied, "I see three, short, faint lines, in the form of a—"

"Look closely," he said.

"Yes. They seem to form a triangle."

"It is enough!" he exclaimed joyfully.

"I am satisfied," said Loredo.

"Audofa," said Oron, grasping the old sailor's hand, "it gives me joy to tell you that one of your ancestors was of our race. From what I know of certain powers you possess, he must have been of the third degree. Thou art one of us, my brother!"

The agitated man fell on his knees at Oron's feet. Loredo stood behind him. Both laid their hands on his head.

"And now, Audofa," declared Oron, "I pronounce you a Zoeian of the second degree. Henceforth, all the benefits and privileges of our race belong to you."

As I followed Loredo to the terrace, a rapturous note trilled heavenward.

"Listen, Feanka," he said.

(*To be continued*)

singers, and it will be a pleasure to have their records in the home. "Old Black Joe," "When Malindy Sings," "Little David, Play on Yo' Harp," "Shout All Over God's Heaven" and "I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray" seem peculiarly appropriate for these famous church singers. To the lovers of Stephen C. Foster, the medley of Foster songs by the Peerless Quartet will be particularly appreciated. Six general favorites are included—"My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Folks at Home," "Old Black Joe," "I'se Gwine Back to Dixie," "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground." This medley, in combination with the Virginia Minstrels (Victor Minstrel Company) opening with the chorus "Virginia," followed by some old and new darky jokes and the song "The Humming Coon," ends with the grand finale, "Climb Up, Ye Little Chillun," and makes a pleasing accumulation of the famous old darky melodies. As if to complete the coon song list, Pryor's Band renders an educated rag-time selection, "The African 400," with all the flourish and scintillation common to negro music.

An interesting record is "Elizabeth's Prayer," from Tannhauser, sung by Elizabeth Wheeler, the reverse side containing the duet, "A Night in Venice," sung by Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler. A new counter-tenor, Walter Anderton, is introduced for the first time to the Victor public through two records, "Bonnie Sweet Bessie" and "Sing Me to Sleep." His voice seems singularly well suited to record-making.

No Victor list would be complete without some representation of Ada Jones and Billy Murray, and this month finds them with the darky duet, "Emmaline." Josie Sadler, always extremely funny, sings a comic song, "I'd Like to Make a Smash Mit You," that is especially amusing. The operatic medleys, "Gems from Robin Hood" and "Gems from Algeria," complete a rather formidable list of attractions for the Victor public. The Pryor Band selections include "The Cavalier March," "Love's Dream After the Ball," and a timely and effective barn dance, "Autumn Leaves." Selections from the well-known "La Source Ballet" are rendered by the Victor Orchestra. The Vienna Quartet stars in a beautiful rendition of Herbert's "Badinage" and Strauss's "Artist's Life Waltz." The Whitney Brothers Quartet, long and favorably known in connection with sacred music, have rendered two sacred selections, "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me" and "Light of Life." The Baritone solo, "Face to Face," by Percy Hemus is another valuable number on the sacred program.

Among the Grand Opera singers represented are Geraldine Farrar, who sings "Dost Thou Know That Fair Land" in French; Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Gounod's "Oh, My Immortal Lyre" in French; Nicola Zerola, Verdi's "Tremble, Ye Tyrants" and "Forever Farewell," in Italian; Emilio de Gogorza, "The Feast of the Hermitage," in Spanish, and "Mi Nina"; Blanche Arral, the "Jewel Song," from Faust, in French; and Evan Williams, Meyerbeer's "Oh, Paradise" and Donizetti's "Furtive Tear," in English.

* * *

The Edison list for February offers an exceptional opportunity for selection. In addition to the popular and ever appreciated records by Victor Herbert and his orchestra, which for February includes "Rose of the World" and the "Venetian Love Song," the American Symphony Orchestra has contributed several beautiful selections, among which are the "Forosetta-Tarantella," the "Ciribiribin Waltz" and a novelty record containing choice bits of negro dialect, "The Darkies' Jubilee."

Sousa's band has one of the best records yet issued, "The Benediction of the Poignards," which deserves probably the highest credit of any record on the February list. In addition to this, the Band also plays "The Dancing Girl," one of Mr. Sousa's own compositions. Among the pieces in lighter vein, the best is undoubtedly Bessie Wynn's rendition of "My Pretty Little Piece of Dresden China." This charming actress puts much of her serio-comic personality into the three verses and choruses that make up an unusually refreshing little song. Harvey Hindermeyer is at his best in the comic melody, "Hello, Mr. Moonman, Hello!" and Reed Miller renders in faultless tenor, "If I Had the World to Give You." A thread of sadness runs through "When the Bloom is on the Cotton, Dixie Lee," sung by Manuel Romain, while Billy Murray's "That's the Doctor, Bill!" furnishes a coon song of an exactly opposite character. Ada Jones sings "My Dad's Dinner Pail," in her inimitable conception of the Irish brogue, and joins Mr. Murray in the conversational duets, "I'm Glad I'm a Boy" and "I'm Glad I'm a Girl," which won favor in the "Follies of 1909," also the waltz-time song, "Telling Lies."

Edward M. Favor delights his large following with the catchy absurdity, "Ireland Isn't Ireland Any More," and "I Think I Hear a Woodpecker Knocking at My Family Tree," a character song from the "Golden Girl." Collins and Harlan are represented by an interesting coon duet, "Slip on Your Gingham Gown," which happens in this case to be a princess gown with forty buttons down the back, and the theme progresses with the usual humorous conversational interruptions that invariably accompany the Collins and Harlan duets.

AN ENDORSEMENT OF "HEART SONGS"

PROBABLY we may find as fair a test of the ordinary American musical taste as can be found anywhere in a new collection of old music, "Heart Songs," published by the Chapple Publishing Company in Boston. Mr. Chapple's NATIONAL MAGAZINE offered prizes for songs full of heart interest, songs dear to the people. Contributions were received for four years. There were more than twenty thousand contributors, mostly Americans. The result is a book designed as a companion to "Heart Throbs," previously published by Mr. Chapple, a selection of prose and verse commended by a multitude of readers.

As might have been expected, the book contains nearly all the favorites of an earlier and less sophisticated generation. Old, yellowed sheets of music published "before the war," and the songs of the war itself; love songs and college songs, and the hymns that are dear to a plain people were sent in by the competitors. Yet the proportion of music that is really good music is not small. The "Tannhauser" song of the "Evening Star" is sandwiched between Raymond's "Take Me Home" and George Cooper's "Sweet Genevieve." The classics of popular song, from "The Campbells Are Coming" and "Annie Laurie," the folk songs that have withstood a sea change, the persistent airs of Michael William Balfe, are as inevitably in such a book as Stephen Foster's once-familiar tunes, and the old American love songs of the "Bonny Eloise" and "Juanita" type. Nobody would expect to miss here, of course, a single song of Franz Abt. They are all in evidence, including "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." But Handel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," Mendelssohn's "I Would that My Love," Schubert's "Sylvia" and the familiar setting of Ben Jonson's "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," are music of a different quality, music that no cultivation of the ear and the mind can ever banish to obscurity. Of course we have the "Lohengrin" bridal chorus, and Verdi's "Trovatore" melodies, with adapted words. They are surely among the popular songs.

One may pick up the book at random and surely encounter an old friend by merely turning the page. Words and music alike are given.

There are melodies whose origins are forgotten. There are songs of the present hour by Victor Herbert. "Yankee Doodle" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Bohunkus" jostle each other, with the "Erminie" lullaby, "When the Springtime Comes, Gentle, Annie," and "I Lost My Money on a Bobtail Nag" close at hand. "Barbara Allen" and "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms," are side by side. The book has a positive historical value.—*New York Times.*

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE initial Gridiron dinner of the season, one of the largest ever given in the city of Washington, heralded the advance of the Congressional season, and the array of distinguished guests included the President and the members of the Cabinet, the Supreme Court and many well-known men in official Washington. Never before had so many persons sat under the glare of the electric Grid.

To the large, well-rugged reception room, furnished throughout in bright red, proceeded the foes, the insurgents and regulars, owning to every phase of political belief and conviction. The great green curtains shut out the dining room, and the rustling of palms indicated that if the weather outside was cool, there was a "warm time" promised inside.

Upon the arrival of Cook and Peary, their records were taken from their slates, and they were cross-examined. Commander Peary being asked if he had ever ascended Mount McKinley, replied, "no, but I have climbed Capitol Hill to see the Committee on Appropriations." There was some twitting on the appointment of a minister to China, and it was insisted that he must have whiskers to please Secretary Knox. Then the messenger boy arrived breathless, with a dispatch from Theodore Roosevelt, giving authority for Cook to join the Ananias Club. The two men representing Cook and Peary were declared to be impostors and were promptly removed from the room, while the chorus of "buncoed" rang through the air.

The two explorers having been decreed "fakes," the barber was ordered in, and after he had shaved them they were discovered to be smooth-faced young members of the Gridiron Club and were duly welcomed.

When the old-fashioned dinner bell was rung the guests were drawn toward the electric gridiron which flashed out in a drapery of roses for the first feast of the season.

The "Gridiron Dream Book" was at each place and, as usual, the fun started with the soup. Mr. Scott C. Bone, editor of the Washington *Herald*, is the newly elected president, and the last meeting under the old officers was made a signal event in regard to chaffing the officers concerning the current topics of the day. Public men, including the President of the United States, who was there in person, were ready to meet the shafts of satire. A plate of hash, designated as the "Roosevelt policies," was brought in and dropped, the official who had carried it being roundly scolded. The songs and glees were as cheery as ever, and the speeches recalled the fact that prospective presidential timber is frequently tested at Gridiron dinners. Then the lights were extinguished and a number of private views given of the statues proposed for the National Valhalla, among them being one of "Uncle Joe," perched upon a pedestal, with his usual frock coat, slouch hat and cigar, cheerfully gazing at the crowd. "Uncle Joe" was present and joined heartily in the universal roar of laughter. Other classic characters were also thrown on the screen. A take-off of the various banquets given to President Taft was announced as the "Pure Food Act."

* * *

Handbills were distributed announcing a battle royal, and six men, enveloped in bath robes, were introduced as "top liners." It was said they had fought in print so long that it had been considered wise to settle their differences there and then. They were "Battling" Nelson Aldrich, a Rhode Island terror; "Kit" Cummins, the Iowa demon; Achilles Ballinger, the Siwash sirocco; "Giff" Pinchot, the fighting lumberjack; "Herby" Parsons, the candy kid, and "Joe" Cannon, the Danville bantam. District Commissioner West, who has charge of the Washington police, interfered with the pseudo-pugilists, who greatly resented the failure of their plans.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Wash.

SCOTT C. BONE
Editor of the *Washington Herald*

Eleven o'clock was the hour set for the chief feature of the evening. Suffragettes, each leading in a subdued and meek-looking husband, entered with a rush, with cries of "Votes for women." At this demand the president of the club replied, "Goats for women—we have no goats here." "Yes, you have," replied a stylishly attired suffragette, from under "his" picture hat. The president asked why they had come to a private dinner without an invitation, and the leader answered that they came because they always went where they were not wanted. Finally they were officially "shooed out."

The good old song composed by Julian Jordan—"The Song that Reached My Heart"—was sung by the Gridiron chorus, and the sweet, plaintive strains of "Home, Sweet Home" were heard as the guests left, carrying with them memories of another notable gathering about the famous Grid.

* * *

THE first edition of "Little Helps for Home-Makers" has been published, and from all over the country we are receiving unstinted praise for the book. Selected from the contributions of over ten thousand home-makers it has been five years in the making. Just the information needed by a home builder is there in concrete and concise form. It is not a book of recipes; neither is it a medical book, nor even a book of the usual "useful hints." It is a combination of all the everyday, manifold needs of a home, those things that might be overlooked by a single editor or board of editors. It covers the gamut of good housekeeping from how to take out a grease spot, or wash delicate fabrics, to the best way of putting up preserves and teaching a child how to memorize—everything a young or even veteran housekeeper should know. Going over thousands of contributions, it is felt that, despite the fact that they seem to have included everything of practical use, one thing we desire to emphasize still more in the future is more direct words from the mothers to daughters.

There is no other feature more fascinating than a concise summary of counsel from the mother, the grandmother or the aunt, who knows what the young home-maker has to contend with, and just what advice ought to be given. We want more of this kind of material, and we are offering a prize of five dollars for the best letter of general counsel, such as a mother or a dear aunt would give a young housekeeper.

Let every woman reader possessed of household experience sit down and recall what she had to contend with when she first started to "keep house." Then write as you would to an inexperienced friend, the daughter, granddaughter, the niece or young acquaintance, what you would say if you knew she was about to make a home—the

THE STORY OF "LITTLE HELPS"

By THE EDITOR

LITTLE did we imagine years ago when the Home Department was started, in the most inconsequential way, that it would develop into one of the strongest features of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. It was at the suggestion of a number of loyal lady subscribers, whose letters seemed to have been timed to arrive at the same time at the editorial desk, that the new department was started. They said that the housekeepers of the NATIONAL wanted just a little corner where they could get off by themselves and have a good talk every month. Then consternation devastated the editorial staff, for no one knew who could edit this new feature. Our thoughts ranged far and wide among the pencil pushers who had won praise and high salaries as the high priests of such monthly offerings on the household altar, but there is only one Bok, and he sits on an Olympus of success amid the incense clouds of myriads of feminine admirers. Finally in utter despair it was committed to a young man of thirty-five summers, who wore a pink shirt and smoked a cob pipe. He culled and selected the home hints in fear and trembling, and was enchanted when his work proved satisfactory, and it was decided to continue it. One of the earliest developments in this new department was incontrovertible proof that housewives of America sincerely consider the desires of the "mere man" in the making of a home. Over ten thousand practical, common sense housekeeping contributors have an interest in the Home Department.

As the department grew, the contributors began to say: "Why not make a book—how useful such a volume would be." Strange to say, the men were quite as interested as the women; they observed their wives, sisters and other lady friends carefully cutting these "Little Helps" from the magazine and pinning them up against the walls for future reference. So to preserve complete files of the NATIONAL the gentlemen ordered duplicates and suggested that the "little helps" be collected in a book for the ladies, while they preserved all the reading matter. Little by little the idea grew, until it has finally crystalized into a real book—a handsome book, as those who have seen it have pronounced it, insisting that it is an incomparable home handbook of varied information. As the name implies, it is neither a cook book, a medical book, or a book of information as to the care of children—but contains all sorts of practical information and recipes, and is more interesting than either could be by itself. It also contains hints from the girls and boys that the young people will enjoy as well as their elders, all conveyed in simple phrases that speak of home. Thousands of mothers, grandmothers, aunts and cousins, expert in household lore, and in all the arts of making home happy have contributed their favorite recipes and with them a glimpse at the heroic efforts of American women in isolated places where "necessity is truly the mother of invention."

Orders already received indicate that a second edition will be required very shortly. There is no doubt that this book will become a standard of practical information for the American home. In order to introduce into as many families as possible we are offering the remainder of the first edition—about eight hundred copies—at $1.50.

The book is handsomely bound in garnet cloth, illuminated; is the same size as "Heart Songs" (the size of the NATIONAL), and is printed on heavy paper. As one lady remarked: "It is a book to grace the library table of any home, and is suited not only to the library but to the dining room, the bed chamber and every room of the house."

"Little Helps" is the work of over fifteen hundred individual contributors, whose contributions have been chosen from among the ten thousand received within the past six years. The very atmosphere of the home has pervaded this department and is now found in the book. Grandma with her cup of tea and her spectacles waits to offer the treasures of her experience to the young folks who are just coming into the cares of home life. Mothers and grandmothers, who are always ready to give their loved ones the treasured secrets that have won their own simple triumphs, have made this book. The spirit of helpfulness has created it, and it is full of the great-heartedness of the good neighborly folk who are always at hand in either joy or sorrow, ready with help or sympathy to rejoice at a wedding or mourn when grief has come to the home. It is a pretty good thing to have such friends, and if you can't always have them, it is not a bad thing to have their advice bound into a book where you can get it easily.

Men and boys will find many valuable suggestions and recipes of value in the workshop, the stable and the field. They will also find much to help them when, as often happens, the good wife for a while needs help at her task. Such aid helps to bring husband and wife closer together in "their own little home." The possessive case makes all the difference when it comes to domestic ties and home.

True, it was an irksome task to the boys long ago, when mother insisted on "making girls" of her boys, and they blushed with shame when they were caught by "other fellows" with an apron on, dusting, sweeping or bed-making. But when mother was ill how glad they were that they knew how to keep house, and that she need not worry about things downstairs. There was a great satisfaction at such a time in understanding how to take care of the little brothers and get them enough to eat—and how it strengthened the home ties! It was not all hard work—they could make "play" of folding the table cloth by "pretending" that they were doing up a dry goods parcel—when they ironed that flats were imitations of railroad engines, with the cow catcher well displayed in front. Running the washing machine was supposed to be wielding a hand fire engine. The hardest part was dish washing, for nothing could be imagined that was at all like it. Churning, too, was never a welcome task, and how earnestly the boys watched to see those crumbs of butter that denoted it had at last "come." The making of beds was always attractive because they could imagine they were Pullman porters at their work.

From such a home comes the young man who is described by the wife, with a glow of pride, as "making real good coffee." Few American men but can do some one thing in housekeeping well—whether frying fish, learned in forest or seashore camp, or cooking beefsteak or preparing the Sunday dinner. Strange to say, many a man is more proud of his prowess in some such matter, than of any commercial achievement, like the millionaire who longed to get away to the mountains that he might exhibit his one culinary triumph—he could make lovely toast. Some day we may start a contest for men in the line of housework.

The following are among the contributors who have helped to make the book "Little Helps for Home-makers," such a great success:

Owens, Mrs. J. W., Ft. Myers, Fla.
Davidson, Mary, Oberlin, O.
Lacey, Mrs. M. T., Denver, Colo.
Spitler, Frances L., Bellevue, Pa.
Payne, Mrs. F. H., Berkshire, N. Y.
Hurley, Annie, Mt. Carroll, Ill.
Millard, Mrs. J. L., Reno, Pa.
Shaw, S. J., Garden Grove, Ia.
Combs, Mrs. N. A., Oshkosh, Wis.
Johnston, Verna, Denson Springs, Tex.
Bolt, Mrs. T. J., Villisca, Ia.
Vance, Mattie, Cottondale, Tex.
Page, Mrs. J. E., Dexter, Me.
Walker, Mrs. J. O., Duluth, Mich.
Stratton, Mrs. J. C., Creston, Ia.
Eldredge, Grace R., Columbus, Ga.
Lester, Mrs. Geo. F., Goldfield, Colo.
Norrell, Margaret G, Augusta, Ga.
Draper, Mrs. D. K., Arlington Hts., Ill.
Klink, Mrs. E. M., Portland, Ore.
Douglas, Mrs. J. T., Scim, S. D.
Morehead, Mabel A., N. Webster, Ind.
Smith, Mrs. A. B., Manassa, Colo.
Sabin, Mrs. N. S., Johnson City, Tenn.
Buxton, Mame, Redondo Beach, Cal.
Folk, Mrs. Mary K., Wellington, O.
Swarner, Walter C., Tipton, Mo.
Walker, M. L., Malta, O.
Gross, Alice, Sycamore, Ill.
Conrad, Mrs. C., Des Moines, Ia.
Trickey, Ida M., Bangor, Me.
Kephart, Mrs. A. E., Wellston, Okla.
Keyser, Mrs. L. F., Salt Lake City, U.
Riche, Mrs. M. P., Nora Springs, Ia.
Ripley, Mrs. J. R., Poultney, Vt.
McDonald, A. L., Portland, Me.
Alcock, Ella, Piru, Cal.
Skinner, A. B., Princeton, Ill.
McCastor, Mrs. Oscar, Moscow, Ida.
Hedges, Genevieve, Atlantic, Ia.
Ronsheim, Mrs. I. L., Middletown, O.
Moore, Mrs. W. H., Minneapolis, Minn.
Chapin, Mrs. Ella, Kensington, Md.
Bray, Mrs. L. W., Fair Forest, S. C.
Megee, Katherine E., Waynesboro, Va.
Ryman-Gaillard, Eva, Girard, Pa.
King, C. H. M., Citronelle, Ala.
Smith, Ona Ellis, Guthrie Center, Ia.
Ferguson, Mrs. L. A., Loveland, Colo.
Gilmore, Mary E., Eldorado, Kan.
Beebe, Mrs. J. R., New Rockford, N. D.
Kinsman, Rosina A., Quito Ecuador, S. A.
Robinson, Elizabeth M., Iowa City, Ia.
Darrington, E. M., Yazoo City, Miss.
Wood, Fannie M., Falmouth, Ind.
Warren, Lavinia Frances, Adena, O.
Smith, Clara P., Onekama, Mich.
Hurd, Mrs. C. W., Dundee, Mich.
Hinds, Minnie N., Winchester, Mass.
Johnson, Mrs. J. H., Loveland, Colo.
De Maret, Alline, Mineral Wells, Tex.
Brown, Mrs. W. E., Pomfret Center, Ct.
Redfield, Mrs. C. C., Harlan, Ia.
Coburn, Hattie E., Greene, Me.
Newkirk, Fannie M., La Belle, Mo.
Dieffenbach, Lillian, Sanborn, N. Y.
Partridge, Fannie L., Batavia, Ill.
Tetter, Cora M., Walden, N. Y.
Cook, Lucy M., New England, N. D.
Cartwright, Mrs. Ella, Canal Dover, O.
Dudley, Mrs. Isabel, New Providence, Ia.
Lane, Mrs. J. A., Miami, Fla.
Hulser, Mrs. Geo., Auburn, Ia.
Tucker, Mrs. A. R., S. Otselic, N. Y.
Hughes, M. V., Norwood Park, Ill.
Fitch, Laura, Chariton, Ia.
Totman, Mrs. H. T., Bar Mills, Me.
Stevens, Mary B., S. Portland, Me.
Smith, Mrs. Mahlon A., Grand Rapids, Mich.
De Ryee, Wm., Artesia, Tex.
Dickie, Lizzie, Twin Springs, Ida.
Lanani, Rafael, Loleta, Cal.
Alexander, Mrs. L., Fort Thomas, Ariz.
Booth, Mrs. J. O., Sedan, Kan.
Greer, Mrs. C. J., Newberg, Ore.
Lewis, Jessie, Mohawk, N. Y.
Goodale, Dora Read, Redding, Conn.
Wilson, Kate, Knoxville, Ia.
Powell, Mrs. H. J., San Dimas, Cal.
Leach, Josephine, Raymond, N. H.
Maxwell, Mrs. H. E., Cape Elizabeth, Me.
Gear, Mrs. Eugene, Mitchellville, Ia.

Andrus, Mary, Cedar Springs, Mich.
Croskey, Mrs. Chas., Kellerton, Ia.
McMillan, Mrs. R., Clarkesville, Ga.
Ladd, Virginia B., Meredith, N. H.
Riggs, Mrs. A. M., Verdon, Minn.
Lesure, H. A., Keene, N. H.
Huatt, Mrs. F. A., St. Johns, Mich.
Dunbar, Grace, Jonesport, Me.
Wood, Louisa, Sanborn, Ia.
Blaker, Sue, Newton, Pa.
Jackson, Mrs. Blanche, Batesville, Ark.
Amer, M. W., Laurel, Mont.
Eaton, Mrs. L. D., Mt. Dora, Fla.
Benedict, Lillian, Pomona, Tenn.
Hart, Mrs. Emma, Wardner, Ida.
Doyle, Mrs. J. H., Granbury, Tex.
Underwood, Mrs. G. M., Dearborn, Mich.
Burghart, Mrs. G. B., Canastota, N. Y.
Wightman, Clara, Farmington, N. M.
Montgomery, Lucy, Cavendish, P. E. I., Canada.
Conger, J. M., Duck Hill, Miss.
Lockridge, Mollie, Clarksburg, Mo.
Sweet, Mrs. G. E., Poland, N. Y.
Edwards, Mrs. Irena Y., Harris, Colo.
Mack, L. C., Memphis, Tenn.
Lidwig, Clara R., Marshall, Mo.
Farrar, Mrs. E. L., Hillsboro Center, N. H.
Humphrey, Mrs. John, New London, Conn.
Salisbury, Mrs. H., Murrietta, Cal.
Jenkins, Mrs. M. B., Willow Hill, Ill.
Dow, Mrs. Geo. A., Laconia, N. H.
Gay, Mrs. Chester A., Tenafly, N. J.
Mohr, Mrs. C. F., Mahoning, O.
Jones, Pearl R., Riverside, Cal.
Wilson, Mrs. Geo. H., Lemoore, Cal.
Sheppard, Mrs. C. J., Shiloh, N. J.
Tappan, Mrs. Earl, Waverly, N. Y.
Tomlinson, Mrs. D. C., Savanna, Ill.
Hitchcock, Mrs. S. M., Lewiston, Ill.
Creamer, Nina Bard, Shiloh, N. J.
Harrison, Mrs. S. L., Brookville, Ind.
Rousevell, Mrs. W. L., Clifford, Mass.
Duncan, Mrs. C. A., Wellston, Okla.
Reed, Mrs. E. C., Moorheadville, Pa.
Williams, Samuel L., Lead, S. D.
Tilden, R. E., Tonapah, Nev.
Plopper, Hattie E., Pierport, Mich.
Bowen, Miss E., East Aurora, N. Y.
Ensworth, A. L., Wellsboro, Pa.
Mair, Maude, Waukesha, Wis.
Brackett, Harriet E., Limington, Me.
McBride, E. F., Salesville, O.
Denel, N. A., Waterbury, Vt.
Crandall, Ada, Union City, Mich.
Radcliffe, Gladys, Algiers, Ind.
Shepard, Marie, Woonsocket, R. I.
Billups, Mrs. G. P., Rockford, S. D.
Williams, Anna, North Yakima, Wash.
Riddle, Dora, Etty, Ky.
Smith, Mrs. A. E., East Alstead, N. H.
Hilbrant, Mary E., Granville, O.
Fish, Mrs. L. C., Nortons, Ore.
Matson-Dolson, Cora A., Floridaville, N. Y.
Griffin, Esta, Creston, Ia.
Price, Mrs. A. H., Rural Retreat, Va.
Royer, A. S., Bentonville, Ark.
Leary, Mrs. D. W., Mattoax, Va.
Romine, Polly, Latonia, Ky.
Cooper, Mrs. E. N., Billings, Mont.
Moffitt, Hattie C., Battle Creek, Mich.
Saecker, Estella C., Lake Mills, Wis.
Nutting, Mrs. E. F., Groton, Mass.
Creelman, Mrs. R. I., Georgetown, Ont.
Fetter, Cora M., Walden, N. Y.
Hazelton, Mrs. R. H., Lebanon, N. H.
Hackley, Martha E., Stanford, Ky.
Lord, Helen Tucker, Readfield, Me.
Morin, Mrs. M. I., N. Brookfield, Mass.
Fulcomer, M., Blue Springs, Neb.
Webber, H. L., Wenona, Ill.
Hilton, Dr. Kathrin, Norwood Park, Ill.
Boggs, Mamie, Long Beach, Miss.
Adams, Mrs. Wm. D., Boonville, Mo.
Pattrell, Mrs. G. H., Union Village, Vt.
Whitford, Mrs. W. J., Brookfield, N. Y.
Smith, Mrs. Robert, Greene, N. Y.
Clay, C. L., Marysville, Va.
Beale, Mrs. L. V., Hobart, Okla.
Clark, Mary A., Sodus, N. Y.
Law, Florence W., Menominee, Mich.
Le Galley, Mrs. M. A. N., Peru, Ind.
Ritchie, J. L., Northfield, O.
Wildinson, Mrs. F. J., Reinbeck, Ia.
Rice, L. W., Jericho, Vt.
Fallas, S. South, Oakley, Kan.
Norrell, Bertie, Augusta, Ga.
Hawkins, Dr. Z. T., Swayzee, Ind.
Bight, Mrs. Geo. R., Elizabeth City, N. J.
Rowland, Mrs. H. M., Lanark, Ill.
Kingsley, Mrs. M. E., Carlton, Ill.
Hatch, Mrs. G. I., Belfast, Me.

Ayer, Mrs. C. E., Underhill, Vt.
Sweetser, Mrs. O. S., Brockton, Mass.
Nichols, Mrs. Jay D., Mason City, Ia.
St. Pierre, Florence, Mattoax, Va.
Lewis, Ella, Roy, Wash.
Megee, Katherine E., Waynesboro, Va.
Channon, Frank E., Bethesda, Md.
Smith, Mrs. S. E., Valley Junction, Ia.
Rocheford, Mrs. E. C., Brighton, Wash.
Burns, Ralph, Anoka, Minn.
Gifford, Mrs. J. M., Whitewater, Wis.
Needham, Mrs. S. M., Sardis, Miss.
Carpenter, Ella, Herkimer, N. Y.
Emery, Mrs. H. J., Dayton, Ky.
Parrish, Leonard, Montreal, Mo.
Elliott, Mrs. R. M., Griggsville, Ill.
Loudsberg, Mrs. E. W., Humboldt, Ia.
Van Buren, Clara, Elgin, Ill.
Hogle, Mary A., Burr Oak, Mich.
Boyd, Mrs. A. J., Chambersburg, Pa.
King, Laura E., Hanford, Cal.
Malloy, H. M., Moorhead, Minn.
Seelye-Miller, Mrs Rose, Ipswich, S. D.
Prondzinski, E., St. Cloud, Minn.
Montgomery, Lucy, Cavendish, P. E. I., Can.
Wilcox, Sarah E., Madison, O.
Denham, Mrs. Thos., Moosomin, Northwest Territory, Can.
Van Bee, Mrs. C., Elgin, Ill.
Fisk, Mrs. C. W., Shelton, Wash.
Parrish, Sallie T., Adel, Ga.
Ripley, Mrs. Lena A., Poultney, Vt.
Ewald, Mrs. H. C., Louisville, Ky.
Benedict, Mrs. Lillian, Pomona, Tenn.
Stevens, J. P., New Haven, Mich.
Tomlinson, H. H., Stepney Point, Ct.
Goodrich, Mrs. C. G., Marietta, O.
Harrison, Mrs. M. E., Columbus, Tex.
Johnston, Olive, North Jackson, O.
Haskell, Mrs. Agnes, Lowell, Mass.
Hensel, Mrs. O. E., Frankfort, Mich.
Farrall, Mrs. T. E., Sheboygan, Mich.
Haney, Mrs. C. M., Traverse City, Mich.
Johnson, Mrs. F. E., Lapeer, Mich.
Smith, Hattie, Pasadena, Cal.
Carman, Mrs. A. P., Winfield, Kan.
Buchanan, Ann, Gordonsville, Minn.
Carev, Hilda, Howard, Wash.
Kingsley, Mrs. M. E., Carlton, Ill.
Hursey, Maud, Buffalo, Wyo.
Weir, Mrs. J. C., Newcastle, Ind.
Snow, Mrs. E. E., Bangor, Me.
Stubblefield, Mrs. T. E., McLean, Ill.
Hooper, Mrs. G. F., Palmyra, Wis.
Meriness, J. E., Glidden, Ia.
Morrison, S. C., Brunswick, Me.
Franks, Elizabeth M., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Burlison, Mrs. J., Medina, O.
Landsberg, Mrs. E. W., Humboldt, Ia.
Lemons, Mrs. M. E., Cabool, Mo.
Tubbs, Geo. R., La Fayette, Ind.
Kelley, Margie B., Lewiston, Me.
Davis, Mrs. W. A., Weeping Water, Neb.
Faulkingham, Lillian, W. Jonesport, Me.
Dewey, A. N., Johnston, N. Y.
Bentley, L y C., Kennewick, Wash.
Walsh, Mrs. Wm., Pruunene, Hawaii.
Slade, Anne, Uhrichsville, O.
Foster, Nettie E., Warren, Mass.
Brown, Daisy, Bloomington, Wis.
Finch, Mrs. Kate, Owego, N. Y.
Halstead, J. A., Wellsville, N. Y.
Miller, Nettie Rand, Barton, Vt.
Connor, Mrs. Augzetta, Baxter Springs, Kan.
Webber, H. L., Wenona, Ill.
Thomas, Mrs. G. S., Cody, Va.
Johnson, Elizabeth, Jamestown, Pa.
Turner, Mrs. J. E., Brewer, Me.
Reed, Dr. A. P., Naples, Me.
Duncan, Mrs. Chester, Wellston, Okla.
Thomas, Mrs. G. S., Cody, Va.
Munson, Mary K., Pasadena, Cal.
Allen, Mrs. W. H., Macedon, N. Y.
Shefley, Marion, Bristol, Va.
Steward, Mrs. H. C., St. Petersburg, Fla.
Etherton, Margaret, Mosca, Colo.
Crandall, Ada, Union City, Mich.
Welch, Mrs. T. E., Emporia, Kan.
Mair, Maud, Mukwonago, Wis.
Axtell, Mrs. L. S., Wardsboro, Vt.
Yarnell, Mrs. Elva, Canastota, N. Y.
Berry, Mrs. Peter, Madisonville, Ky.
Preston, Willametta, Danville, Vt.
Jenkins, Mary T., Peter's Creek, Pa.
Jinkins, B. T., Pleasantville, O.
Pontius, Emily H., Louisville, O.
Douglas, Clara, Livonia Center, N. Y.
Fairchild, Mrs. W. H., Gladbrook, Ia.
Cassody, Mary, Whitewater, Wis.
Hindes, Mrs. J. R., Perryville, Ind.
Biller, Millie, Florence, Wis.
Short, Isadore, Petonica, Ill.
Guernsey, S. K., Orlando, Fla.

Evans, Mrs. Russell, Brownsville, Tenn.
Jameson, G. E., Great Works, Me.
Youtsey, Mrs. F. S., Denver, Colo.
Kent, Mrs. A. E., Roseburg, Ore.
Mathes, Dollie, Whitesboro, Tex.
Phelps, Elsie I., Pittsburg, Kan.
Bennett, Bessie, Glidden, Ia.
Rice, Alonzo, Shelbyville, Ind.
Dutson, Ann, Leamington, Utah.
Harmon, Mary C., Red Wing, Minn.
Phillips, Mrs. C. H., Cassadaga, N. Y.
Jersey, Mrs. W. H., Nyack, N. Y.
Bailey, Mrs. M. J., Custer, S. D.
Douglass, Clara, Livonia Center, N. Y.
Wean, Mrs. D. S., Kinsman, O.
Brown, Mrs. A. E., Breckenridge, Minn.
Boots, Mrs. F. W., Hanover, Ill.
Wells, Alice E., Princeton, Kan.
Whipple, C. E., Danvers, Mass.
Hackley, Martha E., Stanford, Ky.
Hilaínds, Mrs. J. E., Bainbridge, Ind.
Rue, Mrs. Fred W., Graham, Mont.
Freeland, Chas., Custer, S. D.
Griffin, S. E., Weymouth, Mass.
Estes, Mrs. E. A., Ripley, Tenn.
Knox, Jessie C., Butte, Mont.
Wheeler, Rose W., Riverside, Cal.
Beverly, Frank Monroe, Osborn's Gap, Va.
Hussey, Lizzie, Skowhegan, Me.
Richardson, Mrs. H. M., Sebec, Me.
Kershner, Frank, Normal, Ill.
Davis, Pearl, Petaluma, Cal.
Pardee, E. E., W. Edmeston, N. Y.
Treat, Mrs. J. M., Aurora, O.
Bell, Mrs. J. H., Waynesboro, Va.
Pierce, M. A., S. Deerfield, Mass.
Lockhart, Mrs. E. M., Neodesha, Kan.
Liggett, Jessie, Ostrander, O.
Grimm, Carl R., Olivet, Pa.
Morrissett, Pearl, Danville, Va.
Allison, Mrs. Archie, Cheyenne, Wyo.
Sneider, Mrs. J. H., White Bear Lake, Minn.
Sisson, Harriet L., Unadilla Forks, N. Y.
Bailey, Mrs. M. J., Custer, S. D.
Robinson, Mrs. W. J., Lapeer, Mich.
Severin, Myra, Abbottsford, Wis.
Ball, A. G., Mason, Mich.
Lamson, Mrs. M. M., Windham, Vt.
Peterson, Edwin, White Rocks, Utah.
Kerschner, Rev. W. H., Rural Valley, Pa.
Cole, Lilila, Bellevue, Ia.
Rose, John C., Hartford, W. Va.
Johnson, Mrs. Polk G., Clarksville, Tenn.
Stubblefield, Blanche, Stevenson, Ala.
Butler, J. R., Marburg, Ont.
Speer, Mrs. H. H., Pee Ell, Wash.
Peintner, Mary, Lacon, Ill.
McNair, Rachel E., Willow Hills, Ill.
Stuart, Mrs. F. A., Palo Alto, Cal.
Oplinger, Elwood, Allentown, Pa.
Weir, Mrs. J. C., Newcastle, Ind.
Washburne, C. E., Cooke, Mont.
Bell, Mrs. Chas. H., Portland, Conn.
Ralph, Mrs. Orrin, Confidence, Cal.
Roberts, Mrs. W. G., Fox Lake, Wis.
Kelley, Mrs. S. M., Apthorp, N. H.
Fuller, N. T., Walpole, N. H.
Andrews, Mrs. W. J., Cheshire, Ct.
Cleveland, Grace, Aripeka, Fla.
Southworth, M. K., Helena, Mont.
Fitzpatrick, Mrs. F. W., Lostine, Ore.
Miller, Rev. Edgar G., Columbia, Pa.
Ormsby, Mrs. H. H., Alma Center, Wis.
Burton, Mrs. M. Bettie, Bellevue, Va.
McLain, Mrs. Alma G., San Antonio, Tex.
Fitton, Mrs. H. H., Santa Ana, Cal.
Wooding, Lillian B., Lever Run, Pa.
Terry, Mrs. A. T., Ironton, Wis.
Tatum, Mrs. Isabelle, Dallas, Tex.
Longstreth, W. B., Gratiot, O.
Burke, A., Palls, Va.
Smith, Mrs. D. D., Yorkshire, N. Y.
Harris, A. D., Williamstown, N. Y.
McCann, Illa, Comox, B. C.
Thornton, C. W., Nome, Alaska.
Page, S. E., Atkinson, N. H.
Hart, Anna, Pasadena, Cal.
Allen, Rev. J. S., Grand Isle, Vt.
Bates, Mrs. C., Unadilla Forks, N. Y.
Denny, Mary B., Greencastle, Ind.
Bell, Mrs. C. H., Ossian, Ind.
Tobey, Mrs. C. L., Fairfield, Me.
Shaw, Mrs. Neil, Lumber Bridge, N. C.
Weatherly, Josephine, Emporia, Kan.
Bozzel, Annie C., Saco, Me.
Twombly, R. [illegible], Pasadena, Cal.
Manning, Mrs. E. M., Milford, N. H.
Sewell, Mrs. [illegible] M., Pullman, Wash.
Hopkins, Hattie K., Frankfort, Kan.
Prescott, Nellie M., Raymond, N. H.
Everett, Mrs. D. H., Kendall, Wash.

Gwin, Agnes, Appleton City, Mo.
Smith, Leila, Schoolcraft, Mich.
Grogan, Emma L., N. Petersburg, N. Y.
Carlisle, Mrs. L. H., Mattawan, Mich.
Young, Theo. F., Huntsville, N. J.
Miller, Mrs. Frank, Florence, Wis.
McCormick, Mrs. A. D., Onekama, Mich.
Robinson, Elizabeth M., Iowa City, Ia.
Jackson, Mrs. R. S., Toledo, Ia.
Phillips, Mrs. C. H., Cassadaga, N. Y.
Cutler, Dudley S., Meadville, Pa.
Barry, M. J., Knowlesville, N. Y.
Jickelis, Lillie, Charlotte, Mich.
Ross, Mrs. C. Robert, Naranja, Fla.
Hilands, Mrs. I. E., Bainbridge, Ind.
Russell, Mrs. J. C., S. Pittsburg, Tenn.
Ingram, Buelah L. R., Hopeside, Va.
Sargent, Mrs. W. S., Draper, S. D.
Lehnherr, Hattie W., Camas Valley, Ore.
Bowman, Amelia D., Lancaster, Pa.
Snell, Mrs. W. J., Ortonville, Minn.
Neff, Ada M., Attica, O.
Linsley, Faith M., Manchester Depot, Vt.
Bacon, Mrs. Frank, Moore, Mont.
Harmer Mrs. J. M., Fond du Lac, Wis.
Day, Cora S., Atco, N. J.
Hyde, Harriet O., S. New Lyme, O.
Lowe, Etta L., Hudson, Mich.
Durbin, Mrs. Wm. J., Falmouth, Ind.
Briggs, Alice E., Metamora, Ill.
Thornton, Mrs. D. E., Franklin Grove, Ill.
Hamiter, Mrs. E., Bradley, Ark.
Sprague, F. M., Lamoni, Ia.
Jamison, Mrs. M. J., Columbus Junction, Ia.
McBride, Ralph A., Slippery Rock, Pa.
Swett, Mrs. Ellen S., Brookline, N. H.
Dice, Maria, Stronghurst, Ill.
Crickenberger, Mrs. H. E., White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
Martin, Mrs. Alice, Bement, Ill.
Andrews, Mrs. W. J., Cheshire, Conn.
Taylor, Mrs. N. E., Perry, Okla.
Ruel, Mrs. H., Mason City, Ia.
Samuelson, Nannie, Ceresco, Neb.
Merrill, Mrs. J. M., Grant, Mich.
Collins, Mrs. N. B., Prairieville, Ala.
Williams, Belle, Gazelle, Cal.
Biggerstaff, Mrs. Effie J., Seattle, Wash.
Coffield, Mrs. A. S., Everetts, N. C.
Lean, R. J., Elkhorn, Wis.
Warren, Mrs. G. M., Dillonvale, O.
Lambertson, Eva G., Lander, Wyo.
Barker, Mrs. A. F., Salem, Va.
Murray, J. W., Milford, Utah.
Rice, Lena W., Underhill, R. F. D. 1., Vt.
Sewell, Mrs. J. M., Pullman, Wash.
MacGregor, Mrs. James, Ansonia, Ct.
Nelson, Mrs. Rena, Marshall, Ind.
Badger, Mrs. A. S., Waukesha, Wis.
Love, Mrs. M. J., Sandusky, O.
Van Veghten, Mrs. Fred, Columbia Roads, Bradford Co., Pa.
Brown, Annie E., Breckenridge, Minn.
Thrapp, Mrs. C. B., West Lafayette, O.
Buckford, Mary P., Muskogee, Okla.
Chandler, E. Hope, Presque Isle, Me.
Miller, W. W., Concord Junction, Mass.
Fulcomer, Rev. M., Blue Springs, Neb.
Barrett, Mrs. M., Jacobsburg, O.
Warren, Mrs. G. M., Dillonvale, O.
Hallett, Margaret A., New Richmond, Wis.
Jones, Mrs. A. J., Prairie City, Ia.
Magee, Mrs. Chas. F., Kenton, O.
Moss, Genevieve, Laramie, Wyo.
Armstrong, Mary E., Prairie du Chien, Wis.
Marshall, Wm. P., Punta Gorda, Fla.
Crowningshield, Theron, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Leiter, C. D., Ashland, O.
Forbes, Mrs. Guy O., Flandreau, S. D.
Bird, Carro A., Plainfield, N. J.
Barrett, Mrs. M., Jacobsburg, O.
Webb, Mrs. D. Frances, Rockingham, Vt.
Barge, Mrs. G. W., Union Center, Wis.
Whitford, Marjorie E., Brandon, Wis.
Davis, Mrs. W. A., Weeping Water, Neb.
Barber, Mrs. E. C., Sibley, Ia.
Shope, Mrs. B. R., Mechanicsburg, Pa.
Weir, Mrs. J. C., Newcastle, Ind.
Gilmore, Rev. C. H., Rock Rapids, Ia.
Dryden, Mrs. L. P., Albert Lea, Minn.
Gilkeson, Mrs. S. T., Springdale, W. V.
Smith, Ella M., Franklin, Pa.
Engh, Mrs. Erland, Dallas, Wis.
Baker, Mrs. A. J., Orleans, Neb.
Garrison, Mrs. W. T., Columbia, Pa.
Johnson, Retta E., Brooklyn, Wis.

Winship, Harriet, Shellrock, Ia.
Bradbury, Mrs. H. K., Van Buren, Me.
McMaster, Winnifred L., Creston, Ia.
Stiles, Clara, Center Strafford, N. H.
Wonzor, Mrs., Monticello, Minn.
Bailey, Mrs. Steele, Stanford, Ky.
Van Buskirk, Mrs. F., Stockton, Mo.
Pomroy, Mrs. F. S., Alma Center, Wis.
Tibbetts, Myrtle, W. Concord, Minn.
Winn, Mrs. A. C., Tomales, Cal.
High, Mrs. E. N., Norwood, O.
Collins, Elizabeth, Barton, Fla.
Johnston, Olive, N. Jackson, O.
Sanders, Estelle, Columbia, Ala.
Patterson, G., Vesta, Minn.
Rosskopj, Pearl, Heno, O.
McWhinney, Mrs. J., Mansfield, S. D.
Pound, John, Dover, N. H.
Kuel, Mrs. Henry, Mason City, Ia.
Parks, Sallie J., Sandhill, Tenn.
Moore, Mrs. Harvey L., Garland, Utah.
Pollard, Mrs. R. N., Cumnor, Va.
Tanbert, Mrs. Fred, Aberdeen, S. D.
Fielding, Percy, Ithaca, N. Y.
Clark, Mrs. G. A., W. Deerfield, Mass.
Lease, Mrs. Rufus, Dunkirk, O.
Hover, H. A., Boyceville, Wis.
Page, Kate B., Cantanduanes, P. I.
Brown, U. B., Morgantown, W. Va.
Archer, A., National Soldiers' Home, Ind.
Linton, Arthur, Bladworth, Sask., Can.
Estes, J. H., Ripley, Tenn.
Douglas, Mrs. Jno. T., Selm, S. D.
Prince, U. P., Wadsworth, O.
Bixler, Mary Hunter, Meeker, Okla.
Kinney, Dora L., Watkins, N. Y.
Tomlinson, Mrs. D. C., Savanna, Ill.
McDaniel, Effie, Greenwood, Tex.
Liebenburg, C., Keeksdork, Transvaal.
Underwood, V. A., Blackwood, Pa.
Baker, Mrs. F., Elmira, N. Y.
Fleek, Mrs. Howard, Oakdale, N. D.
Warner, J. E., Benton, Mont.
Howe, Mattie E., Georgetown, Mass.
Fowler, Mrs. W. W., Walter, Okla.
Petty, Florence, Olive Hill, Ky.
Rice, J. J., Duke Center, Pa.
Hanger, Grace Blaine, Lombard, Ill.
Hicks, Fred A., Warren, Ill.
Richards, Mrs. J. W., Mechanicsville, Ia.
Keyes, Mrs. E. D., Hamilton, O.
Ham, Rosa Dean, Bellingham, Wash.
Freeland, M. L., Delevan, N. Y.
Schusler, Mrs. E. M., Pike, N. Y.
Van Doestin, Mrs. F. H., Hillsdale, Mich.
Ayer, Annie, Montville, Me.
Van Tyne, Sadie E., Chelsea, Mich.
Ritchie, Mrs. J. L., Northfield, O.
Early, Allen, Waco, Tex.
Yale, Mrs. J. W., Middletown Springs, Vt.
Rose. Mrs. T. A., Sioux City, Ia.
Courtney, Mrs. J. G., Washington, Ind.
Riggs, Mrs, A. M., Verdon, Minn.
Kincaid, Mrs. Wm., Easton, Pa.
Cox, Mrs. M. A., Brookline, N. H.
Becker, Myrtle, Emporia, Kan.
Bartlett, Minnie M., Waterloo, Ia.
McCoy, L. M., Rapid City, S. D.
Morgan, Mrs. Charles, Culebra, Panama, Canal Zone.
Malloy, H. M., Moorhead, Minn.
Morrison, Mrs. F. J., Corydon, Pa.
Finney, J. E., Paxico, Kan.
Seeley, Frances O., Bridgeton, N. J.
Eaton, Mrs. L. D., Mount Dora, Fla.
Morrison, Mrs. L. C., Brunswick, Me.
Bramble, Mrs. E. C., Muskegon Hts., Mich.
Sodal, Mrs. O. S., Hudson, Wis.
Johnson, Elizabeth, Jamestown, Pa.
Eby, Mrs., Grace, Falmouth, Ind.
O'Donoghue, Mrs., Albion, Mich.
Lawrence, Winifred, Newton Falls, O.
Jacoby, Mrs. C. E., Sioux Rapids, Ia.
Leary, Lean B., Mattoax, Va.
Riche, Alice J., Nora Springs, Ia.
Hunt, Helen, Glover, Vt.
Dungan, Dr. F. S., Indianapolis, Ind.
Douglas, Clara, Livonia Center, N. Y.
Gillette, Mrs. L. G., St. Charles, Mo.
Strange, Mrs. S. A., Kendall, Wash.
Greene, Mrs. C. E., Riley Center, Mich.
Metcalf, Mrs. F. J., Isabella, Okla.
Hodges, Mrs. L. A., Mentor, O.
Johnson, Elizabeth, Jamestown, Pa.
Taft, C. M., Waterloo, Ia.
Hollister, Mrs. LaRoy, Binghamton, N. Y.
Hull, W. N., Youngstown, O.
Hobart, Sarah D., Fall River, Wis.
Bradford, Mrs. J. S., Miami, Fla.
Dixon, Mrs. Ida M., Hancock, Wis.
Thorpe, Mrs. Josie C., New Iberia, La.
Woodcock, Mrs. Ella, Winchendon, Mass.

Howe, Mrs. N. E., S. Merrimac, N. H.
Dunbar, Lila I., Mason City, Ia.
Swett, Mrs. Samuel, Brookline, N. H.
Bodine, Miss Marion, Auburn, N. Y.
Bruner, Alice, Tama, Ia.
Gallagher, Mrs. I. N., Inkster, N. D.
Ellis, Mrs. A. E., Plymouth, Vt.
Rose, Mrs. T. A., Sioux City, Ia.
Ives, Mrs. Anna R., Portsmouth, O.
Coen, Mary, Warnock, O.
Fiehig, Chas. F., Candor, N. Y.
Kathrens, M. B., Medicine Lodge, Kan.
Cannon, Mrs. G. X., Youngstown, O.
Wiser, Mrs. E. J., Carlton, Ore.
Lichty, Mr. Amon, Pennsburg, Pa.
Watson, Mrs. W. N., Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Reed, M. D., A. P., Naples, Me.
Whitford, Mrs. W. J., Brookfield, N.Y.
Shean, Mrs. J. E., Butte, Mont.
Strunk, Ruth S., Sunbury, Pa.
Rose, H. D., South New Lyme, O.
Sprague, Carrie L., Erie, Pa.
Lyons, Mrs. B. J., Odessa, Wash.
Kleider, Anna, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Bundy, Florence, Atlanta, Kan.
Shuler, Mrs. P. H., Seattle, Wash.
Skillman, Mrs. Wm., Blue Mead, N. J.
Curry, Mary W., Newton Center, Mass.
Engh, Mrs. Erland, Dallas, Wis.
Smith, Mrs. Del, De Witt, Ia.
Percival, Helen M., Glover, Vt.
French, Mrs. S. E., Brookline, N. H.
Browne, Grace C., Bluford, Ill.
Newton, Mrs. O. P., Edgewood, R. I.
Stout, M. W., Old Bridge, N. J.
Imlay, K. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Wells, Mrs. C. W., Juneau, Alaska.
Abbott, Laura Owen, Bisbee, Ariz.
Carson, Mrs. M. L., Chino, Cal.
Tomlinson, Mrs. D. C., Savannah, Ill.
Lisk, Mrs. S. T., Grahamsville, Fla.
Kennedy, Lettie M., Lenox, Ia.
Robinson, W. B., Knoxville, Ia.
Lawrence, Cynthia, Torrington, Conn.
Burke, A., West Point, Va.
Cornell, C. M., Harding, S. D.
Whitford, Mrs. W. J., Brookfield, N. Y
Hunt, Mrs. Edward, Oreid, N. Y.
Daggett, Mabel C., Elmira, N. Y.
Berkshire, Mrs. J. W., Terre Haute, Ill.
Brooks, Jennie, Stafford Springs, Conn.
Robinson, Mrs. James, Greenwood, Ind.
Riddle, Dora, Etty, Ky.
Lyon, J. Russell, Norfolk, Va.
Lewis, Jessie R., Mohawk, N. Y.
Kent, Mrs. L. G., Pittsfield, Ill.
Fowler, Mrs. Sallie, Liberty, Ala.
Cornell, C. M., Harding, S. D.
Gorman, Mrs. W. C., Palestine, Tex.
Odell, Mrs. H. F., Corning, Ia.
Williams, Mrs. Mabel, Harvard, Ill.
McDonald, Mrs. Edward, Norwalk, O.
Sackett, Mrs. S. T., Tarrytown, N. Y.
Rowley, G. S., W. Palm Beach, Fla.
Cox, Mrs. A. F., Ogden, Ill.
Evans, Mrs. Caroline, Ottumwa, Ia.
Tutbill, Ella, Flushing, Mich.
Stoner, Mrs. E. D., La Land, N. M.
Hawkins, H. H., Cimarron, N. M.
Wightman, Clair, Farmington, N. M.
Benson, Ida P., Wadsworth, Nev.
Harrington Olive E., Altamont, Kan.
Cumming, Clara M., Centerville, S. D.
Cheney, Alice, Wayne, Me.
Dutton, Winnie F., New Sharon, Me.
McAllister, Mrs. J. B., Richwood, O.
White, Mrs. Anna M., Richmond, Me.
Pittman, Leone, Rinard, Ill.
Van Tyne, Sadie, Chelsea, Mich.
Combs, Mrs. Sara B., Fowler, Colo.
Pettigrew, Josephine, Bolckow, Mo.
Beddome, Jeannette, Minnedosa, Manitoba.
Nachtrieb, Mary, Cascade, Ia.
Bacon, Mrs. L. W., Valley Springs, Cal.
Jay, Mrs. Gertrude, Creston, Ia.
Sinnott, Lele Moore, Randalia, Ia.
Koken, H. S., Nora, Neb.
Maxwell, Mrs. F. B., River Forest, Ill.
Ainslie, Mrs. M. S., Cypress, Tex.
Goodwin, Mrs. Almon, Fairfield, Me.
Pritchard, Ellen, Laurier, Ont.
Scammell, Mrs. A. D., Bellevue, O.
Birch, Nina, Xenia, O.
Wetberly, Josephine, Emporia, Kan.
Curtis, Mrs. Joseph, New Lisbon, Wis.
Ellis, Myra, Chippewa Falls, Wis.
Rasmusen, Mrs. C. A., Putney, S. D.
Ward, Annis, E. Eddington, Me.
Robeson, Mrs. Daisy B., Perrysville, O.
Norman, Mrs. G. W., Hawesville, Ky.
Davis, Mrs. Jeff, Quitman, Ga.
Van Nostrand, Marie, Merrill, Wis.
Connor, Mrs., Baxter Springs, Kan.
Fogg, Ada Oklorne, M. D., Portland, Me.
Ketcham, Mrs. A. H., Islip, L. I.

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By— Frederick Hulzmann

THE event of the great Caruso entering into a twenty-five year contract with the Victor Company settles the fact that his voice will henceforth be heard on Victor records exclusively. The amount paid to guarantee this service is astonishing to one unacquainted with the values which are placed upon the work of such artists.

The Columbia Company, in addition to John McCormack, the young Irish tenor who has made a decided hit at the Manhattan Opera House this year, has secured David Bispham, known far and wide. These two singers are indeed a valuable acquisition, for in addition to the Grand Opera roles, they render the famous ballads of the English-speaking people.

For years the Edison Company has served the public with the best of secular and popular music, but has only recently put out Grand Opera records to any extent. The new Amberol records of Slezak, the powerful German tenor, are a promising beginning.

* * *

With the addition of several four-minute indestructible cylinder records, the Columbia Company presents a most comprehensive list for February. Two double disc records by John McCormack, embracing four popular songs, are perhaps the most notable of the collection. "I Send My Love Two Roses," "Absent," "I Know of Two Bright Eyes," and "A Farewell," comprise a valuable repertory of English songs. With this exception the list is made up of the usual grist that comes from the mill of record-making, all good in its kind, from the humorous songs of Albert Whelan, "I Can Say Truly Rural," to the merriment of the German Band. Mrs. A. Stewart Holt, whose strong contralto voice has been heard in many Columbia homes, renders three new selections, of which Siebel's air from Faust, "When All Was Young" is wonderfully expressive. Prince's Band gives two selections from "Carmen" with virility and brilliance, and Lacalle's Band starts the four-minute cylinder records with "In Sousaland," which includes the striking themes of "Stars and Stripes Forever," "El Capitan," "Washington Post," "King Cotton," "High School Cadets," and "The Thunder,"—truly a remarkable showing of the scope of the four-minute indestructible cylinder records.

Among the old "heart songs" are "Auld Lang Syne," a baritone solo sung by Frank C. Stanley; "Good Night, Dear," by Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler, soprano; and "Silver Threads Among the Gold," a tenor solo by Harry A. Ellis. A new farmyard medley bears out with clever impersonation the strange sounds incident to farm life. One of the best duet records yet issued is "The Star, the Rose and the Dream," a tenor and baritone duet by Henry Burr and Frank C. Stanley, whose voices blend in exquisite harmony. Very effective also is Mr. Burr's rendition of the familiar hymn, "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go."

* * *

A leading feature in the Victor list for February is the offering of four selections, on two double-faced records, by the well-known Fisk University Jubilee Quartet, famous for nearly half a century. People all over the country have heard the Fisk

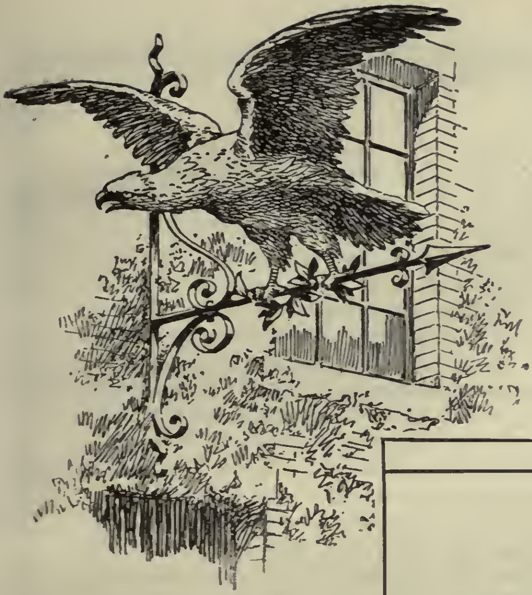
Walton, J. Y., Shaw, Miss.
Adams, J. W., Addison, Va.
Wemyss, Mrs. Winnipeg, Man.
Tobey Mrs. G. W., E. Jefferson, Me.
Francis, Mrs. Chas. C., Pollok, Tex.
Boynton, Mrs. P. M., Claremont, N. H.
Betts, Norma, Wallace, N. S.
Wilson, Mrs. D. T., Deer Creek, Ill.
Jensen, Mrs. N. C., Commonwealth, Wis.
Underwood, W., Hazelton, Pa.
Robinson, Mrs. W., Lapeer, Mich.
Moricy, Zalie A., Ashville, N. Y.
Parr, E., Rock Springs, Wyo.
Connelly, Mrs. A. M., Ashville, N. Y.
Bathey, Mrs. F. H., Armada, Mich.
McKelvy, Mr. Wm., Sulphur Springs, Colo.
Coyle, Mrs. Nancy, Smith's Creek, Mich.
Woodcock, Mrs. Ella, Winchendon, Mass.
Hamblin, May, Parsonsburg, Md.
Goudy, Etta, Walkerville, Mich.
Wheeler, W. A., Montour Falls, N. Y.
Hubbes, Helen, Los Angeles, Cal.
Coit, Sarah Isham, Roxbury, Conn.
Lawson, Mrs. K. E., Fort Lee, N Y.
Willson, A. E., Hanover, Ill.
Dorsey, Mrs. Harvey, Moro, Ill.
Inslee, Mrs. E. E., Hazlehurst, Miss.
Larkin, Mrs. A. E., Ontario, Cal.
Woodman, Addie F., North Leeds, Me.
Conover, Mrs. Lon, Covington, O.
Peacock, Nola Mae, Mattawan, Mich.
Vail, L. G., Ravenna, O.
Iarmer, Grace E., Fond du Lac, Wis.
Clark, Maria H., Galena, O.
Schooler, Bartle E., Fairfax, Mo.
Darrington, E. M., Yazoo City, Miss.
Cranddall, Ada, Union City, Mich.
Flanders, Josephine, Clear Lake, S. D.
Eshelman, Mrs. S. M., Elgin, Ill.
Greer, Mrs. C. J., Dundee, Ore.
Sayre, Mary E., Stuart, Ia.
Smith, Mrs. A. P., Waterloo, Ia.
Darling, Mrs. Florence A., Canandaigua, N. Y.
Sturtevant, Susa Humes, Oshkosh, Wis.
Huen, Mrs. A. W., Cardi, Ga.
Buckner, Mrs. M. M., Fairfax, S. C.
Mims, Carrie, Elliott, Ga.
Hanson, Mrs. T. A., Pontiac, Mich.
Eldridge, Grace R., Grand Ridge, Fla.
Wagenseller, Mrs. H. W., Fairbury, Ill.
Holbrook, O. A., Red Bush, Ky.
Gladman, Mrs. M. K., Richland, Kan.
Dunbar, Lila I., Mason City, Ia.
Jackson-Biggerstaff, Effie, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Gowdy, Etta, Walkerville, Mich.
French, T. R., Marie, Mich.
Chapple, Mrs. B., Wilmette, Ill.
Fowler, Kate, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
Wood, L. R., Spartanburgh, S. C.
Adams, Mrs. L. T., Drakola, S. D.
Golding, Mrs. Maude, Hatfield, Mo.
Jacoby, Mrs. Martin, Logan, Mont.

THE MINER

By HENRY DUMONT

FAR down in darkness, underneath the day
He delves, the reaper of the under-sown,
Whose toil extorts from hoarding earth the stone
Wherewith mankind may pave the better way.
Poor human mole! Above, the planet's ray
Passes unfelt; in beauty all unknown
Day sleeps and wakes again, while on its throne
The lark, unheard through intervening clay.

At what expense the greater good is bought!
For ampler freedom some must bide the bars.
So from the miner's sacrifice is wrought
A fairer hour freed from the toil that mars;
So from his darkness springs a ray of thought
And through his blindness we may see the stars.



One Year of Taft Prosperity

One Year of Taft Prosperity

A RETROSPECT of the first year of the Taft administration furnishes an interesting summary. Even a terse notation of passing events reveals a year spent in persistent, thorough preparation for effecting more permanent and consequential legislation than has ever been crowded into one administration in the history of the country. In summarizing the achievements of the first year, the unimpeachable sterling integrity and honesty of purpose of President Taft, in carrying forward to successful completion the policies identified with the Roosevelt administration—and even much more—is generally conceded. In the effective prosecution of the Standard Oil, Tobacco and Sugar Trust cases, the firm executive hand manifest in the enforcement of law has never been more pronounced. The improved conditions in the Philippines and Porto Rico, resulting from practically free trade with our insular possessions, and the peaceful and harmonious foreign relations with every nation in the world, are conspicuous features of the first year of the Taft administration.

While the Tariff Bill, like all similar measures, met with considerable criticism at first, it is gradually dawning upon the people that it is altogether one of the best tariff bills ever given to the country. Experience is justifying President Taft's statement at Winona to that effect. The work at Panama is distinctive under the Taft regime, with the usual Taft results, which means the completion of the canal in 1915. The Postal Savings Bank measure, under President Taft's guidance, has progressed from the stage of indiscriminate discussion into a substantial possibility as a future law. The conservation of natural resources will be carried on in a way that insures permanent conservation, without checking or retarding development. The trust and corporation problems are to be solved without strangling development, but consistent with federal regulation in the broadest sense of the word. The swing of the "big stick" served well its purpose, but the scientific stroke that puts the ball in the hole has already made for a concrete score in the first year of the Taft administration. While it is true that President Taft remembers an enemy and an injustice, and does not often turn the other cheek, there is a judicial aptitude in his flashes of temper; he passes sentence as relentlessly as a judge on the bench, according to the law and the evidence, and his flashes of resentment now and then serve to emphasize his constitutional good humor.

A reduction in Uncle Sam's budget for the first year of the Taft administration, amounting to a hundred and twenty-three millions of real money, indicates a strong hand in prudent administration. The bill proposing effectual renaissance of the American Merchant Marine has the approval and endorsement of the first President who ever girdled the globe on the high seas, and proposes to work out some plan that will put the flag again at the masthead of a mighty merchant marine. Under the Taft administration two new stars are likely to be added to the flag, for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico to statehood already has executive endorsement.

President Taft has persistently sought to harmonize his party pledges and performances. The Republican platform of 1908 is gradually but surely being crystalized into achievement. The excellence of his appointments, with a few possible exceptions, has been generally commended. The great federal questions, including the intolerable delays in the courts, have been met in a broad and judicial spirit, keeping constantly in mind the need for progressive action. President Taft has taken few steps forward that will have to be retraced. Substantial progress has been made toward the solution of our general monetary problems, already evidenced in reports that reveal for the first time the actual status of the banking resources of the country and the apparent necessity of a central bank of issue. The corporation income tax, while meeting with opposition in some details, is one instrumentality through which the President hopes to secure a positive and effective federal control of trusts and large corporations in the interests of all the people, as far as is possible under our system of government. The measures outlined in various executive messages indicate a comprehensive legislative programme. The President is a believer in real advance, but a forward movement cannot be made without preserving certain fundamentals, and President Taft appreciates the value of conservatism in making permanent progress. He has in mind a definite schedule of legislation, and takes the people into his confidence as to what that programme includes. This is outlined in frequent messages that indicate the working out of a plan that seems formidable for the three short years to come.

The general condition of the country at this time is interesting. Waxing in prosperity, with millions pouring into the homes of the farmers and the savings bank accounts of the workers, one feels like giving three hearty cheers for his country. Sober feelings of responsibility come with increased wealth and development. The high cost of agrarian products presages a greater intensive land development to equalize phenomenal industrial growth.

When William Howard Taft took the executive chair at the ballot behest of the people, one year ago, prosperity was scheduled as a part of the programme. Prosperity is here, present as never before. And still comes the mountebank to thrive on the promotion of some "ism," some new emotion, to feed upon the "waxing fat" purse and appeal to the prosperous pride of the country, and the pecuniary passions of the people. Insidious "isms," as ever, suggest that not quite all of each man's share is falling into his personal pocket. General welfare is not so keen a matter of individual concern as in the days of adversity. Comprehending the prosperity of the country at this time, can anything be thought of in all history to compare with it? In order to find a suitable comparison one must combine England, Germany, France, Austria and all the rest of Europe—for the United States is of continental proportions and stands foremost as distinctively the land of opportunity in the first year of the Taft administration. In these "piping times of peace and plenty" the dark days of '93, when the spectre of soup houses was seen in every city, are not altogether forgotten. The tramp of the unemployed hunting for work then resounded across the continent. "*No Work*" was the terrible invader most feared in those days. "Work, work, work," was the chorus that Lincoln sang as man's greatest blessing. In '93 were seen the dire results of a lack of just such confidence as the administration of President Taft has inspired. Men who create work are again regarded as benefactors. Their strong arms are not to be paralyzed to advance the fortunes of political promoters, who never offered a single day's work to a fellow-man. The first year of the Taft administration was marked by a presidential tour in which speeches were made directly to the people in over forty states. The trip was undertaken in the teeth of unfavorable criticism after President Taft had signed the tariff bill, and was not seeking for mere bauble popularity, but an earnest purpose to secure evidence at first hand, with which to execute and suggest laws for all the people. The Taft plan is to hear both sides. He insists upon why a thing should *not* be done as well as why it *should* be done. Recognizing the hypocrisy of the agitation of some radicals, he braves even their scorn to focus his efforts on ultimate results, even seeking the aid of confirmed reactionaries, who may be under the suspicion of sympathizing with predatory interests. His field glass sweeps both flanks of every political party. He has firmly determined that his term of four years shall be marked with specific legislation, no matter how he may fare when it comes to a renomination. He is aggressive and amiable in carrying forward determinate legislation, regardless of political maneuvers for convention delegates in 1912.

True the honk, honk of insolent, imperious and inherited wealth sometimes grinds our pride, but ill-gotten gains and corruption in high places and in low places will sooner and more effectively be eliminated by just and hopeful men of the Taft character than by the reckless, political "joy riders" who dash along regardless of life and limb. The men who have made their enduring impress upon the history of the nation have invariably been far-seeing, unflinching optimists—men of faith as well as fight. A conflict over tariff schedules ought not to uproot a policy that has been associated with the prosperity of the nation, and has so effectively reduced the percentage of failures in all lines of business. With the President of the United States whose life experience has been on the bench, hearing both sides of every question, and reconciling human differences, the Taft administration already shows the work of constructive and progressive policies.

In the multitude of his public addresses, President Taft has shown a wonderful grasp of national affairs in their entirety. He has observed the Lincoln rule of meeting a proposition and bounding it on the North, South, East and West. In these addresses there are touches of playful humor and keen satire that reflect the simple manliness of the man, but reveal a depth that is diplomatic and yet is insistent on the most direct statements that the English language can convey. In his frequent discussion of public questions he is ready for all comers, whether in a tilt at the banquet board or in an "early frost" speech at a county fair. Analyzed from every standpoint, the first year of the Taft prosperity stands out notable and distinct in the annals of the times. The current and periodical issuance of state papers, by President Taft, in frequent messages to Congress, covering concretely and definitely all the questions of paramount interest, have been fearlessly enunciated with an intelligent comprehension of *all* the evidence and *all* the facts. This procedure is the distinct constructive feature of the first year of the Taft administration. Twelve months of unexampled and unparalleled prosperity furnish a foundation upon which three monumental years of achievement will be builded; the crucial tests have been met ably at a time when the proud existence of our truest democracy had been threatened.

Joe Mitchell Chapple

Copyright, 1907, by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Photo by Ryder

THE ALMA MATER OF THE FIRST CO-ED

The oldest public school building now standing in the United States, at Boston, Massachusetts, and the first one to allow boys and girls to attend and study together. Before this, girls could go once a year to study the catechism. Before a boy could attend this school he was required to pass an examination in the "Three R's."

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXI MARCH, 1910 NUMBER SIX

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

MARCH winds in Washington recall Inauguration. One year after President Taft's induction into office finds the political current blowing with the uncertainty of early spring gusts, recalling Tennyson's lines.

> "All the windy ways of man are but dust that rises up,
> And is quickly laid again."

Public opinion is quick in the making, and equally swift in its changes. The barometer of public interest reveals a variation every day, and when interest in one theme slackens there is another to take its place. The present absorbing topic is the high cost of living, or as James J. Hill grimly put it in a Washington interview, "the cost of living high." Meantime Uncle Sam firmly holds on his hat, puzzled as to whether the wind is a natural air current from the poles, or merely an eddying sweep of national prosperity. Statesmen come and go at the White House, with bulging portfolios, containing panaceas for every public ill. After all, comes the ultimate query, "What's the matter?"

Prosperity has certainly brought with it clattering shutters, rattling windows and banging doors, and keenly accentuated interest in matters fiscal, even down to the increasing family expense account. If there is any breath of public opinion that has not reached Washington, it is because the telephones are not working, mails have miscarried or the wires are down. Senators and congressmen wear an expression on their countenances that indicates hearing frequently from home concerning matters on the legislative calendar. The direction of trade winds of the coming fall election—when the Sixty-second Congress is to be named—is one question of paramount interest at the political weather bureau. Campaign grist is already being ground in the leisurely mill of the Congressional Record. Every move of the national weather vane is observed on the floor of the House or in the committee rooms or among the investigating tribunals. Old-timers insist that there never has been a more exhilarating season—political, social or diplomatic. Some cynics remark that the windy days of March are a fitting atmosphere for the present trend of events. The activity of public sentiment is a feature of American democracy that permits of no stagnation, but Uncle Sam insists on taking no chances of losing his hat, or his head.

WITH a hearty "good-morning" for every man in the rooms as he passes through, President Taft enters his Executive Office. He has the appearance of a man who is determined to do things right off the bat, and to do them without the assistance of an advance agent. Into the Cabinet room he passes, on the mantel of which is Mr. Forgan's tribute to golf, and on the other side Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg address; above the fireplace is a picture of the Great Emancipator. The chairs stand in rigid array, ready for the Cabinet meeting. A globe nestles in one corner, and a few palms add grace to the severe simplicity of the room where such vital interests are considered. Gradually the chairs are filled—some members are late and some are early, but no one comes in "on the stroke of the clock." Dropping in one by one they discuss current matters right over the spot where the Roosevelt tennis ground once stood.

Photo by Clinedinst

TWO WESTERN SENATORS
Frank P. Flint of California and Reed Smoot of Utah, going to the opening of the second session of the Sixty-first Congress

Meantime the President has passed into his office, where at nine o'clock he is usually to be found at his desk; the room is unusual in aspect, being circular with a rug of the same shape. Two paintings hang opposite each other; one is the President's father and the other is Theodore Roosevelt. A brisk and cosy fire blazes in the grate, in contrast with the chill atmosphere of the Cabinet Room, in which the steam has not yet been turned on when the Cabinet clan begin to gather. Flowers from the conservatory give a festive air, and in one corner Sheriff Seth Bullock sits on a sofa, while Minister Egan of Denmark talks over the fading Cook incident. Morning callers are arriving—diplomats, senators, congressmen—and early among them comes Senator Lodge. Secretary Carpenter has arranged a regular schedule by which congressmen are received with visitors between the hours of ten and ten-thirty in the morning. In the adjoining room he keeps a careful schedule of every minute, trying to devise a way of crowding all that is necessary into the limited time.

On entering the Senators' room two things impress one—the large oriental rug and the great number of overcoats and hats dotted about the place. The public waiting room is also a lively spectacle, for many have come to see the President. Two hours after the President has made his cheery entry, the Cabinet meeting begins, after eleven o'clock. European visitors never can be quite reconciled to the simple little place known as the Executive Office, which is set apart purely for the transaction of business.

In the afternoon the senators come in to keep a belated or side-tracked appointment, for over at the White House the President still exhibits his omnivorous capacity for work.

One English volume of over twelve hundred pages was read, besides other voluminous reports, before he undertook to answer the question, "What is whiskey?" President Taft often dictates special messages of three and four thousand words, on the train, and if ordinary citizens could know of the many matters of vital import that pass daily through the brain of the Chief Executive, their admiration for his conscientiousness, thoroughness and integrity would increase tenfold.

THE Ballinger-Pinchot controversy has passed into the hands of a full-fledged Congressional investigation. In the meantime fervid appeals are made by Mr. Pinchot in the cause to which he has so earnestly and devotedly attached himself. While but few doubt the sincerity and unimpeachable ideals and purposes of Mr. Pinchot, some practical business men say that the best way to secure conservation is to go at it in a way that insures results. While there is danger from the insensate greed of corporate interest, it is felt that effective measures may be secured by handling the matter with the deliberate determination to devise a system that will not depend on personal edicts to effect results. Mr. Pinchot has been closely associated with President Roosevelt in investigating this movement, and for this reason the feud is attracting perhaps more attention than it otherwise should.

Those who are familiar with great states like Wyoming, where vast areas are withdrawn from settlement and pastured out arid on the plan pursued with the Indian lands, under a system of federal landlordship, insist that this method is repugnant to the spirit of America. On every side one hears the cry of waste, and the assurance that certain resources must be saved for future generations, but very often this cry comes from people who do not know what it is to break land and dig stumps in order to make a farm out of a forest wild, or from the quarter section of land where every exertion must be put forth to coax trees to grow.

Copyright, 1910, *National Press Association*

THE BALLINGER-PINCHOT CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE

Sitting left to right—Senator D. Upshaw Fletcher, Florida; Representative Ollie M. James, Kentucky; Senator Knute Nelson (*Chairman*), Minnesota; Representative Marlin E. Olmsted, Pennsylvania; Representative Samuel W. McCall, Massachusetts. *Standing left to right*—Senator Thomas H. Paynter, Kentucky; Representative Edmond H. Madison, Kansas; Representative James M. Graham, Illinois.

* * *

ONLY once in the past twenty-five years has the mace of the House of Representatives been put to use, and that was when "Jerry" Simpson, of "sockless" fame, refused to obey orders. The traditional symbol consists of thirteen ebony rods, about three feet long, tipped with silver, bound together to represent the original thirteen states. These are surmounted by a solid silver globe of the world, on which is a massive silver eagle. The design is derived from the old Roman fasces, and has never been used by any representative body other than the Roman Senate and the United States House of Representatives; it is the only symbol of its kind existing today, and was adopted in 1789, but when the Capitol was destroyed by the British in August, 1814, that original symbol of power was also burned. For a quarter of a century thereafter cross sticks of wood were used, but in 1842 the present mace was made; the outlines of the map of the world on the silver globe are now almost effaced, although the mace is little handled, and is guarded night and day. Curiously enough, the Senate has no symbol corresponding to that handed down by tradition since the days when the hoary-headed senators sat in council in the city of Rome.

The Speaker of the House seldom resorts to the extreme measure of using the mace; on the one occasion when Speaker Cannon ordered the Sergeant-at-arms to take the mace it was not necessary to carry out the order, as the unruly member subsided before the Sergeant had taken more than three steps to fulfill his instructions.

* * *

EVEN the authorities of the Smithsonian Institute are occasionally puzzled to know how to name some of the animals which President Roosevelt has shot or captured and forwarded from Africa. The pelts keep pouring in, by the barrel and crate, and it looks as though, in view of the many specimens coming from this ardent sportsman, the name of the Smithsonian might in time be changed to the Rooseveltian Museum. The latest rare specimen to arrive is a *citatonga*, and many others with names more obscure are found among the shipment. It is suggested that labels should be provided which will enable visitors to the museum to understand exactly what they are looking at and where it was found—all set forth in plain English if possible.

TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY
Ex-Secretary of the Navy

DURING the five years in which he occupied the important posts of Assistant Secretary and Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Truman H. Newberry of Detroit made many friends in Washington by his unflagging devotion to the work. His career in the capital city was the natural evolution of his career in Detroit, where he is held in high esteem, and, although a large employer of labor, has never had the slightest friction with his employees.

A business man of superior ability, who has been in the habit of looking after vast interests, naturally becomes a strong force in questions involving public welfare when he takes office, because he devotes to the affairs of the government the same ability which he did to his own business. These facts are well understood in Detroit, and in the state of Michigan, where an active and well-organized political movement is already on foot to send Mr. Newberry to the United States Senate when an opening presents itself. He has always been proud of Detroit and of his native state of Michigan, and the citizens in return desire that he should continue his career of public service for which previous experience has so well fitted him.

* * *

STANDING before an hotel desk, his head adorned with a shining silk hat, was John Temple Graves, editor of the New York *American*. He had been talking eloquently with friends; his words had rung with feeling, but suddenly his attention was called to the fact that as the leader of the great proletariat thought of the country, he was the only man in the room wearing a silk hat. That sort of headgear seems to have passed out of style, except for state occasions, the opera, weddings and funerals. It is now seldom seen on ordinary occasions. In years past the average banker, physician, cleric and even business man could not consider himself suitably dressed unless

J. M. DICKINSON, SECRETARY OF WAR

he had on a "tile" of resplendent lustre. It was necessary, apparently, to keep up the dignity of his profession. Be the styles for women's hats what they may, utility and comfort are governing principles in men's estimation today. The modest derby has established its sovereignty, reminding one of the Crusaders' helmets. The present generation may not feel quite so dignified as those who wore the high silk hats. May not that offer a tendency to careless manners and laxness of conduct? If a lady feels romantic in a picture hat, why may not a man feel a compelling dignity in a half cubit of beaver headgear?

Photo copyright, 1909, *Clinedinst*

EX-CONGRESSMAN PERRY BELMONT
Of New York

Hat etiquette is curious, and I have never been able to obtain a satisfactory reason as to why it is correct to wear a hat while addressing a lady in the foyer of an opera house, whereas it would be extremely rude not to uncover one's head when meeting the fair lady upon a windy street, with the thermometer registering several degrees below zero. Common sense would suggest that this code of manners might be reversed with a view to saving colds in the head.

When the conference of governors convened, then it was that Editor Graves found silk tiles the thing, but alas! on that trip he was observed with only a prosaic derby, while the governors towered strong in the lobbies, resplendent with the shining tiles, which the early observation had consigned to the oblivion of a past generation.

* * *

IT is sometimes curious how public issues are magnified by distance, far beyond any natural proportions, recalling the old fable of the "cow with the hundred-foot horn," which horn rapidly dwindled in size as the seekers of this remarkable animal approached the confines of the land where it was supposed to dwell. This tale has been simmered down into the proverb, "Cows afar off have long horns," a saying that should calm the anxiety of people in parts of the Middle West, where more or less apprehension is expressed lest Theodore Roosevelt's personal ambitions after returning from Africa might repeat the episode in Napoleon's life when he "returned from Elba."

All this would seem rather an unfortunate and unnatural comparison so far as the ex-president is concerned. Those who have known Theodore Roosevelt best feel sure that such a conception of his attitude as covetous of President Taft's place in the White House is not at all in keeping with the character of the man. There are presidential bees already buzzing, despite the chill weather, and it is supposed that a Rooseveltian stinger might be more effective than one of any other species. In this connection a certain scientific fact may be of service—if one holds his breath, it is said no sting can be inflicted by the bee; the little yellow, honey-seeking chap may alight as often as he pleases, but he cannot harm while the human being holds his breath. If these hair-raising thrillers occasion a general holding of the breath, the consequence is likely to be that no sting will be inflicted.

From talking with Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, a staunch life-long friend, and Sheriff Seth Bullock of Deadwood, a man who has slept under the same blanket with Theodore Roosevelt for many a night—and from conferences with others who are really close to the ex-president and who know him—none could even conceive of such a thing as Theodore Roosevelt leading a charge against his friend, William Howard Taft, on his return, despite the hints of the buzzers, who are earnestly desirous of making capital of the absent lion-hunter's fame. Political feeling now, as ever, seems to derange the vision so that even deliberate men may not see straight. After taking personal observations and being present at many of those scenes which have been magnified into possible schisms in "the party," and are described as "acute situations," it tickles one's sense of humor to see serious-minded statesmen and editors trying to sit down and evolve grave and impossible situations from everyday affairs, such as have always occurred since politics were first invented. A lover of Kipling has suggested that they make their own the droll philosophy of "live and let live" embodied in his little ballad:

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land and sea;
An' what 'e thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!

"The market-girls an' fishermen,
The shepherds and the sailors, too,
They 'eard old songs turn up again,
But kep' it quiet—same as you!

"They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed.
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
An' 'e winked back—the same as us!"

* * *

RECENT statistics show that $71 out of every $100 earned by railroads last year were paid out for equipment or material, but by far the largest share of that $71 was on the payrolls. Out of each $100 only $9 went to the owner, or the shareholder, totaling a little over four per cent. on the average. The million and a half men working on railroads earn two billion five hundred thousand dollars, or more than $7,000,000 a day, and the payrolls of American roads show only $80,000 less than the combined pay lists of the armies of the United States, Germany, France and Japan, while their earnings are three times the total revenue of the United States, and twenty-nine times the total gold production of this country. How's that for figures?

WHEN I met Charles D. Norton, the new Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, I could readily understand why he had made a success in his work as general agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company. His ability was quickly recognized by the banking concerns, and Mr. Norton became interested and went abroad to study European systems at close range. While doing this work he came under the notice of Secretary Mac Veagh, who desired him to take the treasury appointment. His salary at that time was $50,000 per year, but he felt that the $4,500 salary from the government, with the experience and prestige which would follow, was worth the financial loss involved in the exchange of positions.

Photo copyright, 1909, *Clinedinst*

CHARLES D. NORTON OF CHICAGO

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

Scarcely thirty-eight years of age, Mr. Norton is another of those typical young men who have become prominent in business financial circles through treasury appointments. A thorough student, an enthusiastic and cool-headed executive, his friends anticipate a record that will be distinctive in the annals of the Treasury Department.

* * *

THAT classical works only are carried in their pockets by congressmen is the text of a new joke. Now and then, with a staid and serious face, Senator William Alden Smith will appear on the threshold and utter a quatrain that delights his colleagues. Knowing his studious habits, one day when he appeared in the doorway, the senators all prepared to hear rolling from his tongue some magnificent quotation from Virgil, or other worthy of antiquity. Clearing his voice, the senator prefaced his poetry by saying that these lines had impressed themselves on his memory during the summer, while on a vacation trip to the lakes.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Wash.

WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH
United States Senator from Michigan

"Looking out over the placid waters of Lake Michigan, these lines seemed so appropriate that they will never fade from my mind—it may be that they will never fade from yours. I heard these five lines while my boat lay at anchor in the soft twilight, and I stood to watch the lengthening shadows of the trees, as the afterglow faded into deep orange on the horizon."

"Won't you repeat this poetic gem for us?" inquired a colleague, expecting a new classical outburst.

Once more he cleared his throat:

"The pretty young wife of the banker
Sweetly slept while the yacht lay at anchor,
But awoke in dismay
When she heard the mate say
'Let's haul up the top-sheet and spank'er.'"

There was a moment of silent surprise, and then the only response to this erudite quotation was a chorus of "shocking, shocking," from the assembled Senators as they hove anchor for the Senate Chamber.

Photo copyright, 1909, *Clinedinst*

GENERAL ARTHUR MURRAY, U. S. A.
Who solved the difficult problem of protecting New York city. Submarine mines have been planted in the deep waters of the "race" at the eastern entrance of Long Island Sound

THE appointment of Cuno H. Rudolph and General John A. Johnston as commissioners of the District of Columbia by President Taft is meeting with universal approval in Washington. Mr. Rudolph has been prominently identified with public affairs in the capital for some years, having served for two years as chairman of the Joint Finance Committee, during which time $30,000 were raised each year for the

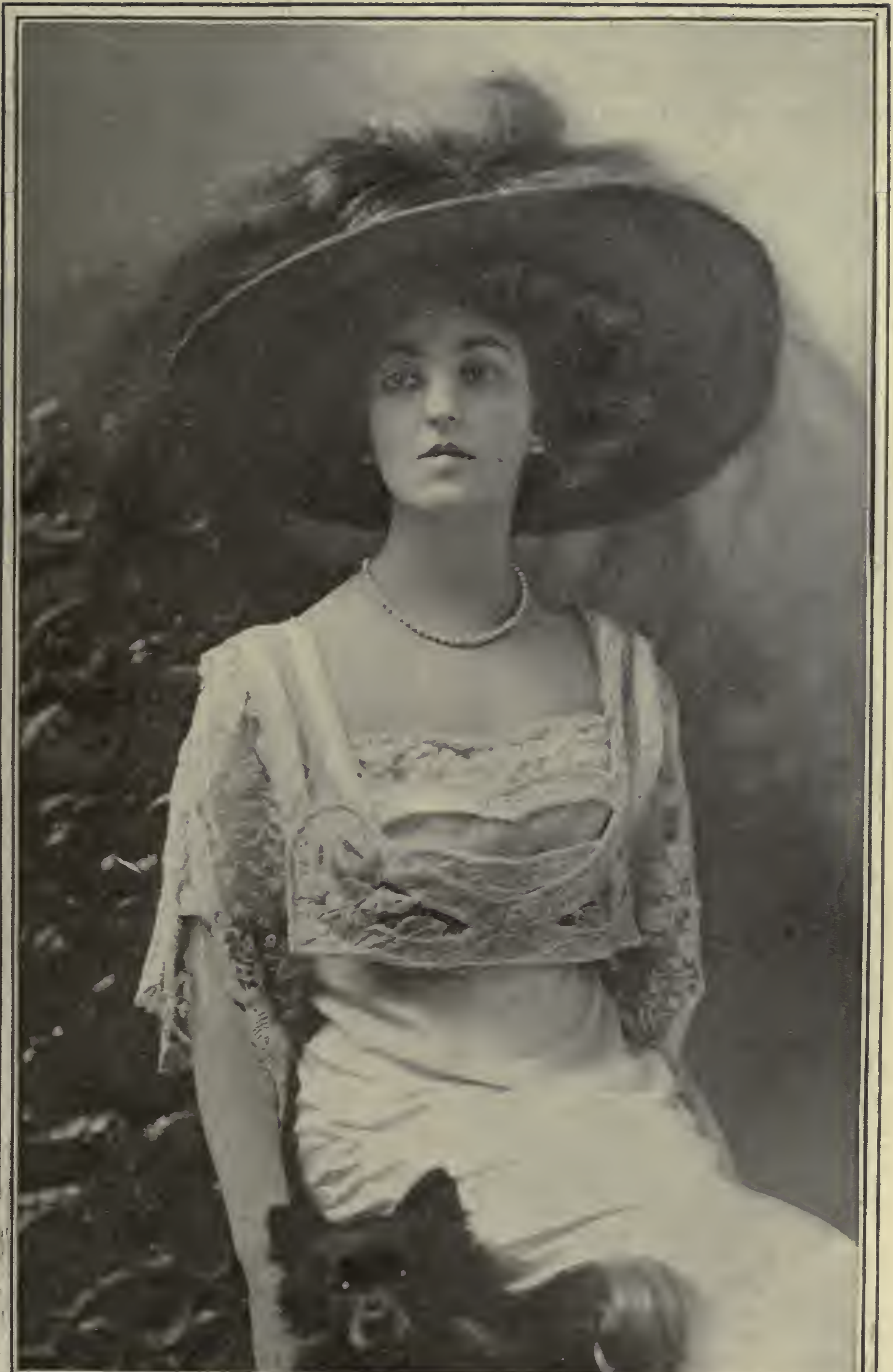


Photo copyright, Clinedinst

VISCOUNTESS DE MARTEL

Wife of the Secretary of the French Embassy, and a very pretty French society woman

Associated Charities and Citizens' Relief Association.

He has also become very well known in connection with many other organizations; he is president of the Rudolph & West Company, and vice-president of the Metropolitan National Bank, the Columbia Country Club and the Commercial Club; he is director of the Union Savings Bank, the Washington Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce, the Children's Hospital, and the American Forestry Association, is on the Advisory Committee of the Southern Commercial Congress, and is trustee of the Neighborhood House and of the Howard University, besides being secretary of the Father Stafford Memorial Association.

CUNO H. RUDOLPH
Newly appointed Commissioner of the District of Columbia

In 1901 he was active in organizing the first public playground committee, and has remained the chairman. Until March, 1909, he was president of the Public Playground Association, having then filled that office from the time the association was organized until he resigned.

His membership in various societies presents a wide field for his abilities, and includes the Prisoners' Aid Society, Columbia Historical Society, Choral Society, Association for Prevention of Tuberculosis, Washington Country Club, Executive Committee of Inaugural Committee, to which he has belonged since 1896. He is also director of the Summer Outing Committee and vice-president of West Brothers Brick Company, which gives a hint of what one man can do, provided he is sufficiently industrious, active and willing.

Photo by Clinedinst

MRS. VICTOR MURDOCK
Wife of Congressman Murdock of Kansas. She is the leader of the Congressional insurgent-social circle at the Capitol

Born in Baltimore in 1860, Mr. Rudolph has resided in Washington since the year 1890, and the mere record of the organizations in which he has active membership is ample evidence of his qualifications for office, as well as an indication of his wide sympathies and varied ability. His enthusiasm for and interest in all that has to do with the welfare of the District is unflagging.

On the other hand, General Johnston has the sterling qualities of the soldier, and his concentrated abilities in disciplinary and executive work will add just the right balance for a strong team of District Commissioners under the Taft administration.

* * *

THE major portion of President Taft's message was devoted to matters relating to the Department of State. This part of the governmental machine is the only one which does not make an annual report, so that the yearly summary made known to the public regarding its work must come officially through the President's message. All through this important document occurs the word "treaty," which emphasizes the growing importance of our peaceful relations with other governments—for treaties have a peaceful look.

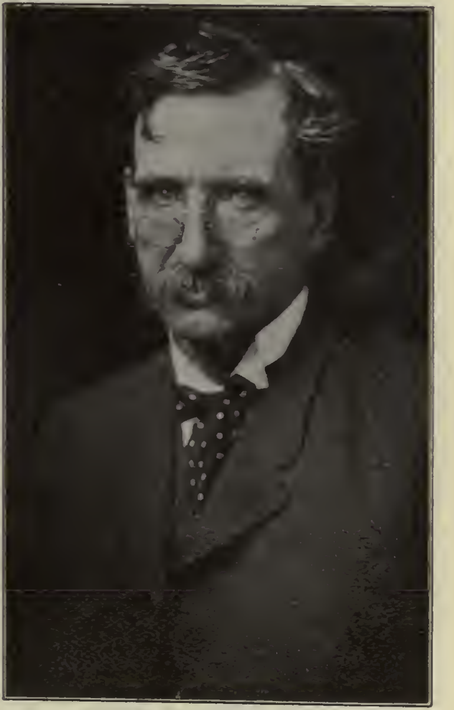
Photo copyright, 1909, *Clinedinst*

CHANDLER HALE

Third Assistant Secretary of State

Heretofore there has been very little interest taken in the mere documents, signed sealed and delivered in the regular routine at the State Department. Once disposed of in this way, a state paper often seems to lose its interest and force. Even the individual owners of a graduation certificate or an insurance policy seldom know just what the paper contains. How many owners of marriage certificates have read them through with care? They are content with the bare fact that the deed is done. But when it comes to relations between the nations of the world, greater care will be given to these treaties than has been bestowed, perhaps, upon any other papers. Treaties have changed the map of the world, and in the United States every treaty must be ratified by a two-thirds vote of the Senate before it can go into effect.

There has always been more or less of a feeling of distrust between the legislative and diplomatic forces. Now the tender sensibilities of the diplomatic corps are becoming inured to the rough and tumble amenities of congressional action and resigned to the necessity of rendering to Congress some account of the earnest work done by the chief and staff of the diplomatic service.



W. D. HOARD, EX-GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN

Probably the most remarkable of all treaties, one that was never sworn to and never broken, one built upon mercy, friendship and brotherhood, was that made by William Penn with the red men. This is still pointed out as an ideal treaty, in that there was no need for the careful study of the changing shades of meaning in words—the intention was right, and the treaty was right. The good old Quaker would not have agreed to the remark, believed to have been made by Napoleon, "If obscure clauses do not exist in a treaty, it is good policy to get them in."

* * *

NO less an authority than ex-Governor Hoard of Wisconsin insists that there is nothing in the curriculum of the average school that tends to encourage a farmer's boy or girl to remain on the farm. What he is taught leads him, on the contrary, to believe that the scope of his intellect and ambitions is far beyond any range offered by agriculture. This criticism has awakened widespread comment and calls attention to a fact that has puzzled many legislators and instructors.

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

The tendency at the present time to regard the farm as a worthy field of life employment is increasing, and it is no longer a reproach to one to be known as a tiller of the soil. The teachers also are realizing that it is a mistake to instill into the minds of children in country schools an idea that they must go outside the boundaries of the time-honored calling of their fathers to find their life work. For years the country has been threatened with the total loss of its best and most energetic young people, who went in large numbers to the cities. Instructors and parents are alike realizing that with the introduction of telephones, rural free delivery and improved machinery, the boy has opportunities as a farmer that are at least equal to if not surpassing any he will find in city life. This does not mean that the young people will remain "home-keeping youths with homely wits," but that they will have leisure, opportunity and means to visit other places and thus learn the lessons that are taught by travel.

The country school-teacher is face to face with the great problem of instilling into the farmer lads a proper and lasting appreciation of the dignity of real farming. Men who have been brought up in the country have little fear as to the ultimate success of this form of instruction, for no matter what avocation a man may follow in industrial or city life, his mind constantly reverts to his cherished ambition of having a farm of his own some day, where he "can watch things grow" and go out to pluck his own fruits, flowers and vegetables in his old age, or sit in the sun beneath his own "vine and fig tree."

* * *

THE calmness and deliberation of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt contrast sharply with the excitability of the militant suffragettes of England. After a chat with the forceful president of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, one feels that the suffragists of the United States might well have confidence in their clear-headed and intrepid leader. A lady in every sense of the word, she impresses her listeners with the justice of her cause as a woman, irrespective of the much harped upon equality. Always well-gowned, and a charming public speaker, her deeply rooted convictions are set forth in a way that has no suggestion of unworthy aggressiveness. Her weapons are unassailable logic and womanly tact, and there is not the slightest suggestion of the demagogue, or of whimpering femininity in Mrs. Catt's policy. Her years of experience as a school-teacher, and at the college at Ames, Iowa, have served

Photo by Buck, Washington

MRS. WILLIAM HALL MILTON

her well, and have doubtless aided to perfect her in her unique, clear, logical method of explaining and transmitting ideas to others. Abuse of the trousered sex is not indulged in, but, on the other hand, she requests justice from men, to say nothing of expecting chivalry.

Copyright, 1909, *Clinedinst*

MADAM PAUL RITTER
Wife of the new minister from Switzerland

This attitude has won the strong support of many men, who believe with Keir Hardy that if women are compelled to become bread-winners they ought at least to be assured of the same protection afforded men filling similar positions. It is not so much a question of abstract "rights" as of justice for women supporting themselves and those dear to them.

Laying aside the hackneyed argument that "taxation without representation is tyranny," Mrs. Catt goes direct to the thought of Thomas Jefferson, in the Declaration of Independence, which denies all authority but that of just powers with the consent of the governed, clearly implying the elimination of any special favor shown to one sex over another. Despite this noble declaration made on United States soil, today many European women are better off in this respect than those residing in this country. Mrs. Catt shows that this is not a new question, as is commonly supposed, but goes back to the days of Plato. Translating the sayings of ancient times into modern speech, she says, "Government is unjust that governs one-half its people without their consent," and turning with a quizzical smile, she adds: "Women are people, are they not?"

Though twelve European countries offer women more suffrage privileges than the United States permits, Mrs. Catt believes that the undercurrents at work will give women this privilege in a most unexpected way, in the course of natural evolution, and without radical or revolutionary upheaval. She points out how one legislature after another, in this country, has enacted woman suffrage laws in either the lower or upper House, only to have the movement defeated in the other House—an unworthy plan of "sidestepping" a reform which they seem afraid either to grant or deny. She feels that some time it may be found that the "joker" will unexpectedly win the game.

For many years before the death of Susan B. Anthony, the renowned leader of the Woman Suffrage Movement, Mrs. Catt was one of her lieutenants, and was named as one of "her girls" to carry on the work to which Miss Anthony had devoted her life with a simple, quiet, womanly devotion that has inspired the women advocating woman suffrage in the United States to recognize that the true influence of women is as women, and that the object is not to make women men, or to make men women, but rather to give to women the opportunity to secure the fair return for the work they do that should be assured to every toiler under a democratic government.

* * *

THERE must have been a sense of satisfaction in the hearts of Henry B. F. MacFarland and Henry Litchfield West as they laid down their official pens as commissioners of the District of Columbia, at the first of the year, in reviewing the work achieved during the years in which they so faithfully filled these responsible positions. A close and intimate friend of the late President McKinley, Mr. MacFarland took office in 1900, with a high-minded purpose for a vigorous, clear-minded policy, such as he has pursued to the credit of the capital city and the nation. The achievements of the past ten years include extensive public improvements amounting to twenty-three million dollars, including railway terminal work, a city sewage disposal system, suburban sewers, filtration plant, the bridge across the Potomac, the Connecticut Avenue bridge over Rock Creek, the extension of the high water system, the improvement of Rock Creek Park, and other parks and boulevards, and the construction of the handsome, new district building on Pennsylvania Avenue. The District of Columbia made extensive and practical advancement in that decade, and the work was conscientiously conducted by Mr. MacFarland and Mr. West—two newspaper men who have made a record of great credit to the craft.

The success of these two Commissioners has done much to bring into popular favor the commission form of government, now being generally adopted throughout the country, as in Des Moines, Galveston, Kansas City and Boston. It shows what concentrated responsibility affords, especially when placed in the hands of men of the character and ability of such commissioners as the "two Harrys," who have

SENATOR WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH OF IDAHO

just retired with so much honor and distinction. Mr. MacFarland retires to practice law in Washington and Mr. West to take up journalism, the profession that he has so signalled honored.

* * *

ONE scion of European nobility has come to America with no intent of seeking the almost inevitable heiress. Baron Ludwig de Leopold, with the address of Boulevard Victor Hugo, of Paris, is visiting this country to investigate agriculture and stock-raising. While the chevalier comes out with a grand manner of the European courts, after a few weeks' stay in Chicago, he finds himself as much at home in the stockyards as in Spain's Escurial, where Alphonso the Thirteenth conferred on him the decorations of the order of Isabel la Catolica. After a chat with the Baron, one is convinced that he is first of all a citizen of the world and a business man. His foreign accent adds piquancy to his words. American life and manners have been fascinating to him, in his work of collecting data for a syndicate which he represents.

CHEVALIER LUDWIG DE LEOPOLD

"No," he said, "I shall not write a book on America — pouf! — after a lifetime in America a man would not know enough—but of the charm of this land, the electric air, the great spaces, the glory of mountain and river—the magnificent men, with gorgeous plans, the enterprises, the achievement, wonderful, epic!"

After such an exhilarating conversation one feels proud that he is an American. The Baron played the prince bountiful to a large number of poor children at his residence, 3534 Grand Boulevard, in Chicago, on Christmas Eve, where he acted as Santa Claus and turned his apartments into a miniature department store in distributing presents to poor children.

* * *

LOOKING upon the massive hull of the "North Dakota," the greatest fighting craft afloat and the pride of the American Navy, I thought of the day when the vast hulk was launched from the ways in the presence of many residents of the young state for which the ship is named. As the breeze swept along her decks they heard in fancy the whistling winds raging about the old shanty, and sniffed the bacon frying, the simple repast that sufficed the Dakotan pioneers. The fragrance of the prairie roses, and the plaintive note of the plover came back in memory as they looked upon the great ship, and felt a thrill of pride in the peerless battleship of the nation which the young state possesses as her own.

Yet no one can look upon that vast structure of war and remember the amount of money expended in its construction without wondering what might have been the result had a similar sum been laid out in providing an agricultural college for each county of North Dakota. The ten million dollars expended would have sufficed for that, and would also have provided an ample endowment fund to carry on the work. Educational enthusiasts are firm in the belief that money invested in stimulating industry, especially in agricultural lines, will prove of far more value to the nation than millions of dollars expended on battleships whose prows plough the waters of the world's great highways.

At about the same time that the "North Dakota" became the proud champion of the seas, the "Olympia," Dewey's flagship, endeared to the American people by the historic associations connected with the victory of Manila, was being dismantled for the scrap heap. What will be the fate of the "North Dakota" ten years hence? Will that massive hulk, that frowning armament, which cost so much in labor and money to produce, outlive its usefulness in a single decade, and be consigned ignominiously to destruction?

* * *

AND it all occurred at Washington, D. C. Commander Peary, dashing along in a taxicab to keep a dinner appointment, accompanied by his wife and sister-in-law, was overtaken in a snowstorm. The taxi skidded, went right up in the air like a bucking broncho, performed a few leaps and then hopped off into a snowdrift, and listed like a ship in the ice at Etah. A stenographic report of the proceedings is quoted as follows:

"Goodness," said Mrs. Peary.

"Gracious," said Mrs. Peary's sister.

"Heavings," said the gallant discoverer of the North Pole. It seemed quite natural and homelike to him, though possibly his enthusiasm for Arctic scenes in Washington waned a little before the chauffeur had succeeded in digging them out. His anxiety to get out of the drift may have been due to the fact that the latitude of the cash register on the cab was approaching the neighborhood of $7.50; while the longitude stood at 8.47 P. M. for an eight o'clock dinner. A relief expedition rescued them at longitude 9.47, and there was latitude enough to break the pocket of even the good commander had it reached that height every time he dined out. They arrived at the igloo of the host and turned in at the fag end of the feast given in honor of Commander Peary. After all there had been only two hours' delay in the snowdrift, but the party expressed themselves as having had enough of polar work for that time.

* * *

NO department in Washington has had a more marked change than the State Department. Secretary Knox has made good use of the one hundred thousand dollars contingent fund appropriation for the reorganization of the consular service. A division has been made in the different fields, such as the Eastern, far Eastern, Pacific and European, and all the different areas have been well covered. Paradoxical as it may seem, the Roosevelt methods and spirit and his way of doing things have been rigidly preserved in the State Department.

Secretary Knox has a way of writing letters which may not be dainty or diplomatic or lavender scented, but he manages to make his meaning clear, as in the case of the Nicaraguan trouble, when President Zelaya and his government were left in no doubt as to what the United States thought of their actions and policy.

Wilbur J. Carr is now occupying the post of director of the Consular Service, and the record books of the State Department show traces of more radical innovation, under the administration of Secretary Knox, than has been apparent under the rule of any other person who has carried the portfolio to and fro in the White House grounds for years past. Precedent does not seem to count for much nowadays, even though the little red, white and blue ribbons do float around all the documents that are passed from room to room. The Secretary has little patience with meaningless red tape, and desires to have the

Photo by Clinedinst

JUSTICE HORACE H. LURTON

Appointed to the United States Supreme Court to succeed Justice Peckham. Justice Lurton is a close personal friend of President Taft service conducted on an alert, energetic business basis, such as is now in vogue all over the country. In fact, the policy of the State Department is indicated in the snappy way in which the Secretary crosses Executive Avenue on the cabinet days; his alert, quick, decisive step suggests his character and the character of his department.

* * *

FOR years public interest has been invoked to perfect and establish a plan for aiding injured workmen. This important matter is now the text of a new bill in Congress.

Senator Root has taken up the matter with his usual clear-sightedness, just as he would unravel any legal proposition, and is insisting that the present system of dealing with those injuries that come to employees in great industrial undertakings is both barbarous and wasteful. He says it is useless to deny the fact that in all kinds of business and manufacture there may occur accidents. Every crushed foot, broken arm and ruined nervous system must be taken into account in the law of averages when the strength of the nation is computed.

HENRY WARD, OF IDAHO

The injustice of compelling the injured employee to begin long and expensive litigation to secure just compensation for injury—to say nothing of the legion of lawyers who live on the misfortunes and injuries of others—Mr. Root regards as a grave defect in our laws. An equitable mode of dealing with the claims of the injured workmen is enlisting the serious attention and effort of all thoughtful legislators at Washington.

We may well study methods prevailing in other countries in regard to this matter. In Germany, for instance, an injured workman receives prompt compensation without recourse to law. The recompense is worked out according to a standard of taxation, and achieves a larger measure of justice than is known in any of our own cases of damage suits.

* * *

NO oriental ambassador ever left the shores of the United States with more expressions of regret or was bidden a more hearty "Godspeed" than Dr. Wu Ting Fang when he returned to China. His forceful personality will not soon be forgotten. Well do I recall my first visit to the Chinese embassy, where I found myself surrounded by exquisite trophies of the "Oldest Land," rare dragons and carvings, and specimens of ancient art that are almost priceless today. But when I met the genial Chinese minister I began to realize that, instead of obtaining information, I was more likely to give it, for Dr. Wu believed in cross-examination as the best means of eliciting information, and his questions and observations regarding American life were always of great interest.

He insisted that excessive work and excessive play bring about excessive eating in this country, and that these are the most baneful habits of American society. Some of the good people who can "always worry down another dish of ice cream" or "a few more chocolates," might be benefitted by hearkening to the epigrammatical remarks of Dr. Wu. His theory is that work and recreation ought to be proportionate.

There was always a fund of humor in his observations, and his last words to the crowd assembled on the dock were characteristic of him:

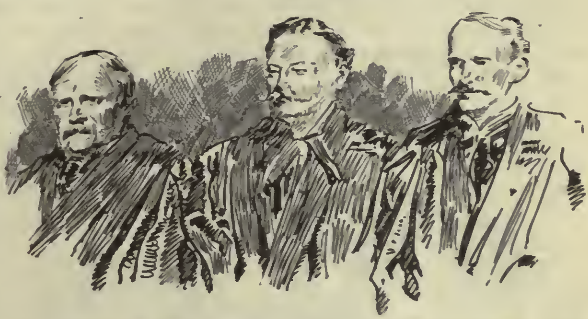
"You will not be alive when I come back. Your life won't be as long as mine. I eat what is good for me and eat only when I feel hunger. I grow younger each year, and soon I shall have to stop caring for myself, for I do not wish to appear too young."

AFTER mingling with federal law-makers at Washington, it is refreshing now and then to get out into the other districts and meet the members of state legislatures, which furnish the recruits for the National Congress. Here are scores of young men aglow with high ideals and noble purposes, and fired with a well-nurtured ambition to enter Congress. Among them is Henry Ward, of Hulbert, Oklahoma, who was born in the Cherokee Nation of the old Indian Territory. Having lost his left leg at the age of fourteen, he was debarred in some measure from a very active life. He entered the Normal College at Siloam Springs and graduated at the age of seventeen. He taught school for several years, and in 1908 was elected to the State Legislature of Oklahoma.

Always an enthusiast on matters of progressive legislation, Mr. Ward was instrumental in passing the child labor law and locating the Northeastern State Normal College in his home county at Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee Nation. He is now making a close study of the income tax, and has called attention to the fact that in 1646 the first income tax was levied in this country by order of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and a tax of this nature has ever since been maintained in the Codfish Commonwealth. A federal tax was imposed by the Federal Government in 1861, when three per cent was levied on incomes of eight hundred to ten thousand dollars, and over that sum the rate was five per cent. This scale was revised in 1864-1867, and in 1872 the law was repealed. The total derived from the income tax of that period was $346,911,760, a nice sum paid into the Treasury. In 1894 Congress imposed a tax of two per cent on all incomes above four thousand dollars, and all companies, other than partnerships came under this law.

The problems of life

THE crier had announced the court as in session, when Chief Clerk Fowler stated that a new justice had been appointed and confirmed, and was about to take oath of office. With all the judges standing he read the oath from a typewritten copy, and the new member of the Supreme bench took his seat on the extreme end of the bench, next to his old colleague, Justice Day, who was the first to congratulate him as he joined the judicial line.

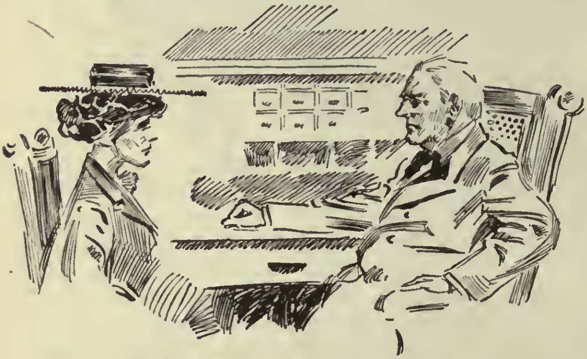


The "Three Guardsmen" on the Federal bench twenty years ago. Now Justice Lurton, President Taft and Justice Day of the Supreme Court

Despite his iron gray hair, Justice Lurton, this latest Supreme bench arrival, carries his years and honors lightly, and looks the part of the typical and learned judge, dignified and erect, imbued with all the courtly gallantry of the South. What good old times he and his friend, the President, must have to talk over during their saunters about the White House grounds in their leisure moments.

This shows how the influence of old associations will assert itself. A photograph of the United States Court of Appeals has been published, showing Judge Taft as the central figure, with Judge William R. Day at one side and Judge Lurton at the other, a juxtaposition which explains at a glance the reason for the appointment of Judge Lurton to the Supreme Court. Two of Judge Taft's old colleagues are now on the Supreme bench, and it is a deserved tribute to true and tried friends. This trio met in the incipient stages some of the grave problems which are today confronting the executive, judicial and legislative branches of the government, and it is natural that they should be deemed able to handle them in more advanced form. What is more natural than to entrust delicate and important problems to those who have been tested in years of experience. This was McKinley's successful plan of choosing men.

Attention has been called to the fact that President Roosevelt made very few fortunate appointments, outside of the men previously selected by President McKinley. The reason for this may be that in his impulsive way many appointments were made too hastily, and would not stand the test of time—the severe test applied by years of acquaintance. It would seem that the same rule might well prevail in governmental appointments as in business, giving the post to a man of known and tried ability, or if obliged to go outside for candidates, following the suggestion of a prominent employer of labor: "Never take a man at the first interview; wait and see how he stands the perspective of three calls."



She wanted the Senator to read her novel

* * *

OCCASIONALLY a young novelist will drift into Washington to "get the atmosphere of the capital" for his work. A Western senator tells of a young lady who came to him with the most thrilling love story, all neatly typewritten. It contained love-making episodes on almost every page, and when her hero and heroine were not actually so occupied, they were getting ready for the next spurt. The Senator was a little flattered that the young lady should seek his advice on points of political procedure, which were to occur in the life of the hero. In order to give him a clearer understanding of the charm of her principal characters she read to him extracts from her manuscript:

"'Twas in the orchard that they met, and the crimson blush on her cheeks outrivalled the glory of the gorgeous blossoms that drooped above her lovely head. He took both her hands in his and sought to gaze into her face, averted like a flower tossed by a summer sighing zephyr" — the Senator here remarked that the language was "very fine."—"He gazed upon her encarmined cheek and alabaster brow, and then softly and tenderly lifted one of her golden ringlets, which had been wafted toward him on the scented breeze, and reverently kissed it."

At this moment the office boy appeared.

"Oh, rats," he cried, impulsively.

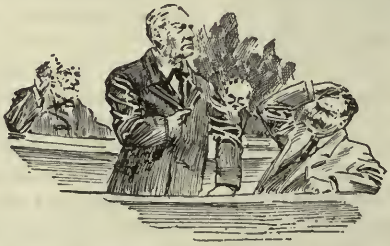
"Now that the boy mentions it," said the Senator mildly, "why should a young man fool with a lady's back hair when her ruby lips are within easy reach? When I was a young man I never acted that way. Besides ladies don't wear ringlets now, it's all rats and mice and ready-made puffs. Had not you better revise it, my dear?"

Recent inquiries indicate that the "best seller" is not yet on sale in Washington.

* * *

A CONGRESSMAN had returned to his constituency to deliver a carefully prepared address. For weeks the midnight gas of Washington had illuminated his ideas, as he carefully extracted them one by one from the library's amply supplied shelves. The day arrived, and loosening the first button of his Prince Albert, he uttered his carefully prepared prefatory remarks, and to this day he cannot understand the ripple of laughter which swept over his audience when he uttered his opening sentence—"Before I begin to speak to you, I desire to say something."

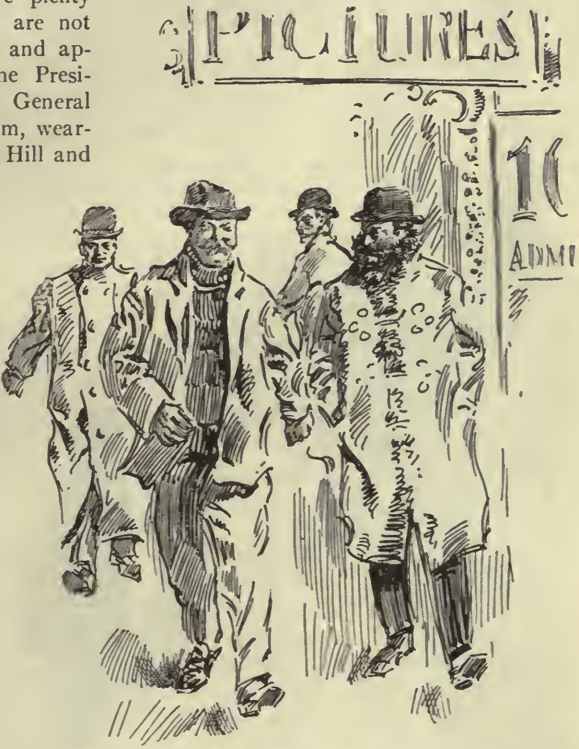
He said it.



" Before I begin my address, I have something to say"

* * *

WEARING a short frock coat, a gray sweater, and a soft felt hat pulled down over his eyes, President Taft sets out for his daily walk, for he has not forgotten Rooseveltian habits. During the winter days, starting off behind the White House, through the government nurseries, he turns toward the speedway, evidently determined to have plenty of exercise, even if the golf links are not available. Circling the monument and approaching the Capitol grounds, the President keeps up a lively pace, with General Edwards ploughing along beside him, wearing a heavy fur coat. Up Capitol Hill and down again to the Avenue, amid the throngs crowded about the moving picture shows, he passes unrecognized, except by a few more familiar with the appearance of the President of the United States. Clad in his rough disguise, he seems to enjoy mingling with the crowds more than do the secret service men who follow him. There is something very characteristic in his deliberate walk suggesting that, as he goes along, he is quietly adjusting his mind to the surroundings. A jocose reporter has characterized the presidential gait as "the Taft toddle," and insists that his mode of walking suggests his constitutionals on the careening deck of a government transport in heavy weather.



President Taft swinging down Pennsylvania Avenue for a constitutional

* * *

THE maids and butlers of Washington's finest residential districts are well trained, but sometimes even they fail to discriminate. A story is told of a milkman who had a great deal of trouble in collecting his bills at a certain aristocratic house. The lady of fashion put him off over and over again and absolutely refused to see him in person—as a milkman.

Money is as essential in dispensing the lacteal fluid as in other lines of business, so the milkman resorted to strategy. A few days after his latest unanswered appeal, a man arrayed in the latest style of fall suit, with flashing diamond studs in a snow-white shirt bosom, hands neatly gloved and carrying a cane, walked up the steps of the residence of the delinquent milk purchaser. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and the mistress of the house was at breakfast. Looking out before opening the door—some Washington hall doors are provided with a ventilator-like "lookout" like those of Philadelphia—the maid failed to recognize the milkman, divested of his overalls. Opening the door, on hearing his modest request for Mrs. So-and-so, she at once ushered him in and took his card to her mistress. He waited—a trifle awkwardly, perhaps—in the hall, but was upheld by the stern justice of his errand. The lady of the house arrived.

"Yes?" she said questioningly. "What can I do for you?"

"The amount of this, if you please, madam," said he, presenting the obnoxious bill.

Whatever the lady may have thought of the improvised Beau Brummel, the bill was promptly paid. There were no lingering farewells, but the milk account in that house was always taken care of to date after that, though in private it is said the fashionable dame described that milkman as "a perfect ornithorhynchus," which she explained means "a beast with a bill."

All this shows that the American people have long since learned the art of money-making, and might send out cards for a reception to all the nations of the earth to come and congratulate them on their success in creating a nation, possibly adding the assurance affixed to the wedding cards of the thrice widowed who was marrying for the fourth time: "Guests are assured that this is no amateur performance."

He "presented the bill"

* * *

THE sayings of the late Tom Reed are repeated often in a reminiscence chat. His sarcasm was classic. In referring to an adversary he once drawled out in that inimitable Reed twang: "When some men talk they say nothing; when other men talk they say something; but when MacMillin talks he certainly does subtract frightfully from the sum total of human knowledge."

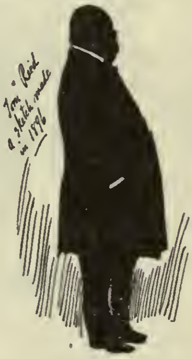
* * *

INTEREST in wild animals is common to all classes of men. At the Museum of Natural History in New York crowds usually stand around the largest fossil ever mounted. It is a brontosaurus skeleton, and is over sixty-six feet in length. The thigh bones weigh five hundred and seventy pounds, and it is estimated that the animal entire would tip the beam at ninety tons. It was undoubtedly the largest creature that ever strode through the jungle, and probably the largest that ever walked this earth on four legs. Beside me was a young girl who shoook her curls. She had come from Boston for a holiday in the "giant city." After minute study from all sides, she remarked, looking hard at the man in front who obstructed her view:

"These gigantic beasts were not possessed of superior brains, I surmise, and that is why they were not so dangerous as they appear; simply mountains of flesh, with only brains enough to keep themselves alive and not enough sense to get out of the way." With that she shot a furious glance at the big New Yorker who intercepted her view.

* * *

IN connection with the reorganization of the Navy department is combined an effort to rehabilitate the Merchant Marine of the United States. The saying goes that a government without a merchant marine is "quite as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Work done in years past promises to result in some favorable action by the present Congress, for the gauntlet has been thrown down, and it is insisted that the establishment of an American Merchant Marine will prevail against the intrigue and interference of foreign shipping interests, which have controlled ninety per cent of the world's shipping. A fight has been forced, and the Humphrey Bill promises a new era in the history of the Merchant Marine service. The opposition of the Middle Western states—that could not fail to find themselves among the most favored beneficiaries of such an act—can no longer be counted upon when it is shown that the opposition to subsidizing an American Merchant Marine comes chiefly from the foreign shipping interests.


Silhouette of "Czar" Reed

The hearty endorsement of President Taft and a stronger championship in Congress is rapidly creating a more favorable sentiment, and it has been demonstrated that commerce between the United States and the South American markets, and indeed the ports of the whole world, can never become adequate to our needs or credit-

"Just seeing the sights"

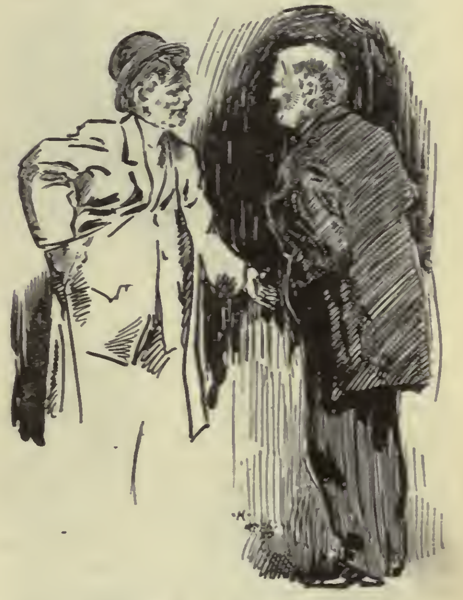
able to the American nation, until our "sea power" in peace equals our armament for war. The high efficiency of the United States Navy is comparatively useless if the flag defends no merchant marine. The enthusiastic endorsement of business men and especially of those interested in increasing our exports has not uncertainly shown an aggressive ambition to return the United States where she was before the Civil War, in her proper position as a world "sea power," capable of carrying her own share of the world's commerce, and of introducing her myriad manufactures and varied products under her own flag, wherever the sea paths lie open to earth's remotest bounds.

* * *

AT the New Willard recently might be seen an oriental gentleman, clad in gorgeous array, wearing a turban which was especially remarked as he passed up "Peacock Alley." It created a great deal of comment when it was announced by its owner that it contained forty yards of muslin, an amount sufficient to make four or five dresses. One lady remarked that she could now understand why it was difficult for women in India to obtain their rights, when the other sex appropriated so much of the dress materials. Indian muslin is very thin and delicate, and the test made on the best grades is unique. The muslin is spread on the grass over night that the dew may fall on it and thoroughly saturate it with moisture; if the fabric does not practically disappear under its bath, it is rejected as not of sufficiently fine quality to suit the rajahs for turbans. If it becomes invisible, it is accepted as of first-class quality. In even a small gathering of Indian nabobs one might discover enough Indian muslin in headgears to supply an ordinary American department store.

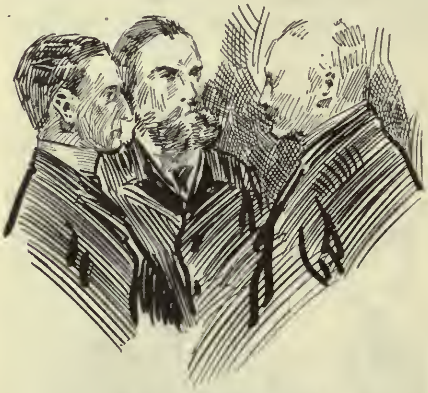
* * *

AS chairman of the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation, Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota looms up a picturesque figure in Washington. A sturdy Norwegian farmer of the Gopher State, a descendant of the Vikings—though the Senator insists that while it is polite to call his ancestors Vikings, they were just "plain pirates"—it is remarked that few senators stand more strongly than he with the people of his state, where everyone seems to have a good word for Knute Nelson. As chairman of the Committee of Public Lands, he is thoroughly conversant with the disputed points involved in the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation. President Taft's chief object is to put laws upon the statutes that will actually carry government policies into effect in a logical and legal manner, and make the conservation of natural resources a matter of deliberate legislation in the various states, and participated in by Congress, rather than to leave matters to the arbitrary control of one man or a commission. Public lands containing water power sites, coal, phosphates and other valuable resources are being minutely provided for in the bills which Congress is expected to act upon. When Senator Nelson gets those blue eyes focussed on a witness and gives an extra motion to those sturdy jaws, the truth and all the truth must come. His committee room is convenient to the Senate restaurant, and the Senator says that if you want to find a statesman in good humor, it is generally in his corner of the Capitol right after lunch. Late in the afternoon or early in the morning he is at work, trying out his cases with the same ardor as when he fought a lawsuit with only a pig in prospect as a fee.



Senator Knute Nelson talking it over in the Senate corridor

CONSPICUOUS among the recent conventions held in Washington was the conference of governors. The first meeting was held in the East Room at the White House three years ago, when President Roosevelt presided. The organization has crystalized into a potential influence toward creating more uniform legislation among the various states. In the hotel lobby at the Willard gathered the governors of thirty-one states, attired a-top with the silk "tile" which has come to be recognized as the token of gubernatorial distinction.



Governors Hadley, Hughes and Harmon with their heads together

People from various states thronged about to grasp the hand of their governor. Governor Willson of Kentucky called the distinguished assembly to order, insisting that the social feature of getting acquainted comes first. The meetings were held in a dainty parlor on the second floor, fitted with chairs of gold lacquer and damask trimmings. The discussions were comprehensive, and the wonder is that such meetings have not been held before, as they most impressively emphasized the unity of the states. At the White House reception, the dignified line of silk hats filed in through the opened glass doors, each man keeping step with unanimity of purpose.

The real business of the conference was outlined by Governor Hughes of New York, the first speaker. His address was a fitting prologue outlining the work. The speaker did not favor meeting in Washington, because of coming in too close contact with federal legislators. He sharply outlined the functions of federal and state legislation. Ambassador James Bryce was called forth from one of the rear seats for an address. The proceedings were of particular interest to the author of "The American Commonwealth." He has continued his thorough study of affairs American ever since he began preparing his notable text book on American civil government.

During the recess the full-whiskered governor of the Empire State conferred with the smooth-faced young Governor Hadley of Missouri and Governor Harmon of Ohio as earnestly as if preparing resolutions for a political platform. There seemed to be little indication of partisanship, the questions discussed being of a general welfare nature. The tall, slight young Governor Eberhart of Minnesota, who succeeded the late John A. Johnson, made a ringing address in support of a resolution to prevent Federal Courts from interfering with railroad cases until the state courts have passed upon them. Conservation of national resources was the topic launched for discussion by Governor Quimby of New Hampshire. The quasi-public utility corporation problem was the subject assigned Governor Fort of New Jersey. The state regulation of automobiles and public roads was handled in a most practical manner by Governor Draper of Massachusetts.

The conference resulted in giving a broader significance and dignity to the gubernatorial office, which in the intense interest on Federal matters has been overshadowed. Questions of quarantine and problems relating to interstate matters were very ably discussed. The mooted question came up in the hotel lobby every morning as to the precedence of a governor or senator, in the matter of official title. The governors have it all their own way at home, but at Washington it doesn't go. The likelihood of a governors' conference convening every year with every state and territory represented is an encouraging indication of more cohesive state laws and harmony with Federal legislations.

Those present at the first and final roll call were as follows: Frank B. Weeks, Connecticut; John Franklin Fort, New Jersey; Joseph M. Brown, Georgia; Simeon S. Pennewill, Delaware; President Taft; Augustus E. Willson, Kentucky; Herbert S. Hadley, Missouri; Martin F. Ansel, South Carolina; Bryant B. Brooks, Wyoming; John F. Shafroth, Colorado; Edwin L. Norris, Montana; Richard E. Sloan, Arizona; Aram J. Pothier, Rhode Island; W. W. Kitchin, North Carolina; William E. Glasscock, West Virginia; James O. Davidson, Wisconsin; Secretary Wilson; James H. Brady, Idaho; Judson Harmon, Ohio; Beryl F. Carroll, Iowa; Ashton C. Shallenberger, Nebraska; Secretary Hitchcock; Adolph O. Eberhart, Minnesota; George Curry, New Mexico; R. S. Vessey, South Dakota; John Burke, North Dakota.

Not once was the time-worn query propounded as to what the governor of North Carolina remarked to the governor of South Carolina. There was a spirit of fellowship that Ambassador Bryce told me was peculiar to American officialdom, as in no other country do officials mingle so freely regardless of rank. He insisted that the increasing dignity and honor of the governorships of the various states was but the fulfillment of the original intentions of the framers of the Constitution.

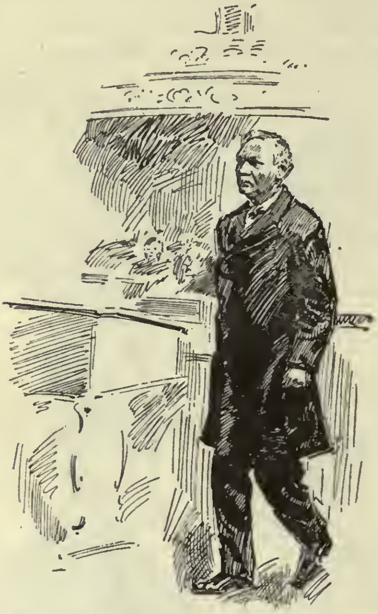
While the governors were intent upon their problems the Civic Federation held another most interesting congress at the Arlington Hotel. The eloquent tribute paid to the late Senator Marcus A. Hanna, in the opening exercises and hours of the convention was an impressive remembrance of work well done. It was Mark Hanna more than any other one man, who made possible the permanent results of arbitration between labor and capital. He introduced John Mitchell to J. Pierpont Morgan; his sterling sense of justice and sympathy for the workingmen did more to bring about an appreciation of the rights of others than any other force in public life. The civic federation was the one organization that always commanded his best effort, and he often said, "I had rather be instrumental in harmonizing labor and capital than be President of the United States." The meeting was in a sense a forum where all questions were discussed with a freedom and a spirit that surpassed the intensity of congressional debate or the lyceum and grange. The addresses by Senator Root, Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell contributed much to the literature of civic welfare. Uniformity in tax laws, the delays of courts and the inherent rights of the individual seemed to have an interest as keen as that manifested in Revolutionary times, in the free discussions of those days.

IMPORTANT information collected by the Monetary Commission is shown in figures indicating the resources of the banking interests of the United States, which will engross the attention of Congress in the future. Seldom has such a detailed mass of information been placed within the reach of all.

There have been reports from 6,893 national banks, 11,319 state banks, 1,703 mutual and stock savings banks, 1,497 private banks and 1,079 loan and trust companies, representing the great machinery of financial operations in the United States. Total individual deposits in these institutions now aggregate over fourteen billions of dollars; their resources are twenty-one billions, and the depositors number twenty-five million, 8,600,000 of whom have their money in savings banks. Nearly seven billion are now lying on deposit subject to check. Five billion in savings are recorded, and the time deposits exceed a billion and a quarter. What more inspiring facts could be presented to indicate the wealth of the nation? The balances roll smoothly from the tongue and pen, but it is difficult to understand this great aggregation of wealth and what it really represents. These statistics of the financial banking wealth of the country are now made public for the first time in history, from all the banks for a uniform date, outside of the formidable array of census figures.

Governors are greeted by their admirers

The average rate of interest paid on savings is 3.55, and on other interest-bearing accounts 3 1-10 per cent. Over forty per cent of the banks pay no interest on ordinary deposits. The state of New York leads with a per capita wealth in bank resources of $676, while the average of $237.24 is shown for every man, woman and child in the United States. Senator Aldrich, Congressman Vreeland, Congressman Weeks and other members of the commission are gathering this information with all the enthusiasm of a collector of relics. Every scrap of information, every detail, every fact that can have any bearing upon the adjustment of one of the great problems which concern the American people is searched for and thoroughly analyzed, and if correct is duly recorded.



Senator Frye of Maine, the father of Merchant Marine

* * *

AN interesting fact has been brought to light concerning the food production of the section from whence hails James J. Hill. The product of the flour mills amounts to 18,000 barrels per day. Someone has dug into historic records and has found that, in the brighetst days of Pericles, the swiftest flour mills produced but two barrels of flour a day. What took the Greeks two days to perform is done in Minneapolis in two seconds.

The center of the flour milling industry of the world was formerly Budapest, but it is now Minneapolis, where at the Falls of St. Anthony, two million bushels of wheat are ground into flour every year. This great flouring industry had its beginning no longer ago than 1878, when the Hungarian machinery was introduced into this country. Within the memory of men now living, Minneapolis was placed on the map as the frontier, inhabited chiefly by wolves and prairie dogs. Should the industry increase in the future as it has in the past it would be difficult to predict what this great granary of the world would eventually turn out as its yearly grist.

* * *

WHEN Senator William P. Frye walks down the centre aisle of the Senate he is now pointed out as having the distinction of being the oldest member in Congress in honor of continuous service. He began his legislative career in the summer of 1871 as a member of the House, and there is only one legislator now in Congress who was there at the time when the young congressman from the Pine Tree State took his seat. That legislator is no other than his colleague, Senator Hale, who although elected to the Forty-first Congress, has not served continuously as he dropped out of public life for one term. Senator Frye came to the House of Representatives as the successor of James G. Blaine. For over twenty-five years Senator Frye has served on the Committees on Commerce, and worked on many Rivers and Harbors bills, aggregating several millions of dollars in expenditure. It now looks as though the sturdy champion of the American Merchant Marine will see a law passed to encourage American shipping.

As long ago as 1876 Senator Frye originated the continuing contract system, which enabled improvements, begun and authorized by Congress, to be effected regardless of any change in Congress. The Galveston harbor would doubtless never have been finished under any other system. The state of Maine has been peculiarly fortunate in having a representative in Congress of national proportions. The persistent policy of continuing capable statesmen in office, irrespective of factional differences, has had much to do with making the men from Maine known to the nation.

When MINNESOTA BLED

by Inez De Jarnatt Cooper

IT was in the summer of 1862 that the Indians became dissatisfied and we heard talk of it in our homes. I was fourteen years of age at the time and the youngest of the family. My parents had been able to give Henry and Lucy good schooling—they went to New Ulm. It was decided that I should go the spring and summer terms, but in the winter there had come to our vicinity a man from Vermont. who was so well qualified to teach that my parents concluded that I would do better at home. I was in nowise displeased at this, for to me there were not many men in the world finer than Mr. Winchester, the teacher, and I more than suspected that this opinion was shared by my sister Lucy.

When the summer came, I was still more pleased to be at home, for the Indians were reported active, in our neighborhood especially, and, boy-like, I thought if there should be an uprising, I wanted to share in the fighting

Thus lightly we thought and talked, for there had been such friendly relations for so many years that no one attached much importance to the reports.

Late in July, however, it became apparent that the Indians were in earnest. Most of the farms were on the prairie and the school stood on the banks of the Minnesota River. In all the prairie states where a river runs, there is a fringe of woods. This was no exception, and the summer term of school was closed, because parents feared to let the little children pass alone through this, as all the older pupils, save in a few cases of the wealthier farmers, such as my father, were kept at home to help in the farm work.

Mr. Winchester decided not to leave the state in vacation, as he expected to open an early term of school in the fall, and he bargained to work for my father during harvest. My mother did not approve of this, as it was plain that he returned Lucy's regard, and she had other ideas for her only daughter. In the first place, Mr. Winchester was poor and ambitious. He wanted to become a lawyer and had people depending on him. Money must be earned and saved before he even began his studies. This meant a long wait and years of comparative poverty; and for the girl who had been given advantages far superior to other maids of the neighborhood, and whom any of the eligibles of the neighborhood would have been glad to wed, it seemed to my mother a very poor prospect.

I do not think that my father shared her misgivings, for he, in common with the other school directors, seemed to hold an opinion which was not far behind my boyish estimate; but what he said was that harvest hands were too scarce to miss engaging one of the best in the state.

On the morning of August 18, my father decided to drive to New Ulm to get some reaper repairs, and bring home a newly purchased buggy, we having recently sold our old conveyance to a neighbor. It was hot and extremely dry, and as we would begin harvesting in a few days, everything must be in readiness, for the unusually dry weather told that the ripening process would be quick.

He started before daylight, and just as dawn was breaking, we sat at breakfast, my mother not having called us until after he had left. We were somewhat constrained in his absence. Henry was morose by nature, and marks of tears, which had been seen on Lucy's face for several days, plainly made it impossible for Mr. Winchester to maintain other than dignified silence when in the presence of my mother. We had about finished our meal, when he rose suddenly from the table, knocking his chair over backwards. It was done quickly and without a word, and in horror we turned toward the door, expecting to be massacred on the spot. What we did see—though not a band of Indians with tomahawks—was alarming enough. It was the apparition of Bad Boy, waving his arms frantically and pointing toward the woods skirting the river — this but a moment, and he was gone.

We were not slow to grasp his meaning, for Bad Boy had been nursed through a dangerous spell of sickness the winter before by my mother. He had come to our house to sell buffalo skins and had been taken ill on our very threshold, and mother had refused to turn him out—had "brought him back from death," so he said, and we knew that he came to warn us.

In less time than it takes to tell, Mr. Winchester was in the barn hitching a horse to the little buckboard, the only conveyance left, save the large farm wagon, which would not be so easily managed. Henry was in the house, urging and helping the women to hurry. I, wanting to help, hurried to mother's closet, filled a large valise haphazardly with clothes, and ran with it to the barn.

Mr. Winchester was backing out the cart, and I noticed that he had hitched up Major, our fastest, but by no means gentlest horse.

"Benton," he said, "you must pretend to be afraid to drive the women, for you and I can get away better than Henry."

I have not told it before, for we never spoke of it even among ourselves, but Henry was a cripple. He had a club foot and walking was very hard for him; at least it was a slow process. They were upon us now, and Henry was calling in agitated tones:

"Jump in quick, boy, in heaven's name!"

I began to blubber, and said that I could hide in the house, for the Indians would overtake the cart.

"No time to be lost, think of the women, Henry!" said Mr. Winchester, as he aided my mother, Lucy having sprung into the cart, while I was blubbering.

My mother was hysterical and Lucy white with terror at the thought of leaving us; and with a look of surprised disgust at my cowardice, mingled with horror at the thought of leaving me, Henry jumped into the cart and gave Major a stinging cut, which made him leap into the air as they drove off, leaving my mother's frantic good-byes, mingled with Lucy's "God take care of you both!" ringing in our ears.

We then hurried to the barn to get the two remaining horses, for the others were at pasture. It was Mr. Winchester's idea that we go horseback toward New Ulm and warn my father, the others having started for Fort Ridgley.

The barn, which stood almost at the edge of the bluff, was connected with the house by a long shed, such as they have in New England. Early Minnesota settlers were much amused at this, but my father was a New England man, and he said that Minnesota was far colder, and what was good for shelter in one place was good in another. There was an outside door directly opposite the door which entered the barn from the shed, the former opening on the bluff. This door was to admit light, and also to make it convenient to carry bedding for the cattle, for, as we usually thrashed west of the barn, we had our straw stack there.

We had hardly entered the barn before we saw through this door, which was left open during the hot weather, the Indians crossing the river, which was fordable at that point in the dry time.

Neither of us spoke, but the teacher grasped my hand.

"One chance in a thousand!" he said.

In a second we were running down the long gangway, thankful for the shelter it gave us.

"The cellar!" he panted, never loosening my hand, "and on to the kindling. It is our only chance, and then we may be burned like rats in a hole, but even that is better than being scalped."

In the cellar there was a great pile of débris left from the building, and also barks gathered from the timber, which we kept in the cellar in order to always have dry kindlings on hand. This pile reached the ceiling at its highest point, and we climbed behind the peak, which hid us, still giving us an opportunity to peer between the loosely lying wood.

His last words were whispered, for even now we could hear their yells—that awful blood-curdling whoop of the Sioux, for some, swifter than the others, had climbed the bluff, instead of taking the short path around it, and had reached the barn and dooryards.

I was to go through many shocking experiences, but never did my soul reach that apex of horror, as when I saw them enter the cellar, blood-stained, some bearing scalps and—oh, the horror of telling it—the head of little Amy Hilton, a much-loved schoolmate, swung by its long golden braids, over one brute's shoulder.

And this in '62! Not when the land was a wild waste, but in a state of civilization, a time easily within the memory of thousands of our state's people today.

I felt the blood oozing from my heart, as I grew cold and dizzy, and would have fallen, thus knocking down any amount of kindling and courting certain death, had not a movement from Mr. Winchester brought me to my senses. Indeed, even his motion would not have escaped the keen eyes of the murderous villains, only they had been travelling and killing all night and were hungry, and, besides, the tracks of the cart and horses showed plainly that someone had left recently, so that they were not on the alert, save to destroy property. Everybody gone and no apparent chance for more butchery, they resorted to pillage to satisfy their appetites.

After they had gone, we lay quietly in our cramped positions, fearing to move, for Indians are very treacherous, and they might be near, while pretending to go. Soon we heard a whoop and the tramp of horses' hoofs, which died away in the direction of the next farmhouse. We then felt that they were deceived as to our presence, and would make no attempt to find us. Almost simultaneously with the whoop, we heard a crackling and knew that the cry was a ghastly jollification over the firing of the house. All the doors were open, and the drafts would rapidly feed the flames. We could not then escape through the house, but most farmhouses have an outside door to the cellar, and this was no exception. Through that we were afraid to leave, for fear that someone might be lurking near. At once we heard an explosion, and knew that the kerosene can in the pantry had blown up. This was directly over us, and the place would not be much longer one of safety, for even the stout oak rafters could not always resist the rapidly spreading flames.

Mr. Winchester painfully drew himself over and whispered closely in my ear:

"The wind is in the south. It will blow the smoke between us and the Indians, and we will be hidden."

Stiff and sore, we climbed cautiously down. The Indians were on their way to New Ulm, and we started to the fort. Of course, the barn had been fired and the horses stolen, but we had our guns, which we had taken when we started for the barn. We hid in the river rushes for an hour, when we heard the tramping of hoofs.

We soon found the riders to be United States soldiers. The news of the slaughter had been brought to Fort Ridgley by a badly wounded citizen, who had driven into camp, and Captain Marsh, taking half his men, started to put down the rebellion. He thought with hundreds of other citizens that it was the work of desperadoes, and in no sense a general uprising.

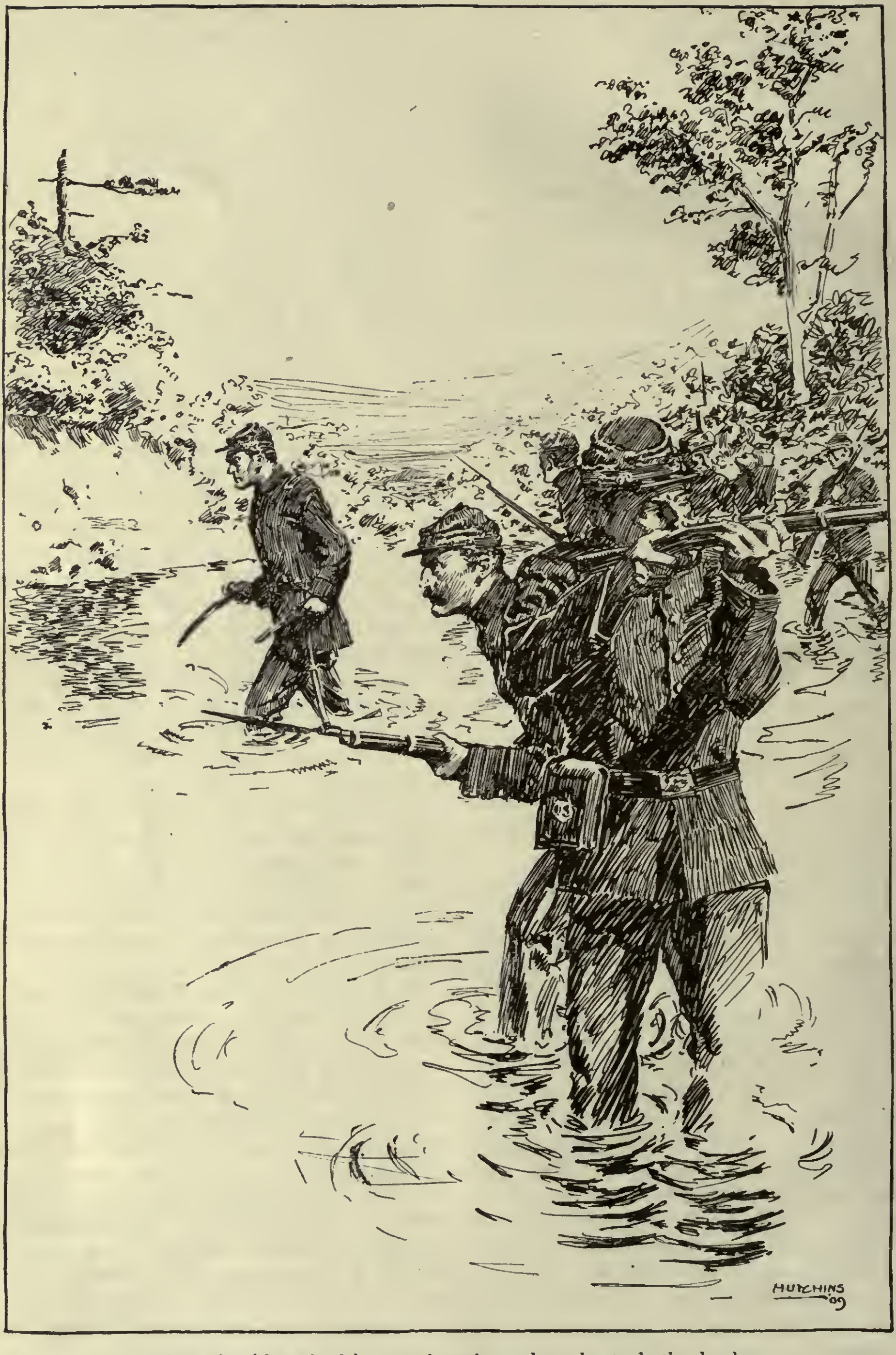
This was a natural conclusion, for the annuity Indians had been raising a disturbance, because their allowance had not come on time and they were expecting it every day at the fort.

Captain Marsh's band, of which there were about forty, had a six-mule team and provender, and were bound for the Lower Agency, about fifteen miles up the river from the fort. Of course we joined them, and they continued on their journey to the Agency, which was reached by ferry.

As we neared the ferry, not an Indian was in sight, save one, who waved amiably for us to cross. Of course all were suspicious and even I, a boy, could see by the roily condition of the waters, usually so clear in this section, and by the grass floating in the river, that something unusual must have been disturbing them.

Next, Mr. Winchester spoke. He had the most penetrating voice that I have ever heard. Whether the tones were soft or loud, it seemed to carry a remarkable distance. He now spoke to the captain in a low tone, and with his wonderful voice called his attention to a group of ponies not far away.

This was at Fairbault's Hill, three miles from the Lower Agency. Here were the


HUTCHINS '09

Armed with only his sword and revolver, he took the lead extensive lowlands of the river, overgrown with lush grass. The ferry was reached by a wagon road. When we were on this bottom, our captain allowed us to stop for a moment, having us march on in single file toward the ferry house. Across on the high bluffs was the Lower Agency, for which we were bound. The ferry boat made us still more suspicious, for it looked as though it was ready for our especial use, although we had found the dead body of the ferryman, whom I had recognized, a mile past.

Besides the lone Indian on the opposite shore, some squaws and children were seen. I whispered that I knew that the Indian was their chief, White Dog, and Captain Marsh spoke to him through his interpreter.

This interpreter I had often seen, living as we did, so near the fort, and with a boy's aversion, with or without cause, I had always mistrusted him. I had heard others speak in the same way, and I gulped as I thought of it, for he was all that stood between us and the unseen, and for that reason all the more terrible enemy.

Thus he spoke—the mouthpiece of White Dog:

"Come across! Everything is right over here. We do not want to fight, and there will be no trouble. Come over to the Agency, and we will hold a council."

While this was going on, I went with Mr. Winchester and one of the soldiers to get water for the others. In bending down, I saw the heads of several Indians, who were hiding behind logs across the river. I almost tumbled into the river—I was but a lad, and had gone through enough that morning to unnerve a stronger person—but after an effort, I controlled myself. Stooping down, as if to refill my pail, from which I had drunk, I leaned toward my teacher.

"Wait a moment," I whispered, "and then look across at those logs on the bluff."

Mr. Winchester carried his water straight to the captain, and I suppose that he told him what we had seen, for we were ordered to retreat toward the ferry.

There we saw a drunken man. How he had escaped alive, I cannot tell, but it is probable, being drunk, he had been lying in some out-of-the-way corner, and when the Indians saw the ferryman run from the house, they had supposed it to be empty. He said:

"You are all gone up. The Indians are all around you. That side of the hill is covered with Indians."

We were ordered by the captain to the ferry boat and formed into line. The ropes and posts had been tampered with, and we stood quietly while these were being attended to. While waiting thus, Sergeant Bishop stooped down over the water and leaned out, apparently to get another drink. He walked back, outwardly calm, but reported in a few words that he thought that the Indians were crossing above, with the intention of surrounding us.

Just then White Dog jumped back and fired, and Interpreter Quinn called: "Look out!" At that moment, there was a voluminous discharge from the guns behind the logs. A number of our brave men fell, and the interpreter was fairly perforated with bullets. As good luck would have it, however, most of the bullets whizzed over our heads, and the captain ordered us to take a stand at the ferry house.

On the instant, an awful whoop sounded, and there sprang from the grass, barn, ferry house and roadside, the men who had crossed the river.

Then came a terrible struggle. The soldiers fought valiantly, and the Indians, who outnumbered us to an appalling degree, like the demons they were. Soon about twenty of them lay dead, and half of our little band was gone.

It was now plain, even to me, that we would soon be crushed, and Captain Marsh commanded us to reach a little copse, which was the only place free from the red devils, and, fighting every step, seventeen of us gained the thicket. Our only hope now was that we might reach Fort Ridgley. The Indians by this time, although they fired with balls and buckshot, were not so aggressive. Perhaps, because we were not in so open a position, and perhaps, too, they were crippled by their own losses.

It was four o'clock, and we had almost reached the south end of the thicket, when we spied a detachment of Indians on the fort road, and knew that they had cut us off. The only way of escape seemed to be over the river, which was ten rods wide, and our brave captain, dismounting from his mule and armed with only his sword and revolver, took the lead. When half way over, he found the water so deep that he had to swim. A moment later, there was a cry for help, and three soldiers, Brennan, Dunn and Van Buren, swam to him. I shall never forget our joy, as, when the captain was sinking for the second time, Brennan, a strong Irish giant, stretched out and drew him up. But our joy was short-lived, for the captain, after clutching his shoulder but for a moment, while the brave man was attempting to swim ashore, relaxed his hold, and the waters swallowed one of the truest of men. The others then came to us on the shore. It had all been done so quickly that we had not moved.

Many have criticized Captain Marsh for not returning to the fort when he saw to what lengths the Indians were going. No one who was with him that day—and they were surely the greatest sufferers—thought of so doing. He was young and brave, and his knowledge of Indians was limited. Captain Custer was once led into a similar trap and lost all his men.

John Bishop, who had been wounded, was now our commander. He thought best for us to continue to travel on the present side of the river, which was a most fortunate conclusion, for the Indians, thinking that we had gained the west side, had crossed at the ford below and were concealed in the brush. By a jutting bank we were hidden, and passed safely from what seemed certain death, carrying our wounded, of which there were two.

When we were a few miles out from the fort, Bishop sent two men ahead—brave ones indeed—with the awful account of our loss. We reached the fort at about nine o'clock, and about an hour later came a few others, they, in some mysterious way, having evaded the Indians at the fort.

At our news, Lieutenant Gere was almost stricken, as well he might be. He sent a dispatch to Fort Snelling, asking for more soldiers at once, and Private William Sturgis, mounted on the best horse in the garrison, rode away. No boyish envy filled my heart this time, for, though no coward, I was but too glad to be safe in the fort.

There naturally was intense excitement. Terrified men, women and children had been pouring into the fort all day, and before we arrived over two hundred had reached the somewhat uncertain safety, for Fort Ridgley was not a fort as we understand it, but just a number of houses facing inward, with but one stone barrack. Among the crowd, we found all our people, save my father, quite safe. My mother was frantic, for somehow she had hoped that father and I were together. Still, we had much to be thankful for, for we had not seen him murdered before our eyes, an experience through which many a poor person had gone that day.

It was late at night before I saw my people, for, on hearing the news of our courier, Lieutenant Gere had commanded the women and children to go to the stone building for better protection. Some men, either unfitted by nature for fighting, or unnerved by the blood-curdling experiences of the day, also took refuge there. Then there were the wounded and the hospital attendants, which left us with very few men fit for active service. My gun was given to a man in whose hands it would be more effective, and Mr. Winchester was put on duty.

The Indians, drunk with success, were celebrating before our very eyes, and we could see them at their war dances down the ravine. Thus they let pass their chance to take our fort; had they done so, there is no telling what havoc they might have wrought in the land.

By their camp fires we could see them hold their council, and toward dawn addressed by Little Crow. Even now I shudder as I see him—we could not hear—making his impassioned war plea to the fiends—his small, sun-dried features, clear cut and cruel, standing out terribly in the bright firelight. While this prolonged speech was taking place, the dawn broke, and a great cry rent the air, for Lieutenant Sheehan had arrived with fifty men. So almost the last of Captain Marsh's acts bore good fruit, for he had sent for them the morning he left the fort, and they had marched at once.

The day before, at noon, when we were at our most desperate fighting at the ferry, which is called the battle of Redwood, the Indian superintendent had arrived with seventy-one thousand dollars in gold. Even at this late day it makes my blood boil to think that while the government was furnishing all that money to the Indians, they were near at hand, butchering not only soldiers, but women and children.

With Lieutenant Sheehan as commander, and sixty fresh, heavily armed men, our spirits revived, but our troubles were not over, for there were skirmishes until August 23, when a fiercer attack was made, we, because of our small numbers, being always on the defensive.

This time, the Indians had dismounted, and, with heads covered with grass to prevent discovery, had crept upon us to take us by surprise. They did, indeed, but their very nearness left them in the open and an easy prey to the volleys which we emptied upon them. One man Jones, who had charge of the guns, was so exact an artilleryman, that he was a living, breathing terror to the reds, splintering the timbers and terrifying the fiends, who could not understand, for the howitzers were stationed in the open spaces between the houses. This artillery work, placed as the gunners were, left them an easy mark for the arrows, some of which were glowing with flame, the Indians hoping thus to set afire the frame buildings of the fort.

All who had not guns were equally busy now, the women making cartridges, and I, with the men and other boys, cutting nail rods in short pieces to use as bullets. Very terrifying was the noise these bullets made, as they sung over the heads of the demons, and I remember that we boys thought with much satisfaction that they sounded as dismal as did their warwhoop.

On that day the fighting ceased, but we did not know it and kept up our vigilance for four more tedious, nerve-racking days.

After that the male citizens left by ones and twos for their homes, or what remained of them, and finally the women and children went.

Although our house and barn were gone, we still had the old log house which stood on the place when my father bought it; it was built strongly, as pioneers built in those times and climate. This we had lived in while our large house—at that time the finest in the country, now laid in ashes—was being built. This log house, which had three rooms, we commonly used for rough work, such as butchering and washing. Here, also, we used to lodge any tramp harvest hands, who were plentiful in that country, and whom we were sometimes doubtful about admitting to the house at night. I think, however, that they preferred to sleep there, for they could smoke, something which my mother did not permit in her house.

In the cabin, then, were washing utensils and a few large ones used for cooking. The bed was used by the women, and the men, with whom I include myself, were comfortably enough couched on several buffalo robes, which had been stored for the summer in a cedar chest.

In a few days we were settled to a very primitive form of housekeeping; but still no news of my father. Mr. Winchester had gone with the soldiers, and there were Henry and myself to pick up the broken ends of the work; I with little knowledge about managing, and he, after heavy work as attendant in the hospital, with little strength.

On the twenty-sixth of September we got news that Camp Release had been reached. This was near the great Indian camp of the upper and lower Sioux, and they had been very active in the massacre and fighting. They had with them 250 prisoners, men, women, and children.

Oh, how we burned to visit on them the same cruel punishment that they had visited on our people, but Colonel Sibley, who had charge, was firm and even stern, bidding us remember that the prisoners were now to be our thought, and that, should we show so much as a breath of desire to retaliate, the prisoners would be destroyed at once.

This brought us to our senses, and his wisdom led to an immediate surrender of camp and prisoners.

We had no telephones in the country in those days, but news travelled fast, no faster, however, than my father, who reached us the next day, worn and white, but, oh, so happy at the news heard the day before from Mr. Winchester concerning our safety, for he had feared the worst for mother and Lucy.

Next came the trial of the Indians. I don't suppose that a man ever had a greater chance to show wisdom than did Colonel Sibley. He constantly kept cooling our wrath, for the Indians had acted so like demons, that we forgot that they were human beings and should be tried as such.

The Indians tried at Camb Release, he next proceeded with his court-martial, composed of some of the finest men in the state, to the Lower Agency, which, it will be remembered, was not far from our farm.

From this point we heard all the news and were able to see a great deal also. After the 425 Indians and half-breeds, who were under suspicion, were tried, 303 were sentenced to be hanged, and the remainder given prison sentences.

I shall never forget the time they passed through New Ulm on the way to Mankato, where they were to be put into the great log jail which had been built for them and which was of course strongly guarded.

The people of New Ulm which had been attacked by the band which passed our house, had hastily buried their dead in the streets, and now they were disinterring them and giving them a decent burial. My mother's sister had two sons buried there, and I had gone with my mother to help, for this was mostly the work of women and young boys like myself, the men being more than busy in getting suitable quarters ready for the bitter Minnesota winter. There was no time to spare, and indeed I would have been at the building, but they had not enough tools to enable me to have one to use.

It was an awful day. The work was grewsome—loathsome in some cases. Along in the afternoon a troop of United States soldiers, guarding the prisoners, who were chained together in wagons, entered the town. As they came into view, the people, who had all day been so forcibly having their wrongs brought back to them, were so infuriated that they lost all control.

One woman, Barbara Holt, who had seen her only son disembowelled before her very eyes, after the killing of her husband, and the taking of herself a prisoner, made a rush upon them, which was the signal for attack. Of course, the women were worn by excitement, privation and grief, and many were beside themselves. In the frenzy of their wrath they came at the reds with clubs, stones, hot water or anything that would inflict a wound. The guard, being white men and Americans, could not bayonet or shoot the women, and a panic seemed imminent, when amid the shrill cries of the women there sounded the penetrating voice of Mr. Winchester, rolling over the disturbance like thunder and calling to my mother, who with a group of women taking no share in the riot was watching in alarm.

"Mrs. Amsden," he called, "cannot you control these women, who, though justly angry, must see that they set these savages the example of laws obeyed? Law, and not butchery, must ever be the course of civilization. Shall we descend to their methods?"

Rapidly, as he spoke, my mother was moving through the crowd, taking the hand of one, and clasping for a moment the waist of another, for she was well known and liked in New Ulm. Silently and with a word of soothing she went, until she reached Barbara Holt, the woman so grievously wronged.

A gasp of horror escaped her as Barbara struck once more at the stoical man in chains; and grasping her frail, worn body by the shoulders, she gently pushed her away.

"Barbara!" she called in tones loud enough to be heard by all, for it had grown strangely quiet. "You are striking an innocent man! This is Bad Boy, the Indian who warned us that morning!"

And indeed it was. Both Mr. Winchester and I had seen him at close range without recognizing him, but mother, who had looked upon him during several nights' vigils and with the eyes of a nurse, recognized in him the same man, and was afterwards the means of securing his pardon.

In a moment the horses, being loosened from the hold of the women, moved on, and this was the last time I saw Mr. Winchester for years. His charges delivered, he marched off with the fifth Minnesota, which he had joined, to the South; and when he returned in '65, decorated with what to my loyal eyes was the grandest emblem in the world—our soldier's blue—and added to that a captain's straps, I was proud and happy to be brother to the young girl to whom he was married that week.

SPANISH PROVERB

From the Book "Heart Throbs"

The pleasures of the senses pass quickly; those of the heart become sorrows, but those of the mind are ever with us, even to the end of our journey.

WORLD'S GREATEST AUTO TOWN

By W. C. JENKINS

THAT the automobile has come to stay is evidenced by the enormous demands made upon the manufacturers at the present time. Perhaps never in the world's history has an industry reached such an important magnitude in so short a time, as has the manufacture of automobiles, and it is said that the business is still in its infancy. As a money-making proposition the automobile industry has been greater in proportion than the gold discoveries of California and the Klondike. The building of automobiles has probably been the most fertile field in the world to make two—and even ten dollars—grow where one grew before. It has been a legitimate get-rich-quick scheme for many, but for the more conservative a logical, safe and enduring place of investment.

The city of Detroit manufactures more automobiles than any other city in the world, but few appreciate the marvelous growth of the industry during the past few months.

Previous to Jan. 1, 1909, there were twelve automobile manufacturers in Detroit, with a capitalization of $7,865,000. During the year of 1909 twenty-one new companies, with a capitalization of $4,000,000, began the manufacturing of automobiles in Detroit.

Several of the older companies increased their capitalization during the year, and a number of consolidations took place: The Cadillac Motor Car Co. sold to the General Motors Co. for $4,500,000; De Luxe Motor Car Co sold to the E. M. F. Co. for $884,000; Anderson Carriage Co. took over Elwell Parker Co. of Cleveland for $500,000, Packard Motor Car Co. bought the Electric Vehicle Co.'s plant at Hartford, Conn.; Metzger Motor Car Co. bought Hewett Motor Car Co., of New York, and the General Motors Co. bought fifty acres of land in Detroit for a new plant to employ about seven thousand men.

The number of men employed in the Detroit automobile industry has nearly doubled each successive year since 1907.

Note the following figures:—

Year		*Men*
1907		4,452
1908		8,430
1909		14,500
1910	Estimated	25,000

Cars produced:

Year		*Cars*	*Value*
1908		18,260	**$23,595,000**
1909		45,560	54,325,000
1910	Estimated	123,000	130,000,000

FRED W HAINES
General Manager, Regal Motor Car Company

The phenomenal development of the industry all over the country has been on a par with that of Detroit, although Detroit is far in the lead. The reason is that Detroit-made cars have established a reputation that will follow the new products. The name "Detroit" on a car has come to be a guarantee in itself.

A recent compilation states that Detroit will build approximately seventy per cent of the estimated output of automobiles in the

United States in 1910. This means that the name Detroit will stand pre-eminent in the American Motor World, and must eventually be carried to every corner of the globe.

* * *

Not the first car to be made in Detroit, but the first to carry the name of the city abroad is the CHALMERS.

HUGH CHALMERS
President of Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company

Back of the city in its rise to prominence have been a score of makes of automobiles; back of the CHALMERS cars have been two things—a man and quality.

The man—Hugh Chalmers—while engaged in another and totally different line of business, realized the possibilities of automobile building. But he also saw the limitations of the business. He believed that the growing and constant demand was for a really good car at a low price; he believed the public was waiting for such a car, and not for those which sold for $3,500 and upwards. That he came to Detroit to build such a car was because Detroit had become recognized as the city best suited to building automobiles.

When Hugh Chalmers showed the world the first CHALMERS "30" he was loaded with criticism. The automobile world was not used to a high-grade car at a low price. The CHALMERS was the first in its class, and, like every innovation, it was immediately declared impractical. There had been other low priced cars but they had lacked the high-grade features which Chalmers put into his car.

"It is a theoretical car and won't work out" was the most general criticism The two-bearing crank shaft, cylinders cast en bloc, the unit power plant and the roller-bearing construction—all of these were new things in a car selling for $1,500. High-priced foreign cars had motors cast en bloc; a few of the higher-priced American cars have the unit power plant. But in a $1,500 automobile, the thing was unheard of.

Chalmers believed in his car, however. He built one big factory building, 500 by 60 feet. He marketed his car, he entered it in races and endurance contests, not because he thought the public wanted a racing car but because he wanted to prove that the Chalmers "30" was what he claimed for it.

The winning of scores of races in all parts of the country and of some of the most arduous endurance contests and hill climbs has proved that if the CHALMERS is a theoretical car, then the theory is right. Hugh Chalmers started out to show the public, and that the public has been shown is proved by the fact that since July 1, 1908, the size of the Chalmers-Detroit factory has been tripled. The CHALMERS stands today the pioneer and the greatest among moderate-priced cars, representing the only real price reduction that has ever been made in motor car values.

At the present time, despite this enormous growth, the supply of CHALMERS cars is not equal to the demand. But the original plan of "a really good car at a low price" is lived up to. The Chalmers-Detroit Company is not trying to build as many cars as possible, but to build all of its cars just as good as possible. Chalmers cars are as perfect as the modern factory equipment, the best automobile engineers, the most skilled workmen and the very best materials can make them.

The factory organization in the Chalmers plant permits no imperfections to creep into the car. Every CHALMERS machine must pass what is probably the most rigid inspection ever undergone by any automobile, no matter what the price. The result is an automobile just as good as an automobile can be made for the money.

* * *

PACKARD cars were first manufactured thirteen years ago by J. W. Packard, at Warren, Ohio, in his electrical factory. Afterward, the Ohio Automobile Company, with Mr. Packard at its head, was organized, and the business continued more extensively. In the fall of 1903 Detroit capital became interested in the project, the Packard Motor Car Company was formed and the business was removed to Detroit. The original Detroit factory, in which the 1904 cars were produced, contained about two acres of floor space. It is said that there has never been a week since that time when there have not been some additions under way. The present floor space in use, and under construction, is 26.86 acres, and there are 5,400 employes.

From the very beginning, there has been only one quality of Packard vehicle. The whole purpose has been to produce motor cars of strictly highest type. The development of PACKARD cars for thirteen years has been the undeviating pursuit of this object. PACKARD cars have been improved each season, and the PACKARD organization has grown and advanced correspondingly. The efficiency of the present immense works is insured by the fact that, regardless of growth, all effort is still concentrated upon the original single purpose.

Improvement in PACKARD cars from year to year represents the careful development of a type and not radical departure simply for the sake of change. Prior to the season of 1904, PACKARD cars were of the one-cylinder type then standard. The 1904 model "L" car was the first of the present standard four-cylinder type. Each succeeding model has been a development of this type. Those who are familiar with the PACKARD car for several years back know the results of this progress, and how, each year, the PACKARD has become better without at any time becoming a startling innovation or an untried experiment.

The engineering department works the year around and works a year or more ahead of the manufacturing department. Experimental cars are constantly on the road. In the course of a season they are driven many thousands of miles under the most difficult conditions by the engineers and other factory executives. No prospective change in design or construction is ever made until it has been exhaustively tried on the road and known to be right. The manufacturing department takes up the car of a new season as a definite manufacturing proposition, entirely distinct from engineering problems.

PACKARD cars are built entirely in the Packard shops, which are devoted exclusively to this work. The PACKARD "Thirty," and the PACKARD "Eighteen" town car are identical in design and construction, although different in size. Also, the PACKARD truck is made with the same care and by the same methods as the pleasure cars. Even the bodies for PACKARD cars are made entirely in the PACKARD shops, and are just as fittingly PACKARD in their design and quality as the chassis.

The scrupulousness of the manufacturing plan is evidenced by the system of inspection. Every single part, whether it requires the finest accuracy or not, is inspected by the same rigid method, installed with the aim of making it absolutely impossible for defective pieces to get into the assembling departments. Afterward, all assemblies are inspected by a distinct and capable department of inspection, and are tested before they become parts of complete chassis units. For example, a PACKARD motor, after assembling, is first run under belt power for several days and then under its own power for final adjustment, tuning and brake horsepower testing. The bridge assemblies are likewise run and tested. The complete chassis is turned over to the road-test department where each car is run for several hundreds of miles on company tires. The testers are experts who have been thoroughly trained in the different departments of the factory. Body-building, upholstering, painting, et cetera, are subject to an equally complete and rigid system of inspection. Then the finished car, ready for delivery, is given a final brief road test by a hypercritic before it is passed for shipment.

INTERIOR VIEW OF ONE OF THE PACKARD WORKROOMS

The administrative organization is like that of the factory. The whole PACKARD organization is a unit. The departments are clearly defined and organized for the best individual results, but they are closely interwoven in obtaining the whole purpose. Many of the administrative departments, such as the sales department, with its various branches, while working hand-in-hand with the factory on one side, are also closely allied with the entire interests of PACKARD dealers and customers on the other. The connecting bond between the PACKARD dealer or the owner of a PACKARD car and the factory are exceptionally strong. From the beginning of a PACKARD design to the use of a PACKARD car on the road by a purchaser, every transaction is a part of the whole PACKARD policy, that comprehends engineering, manufacturing, selling and service for the customer, one just as fully as another.

* * *

The Cadillac Motor Car Company, of Detroit, is one of the pioneers of the industry. The company was organized in 1902 as the Cadillac Automobile Company, and in the fall of that year its first car was placed upon the market. The following year something like two thousand cars, which at that time was looked upon as phenomenal, were manufactured and sold. For some two years the Company confined its product to small cars, but in 1905 a four-cylinder model was added. For several years the Leland and Faulconer Mfg. Co., who had established a world-wide reputation as makers of fine machinery and machine tools, was closely allied with the Cadillac Company and manufactured on contract the motors, transmissions, et cetera. In 1905 the two concerns were merged into one, and the Cadillac Motor Car Co. was the outcome. The business continued to prosper and expand until 1908, when the startling announcement was heralded across the continent that for 1909 the Cadillac Company would produce ten thousand four-cylinder cars of high quality to sell far below the then prevailing prices. Some conception of the confidence enjoyed by the Cadillac Company may be formed when it is stated that before a single car had been finished, orders had been accepted for the entire ten thousand cars.

The Cadillac is a company which manufactures practically its entire car under one roof. The plants and contents represent an investment of some two millions or more of dollars. A trip through the wonder workshops has been the delight of many of America's most noted mechanical engineers, who saw about them the evidences of a great organization which moved like clockwork. They saw machinery which was all but human, and tools and test gauges, the existence of which many had never heard of before.

Up to January 1, 1909, there have been manufactured and sold approximately 30,000 Cadillac cars, distributed over a period of about eight years. It is the pride of the company that not to its knowledge has a single one of these cars gone out of commission.

> "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."—*Emerson.*

An article on "men of action" in the automobile world would be quite incomplete without a brief word about Fred W. Haines, a man who with his original ideas along the line of automobile manufacture has blazed one of the most traversed trails in the motor car industry today.

Give a man a high ideal, a strong determination to reach it, health, influence, personality, and there is no handicap, financial or educational, that can hold him down. The harder he strives to attain his ideal, the more fit he is to carry it out when he reaches it. How well equipped to meet the daily problems were our forefathers who blazed their trails through New England forests; how level-headed and strong is the young man of today who has nerve to depart from the narrow beaten paths and start out with original ideas and methods to make a successful impression upon a busy business world.

Fred W. Haines is a young man who had never had the advantage of a finished high school education. No well-defined path leading straight to success lay before him.

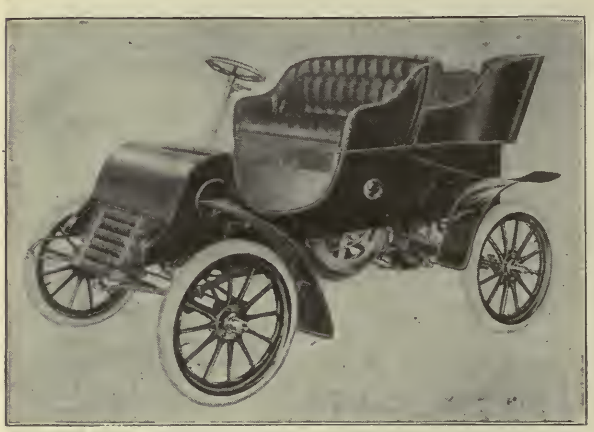
H. M. LELAND
Cadillac Motor Car Company

As a boy he always had a strong inclination toward things electrical and mechanical. At the age of fifteen he left school and hired out to the Edison Illuminating Company at thirteen dollars per month, having complete charge of the floor-cleaning and polishing the switches.

The first automobile had been duly constructed and was run on the Detroit streets. Mr. Haines decided that he wanted one, but realized that he would have to build it himself. He got together the parts, built a gas engine and then figured out a crude transmission with chain drive on rear wheels.

Crude as it was, it suggested to him great future possibilities The Lambert Brothers became interested in Mr. Haines' plans and decided to go with him in the automobile business. The company was formed with Charles Lambert as president, Bert Lambert, treasurer; John W. Lambert, secretary; F. W. Haines, vice-president and general manager.

The new Regal Motor Car Co. gathered around them men experienced in gas engine construction and motor car propulsion. After many weeks of anxiety they finally turned out their first motor, set it in the chassis, connected up the transmission and placed it upon exhibition for the first time at the Detroit Automobile Show. It had previously been rumored that this car was in the course of construction. Much interest was aroused over the product among the older automobile manufacturers. The car was beautiful to look upon and when the retail price of $1,250 was placed on it, Mr. Haines became the laughing stock of many manufacturers. Not that they did not agree that his car was all right, but they maintained that it was utterly impossible for him or anyone else to turn out a car with the same specification as the Regal "30" and market it at $1,250, and still allow a profitable margin for the manufacturer. They laughed at his dream of construction; his attempt to make a five-passenger touring car for $1,250, but today he looks back upon the trail he blazed and plainly sees others beating along his original path, some of whom formerly laughed at him.



CADILLAC, MODEL A, WITH DETACHABLE TONNEAU
One of the first CADILLACS

The first year, 175 REGAL cars were shipped from Detroit. These cars were shipped broadcast over the country, and when subjected to various road conditions, they did not hold up as well as their manufacturer had expected them to. Every one of the 175 cars were recalled, and the original owners were supplied with new ones which were mechanically right. This entailed a great loss of money to the Regal Motor Car Company, but they were determined to start aright, or not start at all. In December of 1908 the 1909 REGAL "30" came out and was placed on the market. This car was even a greater revolution to other manufacturers than the original model; and yet, with all the improvements in mechanism, design and finish, this car was still to be retailed at $1,250 with magneto equipment. In 1909, two thousand REGAL cars were shipped, each one giving its owner the greatest satisfaction.

Early in October the company moved into its new four-story building, which alone has floor space greater than the total floor space of their first factory building. The output for 1910 was estimated originally at 3,500 cars, but as soon as the 1910 cars made their first appearance on the market, so great was their popularity wherever exhibited, that it became immediately necessary for the company to make plans for producing six thousand REGAL cars during the year.

The great success of the REGAL car could never have been obtained had it not been built upon some fundamental principle. First of all, the Regal plant was to be operated on the principle that there is the greater ultimate profit in selling a large number of cars on a small margin, than a small number of cars on a large margin, and with a most modern equipment and facilities much waste could be cut down.

And, lastly, that the Regal Car Company was to be honest with itself, honest with its product, and honest in its dealings with its distributors and owners.

* * *

Among those energetic young men who saw the great future for the automobile was R. C.

Hupp. As a common laborer, he was employed in the Oldsmobile factory, but his natural ability, his industry and perseverance soon forced him to a higher position. Later he transferred his energies to the Ford Motor Company. Mr. Hupp studied the automobile in all its details. He saw the many difficulties ahead, and his effort was to solve the problems which confronted the industry in its early days. Enthused by the fires of ambition, Mr. Hupp decided to start a factory, and with an employe of the Packard Company—E. A. Nelson—the enterprise was launched. Capital, however, was lacking, and it became necessary to interest others. J. Walter Drake, Congressman Denby and John E. Baker joined the movement, and it was agreed that Hupp and Nelson should design such a car that would immediately become popular.

When the first car was completed in 1908 its merits excited much enthusiasm, and a company was immediately organized. The car was given the euphonious title "HUPMOBILE," and it became immensely popular at once. Even Mr. Hupp did not realize the extent of the popularity this car would obtain, for his original plan was to manufacture 150 cars in 1909. The demand was such, however, that five hundred cars were built. Its popularity reached such a magnitude that it has become necessary for the company to build 7,500 cars during the present year to meet the demand.

Mr. Hupp's idea was to make a "big car boiled down," and it required a lot of calculating to carry such an idea into effect. It can be truly said that Mr. Hupp is the father of the first low-priced automobile. Of course, his ideas were ridiculed in the early days of his effort, but he was firmly convinced that by systematic factory details and economy in manufacture he could turn out a car that would meet the requirements which he had in mind at a price within the reach of all.

He said in one of the earlier announcements that the HUPMOBILE was a miniature edition of the finest seven-passenger car of the country, and that statement seems to be literally true. In a great many cases HUPMOBILE owners are also owners of larger cars of the most expensive make. They realize that this busy little runabout is more convenient for general business purposes than the heavy, cumbrous touring car. Its extreme simplicity and readiness of operation commend it to the business men at once. It is always ready to run at the owner's bid, quick, powerful and useful alike for service on city or country road, for business or pleasure.

The new HUPMOBILE factory is a veritable hive of industry, yet withal one of the best arranged manufacturing plants in the country. From the first stroke of the hammer to the time when the finished car is hauled into the store-room, every step taken by the workmen is a step ahead. All the machinery is arranged so that every movement of the employee counts; hence there is no waste of labor or effort.

E. A. NELSON
Chief Engineer, Hupp Motor Car Company

The first experimental HUPMOBILE was completed in November, 1908, and the first car was shipped to the dealer in April, 1909. The first days of the HUPMOBILE institution saw the company's factory a little insignificant machine shop. In order to provide shelter for the workmen, it soon become necessary to arrange awnings and tents against and adjacent to the little factory building. These disadvantages, however, were soon overcome by the erection of a new commodious factory on Jefferson Avenue.

The little HUPMOBILE successfully stood a test last December that astonished automobile manufacturers in general. On December 27 the company started three HUPMOBILES on a thousand-mile trip to New York. The weather was zero, and the country was struggling with one of the heaviest snow storms of the year. The little cars fought for practically every inch of progress throughout the thousand miles. They encountered drifts and deep ditches, and, in many places, plowed through snow two to five feet deep. After being subjected to ten days of severe abuse, they arrived in New York, every car running smoothly and apparently ready to start on another thousand-mile journey.

R. C. HUPP
General Manager, Hupp Motor Car Company

The HUPMOBILE is not a cheap car, only in price. Its low cost—$750—places a car of the highest manufacture within the reach of thousands who do not care to invest in one of the higher-priced machines.

* * *

Nearly every morning newspaper brings news from Detroit—that hot-bed of motordom—where new concerns are hatched out over night of another automobile company.

One is apt to ask if the new company's inception is based on an idea, some broad liberal policy or principle. One wonders what particular field they intend to cover. If their business is based on a policy, he wonders if this policy will mean more to those who use motor cars, or to those who would like to be able to use motor cars, or whether their products will show an advance or a new tendency in construction of cars. If their business is based on an idea, it takes time to tell whether it is good.

One of the younger concerns that laid out its business on very broad lines before the company was formed, and has demonstrated that its idea is good and its policy broad, is the Hudson Motor Car Company. The broadness of this company's policy is shown in the recent announcement of its plan to build a new four-hundred-thousand-dollar factory on a one-hundred-acre site in Detroit. That this factory would be one of the biggest in the country was one of the plans in the minds of the Hudson directors before the company was formed.

In an interview with the officers of the company, Mr. Bozner, the secretary, outlined the policy for the Hudson Motor Car Company as follows:

"All high-grade cars embody the same principles, and even in their application differ so slightly as to make a novelty in constructions nowadays a rare thing. Indeed, some years ago, we decided that the time had come to embody the standard principles of motor-car-building as exemplified in high-priced cars in a car which could be profitably sold at $1,150

"Our problem was not to produce anything new in design, but to take the standard features common to the high-priced cars, and, by an advance in manufacturing methods, make possible their use at a figure within the price we had in mind. The Renault type of motor was good enough for us and we used it. Sliding gear, selective type transmission, three speeds forward, exactly as used in the most expensive cars, were the only things we would consider. Cooling system, clutch, frame, front axle, brakes, steering gear, springs, control, ignition, all the important features in motor car construction, were to be exactly as used in high-priced cars.

"We are very proud of what we have produced in the HUDSON Motor Car. It is a distinct step forward in the only way in which a step forward could be made in the motor car industry today. We have simplified constructional methods, exerted every economy in manufacture, leaving no stone unturned to eliminate waste. It has been our effort to put every dollar possible into the product and to save money for the consumer. How well we have succeeded is shown by the fact that several thousand users of HUDSON roadsters say that they are without equal at a much higher price. We regard the HUDSON as the greatest yet accomplished in motor car production, giving to the public, as it does, a big, fast, powerful, beautiful, roomy touring car, standard in every particular, at $1,150.

"Our aim will always be to give the buying public a standard car at the lowest price compatible with a high-grade product."

* * *

The wonderful demand for automobiles in the last few years has attracted the highest engineering skill to all departments of the industry. Three or four years ago the principal efforts of the designers were directed to producing machines that would run and had attractive lines. The selling price of the machines depended, as a matter of course, upon the cost, but as compared to other commercial commodities the cost was totally disproportionate. The result was that automobiles were only for the favored few. But the beginning of 1909 saw a change in the conditions of manufacture. The cost of production was decreased from one-half to two-thirds by the introduction of manufacturing methods that were followed in other lines where competition had forced the adoption of every means to produce at the lowest possible cost.

The manufacturer had to be first absolutely sure that his model was free from errors. One mistake in design and materials would wipe out the capital of the company in replacing the defect. Therefore, only the highest degree of practical and technical skill could be considered.

All branches of manufactures were called upon for men who had brains and experience that could be utilized in taking advantage of every short cut. Where, heretofore, engines had been made up of several castings, technical skill had produced methods by which these many castings were combined in one, thereby cutting down the labor cost.

The cost of finishing castings, shafts, et cetera, was greatly decreased by the introduction of automatic machinery that would produce any quantity of any part absolutely without variation, and at a fraction of the time that had been required when the earlier wasteful methods were in force. To fully illustrate this, the finish of the cylinder castings of the EVERITT THIRTY can be described.

The former methods pursued in finishing a cylinder was to place the casting in a planer which carried the part back and forward against a stationary cutting tool that would only remove a fraction of an inch at each cut. To cut down the casting to its proper size would require a skilled, high-priced mechanic and expert and an expensive piece of machinery for many hours. This is now eliminated by the use of special machinery equipped with multiple tools that complete the work much more accurately in the same number of minutes that formerly required hours.

WM. E. METZGER
Secretary-Treasurer, The Metzger Motor Car Company
Manufacturers of the EVERITT THIRTY

This same system of production holds good in every respect, no matter how small or insignificant it may be. And this explains, in brief, why the EVERITT THIRTY is sold for $1,350, where three or four years ago it would have been looked upon as a marvel at three times that figure.

Skilful methods and quantity production tell the story.

* * *

The ABBOTT-DETROIT is one of the most noteworthy of Detroit's new debutantes in Motordom. The car has a family tree of considerable importance, the designer being Mr. John G. Utz, who is also widely known as the designer of the CHALMERS "30." Mr. John B. Phillips, who is in charge of the manufacturing department of the Abbott Motor Company, was also formerly with the Chalmers Motor Company in the capacity of factory superintendent. Mr. Phillips is backed by every facility for the proper building of the new cars. A new factory, 155 by 600 feet, has been built and will be ready for occupancy in a short time. The new building is fully equipped with the latest machinery and is manned by a small army of workmen, carefully selected for their skill and experience from some of the older organizations in Detroit.

One of the newer cars that was first shown to the public at the recent Detroit Automobile Show is the ABBOTT-DETROIT, made by the Abbott Motor Co. of Detroit, Mich. The accompanying picture shows John G. Utz, designer of the car, at the wheel, and A. T. O'Connor, sales manager. Mr. Utz is widely known in the motoring world as a designer of the CHALMERS "30." He left the Chalmers company to take his present position as designer for the Abbott Motor Co. Mr. O'Connor was formerly the assistant sales manager of the Packard Motor Car Co.

Another acquisition of note to the new company is Mr. A. T. O'Connor, formerly assistant sales manager of the Packard Motor Car Company, and in charge of the Packard branch in New York. Mr. O'Connor is widely known throughout the trade, and his experience and extensive acquaintance will be of considerable value to the new company in the establishing of agencies throughout the country.

Mr. O'Connor is using great care in the assignment of agency territory, choosing the dealers who have had long experience and a reputation for satisfactory dealings with their customers, rather than those who offer to take large assignments of cars.

The policy of the Abbott Motor Company in regard to deliveries is one that will be appreciated by every dealer and prospective owner in the country. The factory organization has been carefully planned. The men in charge of the building of cars have been in the thick of the fight for years, and they are in a position to assure that early delivery dates will be given and their promises in this regard adhered to with the greatest fidelity.

The motor is of four cylinders, cast in pairs, bore four inches, stroke four and one-half inches. Following present tendencies of design, the compression is fifty-four pounds gauge, giving flexibility and good pulling power. The inlet and exhaust valves are unusually large, having a clear opening of two and one-eighth inches.

The wheel base of the car is 110 inches, but as the power is carried well forward under a short hood, the seating and leg room, both in tonneau and at the wheel, is unusually liberal, promoting the comfort and ease of the occupants.

In the refinement of detail, and in the lines and finish of the car, the ABBOTT-DETROIT represents the latest ideas in motor car construction, and although forced by circumstances to be absent from the recent Chicago exhibit at the Coliseum, it nevertheless attracted considerable attention at the Ajax Auto Company at 1610 Michigan Avenue, who are the representatives for the car in Chicago and vicinity.

The new factory of the Abbott Motor Company, at Detroit, Mich., is being rapidly pushed to completion, and it is figured that the makers of the ABBOTT-DETROIT will be in their new home within a short time. The new building, located at the corner of Waterloo and Beaufait streets, is 155 by 600 feet in dimensions, and gives a working floor space of three and one-third acres.

The factory was designed and laid out by John G. Utz and John B. Phillips, both men of experience in the automobile manufacturing business. The structure is of brick and concrete and will be one of the most completely equipped automobile factories in Detroit. This modern building will do much to insure the success of the Abbott policy—"The car you want, delivered when you want it."

* * *

One of the recent additions to the automobile kingdom, which bids fair to create a sensation, is the SWIFT.

The Swift Automobile Company, of Detroit, bases its features and improvements upon the greatest of all instructors, experience, and their car is one which will embrace, in addition to several new original ideas, the best and simplest features of many of the leading cars of today. The company is building three distinct types of cars—a model "A," forty H. P. four-cycle touring car at $1,750, Model "B" 25-30 H. P. four-cycle roadster, and a patented delivery for light use.

The company owes a large share of the quality of its product to the transmission which it is using—the Potts Selective Transmission. This is the transmission which created such a stir among the automobile men of Detroit just previous to the organizing of the Swift Automobile Company, and for which several firms were bidding against each other almost up the sixth figure mark for the privilege of using it in their car. This transmission will prove a revelation to the hard driver who has to replace his present transmission three or four times a year. Its main features are that the gears are always in mesh and there are no gears running on direct drive. The advantage to be gained by these two features can be readily appreciated.

In the commercial car the SWIFT has a vehicle that will not fail to prove a solution to the light delivery problem, a light, smooth-running, speedy car, run and control identical with the ordinary pleasure vehicle, and still capable of carrying a ton load. The body of this car is constructed on the lines of a cabinet, or a receptacle to receive drawers. The car so constructed permits of the maximum carrying capacity, as every inch of the body is available. An extra set of drawers is provided, which may be refilled as the driver is disposing of one consignment, thus greatly increasing the amount of work accomplished.

Several other excellent features are being held in abeyance by the company for the 1911 model, the merits of any one of which commend the SWIFT to the endorsement of persons desiring a thoroughly practical, durable and economical car.

The company is exceptionally fortunate in having the service of E. W. Potts as superintendent and mechanical engineer, assisted by his two sons, Frank and Edwin, all of whom, in addition to being high-class mechanics and inventors, are thoroughly practical automobile men. It is to the perception and ingenuity of these men that the public is indebted for the advent of a car which will fill more than one gap now existing in automobile construction.

The Swift Automobile Company have made a careful study of the grocery and delivery subject, and think their Model "C" interchangeable body feature has met the requirements. By this interchangeable system one man can change a car from the commercial or delivery body to a touring car in twenty minutes, which puts it within the reach of the small dealer who may be able to outstep his competitor by quick delivery, or he can enjoy the pleasures of a motor ride for his family at a comparatively small expense. The company expects to put out a thousand cars—five hundred "Fortys" and five hundred and twenty-five "Thirtys"—during the year 1910, and hopes to increase this amount to five thousand in 1911.

The officers of the company are William A. Montgomery, president; S. T. Allen, vice-president; A. J. McKinnon, secretary; Wm. F. Donnelly, treasurer.

* * *

The primary causes which may prompt a business man to make a decision for or against a proposed undertaking are of the most varied nature. It has often been remarked that the success of one man compared with the success or failure of another has not been due so much to the particular element of chance or of good luck, as to the fact that one person will be able to discern in a far-sighted manner what the future developments of any particular business problem may bring forth.

One business man works against great odds and with continued cheerfulness and wins success from an undertaking which other business men and perhaps his business associates can see little hope in, or reasons for his continued efforts. To him, however, the pathway seems clear, as he believes that as a result of his efforts a commensurate reward will be found.

DETROIT ELECTRIC
Made by the Anderson Carriage Company

History has revealed that men of this type are pioneers in business ideas.

It was only a few years ago that many of those who now admit that the automobile business is here to stay and has its proper and legitimate position in the development of the world's history thought it was only a temporary affair and that the invested millions in plants and equipment would prove to be mistaken business judgment.

The courage of those who made a success in this line is based upon their faith and foresight.

As a result of the development and changes in the automobile business, the electric car has now come to the front. It was only a few years ago that those who favored an electric car did so with some sense of apology, and it was right at this period in the development of an electric car that the Anderson Carriage Company, with faith in the future of the automobile business in general, and in electric propelled autos in particular, decided to manufacture exclusively electric cars. It was not an easy matter to give up a carriage business built upon fifteen years of hard effort, and which amounted to an output of sixteen thousand vehicles a year, to make the change.

The decision to do so, however, was based entirely upon the judgment of the company that electric cars, if they could be improved upon from what had been their history in the past, would grow in popularity. The company took into consideration the fact that as the automobile business developed, it would reach a point where the proper consideration of the needs of women and their rights for a car suitable for their use would be taken into account. The last few years have seen women in the professional field and entering colleges, which has heretofore been forbidden to them, so it would not be hard to believe that, as soon as the wants of the husband and brother of the family were supplied with a gasoline car, they would be liberal enough to provide for the wife, mother, daughter or sister.

The plant of the Anderson Carriage Company occupies seven acres of floor space, is capitalized at one million dollars and is devoted exclusively to the building of Detroit Electrics. The company build every part of the car complete, except the tires. It does this with the object in view that all parts of the car must work harmoniously. It is due to this fact, together with the unusual beauty of style, that the Detroit Electric has in its four years of existence reached an output in the point of sales greater than that of any other electric car on the market.

* * *

The Buick Motor Company of Flint, Michigan, is recognized as one of the principal automobile manufacturing plants in the world. A few facts concerning the immense industry at Flint cannot fail to be of interest. In 1904, the first year of the existence of the Buick Motor Company, the plant turned out eighteen cars—in 1905 it manufactured 350 cars; in 1906, 1,400 cars; in 1907, 4,100 cars; in 1908, 8,750 cars; in 1909, 18,000 cars; and the output during the present year will exceed 40,000 cars, or more than a hundred cars for every day of the year.

The Buick plant comprises thirty-six acres of factory buildings, all of the most modern construction; one of the buildings alone, one story in height, covers six acres of ground. The floor in this building, of asbestos, covered with thin flooring, cost $73,000—the whole representing an investment of $10,000,000.

Six thousand, one hundred men, most of them skilled artisans, are provided with employment in the Buick plant; the bi-weekly payroll of the company is approximately $192,000. In Flint last year there were built 2,000 new houses for workingmen employed in this phenomenal twentieth-century industry. Today all these houses are occupied, and many more are necessary.

W. C. Durant, general manager of the Buick Company, is a strong believer in the future of the motor car. He is convinced that "the ground has only been scratched" as far as the industry is concerned. Mr. Durant and his two associates believe the obligation to build as good a car as possible is not the only one that rests on them, but that it is their duty to give to the purchaser good service and every facility for economical maintenance. Probably one of the greatest orders ever placed for automobiles was recently given the Buick Company by the Pierce Automobile Company of Minneapolis. The order was for 3,750 cars, representing over $3,000,000.

No question can be raised as to the endurance qualities of the Buick, with the knowledge that three of their cars have for three and a half years been engaged in what is doubtless the greatest endurance test in the history of motordom. Nearly four years ago the holder of the United States government mail-carrying contract, between Torrance and Roswell, New Mexico, purchased three Buick cars. Those cars have been in constant service over the roads—or rather tracks—of that desert region ever since, and have covered the 110 miles a day required of them on an average of 300 days each year. They carry passengers as well as mail, and have had some most strenuous trips during the deep snows of the winter months. The total mileage made by each of these cars has already reached the 110,000 mark, and they are in good condition at the present time.

The Buick is certainly a monument to the successful conduct of a sane business in a sane way. Time was when motor-car manufacture was regarded as a sort of gamble, and was to some degree in the hands of men who added little stability or prestige to the industry. The Buick is a shining example of what may be accomplished by intelligent effort.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

From the Book "Heart Throbs"

There is many a rest in the road of life,
  If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
  If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope
  And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
  Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

A BUSINESS SCIENCE

AND ITS FOUNDER

MEETING Arthur Frederick Sheldon, founder and President of the Sheldon School, one feels that salesmanship is more a matter of reciprocity than is usually supposed—a salesman has something to sell and also something to give, and the purchaser, in turn, gives something—his time—and it is time that counts in business today. A busy man may give five or ten minutes several times a day to various callers, and these fragments multiplied amount to hours before the week is over. The true salesman is educated to utilize to the best advantage, first for the purchaser and then for himself, every moment that a busy man can spare to talk with him. On such a proposition is founded the curriculum which Arthur Frederick Sheldon teaches.

Born on a Michigan farm, educated in the district school, of which he became teacher when only seventeen years old, young Sheldon longed to acquire a college education and the broader scope of university life and influences. A book agent called one day at this time, and the young teacher listened to his canvassing with close attention, for until then he had never heard anyone try to sell in that way. Greatly interested, he followed the man to the gate and asked him how many books he could sell in a week. After he had figured out the commission per copy on the gatepost, he discovered that the book agent was making twice as much money as he earned at teaching. He became impressed with the idea that he too could sell things, and inquired if the agent could get him a job. Inside of a week the regular man had left the field, assigning it to young Sheldon.

He first canvassed successfully among the school-teachers and students, and then began to feel that he could sell to anyone else if he tried hard enough. A trip across the continent landed him in Humboldt County, California, where he found that he was trying to glean in a field that had been well harvested in the way of book sales. Learning that the agent who had preceded him was a woman, he reasoned that she would not be likely to canvass the country districts, because it was the rainy season and the roads were almost impassable. So the energetic agent made for the redwood lumber districts, working the farmers, dairymen and lumbermen.

The money so earned was sufficient to pay Mr. Sheldon's university expenses, while the experience gained made him a free and accepted member of the noble order of energetic book agents. Later the young man worked with a large publishing company, which in a short time gave him the management of a branch office. Here he was required to train young book agents for field work. In this line his practical experience counted for much. Later he became general sales manager of the company, having control of all the offices of the United States and Canada. The sales of this company mounted into millions annually. Mr. Sheldon resigned this position to organize a publishing business of his own. He began with one man and a bookkeeper, and inside of three years he was doing a business of sixty thousand dollars a month through a sales force which he had personally organized and drilled.

During all these years young Sheldon was carefully considering plans which have matured into one of the first and most successful schools of salesmanship.

Naturally of an analytical turn of mind, he analyzed many of the sales he had made or attempted to make and the experiences of the other salesmen which came to his attention.

From the time he started out as an inexperienced salesman, Sheldon studied the efforts of his associates and later of the men under him, trying to discover the fundamental reasons for their success or failure.

Mr. Sheldon was a student of law, and Blackstone's work in systematizing the Common Laws of England greatly impressed him. He believed that there was a Science of Salesmanship underlying the art of selling—a science which could be formulated, just as Blackstone formulated the Science of Common Law.

Abandoning all thoughts of adopting the legal profession, Mr. Sheldon deliberately

ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELDON

and logically chose salesmanship as a lifelong avocation. He firmly believed that the science of perfected selling was intimately associated with the progress and development of modern trade and commercial prosperity. He sought tirelessly for the basic principles of all economic and social transactions, observing the needs of business men and the ability and possibilities of the average salesman.

More than ninety per cent of the scholars of all schools sooner or later engage directly or indirectly in commercial life, yet, as Mr. Sheldon observed, little or no care was given to developing ability for such life work in the curriculum of the ordinary public or private schools. All other professions had their distinctive courses, or special training, but in business the one great purpose interwoven with all forms of obtaining a livelihood and keeping alive a centralized civilization—the most important of all avocations—there was no literature, but every salesman was forced to evolve for himself a system of successful commercial intercourse.

He sold out his business and set to work.

At last, in 1902, Mr. Sheldon got his idea into concrete form in Lesson Books, prepared with the assistance of able writers, teachers and business men. The Sheldon School was organized in the summer of 1902. A small room in the McClurg Building was sublet, and in this little room, with the assistance of one stenographer, whose services he shared with two other firms, the Science of Salesmanship was launched.

On July 24, 1902, the first regular student was enrolled. One year almost to the day from that time one thousand students were enrolled. The growth of the school was remarkable. Large institutions became interested in the work, and enthusiastic student salesmen were assigned to sell enrollments.

In February, 1905, a three-day convention of Sheldon representatives was called, and on the closing night a banquet was held which included the office and sales divisions and every employee. From his seat at the head of the table the founder and president saw ninety-five persons who were working with him for the success of his undertaking.

Sheldon's philosophy includes not only such training of salesmen as any sales manager might give, but the laws of ethics and economy which lie at the base of business success. Since the publication of his first work, the course has been revised several times, and while the basic principles must ever remain the same as those upon which the first course was built, students say that each revision has made them more clear and broadened the scope of the work, until today it represents the practical evolution of barter and exchange. More than forty-three thousand students have been enrolled in these correspondence courses representing enterprises handling millions of dollars worth of business.

It is an inspiration to hear Mr. Sheldon expounding his philosophy. "Knowing, feeling and willing" are three cardinal principles upon which Mr. Sheldon always insists. He insists on developing the positive side of the intellect, and not neglecting the emotions and feelings; in short, he believes that "in true education lies the solving of the difficulties of the entire business world." He also points out that while the Greeks developed physical and intellectual giants, they were largely deficient in sincerity and persistent enthusiasm and sympathy in the minor matters of life.

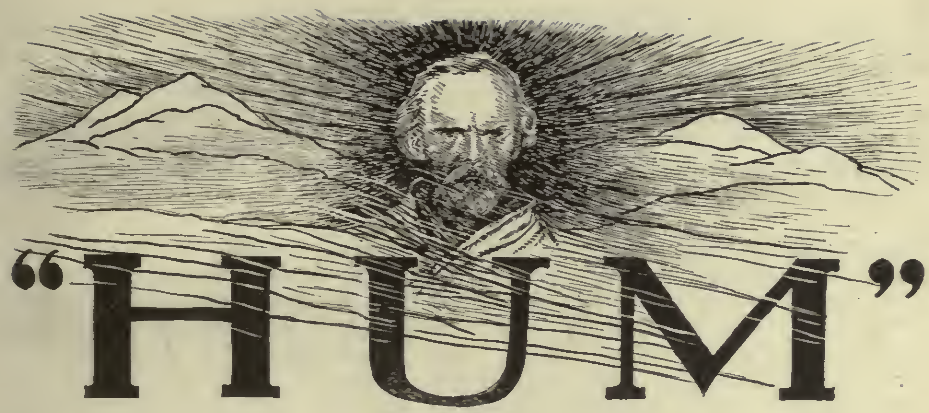
The problems the school has had to meet in promoting its business have been the problems peculiar to every pioneer movement. The school has had to blaze new paths for itself. Every new thing, good or bad, is opposed at first. The good things survive. Sheldon does not try to be technical in any particular business. He does not claim to know more about dry goods than the dry goods man, or more about automobiles than the automobile man, or more about bonds and stock than the bond and stock man, or more about any man's business than that man himself knows. But he does claim to have organized a science, the principles of which apply in any line of business and make for increased efficiency and lasting success. There is no denying that results justify the claim.

Like the great oak from the little acorn, the Sheldon idea has been growing and taking root deeper and deeper in the soil of success, and now the ideal toward which Mr. Sheldon and his associates have been working is nearing realization.

Some years ago Mr. Sheldon purchased six hundred acres of land near Libertyville, Illinois, the site for the Sheldon Commercial University. The first building is just being completed and on March first the office and headquarters of the correspondence school will be moved from Chicago to their own new office building.

The correspondence school of salesmanship and business-building, the commercial university, and the publishing plant will form a single institution for business education along the lines laid down by Mr. Sheldon.

The curriculum of the Sheldon Commercial University will include all the technical branches of business practice, and into this will be woven the great idea upon which the Sheldon Science is built—the development of the all-around man—the development of Endurance plus Ability, plus Reliability, plus Action.



"HUM"

A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

Copyright, Reid Publishing Company

CHAPTER XII

SILENTLY we returned to the lake. The sun was nearing meridian, and the face of the water was golden. The gay warblers were gone. The tiny cascades no longer ruffled the calm surface that extended to its frame of multi-colored verdure where stood, here and there, solitary cranes gazing into the liquid depths.

"Let us tarry here awhile," said Loredo, seating himself on a moss hummock. "The events of the morning have the deepest interest. Audofa may be the only one of the lost race in whom the distinctive marks are manifest. That he should have been guided to us—it absorbs my thought."

"You believe that he was so led?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly The Father's hand is everywhere visible. Nothing so great, nothing so minute, as to be beyond His constant care."

"Your thoughts are spiritual, Loredo."

"Nay, not my thoughts, Feanka, they are the imperishable words of the Subagino—the divine manifestation: Kesua, our Master."

"Loredo, are we not all manifestations of the one divine principle?"

"Yes—dimly so."

"May it not be the veil of our imperfect humanity that conceals the divine image?" I asked.

"Your question is momentous, my brother. It may be that one's spiritual condition is at times too low for him to see what a more exalted state would disclose."

"But your entire nation recognized the Subagino in your Master," I said.

"True, Feanka, but the case is somewhat different. Kesua was a light within himself. No veil of animality obscured it. His personality was like the diamond which radiates its glory. Besides, we are by nature receptive, trusting, and to a degree, psychic. Our people never doubted the manifestation."

My mind reverted to the rejection of the Christ on the Judean hills.

"You have thought of these deep things, I think, Feanka."

"Yes, especially since I have been here."

"They are very uplifting," he said, a smile crossing his beautiful face, "and Tooma, he too—"

As he spoke, a crane, standing close by, spread its wings and rose. For the moment, it engaged Loredo's attention.

I felt grateful to the bird.

"The crane has been standing near us while we talked," I said. "It is strange that our presence did not—" I paused, unable to recall any word or symbol in Zoeian, for the word "frighten."

"Cause it to fly away?" he asked.

I assented, wondering what would be his explanation.

"Why should it? For thousands of years, no living creature has been molested by us. They recognize and trust us as kindred."

"And you so regard them?" I asked.

"Yes—all members of one great household."

I mused awhile undisturbed. "Will Oron heal Audofa's infirmity?" I finally asked.

"Yes—in a few days it will disappear."

"Are there other powers which your race possess, Loredo?"

"There are others," he replied, looking at me intently, "but they are seldom exercised. Some one at the College is calling me," he said, rising.

"One more question, Loredo: How came the mark on Audofa's head?"

"That mark," he said, "is placed on the head of every Zoeian at his or her birth. Audofa's mother, doubtless, placed it on him. The three lines," he said, closing his robe, "signify the triune nature of the Father."

* * *

Upon my return to the restafa, Moto gave me a message from Oron, informing me that Audofa was with him, and inviting me to join them at the Pavilion a few hours later. I called Soratiya, and told him the event of the morning.

"I know it—I know it," he replied gaily. "I am not surprised. I rejoice with you all."

How did he know, and why was he not surprised? These, and like questions, held my thoughts until Tom rushed in, tossing and catching his hat.

"Hey, such times as we have had this morning! Such music! Why—we could draw a full house anywhere! Had a curious game. You start at a certain place, but when you get to the middle you don't know where you were when you started; and when you reach the end, you don't know where you are any way—but it's great fun! I came out somewhat below even Isa. However—are you following me, Fean?"

"Yes, Master Mercury," I said, with the soberness of vivid contrast, "but whither does it lead?"

"To the new leaf I am going to turn over today, my comrade."

"For what reason, Thomas?"

"Oh, I guess I have too much too-muchness, Hat."

"Well, now see here, my old schoolmate, I wouldn't turn over more than one-half of that leaf. Why, I should have to ask who you were. Don't erase your hall-mark. However, if it is anything in the way of a resolution, you could not choose a better day."

"Why today, Fean?"

"I will tell you later. By the way, are you going to Oron's this afternoon?"

"Yes, I reckon so—for a time, at least. Relso wishes to show me a curious contrivance for burning things."

"Burning things?"

"Yes, you know we haven't seen any garbage carts. Well, they have none. They burn all their trash. Big thing!"

"How large, Mr. Selby?"

"H-m," he laughed, "I will tell you later."

"Well, now for luncheon, and then a walk," I said. "I have something to tell you."

But there was no lateness. My heart was too full and my comrade too eager to hear my story. I told him about the old sailor's exaltation.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Well—I wish one of my ancestors had been a person of—mark. How curious! Here is a man who has been under the hammer all his life; and now, though enriched, will become more straightened. Wonderful fulfillment of prophecy."

"What prophecy, my chum?"

"Why—'and the crooked shall be made straight.' Better brush up your Isaiah, dear boy. Don't look at me that way! Be generous—don't count this time. Well—there is no one, not even you, who is more glad than I am. Dear old Hum! He has earned it all, and, by Jove! I guess he has got all there is worth having in life. Let's be off—I want to see him."

As we entered the park we saw Oron and Hum walking in advance of us. Tom dashed ahead. "Dear old comrade," he cried, throwing his arms around our shipmate, "it gives me joy! This is the red-letter day in my life!"

"The crowning one in mine, Tooma," returned Hum.

"Audofa and I have been making plans," said Oron. "He will enter the College to complete his education, and in due time will have his own house. You also will receive instruction at the College; but meantime, I wish you to go with me to many places on our island. We will first visit Bacca, where the observatory and accumulators will interest you."

"Oron, I want to work!" exclaimed Tom. "I wish to do something in return for all the benefits I have received here."

"You owe us nothing, my brother, but your words are gladsome. Work is ennobling; wholesome activity contributes to happiness and well-being. Our people early found that useful labor was a factor in the development of the contentment that has become a national trait. When I say work, I do not mean prolonged, exhausting toil; for that is prejudicial to man's physical and mental condition. Our time is divided equally between rest, labor and refreshment. There are many ways, Tooma, in which you can be useful to us; but you must first see our country and teach us your language."

"Oron, your plan has our approval," I said. "Our lives must flow smoothly when guided by you. This reminds me to ask about your fine water Where does it come from?"

"From numerous springs," he replied. "It is conveyed through stone aqueducts to central reservoirs in each district, and thence distributed, through vitreous lined metal pipes, wherever required."

My inquiry suggested to our host many questions concerning our hydraulic engineering, heating and lighting systems, sanitary measures and the power used in our various industries. He was much interested in my description of our steam engines and turbine wheels.

"The singular wheel is new to us," he said, "but steam-gas was our only power until, about two thousand years ago, our science men succeeded in utilizing the solar energy. Since then we have used no other motive power."

His statement awed me We were with a race who, in our year one, had solved the problem that as yet thwarted our ablest minds.

Noticing my absorption, he asked the cause. I explained to him our ineffectual efforts to control the solar heat.

"I understand," he said thoughtfully; "you get the radiant energy indirectly. But your nations are progressive, Feanka. Some day, the efforts of your scientists will be rewarded, provided the motives which actuate them are noble ones. Otherwise, nature's profound secrets will not be revealed to them."

"With our people," said Tom, "the chief value of an invention, or in fact, of anything else, is what one can get out of it for his personal benefit."

"Is it so, Tooma? I have high regard for the race represented by such worthy sons; but not until they consecrate their energies to the glory of their Creator will He cease to withhold the deeper mysteries. Our Master taught that much should be given to whomsoever did the will of the Father."

"Aye, and from our Christ came the same blessed promise," exclaimed Hum, "but we have not heeded it."

"Loredo would hold further converse with you at the lake, Audofa," said Oron. "I will walk a way with you if Feanka and Tooma do not—"

"By no means," I said, anticipating his apology. "Tooma is going to meet Relso, and I will meditate until you return."

I looked at the two men as they walked away. I could feel the vibrations of love in the Hungarian's breast at the thought that he, the homeless wanderer, the old ironsmith, had been raised to the peerage in a mighty realm; at the consciousness that his affliction was already passing from him. No wonder his face beamed with affection and trust when he looked at his benefactor.

While I mused, a small blue songster watched me. Did it divine my thoughts, that ever and anon its throat swelled with melody? As I gazed at its azure breast, my mind reverted to the dark blue eyes that watched me so earnestly in Huan—to the maiden whose beauty had been so emphasized among her stately sisters.

* * *

When Oron returned, his face shone. "Meditation is the key which unlocks the chamber of mysteries," he said; "the power that lifts us above the clay; the link that connects us with the unseen. It is the road to the divine presence. See, Feanka, one of our little brothers!"

The companion of my solitude had returned and perched on a near-by twig. Oron held out his hand. The tiny creature accepted the invitation and showed pleasure at the closer intimacy.

"A beautiful manifestation," he said, raising it to his cheek.

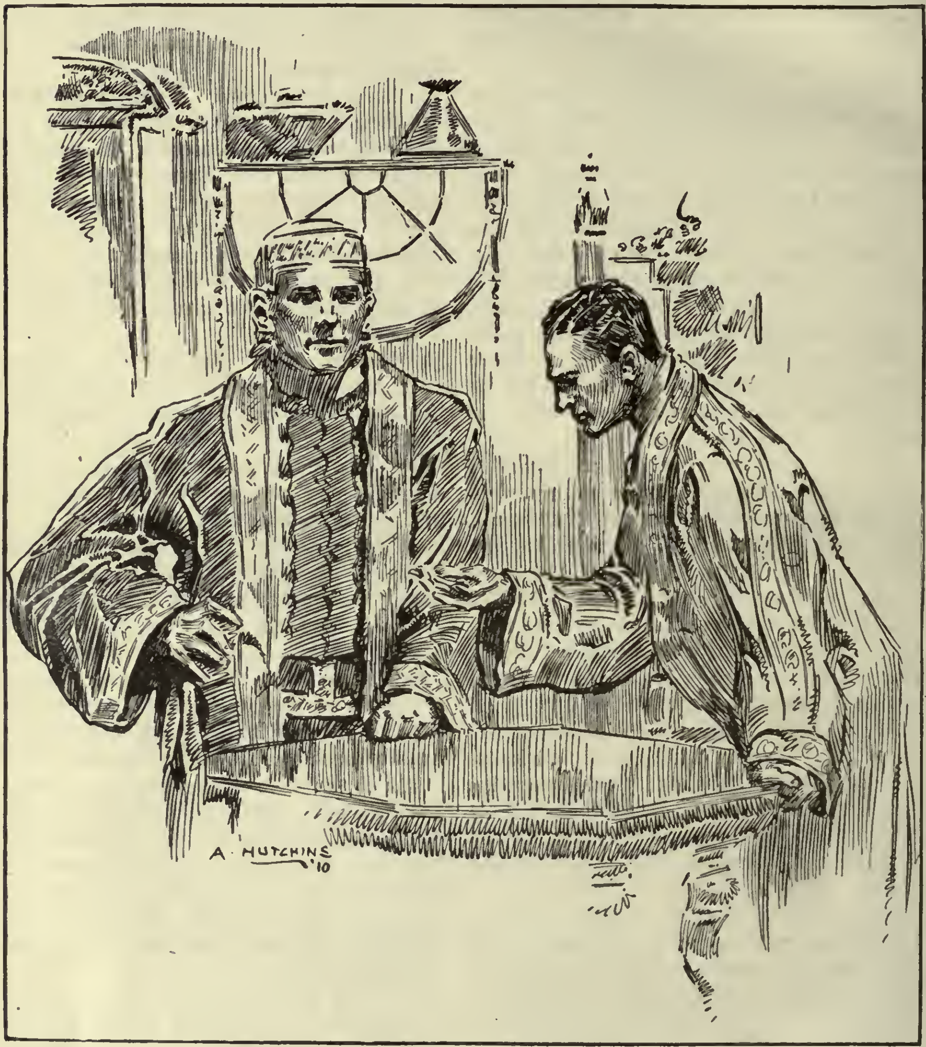
"Yes," I assented. "Its soft eyes recall an equally bright pair in the maiden who attended our addresses in Huan—a strikingly handsome girl with golden hair."

"She is our foster-child, Feanka."

"Your foster-child?"

"It is a strange story," said Oron, "one filled with romance. I told you about the wild adventure of one of our people, but not all. When Termal returned, he brought a small child with him. The way he obtained it we deemed a crime, for which he was debarred progression to the third degree. He claimed that he was seized by an irresistible impulse to take the child, and told us of some peculiar experiences he had. He brought her here—how, I do not know. She grew into graceful womanhood, and developed the noblest qualities She has endeared herself to us all. We are very fond of Fulma."

"Fulma?" I gasped.



There was the name—"Josephine"

"Yes, Feanka—have you heard the name before?"

Then I told him the incident at the fountain, with Oronena.

He looked at me a moment, then seemed lost in thought. Presently, he smiled as he said gently: "My son, when you have progressed further you will understand."

"Does she know her early history?" I asked.

"No. The secret of her infancy has been guarded by our nation. We thought that the knowledge of the tragedy would embitter her life and awaken a dislike for Termal, who, she supposes, is her father, and who loves her the same as his daughter Zenia. Aside from this act, Termal is without reproach. For more than—yes, it was during the third subsidence before you came—twenty-one years, she has been the object of our tenderest care."

"But the absence of the racial mark, Oron?"

"I understand, Feanka. For a long time it was a troublesome subject, one difficult to explain to her. You can readily comprehend what an object of interest this infant was to our science men."

"Was there no mark on her clothing, no clue, whatever, to her history?"

"No. The poor child was nearly naked when she reached here. Termal protected the wee thing, as best he could, by wrapping her in his own garment. The only thing was a little trinket tied to her neck."

"Something tied to her neck, Oron?"

"Yes, a gold ornament on which were marks. It has been in my keeping, as it could not be given to Fulma without explanation. Would you like to see it?"

"I should indeed!"

We went to his house. Opening an ebony cabinet in the library, he placed a small locket in my hand. As I gazed at it, I recalled the story told by Captain Mathers. I turned the jewel. There was the name—"Josephine."

"Oron," I exclaimed, "I know the history of this girl!"

"You know about her, Feanka? Why—what know you? Tell me all."

I repeated the skipper's tale.

"The ways of the Supreme surpass our comprehension," he said, with a far-away look; "they are beyond interrogation. The veil so long round our darling has parted. Her parents, then, were English. She never knew them, poor child! Feanka, I will take you to her; from you she shall learn her history. The time has come when all must be revealed. Why—you are both of the same race; had events been otherwise, you would speak the same tongue! Were it not that tomorrow will be our day of rest and worship, I should urge immediate departure. Then, too, the addresses are to be on the first three evenings of the following week," he added in a tone of regret. "We must wait."

"Shall I not tell my companions at once?" I asked.

"Yes—yet stay awhile"—he waved his hand toward an inviting basket—"partake of this fruit, and tell me that story once more. It is thrilling!"

Eager though I was to share the startling discovery with my comrades, I tarried, enthralled, while Oron—using the tale as a theme—revealed to me who and what the real man is—the being created in the image of his Maker—and explained his individual relation to the human family. A revelation that made me linger until the lengthening shadows bade me depart.

* * *

I was ill-prepared to meet Tom's boisterous mirth. "Draw up to the table," I said to him; "and you, too, Audofa, I have something to tell you."

"Been off on a curio hunt, Fean?"

"No—the curio came to me. Do you remember the girl with the blue eyes, at Huan?"

"Certainly, who wouldn't?"

"Well, who do you think she is?"

"Who? Why, the daughter of some respectable Zoeian; one of whose ancestors, very far back, resembled her."

"That won't fill the bill," I said. "You will have to guess again."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Audofa. "I was of Tooma's mind."

"You are both a long ways off. She is not a Zoeian at all. She is the foster-child of the government."

"The foster-child?" shouted Tom. "Why, a foster-child of this government would have to come from outside."

"Precisely. That's just what happened."

"How is that?" asked Hum.

"See here, old friend, did you ever hear about a child that was orphaned when it was but a few days old, under peculiarly tragical circumstances?"

"Yes; the baby born on the ship 'Melrose,'" he replied, after some thought.

"Why—of—course!" chimed in Tom, his elbows on the table, his chin in his hands. "The little tot who was adopted by the cook, or someone else. They tied a locket to its neck, and took it for a boat ride—and a big man stole it and—"

"Just so, historian. Well—less than three hours ago I held that locket in my hand."

Tom looked at me solicitously. "Hat, you are desperately ill," he said; "you have hallucinations, forerunning convulsions, coma and—"

"Stuff and nonsense," I broke in. "It is true. The locket was brought here by an adventurous Zoeian, who once traveled to a far country."

"So ho!" he exclaimed. "The little kid was the 'burden' Termal brought up the pass."

"Yes, and her name is Fulma. Do you remember her other name, Audofa?"

"It was Josephine."

"Wh-ew!" exclaimed Tom, rising and staring at us. "Fulma and St. John had the same experience."

"In what way, Tooma?"

"Why, you ought to recall it, Audofa; both were carried to a great and high mountain."

"Aye, it is true!" said Hum. "And through much tribulation they entered the kingdom of heaven. So entered we all."

"Jove!" exclaimed Tom, "if I knew her address, I would cable Mrs. Durand."

Hum's slight cough suggested incipient laryngitis.

Chapter XIII

The temple, built of white marble, was heptagonal in form. The entrances were on opposite sides, through broad porches flanked by massive columns of malachite. The whole rose majestically from a colossal foundation of porphyry that rested on a terrace overlaid with fine turf, whose emerald surface was broken by flights of broad steps.

Within, everything was of fine grained, highly polished veined marble. The rows of seats, the fan-shaped platform, the reading-desk were all pure white. This monotone was relieved by the great gold pipes of the organ and the rose-pearl light from the lofty windows.

The auditorium had a capacity of about eight thousand, and nearly every seat was filled. The vast audience of stately men, handsome women and fair youths, robed in spotless white garments that contrasted sharply, but charmingly, with the hue of health, the dark eyes and the auburn hair of the wearers, made an imposing spectacle.

The services were characterized by the delightful simplicity and fervent devotion of this exalted people. All stood while the divine blessing was silently invoked. Then, Oron, with engaging presence and cadenced voice, read numerous passages from the sayings of their Master; dwelling upon each as if inspired. I detected a striking similarity between the utterances of Kesua and Jesus; but they seemed to possess an indefinable quality, not to be found in the records of our Lord's words. No wonder, I thought, the schismatic hand had never fouled the fair page.

The music was of the finest. The organ, immense in size, volume and variety of tone, with wide range and ravishing combinations, was ably supported by the orchestra. The Zoeians were enthusiastic lovers of rich harmonies. Their well-attuned voices rose in thrilling crescendos, as they chanted the words of their Master.

I looked at the Hungarian, as he stood by me with uplifted, radiant face—heart and voice engaged in songs of praise. This, too, among his own people. The seed of covetousness vibrated for an instant within my breast. I trampled on it.

Not so with my handsome comrade. At the moment, he was lost to all but the fine contribution which he, with Tesia and Isa, made to the service. I fancied that pleasing anticipations might be gently stimulating him, for we were to dine (or "partake") at Oron's—a place dear to Tom—where the Oronena and her daughters wove into their generous hospitality many captivating tones.

In the last song, a voice rang clear and high, as an impassioned face shone, in strong contrast, between the shoulders of two fair Zoeians. It was Moto's.

Our ride to Bacca was through a succession of alluring spots. Evidently, this government was like a good father, whose life and energies are devoted to the welfare of his children.

We learned much from Oron that morning. He told us that the temple at Hokenda was but one of many, similar in design and finish, whose combined capacity equaled their population. To me, intense interest attached to the fact that the worship in every temple was exactly at the same hour. I reflected upon the strength of the vibration that went forth from this high altar. Had it not a regenerating influence elsewhere?

He further told us of their four annual festivals, held respectively, at the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, the summer and winter solstices; and known as the festival of "invocation," "recognition," "the manifestation," and "the visitation." These were held in the various cities. To meet the requirements of so large a number of non-residents, restafas were established, where guests had every home comfort and attention —a fact patent to us.

"We are nearing Fulma's home," said Oron. He drew from his robe two small cases and placed them in our hands. "You will find them useful," he said.

Moto suddenly turned from his window. "See, great light!" he exclaimed.

"The reflection from the accumulators," explained Oron.

During an animated exchange of views between Tom and Moto, I asked Oron when I should tell Fulma her history.

"Whenever you deem it wise to do so," he replied. "I have entire confidence in your judgment and discretion."

The simple genuineness of this folk was exhibited in the way Peroma, first governor of the district, and Beoteen, director of the observatory, received the nation's chief. Welcoming smiles, a few words of friendship, a warm clasp of hands—nothing more. They understood and trusted and loved one another with a love from which all self-love had been filtered. Yet the comparative worth of such an affection was, as Hum had said, "as little known to them as to the trusting child."

Then Peroma turned to us, and we knew at once, no kin brother could be closer. No need for the assurance of welcome; the earnest solicitude for our welfare; the expressed hope that our sojourn would be long; the cordial offer of domestic hospitality. We knew it all before; but the words, as they fell from the tall Zoeian's lips, were pleasant to the ear, and lingered as sweet memories after we reached the restafa.

Tom stood at an open window gazing at the dome of the observatory. He turned with the suddenness inspired by a new thought.

"Frank," he said, "when you look at Oron, Soratiya, Loredo, and our friends here, it is difficult to realize that neither of them is worth a cent. Why, they couldn't buy a postage stamp. Singular thought! I can't get used to it. The common question 'how much is he worth,' can't be asked here."

"On the other hand, my boy, I think the question would be pertinent," I said. "They are rich in their grand personalities, their profound wisdom, and their unselfish devotion to the commonwealth. These are possessions that do not require safes and vaults."

"True enough," he assented, turning to the bountiful repast just served by a man-in-gray; "these men radiate light, warmth and love. And grand Oron—how thoughtful to give us the timepieces. Well, I have a fierce appetite, and here are lots of good things."

I sat in an easy chair lost in thought, of the past, the present, and—the possible future. My comrade was sampling.

"Move up," he cried, "things are moving down. Why so pensive? Dreading the interview? Do you know, Fean, I have an impression that the lost lamb will interest you more than the ninety-and-nine others?"

"To whom do you refer?" I asked.

"To whom? Why, to Fulma, of course."

"That name is associated with sad thoughts, Tom."

"Sad thoughts! Jove—they will lose their gloom fast enough, or I am no prophet. By the way, when did Oron say he would come for us?"

"About the fourteenth hour."

"Well, you can rest assured he will be on time. Here, brace up! Warm up a bit! Fortify! Smile, man! Now, stow that away —it will be good ballast. I saved it for you." He pointed to a savory dish still smoking. "I am on my last course. These purple grapes and fresh figs fit as though made to order. Hey, get intimate with this glass of wine, eyes first, then—good boy! Well, I shouldn't mind a cigarette."

"What?"

"The truth, Fean. Old Adam gives me a wink now and then."

"Look out for the Eves, my chum."

"The eves? Pshaw! I shouldn't mind getting drenched today."

* * *

Punctuality was a Zoeian trait. Oron conducted us to one of those rare houses that radiate hospitality at every angle. It stood in a large garden full of cosy nooks, fragrance and color. As we walked up the broad path, a young girl of some twenty summers, with dark eyes, darker auburn hair, and ripe lips just parting with an exclamation of delight, came bounding toward us:

"Oh, dear Oron!"

"Ah, Zenia, my daughter," he exclaimed, passing his arm around the bonny Zoeian, "*wohares* (how fares it with thee)? Zenia, you have heard of our brothers, Feanka and Tooma? I bring them to you."

Two small, shapely, jeweled hands went out to us—her face glowing with friendliness. "Oh, yes, I feel as though I knew them both," she replied. "Fulma talks about them constantly. Oh, I am so glad you have come! Why," she exclaimed, looking at Tom, "you are as tall as I am! I thought—"

"What did you think?" he laughed, coloring slightly. "Did you fancy we were nice little boys?"

"Oh, no no," she denied, blushing in turn, "but Fulma said you were mentally tall."

Oron evidently enjoyed this banter. "Zenia, you must remember we are a tall race," he said. "We did not realize it until—er—some time ago. You are an exception—you are but little taller than Fulma. Is Termal at home?"

"Not yet, dear Oron. Some work at the observatory has detained him. Oh, let us find Fulma!"

Entering the front door, we looked through the hall to a vine-clad piazza, thence out upon a maze of shrubbery and flower beds. A broad walk bordered by roses led to a pavilion covered with clematis.

"Wait," Zenia whispered, "let's surprise her."

She ran upstairs, but at once returned. "She must be gathering flowers," she said. "Oh, we must find her!"

We stood on the steps, while she ran down the walk, calling in a fine contralto, "Ful—ma!"

Tom grasped my arm, his face ashen. "My God!" he exclaimed in English. "Look!"

In the entrance to the bower stood a beautiful woman clad in a rich oriental costume, holding in her right hand an antique vase of flowers—the vision of the Mohegan.

My knees relaxed slightly—I put out my hand.

"Something startled you, brothers?" Oron asked, surprised.

"Yes—we were slightly startled," I admitted. "Nothing serious, however; some other time I will tell you what it was."

Meantime, Zenia and Fulma were coming up the walk. I looked at Fulma—a slight, graceful woman, her well-poised head crowned with rippling golden hair, her face wondrous fair, her color clear, and soft as the petals of a June rose, and unseen depths in her dark-blue eyes that beamed with wonder and kindliness as she drew near.

"Dearest Oron!" Her eyes spoke the further welcome.

"My child," said Oron, "here are Feanka and Tooma, whom you have seen. I bring them that you may know them. Zenia, my daughter," he said, glancing at my comrade, "a glass of wine might be well just now."

Fulma transferred the vase to her other hand—the "subtle fragrance" as before. My eyes dimmed for an instant—then met the flash of a rare jewel as I received her warm, fair hand in mine.

"Feanka, since those charming nights in Huan, I have longed to hear again those thrilling tales. I wish—oh, so much—to know all about your country and your people. And Tooma," she said, turning to him with no less cordiality, "did you not notice how I enjoyed your crayon work?"

"Ye—yes—you were the one who—er—smiled when I drew the—the big guns."

"So I did," she said, "and I want to see more of those pictures. Will you draw them for me?"

Tom stared at her in a dazed, vague way. "To be sure, I will," he said. "Why, of course! I will make one of—"

His eye rested on a vision of beauty—a lithe, queenly girl with dark, laughing eyes, a mass of wavy auburn hair enframing small regular features, and a well-rounded form from which fell, in soft folds, a gown of creamy white; in her hand, a fragile glass of sparkling wine.

"Only one, daughter?" asked Oron quizzically.

"Pardon me," she blushed. "Why—how thoughtless!"

"Ex-treme-ly thoughtful," asserted Tom, as he watched the pleasing picture disappear through the doorway.

Oron appeared amused. A deep voice sounded in the hall.

"Ah, dear one, is it possible? We are highly honored."

"Yes, Padu, they are on the porch."

A man—somewhat less in stature than the average Zoeian, of muscular build, with broad shoulders, a countenance indicative of firmness and decision, and eyes like Zenia's, but more restless—rushed forward.

"Here they are, Termal!" exclaimed Oron. "You have them now."

"Happy day, my brothers!" he said with warmth. "As often as I have had opportunity, I have seen and heard you; but to have you in my house, and take by the hand the men who passed through that abode of blackness and terror, is an honor indeed."

"It is mutual," I said.

A momentary shade of sadness crossed the strong features. Oron consulted the time dial.

"We are quite ready," I said, rising.

"No, no," objected Termal, "all must partake with us on this joyful occasion. Zenia, Fulma, my loved ones, join in urging them to remain."

Tom's face signified entire willingness.

"Nay, Termal," said Oron, "I must keep my appointment with Peroma; but," he added archly, "I think Feanka and Tooma will not object. I shall walk. Go with me a little way, Termal. *Subaketa yune*, dear ones!"

Zenia bent forward with parted lips—one hand outstretched to Fulma—until the departing figures were lost to sight. Then, turning, she cried gayly:

"Now for flower garlands!"

"Flower garlands by all means," assented Tom, humming fragments of a ballad, as he joined our fair leader.

"Tooma has a fine voice," said Fulma, "but he sang not in Zoeian."

"No, it was an English song," I explained.

"Do you and Tooma speak English?" she asked.

"Certainly, it is our native tongue. Do you like it?"

"Yes, it impresses me something like the perfume of a flower one has not seen for years. But tell me, Feanka, why did Tooma become so pale?"

I gazed into dark, inquiring eyes, and hesitated. The question was so definite, the reply so difficult. I answered evasively. "H-m—I—I don't quite know. Perhaps he, too, had an impression."

Conscious that my reply was not satisfactory, I added: "Sometime, a long time hence, I will try to explain."

We joined the gay couple loaded with flowers.

"Tooma, sing that song again, while Fulma and I weave the garlands," pleaded Zenia. "I like the sound of it."

Tom complied warmly, and at greater length.

"It is just dear," said Zenia. "There are four words that sound exactly alike. What are they, Tooma?"

"Well, they are English, you know. I can't readily get them into Zoeian. Perhaps I can—when I know your language better."

"Then hurry and learn it, Tooma. I will help you."

"Because you want to know those words?"

"It may be," she replied, as her hands paused in their work, and a thoughtful expression stole into the eyes that presently glanced up slyly. "Oh, we shall have fine music tonight!" she went on. "Fulma sings charmingly, and you, too, Feanka; you sing, of course, and Padu will play, and—oh, it will all be so nice!" The jeweled hand emphasized her enthusiasm.

"So your father is a musician," I said.

"Yes, Feanka, he is the leader of our orchestra. Oh, why not sit on the turf?" she exclaimed, gathering up the flowers and dropping on the sunlit sward; "it's much nicer than those seats. Tooma, come and hold my garlands. Fulma, let Feanka hold yours. There—but Tooma, see—it is not easy to reach you."

My comrade adjusted himself without audible remonstrance.

It was a fair picture—auburn and gold, emerald and deep brown, kissed by the declining sun. I looked at my fair co-worker, as her delicate fingers arranged the blossoms. She was ravishingly attractive. She had been pensively silent for awhile. In fact, the voluble Zenia left but few vacancies. "Would you care to learn my language?" I asked.

"Yes—more than I can express," she smiled.

"Then I will try," I said.

"Thank you, Feanka. With you, to try is to succeed."

Tom had been silent for a few seconds. He suddenly—inadvertently, I hoped—lapsed into English: "By Jove, Fean," he exclaimed, "we are about as well paired as the lawn!"

The girls glanced up in a way to impress me that some apology was due them. "Tooma was oiling his English," I tried to explain. "He fears it might become rusty, I presume."

"Were you, Tooma?" asked Zenia.

He nodded assent.

"Do the English have to be oiled?" she pursued.

"The English? Why, yes, Zenia, occasionally. Americans, too, and all other people I have ever heard of, except the Zoeians."

"Why? Because they become rusty?"

"No, it is because they are so bright and sharp. It's this way, Zenia—but you can't understand—if there is a big something or other they want, or wish to make go, with lots of—of boodle in it. There, I knew you couldn't understand—you have no such word as 'boodle,' I suppose—no use for—"

"Yes, we have, Tooma. The same word."

"Say it!"

"'*Buedaal*' (resignation)."

Tom exploded. Fulma watched, with some anxiety, I thought, the contortions of my face.

"Oh, pardon me, please," cried Tom. "The misfit was so ludicrous. Pshaw! What is the use trying to explain something way over your—I mean, far below your feet."

"Please—please go on, Tooma. I like to hear you."

"Like to hear me? Doesn't it make any difference what I say?"

"It is all lovely, Tooma. Perfectly charming!"

"Scott!"

"What did you say?"

"Nothing, Zenia."

"Oh, but you did. You asked something."

"No, no. I was thinking about a great American."

"As great as dear Oron?"

"Well—scarcely. Hold still, while I catch the butterfly on your hair."

"Don't touch it," entreated Fulma. "You will injure its wings."

"Why—our people catch them and pin—put them into a glass case. Don't you?"

"Oh, no. Why, they are only beautiful in their free, joyous life. Feanka, I am sure you think so."

"Yes, I do," I heartily agreed. "I thank you for the new thought."

She made no attempt to conceal her pleasure at my words.

"But you pick flowers," argued Tom, "and they are living things."

"That is true," admitted Fulma, "but they are not endowed."

"Endowed?"

"I do not think I can explain, Tooma," she laughed. "You must ask dear Oron, or Loredo, or the Madu Rea."

"There goes a bee," cried Tom. "I wonder there is not a swarm of them here."

The delightful little personality by my side seemed surprised.

"Bees go where there are living flowers," she said, "where there is honey."

Tom looked at each of our companions "Precisely!" he said.

"Zenia, dearest," said Fulma, rising, "we must give thought to more solid things for awhile."

"Going?" exclaimed Tom. "Then we will have a procession; someone must lead. She must be crowned! Who shall it be?"

"Oh, Fulma, of course!" exclaimed Zenia. "And Feanka must place the garland. Here is a lovely one."

I placed it on the sunny head. "Fulma," I said, "I crown thee mistress of our hearts!"

My comrade looked at the dainty, radiant maidens—at the fragrant garlands on the emerald turf, over all "the summer heaven's delicious blue." "Fean," he whispered, "I feel like building a tabernacle."

* * *

I knew by Termal's pressure on my arm that Oron had told him. Then, too, the shadow on his face had deepened; the little sprites that were wont to dance in his eyes like motes in the sunbeam, had fled, but naught of his cordiality. He had, he said, selected some articles he thought would interest us, and as he spoke, he came between us and laid his strong, reliant hands on our shoulders.

"I like," he reiterated, "to touch the men who braved the perils, the lurking deaths of that hitherto unexplored pass."

My heart warmed to him. "We could not have done it but for Audofa," I said.

"Perhaps not," he said. "Audofa! One of us! I long to meet him."

"You will have much in common," said Tom.

His hands slipped away He turned to his collection. "It may be," he said, a tinge of sadness in his smile. "Yes, it may be. Here are some fine sun-pictures of our country." He had opened a portfolio.

"Why, they are colored," I said. "Someone must be dextrous with the brush."

"They are taken direct from nature," he said.

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed. "They are marvelous! Our scientists have been trying for years to do this."

He appeared much surprised at my statements, declaring that by their method it was a simple process. He then showed us, through an instrument resembling our stereoscope but more complex, an azalea in full bloom. The effect was startling "This is specially fine," he said, carefully adjusting an object. While we looked, a gorgeous parrot flew away. Even the swaying of the bough was visible.

Tom gasped. "The bird has stolen my breath," he said.

Termal took from his mineral cabinet, a very large nugget of gold. "A fine specimen of '*ol*,'" he remarked, placing it on the table.

"Why, it's gold!" cried Tom. "This piece is worth lots!"

"It is a pure and useful metal, Tooma. We use it in many ways"

"Why, Termal, it is gold!" persisted Tom. "'Useful metal,' well, I should say so! For what do you use it?"

"Oh, for the metal pipes in our organs," said our host; "parts of our optical instruments; and in the manufacture of our timepieces, table articles and jewelry. Its chief value is its purity and resistance to oxidation."

"Yes, it is pure," said Tom. "All the same, it can so corrode men and women that they bear no resemblance to their Maker."

"I do not understand that, Tooma," said our host, rising. "We are coming, my daughter," he answered to a soft call. "Let us go, brothers. My girls have something better for you."

He led us to a room filled with evidences of feminine taste and woman's dexterity. The two factors that, at times, combine in a way to be recalled with all their original brightness; with all their former associations, after long years have passed; now by a flower, now by a fabric, a picture, or some deftly arranged drapery; recalled until the heart thrills with the memories—momentarily, it may be—for the resurrected image does not always bring happiness. Sometimes it speaks too audibly of what might have been.

The wreaths encircling five plates on the round table, indicated that the order of succession from Termal's right, would be as follows: Fulma, Tom, Zenia and myself. The group had been wisely arranged.

Tom's eyes wandered from the superb plate to the wall, as in search of a "time-lock," or some humbler guardian of treasure.

"I trust that good appetite awaits our repast," said Termal, turning to my comrade.

"Mine will readily embrace these good things, my host," said Tom, "but it is curious how one is at times sustained and stimulated by other things than food."

"Our fine air and water, perhaps," suggested Termal.

Tom's eyes sparkled with mischief "They doubtless are generous contributors," he said, "but there are other up—uplifting influences."

"Quite right," assented Termal. "We are an uplifted people."

"True," agreed Tom, "you certainly have been well raised."

"When shall we see that wonderful man, Audofa?" asked Fulma. "To think that he is of our race!"

Tom glanced at me with a smile that faded before my mute admonition.

"A noble addition to our number he is," said Termal. "The four old travelers must meet under this roof. We must have a sun-picture of that group."

"Padu, the black boy, Motoo, should be in the picture," said Fulma. "Do you not think so, Tooma?"

"Yes, by all means! That is, if your Padu doesn't object to a dark background."

"Not at all," said Termal. "It often heightens the effect. The boy appeared very bright, when I saw him at Hokenda. Does he attend you well, Feanka?"

"Admirably! I have but little for him to do; not as much as would be to his advantage."

"Padu, why not take him into the observatory?" asked Fulma.

"The idea is a good one, my daughter. He can assist me in many ways, if Feanka is willing."

"An excellent arrangement," I approved. "Moto is intelligent and quick of perception. He will do well."

Then Termal talked about the observatory and described their wonderful instruments and what they revealed, until I exclaimed with enthusiasm—much to Fulma's delight, I thought—"Termal, I can hardly await the opportunity to see these things."

"I will arrange with Beoteen for an evening," he said.

Meanwhile, Tom had picked the seeds from his orange and arranged them on his plate. Zenia had watched him with interest, which would have been deeper, I thought, but for her enforced silence. Tom had cautioned against talking during his calculation.

"Now count them," he said. "You must not count aloud."

She bent forward, her head dangerously close to the seedsman.

"Now, count them backward so as to be sure of the number," he directed. "Don't hurry. All right—now we will see how many seeds there are in your orange. There should be the same number."

Again, propinquity was the dominant reason for retarding the investigation. "H-m," he said, "there seems to be one seed lacking."

"Here it is," she exclaimed. The gold nut-pick had invaded its privacy. "Well, now," she said, sitting erect, "what is it all about?"

"Oh, it's a little game."

"A game, Tooma? I should call it a puzzle. One about as easy to see through," she laughed, "as you are."

"Good!" I cried. "He has met his match."

"Am I a match, Tooma?"

"Well—you—er—are striking," he said. "I can tell you better when I become fluent in Zoeian."

"Oh, you speak it remarkably well," she said, a tinge of mischief lurking in her dark eyes; "but I can make you more proficient."

"Now for songs and music!" exclaimed Fulma, rising. "Feanka, do you know Tooma's little game?" she asked.

"Why—ye—yes, I think I do."

"Is it so very difficult?"

She stood in the twilight glow. "That depends," I answered.

Fulma seated herself at, well—it certainly was a piano, but so different from ours in construction and tone, that I at once realized how much our famous makers had yet to learn. Fulma's voice was a fine soprano; Zenia's a soft contralto; Tom's a rich baritone; and—as the reader has been told—my own a tenor of which I once was proud. And Termal? Ah, he was a master who could play exquisite obligatos on his *vilo* (violin).

"It was glorious!" he exclaimed, at the close of the third number. "We must repeat this often."

Presently, Zenia selected a song for three voices. "That is one of the best," said Termal, glancing at it. "Feanka and I will go outside and listen."

I followed him to the porch and thence to a small bower a few rods distant.

His words were few, his voice tremulous, as he drew close to me.

"Feanka," he said, "you know all."

"Yes, Termal—and you?"

"Yes, Oron has told me. Yet, my brother, you do not know all. You know nothing of the years of torture I have endured from remorse for my unholy act. It has gnawed at my heart until at times it has seemed past endurance. Just retribution has been visited on me. My beloved wife was taken from me. She never recovered from the shock of my deed. Thanks to the Father, Zenia escaped the shadow of a pre-natal influence. I have endeavored to expiate my wrong-doing by tender care for the child I—brought here. I have lavished on her a parent's love, and she has given me a daughter's affection. And now—"

The strong man buried his face in his hands and moaned.

"Termal," I said, laying my hand on him, "do not give way to these self-accusations.

Can you not realize that you raised the little orphaned waif, from a possible, a probable death, to a glorious life?"

"There is great comfort in that thought," he said. "It is a ray of sunlight athwart a black cloud. But Fulma, when she knows all—and know she must, for Oron's word is my law—what will she think of me? When she knows my wickedness, my deceit, how will she regard me? What shall I be to her whom I so love? Truly, my punishment is greater than I can bear."

His broken voice was piteous to hear.

"You have my sympathy in this dark hour," I said. "I regret the poverty of my words. Try to believe that you were chosen to work out the divine will."

"Aye—it may be," he said, his hand on mine. "Say those words again. They are warm wavelets of hope. Feanka, my fellow-traveler, I now have some reason to think your words may be true. Well—do not delay the recital. I cannot longer endure the terrible uncertainty."

A wave of harmony vibrated through the rose-scented air. "Listen," I said, pressing his arm, "it is Fulma's voice. It speaks to you in words of consolation."

"Ah, yes—so it does—so it does. Oh, my brother," he grasped my arm, "you know not how I love that child!"

"How long you were gone!" said Fulma, as we entered the music-room. "We have needed you."

Needed by her. "We were with you in spirit," I said; "your voice came to us as a benison."

Robed in loveliness, her hand resting on the manual, she stood by the instrument beneath the soft light that seemed to come from nowhere.

"Those are sweet words," she said.

Chapter XIV

The poet has said:

> 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
> Our coming and look brighter as we come.

So thought Tom and I when, with Moto, we drew near to "Bestofall"—as my comrade had aptly named Termal's domain—for through a screen of fragrant honeysuckle there came to us gladsome, welcoming words, and the next moment we were exchanging merry greetings with our fair friends.

"It is nice of you to come so early," said Zenia. "Padu is to meet us at the observatory. Then we will go to the accumulators and other places—and then come back and have fruit and wine and sing songs! Oh, we will have such a good time! Who wants a white rose?"

"I," cried Tom.

"It is yours if you catch me," she said, rushing down the garden walk with Tom in hot pursuit. They returned slowly and in great glee. The lapel of Tom's robe announced victory. Moto's feet recalled the dance of his people.

"You need not race for a rose, Feanka," said Fulma. "Here is a beauty for you. Now, let me fasten it in place. Oh, but I can't unless you stand steady."

Why was the caution necessary, I asked myself.

"Come on, Tooma!" shouted Zenia. "We will be the guides. We shall not have dear Oron this morning, because so many want to talk with him. I am sorry on your account."

Termal smiled at the irrepressible vivacity of his daughter, but sobered as his eyes rested on Fulma and me. I surmised his thoughts.

"Why, Padu," said Fulma, "you are not merry like the morning."

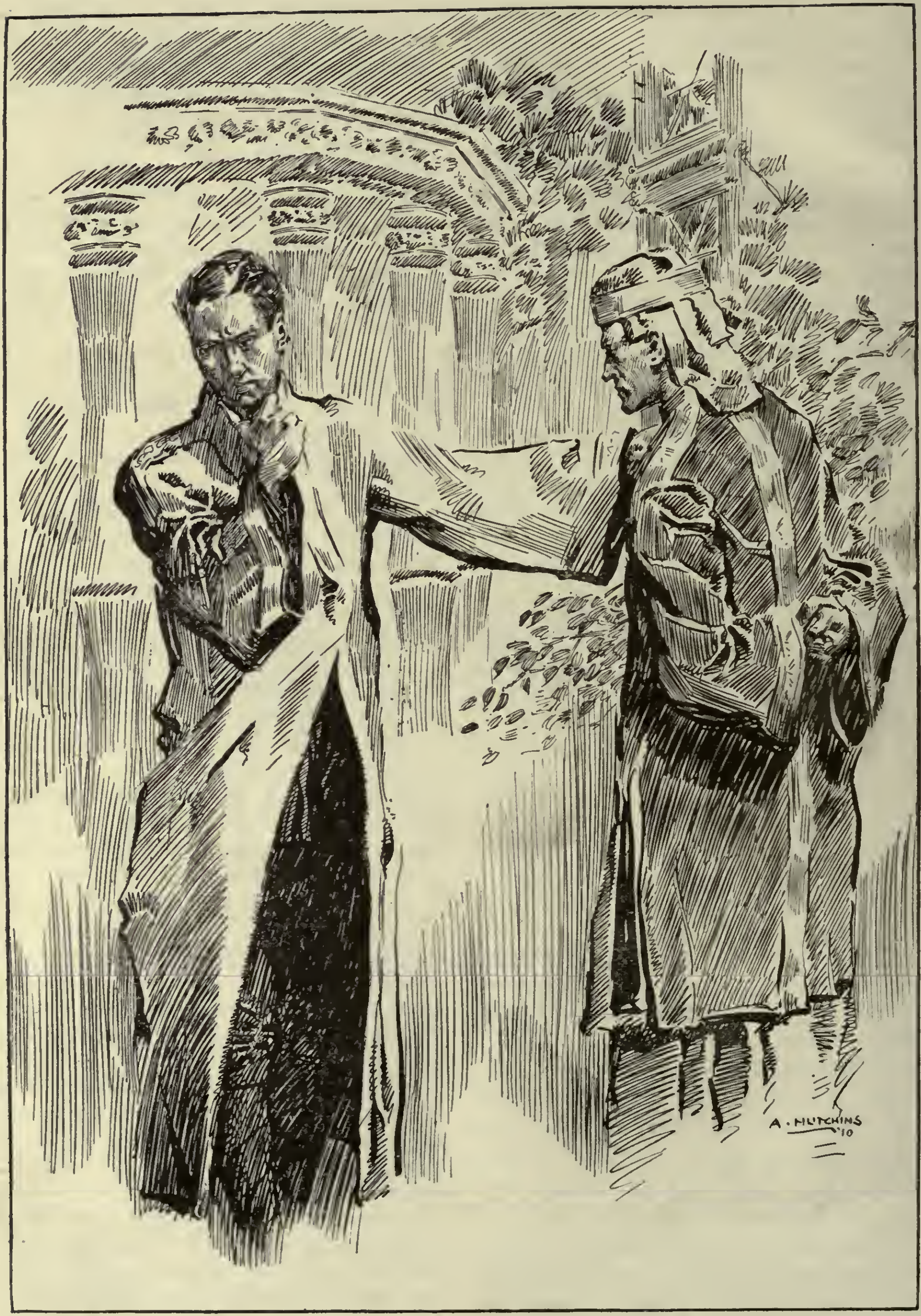
"A little cloud, perhaps, dear one," he said, "that has no business to appear when you are present. And here is Motoo. Do you care to come with me for awhile, my boy?"

"Oh, yes, Master Termal."

"Say not master, my boy. I am only your friend and teacher. Well, let us go."

The accumulator house was principally characterized by its three prodigious domes. The building—of stone, and about sixty feet in height—was located due east and west. As you passed to the second and third floors you were confronted by a maze of immense copper sheets arranged in groups on either side of long isles, huge tanks, receivers, condensers, great silver-plated disks—both convex and concave—pipes and rods; all as complicated in structure as in their grouping. On the third floor Termal paused. "We can remain in the upper room but a moment," he said; "you are not accustomed to the heat of the chamber."

He was right. There was a sensation of intense light and heat that forbade a longer


A. HUTCHINS '10

His broken voice was piteous to hear

sojourn. I glanced at the domes. They were formed of gigantic lenses beneath which, at varying distances, were disks of gold supported on copper rods, that passed through the floor and made connection with the apparatus below.

Once more on the ground floor, Termal led us to an adjoining room, the "chamber of distribution and control," he said. On one side was a mass of silver arrows, on graduated disks, arranged in groups of three.

"Each group," explained our guide, "represents light, heat and power. There are as many groups as districts on our island. From each district the agents are redistributed where required. And this," he continued, in another apartment, "is the chamber of harmony. Here the solar power is harmonized to the car-ways, factories, and all other motors; also to the *kanjoots* and all devices for heating and lighting. In that recess," he pointed, "is the division which regulates all timepieces and controls the movement of the instruments in the observatory."

"But won't it ever give out?" asked Tom.

"I do not know," Termal replied. "It has not faltered during two thousand years."

"Great Scott!"

Tom's open mouth engaged Zenia's attention.

A slight pressure on my arm caused me to look into two inquiring eyes. "Feanka," asked the owner, "do these things interest you?"

"Greatly," I answered.

The smile that played round Fulma's faultless lips spoke of a doubt removed.

"Oh, why go anywhere else this morning?" pleaded Zenia. "I want to sing songs."

"Capital idea!" approved Tom.

"You cannot do better," agreed Termal. "There is plenty of time for the other places. Return by way of the park and the ravine. Motoo, my boy, now for a lesson."

His eyes lingered on Fulma as we parted. He was sure that before he saw her again, she would know her history.

The ramble through the park was charming, but Tom and Zenia were more attracted to their songs than to the floral beauties.

"It is so lovely here," said Fulma, "I wish they would not hurry away."

We were at a little bower nestled among fragrant vines on a green hillside.

"Why not tarry awhile in this attractive spot?" I asked.

She hesitated. "I will," she said, "if you will tell me one of those wonderful stories."

The hour had struck! I wavered an instant. Why should I change the current of this fair life? Oron had so directed.

"Well, Fulma," I said, "I will tell you a strange story. Let us make ourselves comfortable. It is a long one."

"I am glad it is long," she said, nestling in a corner of the bower.

"It is a tale of the sea," I said. "A story of a man and his wife and their little child who were in a ship on a great ocean. Audofa told you about ships and oceans you—"

"Yes, and Padu, too," she interposed.

"Ah, did he? Well, this man and his wife were very fond of each other," I went on.

"Why, Feanka, are not all married people fond of each other?"

"Well, not all, I am sorry to say. If you were married, would you love your husband, little woman?"

"Why, of course I should. I would love him better than—"

"Better than Padu or Zenia or Oron?"

"Yes, Feanka, I would love the man I chose next to Kesua, my Master. Please go on."

Then I told her the entire story as I heard it from Captain Mathers. While I was talking, her expressive eyes often overflowed and the small hands trembled in her lap.

"And you heard this wonderful story?" she asked.

"Yes, Fulma, the mate of that ship—afterwards captain of the one on which we came to Africa—told me, himself."

"Why, Feanka! And no one knew what became of the little girl?"

"Not for many years," I answered with hesitancy. "That is the most remarkable part of the story."

"Oh, tell me," she exclaimed eagerly, drawing nearer.

"The man carried the child hundreds of miles through perils and hardships and finally took her to a great and good people, far away, among whom she grew to be a beautiful woman loved by every one."

"And the bad man?"

"He wasn't a bad man at heart," I said. "He always claimed that he was impelled to do as he did, by some strange force. He adopted the waif as his daughter, and has cared for her lovingly."

The slender hand toyed with the vines and, now and then, sought to conceal a falling tear. "Do you suppose she is living today?" she finally asked.

"Yes—I think she is."

She sat silent and pensive. A ray of sunlight stole into the bower and caressed her. She had never before appeared so bewitchingly beautiful.

"But the captain could not have told you the last part of the story," she suddenly exclaimed. "Who did?"

I rose, and going to the entrance of the bower, gazed at the far-away blue horizon. I was at the threshold—I must cross it.

"You did not answer me, Feanka."

"No, Fulma, I did not. Come out into the glorious sunlight," I said, extending my hand. "Come, sit on this soft carpet, and I will tell you."

She rose and went with me. "Now tell me," she urged. "Why do you hesitate?"

I passed my finger within my collar. Loose as it was, it seemed to strangle me. I strove against my weakness. "Fulma, my dear," I gasped, "it was—Oron."

"Oron!" she repeated, as her brow knit, "not our Oron?"

"Yes, Fulma, our Oron."

"Why, how could he know?" she asked.

"Why should he not? The little child was brought here."

"Brought here? To Zoeia? To Bacca? Why—it is within my life. How strange I never heard of it. How—"

The glow on her face gave place to a pallor that alarmed me.

"Why—why," she cried, an expression of terror in her eyes, "beside you and your companions, there was but one—oh, no, no—it cannot be! My dear, kind, loving Padu. He could not—he did not do it! It is impossible!"

I took the trembling hand that went out to me in her agony.

"Try to control your emotions, my sister," I implored. "Do not give way to them. Of what avail now?"

"You are right, my brother," she said, drying her eyes. "Quite right. I was powerless beneath the terrible blow. But where is this child? This woman, she must be now? Do you know, Feanka?"

"Yes—I—know."

"Then tell me at once," she cried, her eyes gleaming with intense excitement. "Where is she? Speak!"

"Be calm," I said, "and I will tell you. She is sitting on a green hillside—her hand rests in mine."

"I?" she cried, springing up. "It is incredible! Why—if it were true, I would be Josephine Jerome!"

"You are."

She stood in front of me, her hands pressed against her temples, gazing at the cloud billows floating far away. She seemed as though seeking to weave, again, the frayed threads of the past.

"All is explained," she said, turning to me. "My strange impressions, my haunting dreams, the mystery of the racial mark. Now, I know all!"

"Not quite all," I said. "Come, sit by me again; I have something to show you."

She came without remonstrance, as before.

"This was on your baby neck," I said, putting the locket in her hand. "There is your name, in English."

The moment was sacred. I rested on my elbow and watched the shadow creep up the slope. . . . Watched and waited—until Fulma spoke.

"Feanka," she said, "your language is mine by inheritance. Your people are my people."

I rose and laid my hand upon the rippling waves of gold.

"Yes, Fulma; and your God is my God."

Her expression was one of ineffable tenderness, as her eyes met mine.

"Let us go at once," she said. "I must be alone with my Master."

We parted at the Clematis Bower. I lingered there awhile, thinking of Fulma, of Termal, of myself, of the words—"the man I chose"—so artlessly spoken by her who already had found lodgment in my heart. Mrs. Durand's prediction had been fulfilled. Fulma had not chosen. Whom would she choose? I realized how fraught with happiness or misery, for me, might be her choice.

Tom's and Zenia's voices, in pleasing rhythm, told me how little the merry pair in the music room were conscious of the drama on the hillside. And a sadness possessed my soul, which deepened as Termal met me at the door. His face, usually so joyous, had settled into sharp lines. To his one anxious question I nodded reply and passed on to the front portico, seeking warmth and consolation in the waves of melody and light-heartedness that flowed from the joyous musicians. A soft breeze, fresh from dalliance with the roses and frolics with no sweeter but coyer blossoms, fanned my face. Ever and anon, a fragment of song, a merry laugh, a blithesome word, came to me recurrently, while a gay warbler swinging in the sunbeam carolled cheerily. Singing—and swinging—swinging—and singing—

I watched the plumed beauty until my senses yielded. . . .

A touch on my arm—the flash of a jewel—and out of the domain of shadows, I met Fulma's reassuring smile.

"Ha, I have been far away," I said. "Where—er—is Tooma? Oh—wh—where is—"

"Padu, dear?" she assisted.

Then I knew that her Master had shown her the right way.

* * *

Termal grasped my hand. "The night has fled," he said; "my burden has fallen—I am as one born again. Now for Oron. Ask Audofa to come today. We must all rejoice!"

I called Audofa at the College. He gladly consented to come. As I left the library I again encountered Fulma. She was clad in pure white. Her face glowed. "I have told Zenia," she said. "Both she and Padu will always be the same to me. You have been tender and considerate, Feanka."

"Thank you, dear. How could I be otherwise? Indeed, how could any one?"

She gave me her hand. The jewel's light engaged my attention. "It was this," I said, touching the stone, "that dazzled me me when your hand called me back. It is a superb diamond. In my country it would be worth a great deal."

"It has great value here," she said, pressing it to her lips, "for it represents the Subagino in our Master, Kesua. Padu gave it to me at the festival of the Manifestation."

I looked at the woman who thus rated a gem for which a thousand dollars would have been a mean offer elsewhere. . . .

"Oh, it is dear Oron!" cried Fulma. "He is in the garden with Padu. Come, Feanka! Oh, there go Tooma and Zenia."

We clustered round the nation's Chief, Tom's heart and mine as full of love for him as were those of his Zoeian children.

"Feanka," said Oron, "I note a shade of sadness on your face, a tone in your voice less joyful than it should be today. Come with me, my son."

We went to the Clematis Bower. An inquisitive little songster peeped through the lattice, paused a moment, then flew to Oron's shoulders, thence to his hand, nestling a moment as if soliciting caresses. Then its pinions unfolded. Oron's eyes grew more brilliant and his smile deepened, while he watched the flight of the winged flower.

"So should man's soul go to his Maker," he said, "with song of praise, with unfaltering trust and love."

I was irresistibly drawn to this man. He was the embodiment of every lovable quality. I told him of my interview with Fulma on the hillside; of my hopes and doubts; of the remembrance of my old home, so strongly stimulated by the event of the morning; of my yearning for tidings from my parents. In a word, I opened to him the portals of my heart.

"I understand, my son," he said with tenderness. "Your emotions result from impulses imparted to you by the re-incarnating principle, the divine manifestation. They are as they should be. Your growing affection for our foster-child is a beautiful plant. Its life must be carefully nurtured. By birth and high qualifications, you should be the husbandman to bring this fair rose to maturity. That is, my brother, if she should choose you."

"But, Oron, could I not win her by long devotion?"

"I think you have overcome greater obstacles," he smiled. "Now, if you could be assured that your parents were living, would you be comforted?"

"Oh, yes—but that is impossible."

"Perhaps not," he said consolingly. "If they are still within the plane of our vibration, you will see them. If not, you cannot cognize them in your present body. Place your hand in mine and concentrate your mind upon them."

In a few moments the bird voices came to me as from high altitudes. The heavy perfume of the garden receded, fading—fainter—gone. . . . The back porch of my old home came into view. My mother sat by the familiar table knitting, the sunlight on her face. She looked anxiously at my father, who stood holding an open letter. "What news from our nephew, Francis?" I heard my mother ask. "The old story," my father replied; "he is restless and wants to go to the South seas. It's a family trait; the same spirit that possessed Frank." "Don't let him go," my mother pleaded. "Our own boy is lost." "I don't believe that, mother," my father said, with a stamp. "He has the will and the strength to overcome obstacles; the affection to bring . . . I lost the closing words. The letter, the hand, the faces, dissolved. . . . From far away—the bird's song, the flower's breath; nearer—stronger—clearer—I opened my eyes. I saw the waving clusters of clematis and felt the unclasping of Oron's hand.

"Did you see them?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I answered. "It was marvelous, marvelous!"

On our return, Oron gathered a perfect crimson rose.

"Give this to Fulma, my son," he said.

I wanted to ask why, but hesitated. Enough that he so directed. His word was fast becoming my law.

As we neared the steps, Fulma left a merry group and came to us.

"What a beautiful rose," she exclaimed. "Where did you find it?"

"Oron found it," I said. "He asked me —er—told me to give it to you. May I place it in your hair?"

"He told you to give me this?" she exclaimed.

The Chief Executive strove to look grave when we stared at his mute compressed lips, but the telltale smile escaped control.

"Feanka," she said endearingly, "you may place the flower where you will."

* * *

Tom moved we all go to the car-way to meet Audofa. Termal pleaded business at the warehouse with Moto. Oron declared he would walk and meditate during our absence. The rest agreed with my mate that it was "a great scheme." On the way we came to a vineclad house encompassed by foliage and flowers. Fulma paused.

"Let us stop and see the Madu Rea," she proposed. "A few moments with her is a blessing."

"The right thing to do," approved Tom. "I feel unusually receptive to good things today."

The Madu Rea was a Zoeian of the Zoeians, large of stature, dark eyed, soft voiced, stately and gracefully courteous. She impressed me as being much older than the women I had met.

"Oron has told me so much about you," she said, "I have wanted to meet you. I seldom leave home. Perhaps you will come sometimes with my daughters" (as she spoke of Fulma and Zenia) "and tell me about your journey to our country."

I felt that the indulgence would be hers, the pleasure ours. There was an indefinable attractiveness about her that would have held us captive for a long time, had I not observed Tom glance furtively at his timepiece.

"Madu Rea," I said, "we go to meet our fellow-traveler at the car-way."

"Yes, and our brother, by inheritance," she said. "Say to him that an old Zoeian sister wishes to see him; that I have much to say to him."

At parting, she gave to each of us her hand, and, with it, words which confirmed what Fulma had said, "a few words with her is a blessing."

At the station, the coming light announced the train from Hokenda.

"Hurrah!" shouted Tom. "Here comes the dear old chap! It seems an age since I saw him. Heavens! Can it be—" (A comely appearing man had stepped from the car.) "What on earth! No—yes, it is Audofa."

We pushed forward, to receive a greeting as hearty as ever a soldier of the Empire gave to an old comrade. The pleasant incidents common to such occasions the world over gave place to realities when we left for Bestofall. For reasons, idle to explain, I was not sorry that Zenia and Tom took possession of Hum. To tell the truth, I was pleased.

"Tell me about the Madu Rea," I said to Fulma, as we slowed our pace somewhat. "Is she not a remarkable woman?"

"Yes, a holy and devout woman. She is very wise. Oron and Loredo and Paerdo are often with her. Have you met Paerdo, Feanka?"

"Not yet. What about him?"

"Oh, Paerdo is a sage. He is the oldest man in the College; as old as the Madu. He knows all about the beginning and end of things. He is always studying and thinking. Sometimes he talks about things I do not understand. However, there is a reason for that. I am not a Zoeian."

"True, Fulma, but you come from a race known and honored throughout the world."

"Your race, my—my brother?" she said tenderly, her soft blue eyes fixed on mine.

"Yes, thanks to the Father!" I said. "Well—about the Madu—how old is she? I should say she was about seventy."

"Why, Feanka! The Madu is two hundred years old. She and Paerdo were born the same day."

"Who is two hundred years old?" asked Tom. He had caught the words.

"The Madu Rea, so Fulma says," I replied.

"Fulma! Well, who would have thought—"

"It is true," interposed Hum. "She is a direct descendant from the family in which Kesua was born."

"Did you know this, little woman?" I asked, as we resumed our walk.

"Yes, and I would have told you some other time."

I sought the small hand by my side—the hand that each day became dearer to me. It did not resist. "Will you take me to the Madu's sometime?" I asked. "Just you and I?"

"Would it please you?" she almost whispered.

"Do you need to ask?"

The gentle pressure of her hand, the tender look in her eyes—told me. And thus we walked on in silence, until from his watchtower—the crotch of a tree—a dark sentry descended nimbly and rushed to us. Faithful Moto!

"Listen!" said Zenia, at the garden. "Padu is playing for dear Oron."

"With a master's skill," said Audofa. "Let us tarry awhile."

"Fulma," I said, "the Padu's heart is overflowing with happiness."

She drew very close—as though she loved my words.

"Heavens! If I could play like that!" exclaimed Tom.

"Padu will teach you," said Zenia.

"No he won't, my keen Zoeian. That is one of the things no man can teach."

"But you have a beautiful voice, Tooma."

"H-m, do you think so? Not every one would say so."

"Do you want every one to say so, Tooma?"

"Well, no—but I wouldn't mind if someone said so often."

The music had ceased. Through the open door came Termal's voice, broken by a chuckle:

"True enough, Oron, but suppose she shouldn't choose him?"

"But she will choose him, Termal. It is written."

Of whom were they talking? I had but slight doubt. My fair companion and I were quite behind the others. My arm went out to bring the sweet vision closer.

"Feanka, did you hear what Padu said?"

"Yes, dear," I replied with emotion.

The night veils were gently closing—the floral fragrance fell softly. Another instant, and my strong clasp would have held the little treasure close, had not her merry laugh stayed me.

"Why, Feanka," she said, "perhaps they were talking about Elida."

(*To be continued*)

TWO VIEWPOINTS

A flower on a hillside bare,
Within a shadow—touch it not!
To us it is a thing forgot;
To God, a creature in His care.

—*Henry Dumont.*

COME BACK TO ERIN

by Catherine Frances Cavanagh

THE editorial elevator of "The Voice" Building was so packed in its descent that little Miss Erin Fitzgerald was wedged into one of the rear corners, with the broad back of the sporting editor forming a bulwark in front of her. His coat smelled strongly of horses and tobacco, much to her discomfort, for her arms were so tightly pressed to her sides that she could not reach her handkerchief, or take a comfortable sniff at the violets which "an anonymous contributor" had placed on her desk that morning. So, she relieved her feelings by wrinkling her pretty nose. Jimmy Carroll, the London correspondent, who lost his big, warm heart to Erin when she first joined the staff, often remarked that she had the most expressive nose in the world; for it was so changeful—now as prim as a saint's; now resembling that of a haughty beauty; now like that of a saucy boy, and ever and always, dear and charming—like no other nose in all creation!

As Erin's ears opened to the conversation around her, her expressive nose changed from discomfort to scorn, and her gray eyes turned black as her thin red lips turned in and down at the corners. Wertz, the city editor's assistant, was speaking in his most engaging manner to the managing editor, who was also a large stockholder in the company:

"All women are lacking in humor, so you cannot expect much humor in the work of a woman reporter. They'll pour in plenty of tears in their copy but few smiles. They seem to be reluctant to hoax the people into laughter."

"It looks that way," agreed the Managing Editor, "but, come to think of it, the boys have been asleep lately. Either all the good fakes have been used, or the public has grown wise. I'd give a cool thousand for something to fool the public so harmlessly that it'd pat us on our backs and serenade us with a brass band!"

"And boom our circulation!" put in the Advertising Manager. "Whyn't you chase up that fellow Nire, who sends us in those side-splitting skits?"

"Can't get my hands on him, he seems busy elsewhere whenever I ask him to lunch with me, to drop into the club, etc. I don't even know his right name, for I don't believe that *is* his name, and he seems timid about getting out with the boys. Guess he's like lots of funny writers, grumpy company."

The elevator had reached the ground floor, and as Erin followed the men her smile was so illuminating that the elevator man, who was Irish to the core, could not resist this blarney:

"Always wid the smile of May in yer face, Miss Erin! Did ye listen to that omathawn say no wimmen has wit? He nivver haard an Irish woman spake, or, if he did, wid all his Dutch dumbness, he couldn't tell *rale* wit whin he haard it!"

"That's his trouble, Mr. O'Leary," assented Erin. "If he did hear a witty remark from a woman, he'd not own it *was* witty because it came from a woman. There's none so deaf as those who stuff their ears with cotton of the prejudice brand. Well, goodnight!"

"Good-night to ye, Miss Erin of the smiles! Ye know 'tis said in the poem—'Erin of smiles and tears,' and 'tis as Erin of the smiles I think of ye!"

"An' sure and 'tis yerself as has kissed the Blarney stone, Mr. O'Leary," she said, trying to imitate his rich brogue, as she again laughed and said good-night.

Out in the narrow streets, dark as twilight from the shadows thrown by the skyscrapers, Erin walked almost joyously through the hurrying army of workers. Her heels seemed to have sprouted wings, and, as she told herself, were she only on a good, springy country road she could walk at least fifteen miles before going to bed. Her little nose assumed a triumphant expression, its nostrils dilated like those of a man riding into battle feeling that he will come out of it a conqueror.

"Oh, it is too good for anything," she was saying to herself. "Think Nire is a smart fellow, does he? Wonders why Nire won't drop in to see him or take lunch with him. Asked Nire to come some time and have a night of it with the boys, too! Oh, I think Nire's mamma would object. Perhaps some day I'll tell them, the whole kit-and-bang of them, when they are making slurs at the expense of women's wit, that if they took the trouble to spell Nire backwards they'd find out more about the humorist—and women's wit, so they would!

"But I must find a way to prove it in a big way that women can perpetrate a joke on the public, as well as men. But how? Oh, inherited Irish Mother Wit, come to my aid! What were all my infant sufferings for, the time my dear daddy and his brother exiles christened me, if it wasn't to endow me with wit, too? My American mother always speaks indignantly of that christening, but, poor dear, she comes of such wayback New England stock, and has a horror of anything that's sacrilegious—as she thought that was—and, too, she is one of the women who haven't one grain of humor. I can see her, in my imagination, of course, for I bet my poor little eyes couldn't see her that day, even should my brain remember. How those dear, rollicking Irishmen, making the best of me, even if I, the firstborn, wasn't a boy, placed me on a sod of turf brought from Ireland, pinned a moist Irish shamrock over my heart and poured water from the river Liffey over my poor little bald head, as they christened me '*Erin.*' And daddy always tells with glee that I didn't cry! What makes me regretful is that I was not old enough to *laugh!* Oh, but here, I must get down to business and think of a way to do the public and those hateful men.

"Jimmy Carroll was the one man on the staff who did appreciate my wit and women! Jimmy is such a dear! If only he didn't make love! But when I do have to marry—*have to*, because old maids have such a hard time among a lot of married sisters and brothers, who think the old maid must be thankful because they let her wait hand and foot and pocketbook on their progeny—when I do marry, it will be a man like Jimmy, only much shorter, of course. Jimmy's too tall for poor me. I feel like a little Fido dog trotting along by his side. Imagine going through life feeling like a Fido dog! No, thank you, Jimmy, dear! But I do hope the man I marry will be as full of fun as you are, Jimmy, then life will be one huge joke! Of course, I'll have some crying spells—all women must, and days will come as they do now, when all the world seems a streaky blue, but I'll lay it to my Celtic temperament and hope that the smiles will soon come back! Dear me! *This* won't do, thinking of getting married, and I haven't even planned that big joke. Oh, I don't care, I'll trust to luck and hope something will pop up before my eyes. Remember," she said in mock severity to herself, though she did contend she had two selves that talked back to each other, "remember *Erin Go Bragh*! Humor is spontaneous, and humor plotted is humor flatted."

The next day, as she was seated at her desk writing, as she often said, "beauty hints to homely women," her eyes fell upon the bright green stamps pasted on the letter from Jimmy which had just reached her that morning. As she gazed upon the engraving of the King of Great Britain, a flash of laughter came over her face, as she mused—"Little did the Irish think that the day would ever come when the King of England would wear the green!" Then, "Oh, that is too delicious! I must write Jimmy! Oh, yes! that's it—that will do! Oh, Jimmy, if you refuse to help me out, I'll never speak to you again! Oh, I can't wait another second to write him," and she whirled around her typewriter and soon had turned out two long copy sheets to Jimmy, ending with:

"Now, Jimmy, don't go back on me! I know there's danger of us both getting bounced—but think of all the fun we'll get out of it, Jimmy, and glory, too! Bring out your latent devil, Jimmy, and do this thing. Don't go back on that dear, latent devil, which you know I said is in everyone by the name of Jimmy; a delicious, fun-loving devil. Yes, I suppose that cable will be rather expensive, but, Jimmy, remember that old wood engraving I showed you, the one which belongs to Daddy, where the Irishmen in danger of putting their heads inside the hangman's rope for plotting against England are on the night of the final step, standing up, glasses in hand, singing, 'Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may die!'

"Remember that, Jimmy, and just don't care a button about expense, getting bounced, or any of those little things which are forgotten in a year and a day, or less. Remember, Jimmy, I think you are too chivalrous to go back on womankind, and this will vindicate my sex. I'll arrange for the cables from Canada to the London edition, and they will cost me the price of my Easter hat. But I don't care. I'll trust to luck that it will be the fashion to go around in our crowning glory, excepting when it is raining. And, say, Jimmie, do you think I could hold the managing editor to that statement of his that he'd give a thousand dollars for a good fake? If he does, I'll *divvy* with you, 'deed I will. I know you'll say you don't want it, but we're pardners in this."

When Mr. James Carroll read all through this letter, which came so swiftly over the seas after his last letter had gone forth, as Erin usually made him write six letters to her one, he brought his long feet down from the desk to the floor with a thud and smote his left palm with his right fist. And then he doubled his long body with unholy glee.

"Oh, you delicious darling!" he said aloud.

"Mean me?" sarcastically asked Johnny Brand, whose desk was next to Jimmy's.

"Of course," said Jimmy with a scowl, which, however, was soon flooded out by a merry grin, as he looked at the letter in his hand. Then he swung himself around to his desk and wrote on a cable blank addressed to Miss Erin Fitzgerald:

"Primed."

When Erin read it, after mentally scolding Jimmy for wasting money on this cable when there were others to be sent inside the next month, she laughed softly to herself. "Oh, I knew you would be with me, Jimmy!"

* * *

It was the morning of the seventeenth of March. Flurries of snow, smitten by bright rays from the coquettish sun, caused the elevator man to remark to Miss Erin as she boarded his car:

"'Tis a rale St. Pathrick's Day, God bless it! St. Patrick always acts that way. Me mither said, 'twas bacause he is always mad that they added his two birthdays togither to make this wan. Sure, ye naydent laugh, me dear! I know as well as yerself that no man born of woman can have two birthdays, but sure a saint can!"

"He didn't have two, he had them thrust upon him!" smiled Erin. "Are you going out to see the parade this afternoon, Mr. O'Leary?"

"To be sure, I am. They have got a naygur in me place for the time. Naygurs have no business at an Irish parade, but Irishmen they won't stay in unliss they haven't anything to wear save an orange-colored coat, if any Irishman iver had such a thing!"

The elevator had crawled up to the tenth floor when the bell rang persistently from the ground floor, causing the Irishman to remark:

"What the divvil is the mather, down there! Wan would think 'twas a chanct ye'd have of gettin' to hivven by this car an' ye didn't want to miss it!"

He looked for Erin's wonted smile at his sally, but she looked strangely sober and excited as the bell still kept ringing.

"Tin to wan 'tis a dispatch," muttered the Irishman. "Do ye mind if I drop you off a floor below, Miss Erin? Ye won't mind walking up wan flight, will ye?"

"No," she assented quickly, and then, as the car stopped, she stepped out and almost flew up the stone steps to the next floor. She had just removed her gloves and had her hands on her hat pins, when in rushed a boy with a cable. The Managing Editor tore it open; he chewed on his black mustache with excitement, then called to one of the assistants:

"Here's a go! Cable from Carroll, just in the nick of time to get an extra out on the streets when the St. Patrick's parade and its crowd are in the mood for it. Gracious, what a scoop!

"'British subjects mutilate millions of the King's portraits because he wears the green! Particulars later.'

"Now, what do you think of that?"

"But the particulars," burst in the assistant.

"Oh, darn the particulars," shouted the manager. "We'll get this on the street first, and then have particulars in the evening edition"

"A serial scoop," commented the humorist of the staff.

Erin sat down at her desk, her heart thumping violently. Now that the game was on, she grew cowardly weak. A small voice whispered that it was not too late to retreat, but a bigger voice said stoutly:

"No, I will not run! I come of a race that never retreats, and if blood counts for anything, it must count now. Only think, my dear, of being jester to two continents!"

If she needed any assurance in her determination to let the merry game proceed, she found it in a letter from Jimmy Carroll which was lying on her desk. It contained a moist sprig of shamrocks and a small photograph of himself taken at Dublin, where, he informed her, he had spent a few days in early March. He said he anticipated no end of fun from the "plot of green" and hoped she wouldn't come in too heavy for it, on her side of the Atlantic.

She pinned the moist bit of shamrocks over her heart and looked surreptitiously at the handsome, eloquent face of James Carroll, utterly ignoring the pot of "florist's shamrocks" which the Anonymous Contributor had placed on her desk that morning.

"Oh, Jimmy, dear!" she sighed to herself, "I simply can't help loving you, you are so big, so handsome, you look like the best portraits of that unlucky Bobby Burns, and you are so full of fun and dare! Oh, Jimmy, if I wasn't so small and you so tall! We'd look like that picture of the protecting St. Bernard and the kitten if we wed, indeed, we would! Well, here's looking at you, *mavourneen*, and may you give me courage to see this thing out! I'll be rated either a fool or a humorist by tonight, Jimmy, dear!"

Just then the voice of the managing editor called her back to her duties:

"Miss Fitzgerald, I'm going to send you out on the street to see if you can get a good story out of this. As this is the first assignment I have given you, I hope you won't fall down on it."

"Don't you think," put in the city editor's assistant, "that it would be wise to send out one of the boys, too, in case Miss Fitzgerald failed to catch the spirit of the thing?"

Erin threw up her chin and her nose took on a wicked look as she quickly replied:

"I think you'll know before this time tomorrow that I have quite caught the spirit, Mr. Wertz."

The managing editor interposed hastily: "Oh, I don't doubt that you will, Miss Fitzgerald, your Irish blood should tell there, but Wertz means you might not put all the fun into it that one of the boys would. However, I trust you."

"Well, be out on the streets at two o'clock, the biggest part of the crowd will be out by then. Mind you be back here in time to catch the late edition. We may hear from Carroll by that time."

Erin left the office at once in order to eat her luncheon before starting on the long walk through the crowded streets. The sun was shining brightly, and the March winds that swept around the corners at an uncertain interval seemed to bring promises of flowers and birds, even here in the great city. The street corners were ornamented with flower-venders, who, in addition to their usual wares of violets, carnations and daffodils, cried shamrocks for sale. When Erin took notice that German, negro and Jew sported the green, she sniffed indignantly, telling herself that instead of this being a compliment to the race from which she sprang, she considered it an insult. Then she reasoned with herself that these folks merely desired to be in the spirit of the holiday, and, in a country where new families appropriated coats-of-arms belonging to those of ancient lineage, wearing false colors was not so very strange, after all!

Into the grand avenue up which the parade was to sweep she turned, and her eyes shone as she saw hundreds of green and gold flags fluttering proudly in company with the Star-spangled Banner. She mused on the strange perversity of history that this green flag, which in reality has no lawful right to exist at all, should so persistently live, should, more than any other flag in the world, be associated with the beautiful flag which spells "Liberty" wherever it is seen. A band marching through one of the side streets leading to the principal route of the parade was playing, "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall," and as she framed in her heart the words to the music, her eyes filled with tears. Gone was the holiday crowd, dim the spires of the great cathedral where the crowd was thickest; the rush of the big city failed to hold her as she swept with all the poetry of her Celtic imagination back to the glorious days of ancient Ireland.

Suddenly, as she was crossing a street, she was brought back to the present by being almost knocked down by a fruit-vender, who, totally ignorant of the prejudice of many of the Irish race for anything colored orange, had been trying to sell oranges from his push-cart, with the result that he had been set upon by a lot of wild young Irishmen and pelted with his golden fruit. The poor unfortunate fellow, in trying to get away, did not seem to care whom he ran over, and as Erin breathed a sigh of relief when she reached the curb, she determined to stop dreaming and take in the crowd so that she could report fully to her paper.

She traveled the length of the avenue, then retraced her steps to the great cathedral and edged her way through the mass which filled its steps, until she was in the interior of the gloomy, awe-inspiring edifice. But, she came not to pray for her sins. Indeed, her sins bothered her very little just then. She selected a secluded corner, yet not far from the colored lights of one of the beautiful windows, and opening her note book began to write rapidly. She smiled as she wrote, remembering the excitement she left behind in the streets.

The *Voice* had come out with its extra, and the commotion it caused fired her blood, when she recalled that she had wrought this miracle, to make a race that hated England flame with excitement when it learned that the present king, the king that ruled Ireland, too, was insulted by his own subjects for wearing the green! Some had cried that "it served him right, he shouldn't try to conciliate the Irish people, that, when a man tried to sit on two stools he generally fell down, etc." Others, with deep sympathy for him, showing that we are never so virtuously inclined to our enemy as when he is in trouble, said, "Sure, it is a hard thing to please everybody!"

"They have bitten hard," said Erin to herself. "How there came near being a riot as they fought to buy the paper. The *Voice* never had such a scoop before, and maybe never will again. I wonder how Jimmy will fare at his end. Poor Jimmy, I hope that I haven't gotten you into hot water!"

Meanwhile, as she scribbled on, determined not to go back to the office until the last moment, the office was in a great stew for another cable had come from Carroll, bidding the managing editor

"Ask Miss Fitzgerald."

"What the devil does he mean?" said the Managing Editor.

"Ask Miss Fitzgerald," sputtered the Anonymous Contributor, who loved Jimmy much the less because he loved Erin all the more. "He's asked Miss Fitzgerald so many times himself, and got turned down, that he's got asking her on the brain, that's what!"

"I wonder," said the Assistant Editor, "if he's been drowning his shamrock and got a muddled head."

"I'll cable him," said the Managing Editor savagely, as he swiftly wrote out his message and handed it to the boy who read as he ran:

"What the devil do you mean? Send particulars of outrage to king immediately."

"Gee!" exclaimed the boy, "I bet that cuss will cost the old man as much as a dollar an' a half."

In the editorial rooms, they waited breathlessly for Carroll's reply, which came in words that made everyone in the office long to lick him on sight:

"Ask Miss Fitzgerald. Sure thing."

"Is she?" snorted the Anonymous Contributor, "I tell you he's drunk."

"I don't know about that," put in Miss O'Hare, who knew something of the kind of deviltry Jimmy Carroll and Erin could hatch between them. "I think maybe she knows something about what he says she knows. I'd find her if I were you."

"Knows something about what she knows," snorted the Managing Editor, "your remark is certainly lucid, Miss O'Hare."

"Take my advice and find Miss Fitzgerald," she said, and swung around to her desk again.

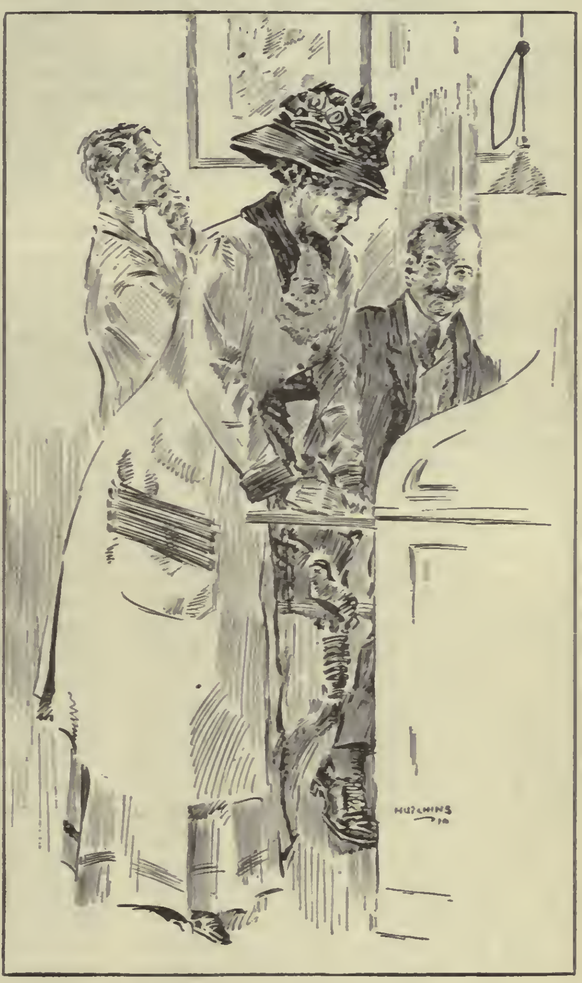
"Well, here's for a wild goose chase, boys," said the Managing Editor. "The tallest of you fellows go out to seek that little girl in this big St. Patrick's crowd, and don't rest until you bring her back to the office. Good Lord, and it is so near press time! Talk about your Irish stews, if this isn't one! How will we explain this thing to the people who are waiting for those particulars?"

"Ask Miss Fitzgerald," mimicked the Anonymous Contributor.

Miss Fitzgerald, in the calm seclusion of the grand cathedral had little conception of the wild hunt for her which was going on that afternoon. The tall young reporters chased down numerous slim girls who looked like Erin "from the back" only to be disappointed. Francis, who was so certain that he laid his hand on the shoulder of a young woman and told her to "hold on," almost came within the clutches of a big Irish policeman, who told him he'd "t'ach" him to be "insultin' pretty girruls!" He apologized to the girl, and explained to the policeman, who said sympathetically:

"'Tis loike lookin' for a nadle in a haystack to try to find a pretty girl this day from 'mongst all there be out."

Weary of waiting for the reporters to report, the Managing Editor sent numerous office boys scurrying to the paternal roof of Miss Fitzgerald; to soda fountains, cafes, libraries, any of the many places where she may have stopped on the way. They all came back spent, and joined with the incoming reporters in saying that she was the hardest girl to find in that whole city.



The anonymous contributor's heart sank

"And now it is too late for her account of the way the news was taken, too," groaned the Managing Editor, "for by the time she has it written out, it will be time for the paper to be on the street. It's the last thing *she* gets in that line."

Just as he uttered her doom, Erin twinkled along the hall, her manuscript in her hand. They pounced upon her as one huge beast, with many yelps:

"Where have you been? What's the matter with Jimmy Carroll? Why does he say ask *you?* What's the matter with Jimmy Carroll?" and as the Managing Editor asked this again and again, he shook poor little Erin in his excitement.

Instead of crying out against such treatment, Erin laughed until the tears came into her dancing eyes, and managed to shake out the words between the shakes the man gave her:

"What's — the — matter — with — Jimmy Carroll? Why, he's all—right!"

"So you seem to think!" said the Anonymous Contributor, under his breath.

"He said you could give us particulars of this outrage to the King of Great Britain," put in Miss O'Hare, who jumped with womanly intuition to the fact that Miss Fitzgerald was at the bottom of the mystery.

Suddenly, the humor of it all swept over the girl, how fine it was of Jimmy to leave the centre of the stage for her, and how she had anticipated this, as she scribbled away in the gloomy cathedral. She threw her copy down on the Managing Editor's desk. He picked it up and read the leader, then cried, as he thumped the desk again and again:

"Good Lord! Good Lord! Good Lord!" And then to the amazement of the force, he picked little Miss Fitzgerald off her feet and stood her on top of his sacred desk. Erin tried to look indignant, but did not succeed, for her clear laugh rang out with the roar of the Managing Editor. The Assistant Editor seized on the copy to see what was the joke, and then he said eloquently:

"Well, I be dashed! And so this is the game, Miss Fitzgerald? You have fooled the American public."

"And yourself, my lord," she said bowing low from her stage. "You will own now that a woman may perpetrate a huge joke on the public."

"I cave! Here, rush this—" to the boy —"Say, and so Jimmy Carroll is stirring up all London now with this wild story!"

"Please tell me what it is all about?" asked Miss O'Hare coming to Erin's throne.

"It's a sell," said Erin. "Yes, thousands of portraits of the King of Great Britain were mutilated, because he wore the green, on postage stamps, and, of course, British subjects, as postmasters, mutilated them."

"And you and Jimmy Carroll, between you, have fooled two nations," breathed Miss O'Hare. "How glorious!"

"Yes, just wait until you hear how all Americans and Irish laugh when they learn the truth!" exclaimed the Managing Editor.

"I'm more anxious to learn how England took it," sighed Erin. "I know how to count on my own, but not on the English."

She was soon enlightened. When her triumph was most intoxicating, as she read the damp paper that told the hoax was the plot of a young woman—a mere girl, in fact—a cable from Jimmie was handed to her. With sinking heart and dewy eyes, she read:

"Merrie England is a misnomer. British bit. Manager mad. Bounced, yours truly, Jimmie."

With an eloquent gesture, she handed the message to the Managing Editor, who read it, laughed almost noiselessly, then remarked aloud: "Just like stiff-necked Richards! Well, I guess we can use Jimmy Carroll's wit on this side of the pond. I'm keeper of the eagles, anyway!"

"Are we to get that thousand which you said you'd pay for a good hoax?" asked Erin with forced boldness.

"*We!*" and then the Managing Editor grinned with understanding. "Sure! Say, little girl, don't you want to write the cable for Jimmy to come over?" He gently pushed a blank before her, and extended his pet blue pencil.

The heart of the Anonymous Contributor sank, for he read his doom when he saw the wild roses mount to Erin's usually white brow, as she indited the message to Carroll, and the office boy whistled in sympathy with the great happiness of Jimmy Carroll, as he hurried toward the cable office, reading as he ran:

"Come back to Erin, Mavourneen!"

A Well Shod Conspiracy

by L. B. Kinder

I PAID for my dinner at the Hotel Internationale with the pleasurable emotion of giving a dollar and getting a dollar back in change. To be sure the dollar given was an "E pluribus unum," "In God We Trust" dollar and the one given in change a dollar Mex, but the paradox of spending a dollar and having it too was agreeable. It was therefore in the best of humor that I sauntered out of the hotel and down the ragged, rutty street of C. P. Diaz.

The hungry horde, of which I had been one, that half an hour before had gushed out of the belated excursion train, was now oozing back into the street from cafes, chili tents and booths and trickling toward the bull-fight arena. As I passed the government buildings whose sleek modernity contrasted sharply with the surrounding adobes, I bumped into Brattiger, or rather Brattiger bumped into me, for I, perceiving him as a counter-advancing pedestrian, side-stepped to the right, whereat he dodged to his left blocking my way. Our recognition of one another was mutual.

"Down to see the fight, eh?" he chuckled, gripping my hand. "Too bad you weren't here last Sunday. They killed a man and nine horses."

"And bulls?" I queried.

"They always kill four," he returned, dropping my hand to grope for a box of cigarettes. "Here, have one. Yes, they're wrapped in corn husks. We'd better move along if we want a good seat."

We strolled along a ledge of sidewalk down a narrow street lined with adobes, which served as saloons, shops and dwellings, to the bull-fight arena—a circular grandstand surrounded by a high board fence. Filtering through the mob that loosely filled the street before it, we halted before one of two ticket-sellers, a fat, whiskered Mexican, standing on a box under a big umbrella, of whom we bought tickest *sub ombra* (in the shade) and passed in the gate to the raucous racket of a green uniformed band.

I was a little startled both by the smallness of the arena, which seemed no larger than that of a one ring circus, and by my own closeness to it, although the high picket fence assured me that there was no danger of the bull's leaping over and running amuck. The grandstand as yet was sparsely filled, but across the ring the bleachers were already packed with Mexicans in straw sombreros. The bare branches of two large trees behind them convinced me against my other perceptions that it was December, for the air was soft as sultry June. The band was stationed at the left end of the grandstand, between which and the bleachers were two gates, the first of which, Brattiger informed me, was opened to let in the bulls and the second to drag out the carcasses to be sold to the cheap butchers. Scattered about the arena were boards about six feet square bearing Mexican advertisements. These Brattiger told me were shelters behind which the fighters dodged when hard pressed.

We paid for our good seats by an hour's wait. But time did not by any means drag. The Mexican crowd furnished a feast for my eyes, and Brattiger was a good talker. Had we been old friends we doubtless would have frittered away the hour reminiscing about home folk, but being merely craft that had hailed each other in passing, or, less metaphorically speaking, Pullman smoker acquaintances of a trip from St. Louis to San Antonio, our conversation was impersonal. It was confined chiefly to Mexico and consisted for the most part of interrogations and ejaculations on my part and on his of information spiced with caustic comment and sweetened with home-longings. Talk at length sifted down to C. P. Diaz.

"I suppose a good many Mexicans go over to Eagle Pass to trade," I remarked.

"They buy stuff that they can wear. Shoes, for instance."

"A man on the train told me," said I, "that there is a big mound on the Texas side of the bridge of old shoes the Mexicans discarded to wear their new ones back."

"It's all true except the mound," chuckled Brattiger. "But there was a time five years ago when they didn't throw their old shoes away. That was the time Chris Narvarez offered a pair of new work-shoes for a dollar and the old pair."

"Advertising scheme?" I hazarded.

"So he said. Said he wanted to popularize the 'Cactus' shoe," returned Brattiger dryly. "I was a custom inspector then."

"You suspected smuggling."

Brattiger chuckled.

"I did. Brazilian diamonds were leaking into the United States. The department at Washington insisted they were being brought in over the Mexican border. Have another cigarette."

"Thanks. And the diamonds?" I did not propose to spoil his story by hinting that the peons wore them across in their shoes.

"The grandstand's filling up," said Brattiger, looking at his watch. "It's twenty minutes to four. I reckon I can tell you all about Chris Narvarez in fifteen minutes."

He lit a fresh cigarette and resumed.

"You've seen bushels of Mexicans since you struck San Antonio—well, think of the most ornery, treacherous-looking greaser you saw in the tin can quarter and put him inside the best-looking, waxed mustached don you ever read about in your nickel-novel youth and you'll have Chris Narvarez. He had been a ranch boss and a cattle stealer, but when I first came here, he was bossing a gang of peons at the San Lopez mine. The month following my arrival he was discharged for stealing gold ore, but slipped across the Rio Grande before he could be arrested. For some reason, probably because the fellow had a large following among the peons, the company did not requisition him.

"For several months he dawdled about Eagle Pass. Then he astonished the vicinity by opening a small clothing store. He gave out that a San Antonio wholesaler had stocked him because he was so popular among the miners, but those who had suffered from his rascality averred that he had some ulterior motive.

"Being warned, I kept close tab on him. But to the best of my observation he dealt wholly in American-made goods and was straight enough as far as I was concerned, though the way he bamboozled his peon customers was a caution.

"I didn't suspect any crookedness when he advertised to give a new pair of 'Cactus' shoes for a dollar and the old pair. I'd seen that frequently done before to draw trade. For six months I didn't associate him with the Brazilian diamonds. But they kept seeping in, and my chief kept dinging away at me that they were being smuggled in right under my nose. This put me on edge, and though I had no reason to suspect Narvarez, I unobtrusively watched him.

"I was not surprised to find that he disposed of 'Cactus' shoes by the gross. But I was surprised to discover that they wore so poorly, for I found that many of the miners got new shoes as often as once a week. I found further that Narvarez was partial to the peons from the San Lopez mine and that other Mexicans had trouble finding their sizes in stock. Most significant of all I found that 'Cactus' shoes in good condition were being turned in for new pairs, and that in such cases the dollar was not exacted.

"One balmy Saturday evening in March, I strolled into the dingy adobe that harbored Narvarez's business. A glass lamp grinned through a dirty chimney upon disordered shelves of clothing, sombreros, and shoe boxes. There seemed to be no one in the shop, but as I crossed the threshold its proprietor straightened up behind the counter.

“‘How's business, Narvarez?’ said I offhandedly.

“He shrugged his shoulders.

“I stared at the heap of worn workshoes on the floor behind the counter. He scowlingly followed my gaze.

“‘You no find smuggle here, senor,’ he growled.

“‘I'm not looking for smuggle,’ said I as pleasant as you please. ‘I just stepped in for a box of cigarettes.’

“As he opened the small show-case at my right for the brand I indicated, I casually leaned over and picked up one of the shoes. His eyes grew ugly, and I fancied his hand quavered toward his knife. But my action after all was so casual that instead he reached in for the cigarettes and tossed them on the counter before me. Now casual as my inspection appeared it involved a thorough though brief fingering of the inner lining. As in conclusion I carelessly drummed the shoe upon the counter, a tiny hard kernel rolled out between my fore and middle fingers.

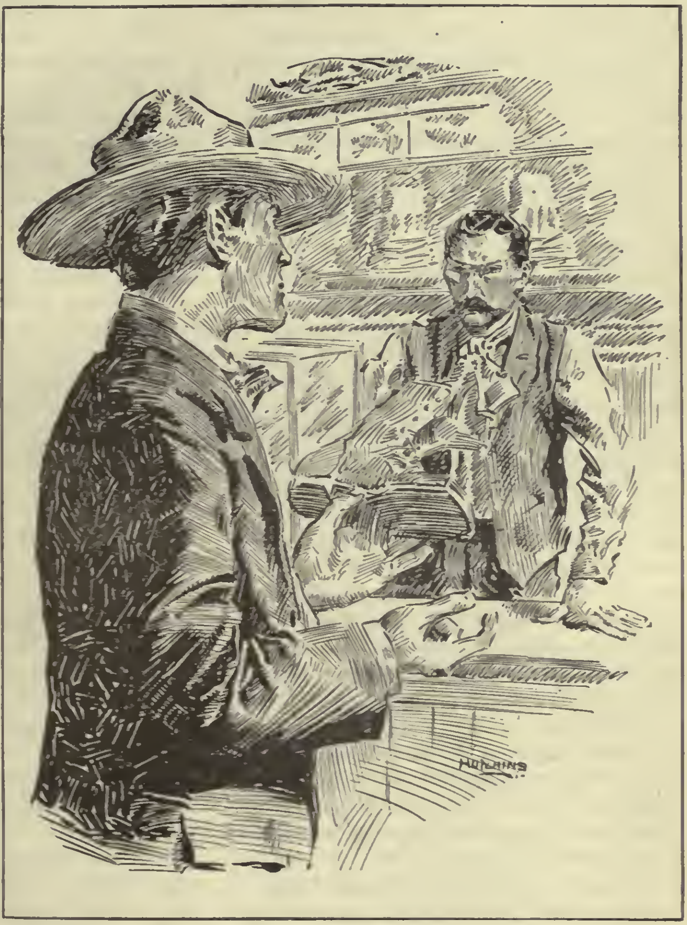
“‘What do you do with all these old shoes, Chris?’ I demanded.

“He started, eyed me keenly and said sulkily that he shipped them back to the manufacturer for the rebate. I tossed the shoe back on the heap. His face brightened.

“‘What do you suppose he does with them?’ I pursued nonchalantly, reaching out for my box of cigarettes.

“‘*Quien sabe?*’ he purred, smiling shiftily.

“As I pocketed the cigarettes I dropped the hard kernel into my pocket; and without further delay said ‘*buenos noches*’ and sauntered out. When I was well around the corner I slyly took the kernel out. It flashed in the rays of the street lamp, to all appearances a diamond about the size of a small grain of tapioca.



“What do you do with all these old shoes, Chris?” I demanded

“I hurried with it to a jeweler, who upon examination pronounced it to be a Brazilian diamond of good quality. I thereupon summoned my deputies and hastened back to arrest Narvarez. We found the shop dark. Receiving no answer to our summons we broke in the door. The lighting of the lamp revealed no evidences of flight, but the heap of old shoes was gone. Suspecting that Narvarez might attempt to express his plunder I hurried to the railway station but found no evidence of this having been attempted. For two weeks I scanned all outgoing freight and express and had a diligent search made for Narvarez. One day I received a letter from a friend that he had glimpsed the fugitive in San Antonio.

"I took the next train thither and aided by the officials there rummaged the Mexican quarter for him. I had been there one day over a week when one afternoon as usual I strolled down West Commerce Street. As I crossed San Pedro Creek I noticed a dray backed up before a cheap clothing shop a few doors ahead of me. Two men were unloading a huge packing box, while the proprietor, a pudgy German Jew, assisted them with one hand and a sputtering vocabulary. As I drew near, the box slipped from the draymen's hands and crashed open on the sidewalk. I stopped in my tracks, staring incredulously, for from its shattered sides old shoes spurted.

"The Jew stood for a breath, regarding the smash-up with consternation. Then he furiously turned upon the shamefaced draymen and ordered them to carry the wreck into the shop. A dozen loafers ambled to the scene. The storekeeper kept an uneasy black eye upon them, and when a gamin snatched at a shoe, he cuffed and cursed him. Just then his nosy wife bustled out with a clothes basket—I didn't wait to see more.

"In half an hour I returned with half a dozen deputies. Sending four around to guard the rear, I entered the shop with the others. The sounds of tapping belied the nosy woman's assurance that her husband was not in. When, showing my badge, I started for the partition door, she screamed.

"Without ado we burst it in. A lithe man leaped up to turn out the electric bulb, but a big deputy buffeted him into a corner. The Jew shopkeeper dodged toward the rear door. I halted him with my revolver. The two were fairly caught. The broken packing-box loomed large in a corner, overshadowing a shoemaker's bench and two chairs. The floor was littered with shoes and pieces of ripped off heels and soles.

"The man whom the deputy had buffeted snatched up a hammer. His black eyes, meeting mine, flashed recognition.

"'Drop your hammer, Chris,' I ordered.

"He hesitated; then slowly thrust up his hands, letting the hammer clatter to the floor.

"While my men handcuffed the pair, I picked up one of the shoes and a chisel. The Jew paled; then hastened to accuse Narvarez. The woman, prevented by a deputy from entering, wailed in the doorway Narvarez sneeringly eyed the pair.

"'Pry off the heel, senor,' said he coolly.

"I slipped the shoe upon the iron boot-tree, picked up the hammer and gently drove in the chisel. Feeling it strike something hard, I dropped the hammer and pried. The bottom of the heel flew off revealing the glitter—"

"Of Brazilian diamonds," I interrupted.

"Of gold," retorted Brattiger. "Grains and tiny nuggets of gold!"

"Gold!" I ejaculated, quite unprepared for this denouement.

"It was not smuggling, but robbery," explained Brattiger, delighting in my astonishment. "Narvarez had conspired with the old crew in the San Lopez mine to hide the nuggets in their shoes—"

"You couldn't hold him then?"

"I tried to hold him until Mexico could extradite him, but there was some delay and he got out on a writ of *habeas corpus*. The case against the shopkeeper was dropped, owing to the difficulties of convicting a man for receiving in the United States gold stolen in Mexico. The mining company, however, stopped further thievery by installing a rigid inspection of their miners. What they had lost they had no means of ascertaining. The value of the bullion I returned to them from Narvarez's old shoes was $6,208.

"Of course they were grateful to me. When they asked what they could do for me, I struck them for a job. They gave me a good one and pushed me ahead as fast as I could stand the pace. I had intended to go home and finish my last year at the mining school, but promotion came so fast that I felt that if ever I got back to God's country I'd stay there, so I'm waiting till I get a fat stake to quit the mining game."

"And the Brazilian diamonds?" I demanded.

"They caught the smugglers a few months later on a fruit steamer at New Orleans."

"But the one you found in the shoe you picked up in Narvarez's store?"

"It dropped out of his finger ring. He showed me the empty setting. It fitted, so I gave it back to him. That was five years ago. He's steered clear of me ever since."

ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

By MITCHELL MANNERING

THERE is a fresh and lofty inspiration in attending the meetings of the old soldiers of the Civil War, whether of those who wore the blue or the gray. The old stories told me in childhood by a father who served four years at the front made an impression which nothing can efface. True, at that time, he had placed far back in the garret the old musket, borne and used on many a battlefield. True, the old uniform, with its brass buttons, was thrown aside carelessly in those days, but as the Civil War recedes into the past, the old musket and uniform have a new value as relics. Interest in its every incident is accentuated. The details of a campaign come out more vividly as the memories of the boys of '61 are stirred, until sometimes as new sidelights are thrown upon those events of nearly a half century ago, it seems as if the real history of the war is still to be written.

One of the organizations of the Civil War which will always glow in the dazzling light of the glory of those days, an army that was never defeated, and that won the first as well as the last victory of the war on the Federal side, is the redoubtable Army of the Tennessee. In a Carolina state house a civil organization of its members was effected, and the meetings ever since have been of increasing interest. The reunion held at Columbus, Ohio, in 1909, under the leadership of General Grenville M. Dodge—that sturdy old hero of many campaigns and the only living union army commander—proved one of the most inspiring reunions on record. Who could forget that splendid audience of seasoned veterans, each member carrying his weight of years, aglow with the old-time enthusiasm characteristic of the old Army of the Tennessee. The comradeship had a gentleness and heartiness, tempered and matured with age, that reflected the glories of peace.

There might have been some repetition of old stories of camp and skirmish that had been listened to year after year, but back of it all there was the spirit of the camp fire, where real democracy has its first impressive lessons.

At the banquet there were stirring addresses from veterans who had fought on both sides of the great conflict. There were men who forty-five years ago had charged each other with flashing sabres and bayonets now striking hands and expressing lofty sentiments, which seemed to make the old flags of the army glimmer with emotion. What a privilege to look upon those faces and realize that these were the men whose eyes had seen those harrowing sights, whose ears had heard the dreadful din of war, whose wrinkled hands had engaged in the mightiest conflict of our nation's history. The pulses of those who wore the gray and those who wore the blue beat in unison today for a common country, and in true soldierly comradeship.

The occasion, graced by the wives, daughters and granddaughters of many of the veterans—yes, there were even great-granddaughters there—was made even more remarkably brilliant. The veterans, with the chivalrous gallantry and the fire of old days in their eyes, told again the glory of valor and achievement. The beardless youths of fifteen, sixteen and eighteen, who had gone to the front almost from the school benches, were here, recalling not only war experiences but the vivid and undying memories of youth.

Gallantly the young soldiers—recruits at the Columbus Army barracks—saluted Corporal Tanner, as he passed by in his carriage. When the bands struck up and the banners floated as the new recruits of the army paraded, taking their first steps in line of march, it recalled the hurried muster of early days. The new recruit of today is not permitted to carry arms until he has been on parade fifteen days; but this rearguard of the newest arrivals wore the uniform of the nation and thus adorned felt the thrill of martial life even if only arrayed in an armament of white gloves. The gawky appearance of the men soon wore off as they saluted the old flag.

The old soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee mingled with the young recruits of the United States Army of 1909, bridging a space of forty-five years, presented a picture of American soldiery in the bud and well-seasoned fruitage.

Then there was the camp fire in the evening, where an army welcome was extended by Governor Harmon and ex-Governor Campbell of Ohio, members of the organization. The address of General Grenville M. Dodge on this occasion was especially appropriate as a greeting for the members of the army, at a meeting held on Ohio soil.

"Ohio as a state is dear to the memories of the Army of the Tennessee. Three of our great commanders were born here—Grant, Sherman and McPherson. The latter fell in battle when leading our army to victory on the memorable field of Atlanta; the other two stand before the world today as the greatest commanders any country has produced, and at the final conclusion of the Rebellion they so admirably fitted their actions to the necessities of the occasion as to bring prompt acknowledgment from the Confederates and the world of their consideration and leniency. Today the names of Lincoln and Grant are honored throughout the South, and that land had no greater friend than Sherman, although his drastic measures in carrying on the war at first were seriously criticized, but now recognized as the work of a master mind."

The General paid a delicate tribute to his old friend, General O. O. Howard: "The sad news comes to us of the death of another of our great commanders, General O. O. Howard. He passed away at Burlington, Vermont, on October 26. If he had lived he would have been here and made the response for our Army to your splendid welcome. I had selected him for this duty, and he accepted. When I lay sick this summer at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, on the anniversary of the battle of Atlanta, he sent me this dispatch: 'I want to know what kind of a fight General Dodge is making for his life, on this the anniversary of his greatest battle and victory.'"

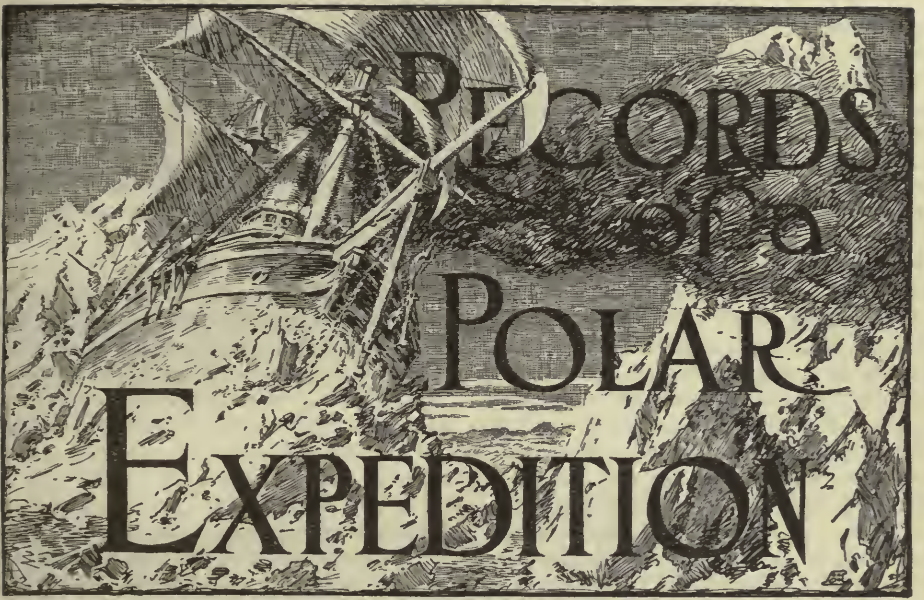
The General also quoted the saying of Sherman, concerning General Howard: "I find in General Howard a polished and Christian gentleman, exhibiting the highest and most chivalrous traits of character."

The speaker also alluded to the noble work done by General Howard since the war, working up to the moment of his death, having just succeeded in raising an endowment of a million dollars for the Lincoln Memorial University, which for fourteen years he had been building up in the Cumberland Gap, just that the poor children of the mountain men of Tennessee and Virginia might have a college education, although they might not be able to raise the funds for such a purpose.

General Dodge spoke touchingly of the thinning of the ranks, and remarked that even since the last meeting many of the society had "passed their last muster."

On all sides one heard related stirring incidents, such as rarely occur nowadays, and the words of these living witnesses of the great struggle caused a flush on the cheek of the listeners such as can only be communicated through the mediums of the eye and ear—no printed words could bring to the surface such emotion and enthusiasm. A time will come, when it will no longer be possible to mingle with the veterans of our great war—the old blue and gray uniforms will hang moth eaten and rotting on the walls, or preserved and honored in museums. While it is yet possible, we want to hear from the very lips of those who were present more of the details of that Titanic struggle, which has ultimately cemented brotherhood and a united nation by indissoluble bonds of fraternal blood. These are bonds the like of which history has never known in all its annals.

* * *



RECORDS OF A POLAR EXPEDITION

(CONTINUED)

By EDWIN COFFIN

Captain Steamer "America"

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The interesting "Records of a Polar Expedition," begun in the February number of the NATIONAL, *is an absorbing story of experiences in the Arctic regions, published through the courtesy of Captain Edwin Coffin of the steamer "America" from a diary he kept for his own use during the last Ziegler Polar Expedition. The reader finds himself gradually taken from Norway, where the expedition goes on board the "America," farther and farther into the frozen regions of the North. Only one boat, a sealing schooner, is met with to break the monotony of those vast solitudes. Working slowly along day by day in the midst of large floes of ice, with the temperature nearly always below freezing, the expedition reaches Northbrooke Island in August, where they stop to cache supplies, and then continue on their way.*

AUGUST 15.—Light northwest wind. Fog cleared fine at 4 A. M. Got under way and steamed toward Cape Grant. Found the ice solid on the land; followed the ice off to south, where it makes off solid southwest as far as I could see, so I have to give up going this way and go back once more to the only track feasible—the English Channel—and force my way to Crown Prince Rudolf Island. Turned ship around and headed for Cape Barents, the southeast cape of Northbrooke Island. Arrived there at 10.40. Mr. Fiala, myself and a boat's crew went on shore to see if a cache of stores placed here by Jackson was all right. We found where it had been, but someone had taken it. At this point there was a large rookery of gulls, loons and little auks, which had nested high up on the rocks. We made a short stay, and again headed up De Bruynes Sound, with a fresh wind blowing from the northeast. The ice had gone out from the east side, and we had a clear sea up to Eaton Island, twelve miles distant from Barents. Stopped at the island. Lowered one of the whaleboats for Mr. Peters and assistants to go on shore to take some necessary angles concerning the mapping of this vicinity later on. Mr. Fiala and Dr. Shockley also went on shore to leave a small cache of provisions for some parties who might touch here on the way to Cape Flora in the spring.

Mr. Fiala and Dr. Shockley started to walk toward the north end of the island, about a quarter of a mile from where they landed. Going over a ridge they saw a bear, down the slope, and immediately retraced their steps much faster than when they came, as there were no firearms carried on shore. 'Tis a small island, narrow, about one mile in length and about sixty feet at the highest point, the first one I have ever seen clear of glaciers. There was also quite shoal water around it. At 7.45 we steamed into the northeast, and succeeded in getting as far as Allen Young Sound, north of Hooker Island, by working in a bight close to the rocks. The distance made today from my first trip here, August 12, is eleven miles. Tied up to the ice to wait for it to open a little. Now solid across the channel.

August 16.—Light north wind and clear, thermometer 34° above. The farther north the warmer it gets. All the channels between the islands are unbroken leading out of De Bruynes Sound. Some of the party tried to make a landing on Hooker. Fiala, Peters, and several of the crew used the dinghey to land on the floe. After walking four miles over the ice to find open water near the rocks, had to turn back to the boat. It needs a good gale of wind to strip the ice off and enable us to work through. Some water showing over to the west and north near Cape Murray. No life of any kind in the holes of water here—not even a bird seen.

August 17.—Same kind of weather. Not wind enough to move the ice. Afternoon calm. Mr. Fiala and I went over to Hooker in the boat as I wished to see from the high land how the ice looked farther than I could see from the crow's-nest. Took our rifles along this time. 'Tis quite necessary to have them in this land of bears. Just before we had climbed up a glacier the fog shut down so I could see only a few miles. Saw fresh bear tracks and plenty of fox tracks. Little auks and gulls were quite plenty. There was a small rookery on the sides of the bluffs. Dr. Seitz shot a large seal weighing about seven hundred pounds near the ship. At 8.30 P. M. fog came in thick. Thermometer 27° above. I hope the cold will hold off until we can get into good winter quarters. Looks as if we would have some cold fingers before we get settled for the winter. Have seen no good harbor yet.

August 18.—Moderate, variable southerly winds and clear. Worked over to the west nine miles. All closed up on that side. Steamed to the northeast through broken ice and tied up to the ice in a small hole. Ice shutting south of us with the south wind probably strong outside the islands. Had to move twice today on account of ice pressures. Do not care to get nipped at this stage of the game, when nearly through. A large bear was sighted coming toward us on the ice, and three men started for him. He did not care to satisfy his curiosity further, but turned and galloped out of sight.

August 19.—Wind very light, and clear. Ice crowding in hard. Tried twice to buck through the ice, but failed. From the crow's-nest I saw water off in the distance to the northeast for the first time. No one off hunting today, the watch on deck being the only ones in sight. All hands are well and seem to be again getting anxious about reaching the destination—125 miles more. 'Tis slow, discouraging work, especially when all are now so ambitious to reach their haven. Have burned one hundred tons of coal more to date than I figured on, which cannot be helped. Very little coal has been burned in making experiments on this trip. Sounded today and got sixty-five fathoms of water.

August 20.—Wind same today, thermometer just above freezing. Think the ice is working out at the north end of the channel. Ice all close yet to the south, and opening some to the north. Commenced to make winter clothing of deer skins, which were "civilized" tanned, and not so tough as the Eskimo tanned. Some of them got wet and tear like paper. Saw a number of jumping seals in a hole this afternoon. The ice has commenced to crowd through the channel to the north, and we are now moving through with it. The ice is jammed in the narrowest part of this channel, but a strong wind will easily break it up. The dogs are actually suffering for exercise, but few have died on account of their crowded quarters. After supper I could see a large hole of water making toward the western side, but all solid ice between it and the ship, too heavy to work through with one coal pile, only to have it close up before we get in it and open out where I wanted to go. I do not want to make westing, but easting, and keep under the eastern side of the channel.

August 21.—Wind southwest, twenty miles an hour, and snowing. Much pressure on all around the steamer. Can see clear water east and south. Pretty near time this south wind let go. At 11 a. m. calm. After the wind coming from the west and just enough to slack up the pressures we went through the ice (had tried twice and failed) all right and let the ship in, still in a small hole. Filling up the coal bunkers again today means eighty-five tons more. The ice seems to be cracked through in the middle of the channel and now will crush up with pressures allowing us to crowd along at times. There is no place to winter near here. The land is all glaciers on the west side; east side rocky cliff faces and no shelter for the ship, and very few places to get a landing on. Rodger Koetlitz is the last low island with any surface showing to get room enough to build our houses on. I do not feel doubtful about reaching the most northern island in this group if winter keeps off two weeks longer.

August 22.—East south east wind again today, quite fresh. Fog lifting and showing the top of the land once in hour or so. Ice is moving north and ship going with it. Considerable water showing in the northeast this afternoon, but no way of getting to it, although the position looks more favorable each day; 'tis hard for some folks to let well enough alone. Well, so long as I am not disturbed I will not see or hear anything just now. From the crow's-nest the western ice seems yet unbroken. Wind increasing and fog thicker. The light-ups are few and far between this latter part of the day. A bear with two young cubs made her appearance, but would not wait for anyone to chase her. She no sooner smelled the ship than she said good-bye and left in a hurry. The boys wanted the two little cub skins to stuff, but the mother saved them. The crew are now working on the expedition sledges.

August 23.—Wind the same direction and strong. Ice opening between the large floes, forming small holes. Cannot see over one hundred feet, the fog is so dense at intervals. Ice very close around the ship. At 9 a. m. the fog lifted, showing quite a change in the ice and all for the better. A big lead has opened west of us two miles distant, running in northeast of Rodger Koetlitz, extending seven miles north of it, bearing east of us. Cannot move the ship as the ice is jamming and grinding against the ship's sides, and I cannot get any way on to buck, as the propeller is jammed against a big piece of ice. Have to wait for a slack. This pressure extends to the lead mentioned. When the ice opens in one place it has to pay for it by squeezing in another, especially between two shores. Should the weather get much colder the loose large pieces will freeze together and catch us right here. A south wind is best, after all, if only on account of higher temperature. At 2 p. m. the shore end of the ice showed it had broken off from the shore and off Markham Sound is all water—all done the last few hours. No need of hawsers out now to hold the steamer as the ice is crowded up in all shapes around her and underneath also. Another bear came within gunshot of two men who had gone out on the ice, but he smelled them and ran off before they shot. When they did shoot, both missed. They chased him off about two miles and gave him up. The boys get too excited when they see a bear to do much good shooting. At 10 p. m. wind same, but very clear. Ice around the ship remains the same. We are drifting north again today. Latitude was 80° 35′ north forty-two fathoms of water. No ghost of a chance to move this twenty-four hours.

August 24.—Light northeast winds, and very clear. Ice slacked a little this afternoon at 4.30, and we steamed toward Cape Murray (to north and west) about two miles, when the ice commenced to jam up hard, each floe pressing over the other, breaking off and ridging up. Stopped the ship just out of the line of pressure and pumped one hundred barrels of water off the ice. We were nearly out of water, so were very fortunate to find any good on this kind of ice—mostly flat. During the night the ice drifted north carrying the ship with it. So much clear gain. Considerable water now showing north of Cape Alice Armitage to the northwest of us, but the solid ice is again between the water and the ship; also water south of Cape Murray, which shows much change in the ice. At 5 p. m. wind breezing and ice opening in small leads northeast. At 9 p. m. had to move the ship from the western floe (where I made her fast) to the eastern floe. The western floe was going north, grinding and piling up the ice against a large berg, carrying the ship directly for it. The eastern floe was not moving. Bucked into the ice and with a heavy point of it for shelter was all O. K. At 11.30 the water northeast is only five miles off and extending in to Cape Fischer on the east shore; but we cannot move the ship as the ice is tight as a bottle around her. Feel that our chances of getting where we hoped to make our expedition quarters are growing brighter every day now. We have done well making progress, and all ought to be more than satisfied, considering the amount of ice we have had to contend with.

August 25.—Southeast wind, clear most of the day, with a few light rain squalls. The ice to the west moved all night, north northwest toward Arthur Island. 'Tis all broken pieces. At 10 a. m. all the loose ice had gone by to the north. The water is getting nearer from the south, which is in our favor, as I will have to go south some to get across to the east side where 'tis open to the north. At 8 p. m. drifting north again very slowly, large fields of ice coming from the south with a strong southeast wind. Parted the hawsers several times, by ice twisting the ship around during the night. Freezing up aloft and thawing on deck. Crew still working on sledges. Mr. Riliette is having some alterations made on the original plan, narrowing them, etc. We are slowly being forced toward the western side and soon will have some heavy pressures by the ice bringing up on the land, if I do not have a chance to get out to the east. I had a lot of hay put under the hatches, so made room for fifteen ponies out on the deck at once, which they seemed to appreciate, although they are very mischievous, eating every part of the ship left untinned. There are always men to look after them so they do very little damage. They have eaten through many of the posts in their stalls in spite of the tin. These posts are a part of the frame of the house to be erected for the expedition's winter quarters.

August 26.—Wind again the same, southeast, blowing twenty-four miles an hour. At 6.40 the ice slacked a little, got up steam and did some hard bucking to southeast; made three-quarters of a mile, before the ice closed up hard enough to stick us fast and jam the ship against the floe. All the ice is moving north and west today. Western ice going faster (the largest floe). Can see the clear water (east) from the bridge. 'Tis very aggravating to see it so near and not be able to reach it. Mary Elizabeth Island bears northeast, distant twelve miles, making our position nearly out of the English Channel. Have drifted twelve miles on a northwest by north course, always with the same floe on the east side; sometimes made fast to it, sometimes jammed into it without fasts out. Thick fog at 2 p. m. with rain. Temperature below freezing all day. Latitude 81° 3′. The pressure comes hard, as we are only four miles from Arthur Island. 'Tis the pressure of the water now which prevents the ice south slacking. I don't like the looks of this west side, as there is nothing but perpendicular glacier faces along the whole distance from south to north, not one landing place visible. Steamer now lying in a small hole with no pressure. Sounded and got 225 fathoms of water. Many small bergs drifting from the glaciers. Only one large one near the ship.

August 27.—Southeast wind and thick fog. Ice remains the same around the ship. Four men went out after a bear early this morning. He started to run away, but one of the men, Long, laid down on the ice and played seal, when the bear turned and came near enough for him to shoot. The largest skin yet—nine feet in length. Too far to save the meat. At 11 a. m. the fog lifted and showed we had made a westerly drift, Arthur Island bearing north northwest six miles distant. The ice must have brought up on the island north—Alfred Harmsworth—stopping the northerly drift. The ice is very close with but little pressure up to this hour. Fog shut down again. Wind moderated. At 2 p. m. the ice opened a little, and the fog lifted, showing a small lead of open water leading out to the clear water, southeast. Ice close between us and the lead. As the fog came in we waited for another light-up, and at 5.30 p. m. it cleared enough to start. Worked through the ice and came to the lead just as the fog came in again. After running the lead out, tried to make a northeast course; ran four miles and came up to ice, slowed down to half speed and worked to north and east all possible. Latitude at noon 81° 4′. At 7.30 P. M. came up to solid ice in the fog; it looked like shore ice. At 11.30 P. M. fog lifted so I saw the top of the land bearing southeast, distant three miles. Found we were lying in a horseshoe of ice. Got steam and worked through and followed the ice east until I made the top of the land one mile distant; made fast and sounded; 202 fathoms of water.

AUGUST 28.—Still tied up and still foggy. Calm. Had to stop to pick up one of the dogs who got to fighting and fell overboard, and was all the better for a much-needed bath. Quite warm today. Men employed putting sleds together. No let-up to the fog these days. I would now like to have a few hours' clear weather to reach the bulkhead of the ice once more. Saw Cape Fischer (top) once today for a few minutes. Have made this last twenty-five miles across the channel in a dense fog. Now am on the eastern shores, where I have wanted to be for the last week.

AUGUST 29.—At 1.30 A. M. partially cleared so I could make out the nearest land, Cape Fischer, about two miles distant, and Mary Elizabeth Island seven miles distant, bearing north northwest. Got steam and started north, passed inside of Elizabeth Island, which was surrounded by ice far as I could see, with loose ice inside, all the way into Cape Fischer. Just after starting, the fog came in so I could see just enough to sheer for the heaviest ice. Off Cape McClintock, the ice was quite close. Passed it a quarter of a mile distant. Here tied up to the ice after coming up to a solid field. Once the fog lifted (after tying up) and I saw Cape Norway (where Nansen passed one winter), north by east, six miles distant. Immediately got steam, but did not start as the fog shut down thicker than ever. At 10.30 A. M. another light-up and I got the bearings of a lead (a very crooked one) running as far as I could tell to Cape Norway. Got steam and hooked her on to reach the lead before the fog shut down again. Worked through it and tied up to the bay ice, or rather channel ice, which was solid one mile from the Cape. Mr. Fiala put a small cache of provisions on a small isolated rock near the shore. Two bears came to see what we were, and the men had a lively time chasing; they did considerable shooting at long range without any results. The ship's steward ran so far to cut a bear off, over some rough ice, that when the bear passed close to him he didn't have wind enough left to point his rifle straight. He shot and never touched him. After supper the boys took four of the best dogs along to try and run the bears down. The weather was clear. I went aloft to the crow's-nest to watch them and take a look off at a wide strip of ice where I would buck through. It commenced to slack then, so I whistled the gunners back. Got steam and started north through the ice into a lead and got to Cape Hugh Mill, found the ice jammed up and steamed into a small bay and harbor not charted on our map or chart, so we are the first ship in this fine harbor and the only one I have seen in latitude 81° 32′, longitude 55° 15′ east. From the island forming this harbor I can see Crown Prince Rudolf Island, south, distant twenty-eight miles. About six miles more of ice, and I can see open water extending toward it as far as the eye can reach. Undoubtedly extends up to our destination. All hands off shooting at walrus and seal with no success, but had a good time no doubt. At 11.20 I went to my room to get a nap, leaving orders with my first officer to call me when there was the least chance of getting through the ice. Wind today variable.

AUGUST 30.—Moderate east wind, very clear for a change. At 2.30 P. M. the first officer called me and reported the ice opening. Got steam and started. Found a good lead was opening and worked through it into the almost clear sea. Came up with Cape Felder and found two small islands uncharted and in the track of any ship taking departure from Frederic Jackson Island. With fifteen fathoms close into them, they are very low and would easily get covered with ice. Here had to buck through a narrow strip of ice. This was all the ice I saw. At 11.30 arrived at Teplitz Bay (plenty of ice off shore all the way today). Hoisted the American flag, and blew the whistle with a faint hope there might be some of the missing party there, who were given up for lost by the Italian expedition of 1900. Making no stop I headed the ship north. Taking departure from Cape Germania we steamed twenty-six miles north of the Island, making latitude by dead reckoning 82° 15′ west. Making the farthest north here.

August 31.—Clear and calm. Sea all frozen over with new ice, between the large floes, about two and a half inches thick. Came up to a wide point of the pack ice, turned around and headed for the island. Arrived at Teplitz Bay at 7.30 a. m., made fast and got out gangways for landing the ponies. The bay is frozen across with some heavy ice frozen to the old bay ice, which is very flat, about twenty feet in thickness. It is one mile to the rocks, and we will have to sledge all the stores and equipments. The pack is now about twenty miles away to the west. In strong southwest winds we will have to run in behind Turup Island, twelve miles to the south of here. There is no shelter here from the pack ice coming from every point west. The ice shows signs of very heavy pressures where we are tied up. On landing we found the stores left by the Italian expedition in very good state of preservation, also the coal. Nothing had apparently been disturbed since the caches were made. The canvas tents were full of ice, the canvas at the top nearly blown away, and about two feet of the ridgepoles sticking above the snow. The only place to erect their winter house was on a rocky ridge near the landing. After an eight o'clock breakfast we commenced to unload. First the dogs were unchained and put on the ice; next came the ponies. They came off all right, but in some manner got stampeded and ran up on the glacier above the landing. Sixteen ran off, and four men have gone in pursuit. This afternoon a fresh breeze from the northeast brings a swell, causing the ship to bang up against the ice. The crew are doing their work well, making six-hour watches and breakfast at 6 a. m. until the cargo is hauled to the shore. One tent for the ponies was put up. At 12 midnight none of the men who went up the glacier have returned. They were Drs. Vaughn, Shockley and Newcomb and Sergeant Moulton.

September 1.—Strong southeast wind, moderating later and hauling to east. Put out more fasts. Drs. Shockley and Newcomb came to the ship at 12.50. Did not see any ponies. Sergeant Moulton came at 4 p. m. with four ponies. Dr. Vaughn has not returned up to 8 a. m. Quite a sea breaking, cracking and carrying off the ice. The crew is busily engaged hauling the stores back on the ice to prevent them going off with the ice. Six men are out after the ponies today. Last night one of the ponies fell thirty feet down a crevasse on the glacier, and probably will have to be shot. Have just been examining the ice to see if it has cracked any inside of where the stores are now placed. Seemed to be all right. We are hauling to the camp as fast as possible, and now will only unload as fast as the goods can be sledged to the camp. It is very clear and warm. The men returned at 1.30 p. m., but saw no ponies. Dr. Vaughn returned at 7.30 p. m., and reports that the pony which fell into the crevasse had gone out of sight. He also said six ponies were working this way. This afternoon in a squall the hawsers parted and I had to get steam and get back to the ice. The hawsers are poor. Detailing so many men to go after the ponies retards unloading. It uses up the sledges fast hauling heavy loads over so much rough ice. The ice pack is seven miles distant west of us at 5 p. m., going north. At 10.15 p. m., Mr. Taffel is out hunting ponies. I understood all had returned. The wind now blows in gusts from southeast to north. The crew only sledge during the night. Again got steam to refasten a steel hawser which had cut through an ice hummock. Had to call the watch below out to make fast. At 11 p. m. Taffel came in with two ponies, and said he saw the remaining eight. 'Twas all he could do to bring the two in. They are wild, half-trained animals, so 'tis no easy matter to bring them in.

September 2.—A southeast gale blowing fifty-two miles an hour at 9 a. m., and snowing. Parted hawsers and hauled the wire out through the hummock. Just previous to this event a piece of ice broke off carrying five or six dogs, which I was unable to pick up. Steam was well up, as I had been expecting the ship to break adrift (had out all the fasts we had). Steamed in under the glacier, where the ice had broken off and formed quite a bight, making some protection from the seas. Made the ship fast head on to the ice, keeping full speed until the hawsers were fast, then kept under slow bell. All hands are working like beavers getting the stores to the camp. It's very nasty work with the snow flying so thick you cannot see over one hundred yards. Want to save all if possible. Too bad weather for the men to hunt up ponies. At 3.30 P. M. the ship is thumping against the ice on the shore side; under half speed now. At 4.30 the wind increased so I had to increase the speed to keep the hawsers from parting At 5 P M. the wire hawser parted; rung up full speed ahead. Wind blowing sixty miles an hour. It's a tough job for the men to get out on the ice to make the hawser fast again. Where the men were making the hawser fast, they could not be seen from the bow of the ship. Several times the ice would break off where the hawsers were fast, which had to be made fast to the solid ice again. Moderated some at 7 P. M., and at 9 P. M. had a little light-up (for the first time) so I could see five miles. Day closes with better weather. Wind blowing thirty-five miles an hour. Starboard watch on deck. All the stores are safe in camp. Steaming slow bell ahead.

SEPTEMBER 3—Wind southeast again, blowing thirty miles an hour. Fairly clear. Moulton and Vaughn started out, after an early breakfast, to hunt for the remaining ponies; the others of the field party started in building their dwelling house. Too much wind to put up another pony tent. The ship lying at the ice. Stopped steaming at 4 A. M., the hawsers holding all right. Would like to have some of the moderate winds we had coming up. Believe I could take the ship well north of 84° by the way the horizon looks from the island. Most of the rough and high ice has broken and gone off from the solid bay ice. 'Twill make the sledging easier. No shelter at all to winter the ship at Teplitz Bay. Not even a point of ice. We burned much coal steaming to hold the ship. The hawsers looked good, but are rotten in places where they came in contact with the blubber of whales on her last whaling voyage. One of the ponies died last night, the doctor said from exhaustion. The others are in good condition. At 5.15 P. M. Sergeant Moulton arrived with one pony; two got away from him, although he is an expert horseman. He reported that one pony had fallen into a crevasse and had to be shot, and that Dr. Vaughn had two the last he saw of him. They got separated on the glacier by a thick fog. 'Tis hazardous going on the glaciers, so many crevasses and almost impossible to see them in the glaring whiteness. Nearly the whole island is one glacier, twelve hundred feet at the highest point. It rained this afternoon, and the men knocked off at the house and came on board. Got an early supper to enable the builders to work this evening. The sun is up all through the twenty-four hours yet, so we can utilize it all. Unless obliged to I will not winter the ship here. Every day strengthens my opinion on this subject. Second Officer Nichols is making a new road to sledge to the camp. The ice broke off inside of where the dinghey was hauled out and carried her off with it. Mishap number 1 to the ship's furniture.

SEPTEMBER 4.—All hands busy unloading ship, sledging to camp and working on the house; raising it today. Dr. Vaughn got to the ship at 8 A. M. Had much trouble with the ponies. One broke his leg and he shot him and ate a raw steak to appease his hunger. The other pony fell into a crevasse. Mr. Fiala went out with a party to haul him out, but he was wedged too securely, and they had to shoot him. Two men went on the glacier to look for Dr. Vaughn early this morning. Very thick fog today. If this wind breezes from where it now is, I will have to hunt up a harbor in the fog to escape the ice. The stores go to the beach slow. Between looking up stray ponies and house building the men are scarce, as half of the ship's crew are on duty at a time. The sun dipped below the horizon for the first time today. Young ice is making near the edge of the bay ice. Have seen several walrus and one seal since arriving here. Occasionally a few sea gulls hover around.

SEPTEMBER 5.—Fresh east, southeast wind, and temperature just above freezing. Today all are working between the ship and the shore. No one out after ponies. One dog was killed by the whole pack of dogs. All of a sudden they will commence on a dog, and if someone is not near to club them off they will kill him in two minutes They seem to always pick out one of the best dogs. One side of the house is boarded in today. The ship lies very quiet broadside to the ice today; so much scattering ice drifting by, the wind does not have a chance to raise any seas. Although the sun sets now 'tis yet all good daylight. It is very quiet in the cabin and the watches below can get some sleep. Plenty of work causes all hands to crawl into their berths early.

September 6.—Moderate south and east wind. Ship tied up to the same ice. Today Mr. Fiala made known to me that he wanted the ship to winter here at Teplitz Bay, and also why 'twas necessary. So I have concluded to do so. Although the chances are small that we have a ship under us until spring. At 10 p. m. the wind is strong and snowing thick and fast. Too bad weather for working outside, so I called the crew on board. The men from the building also came on board. Have a day and night watch over the ponies. The dogs want to get on board—don't seem to like the shore. I do not like to see them around the ship, as they are apt to get carried off on the ice, like the others did. The only way to keep them in camp now is to chain them. Everybody is well, and we have high hopes of going north to the Pole next year.

September 7.—This day comes in with a southwest wind with light snow. All hands doing the same work as yesterday. Quite a little chop on, eating into the outside ice and breaking off the narrow points. No ice in sight off shore to the west from the ship's bridge. Large pieces of ice continually fouling the ship's bow, almost parting the hawsers. The ice broke off abreast of our landing gangway, and we had quite a job to get into position to unload without using steam. Considerable thumping against the big ice makes it uncomfortable in the cabin below. On deck the shocks feel light. If it freezes on any more will have to steam out clear and anchor. We are lying one hundred and fifty feet from the glacier foot, where there is thirteen fathoms of water. Pieces of ice have come in and filled up astern, so now we are all surrounded with it.

September 8.—The house on shore is now boarded in, and the store is up. The remaining ponies have been given up. 'Tis too risky to go out on the glaciers, as they probably have wandered to the other end of the island. The stable and dog-house have grown fast today. The ship is thumping and grinding against the ice the same as yesterday. About all the pony and dog feed landed and hauled to camp. At 11.30 wind south southwest with snow squalls. Part of the men working on shore tonight.

September 9.—The day comes in with light northwest wind. Pack ice in sight six miles distant from west to south. At 5 p. m. the wind is moderate, west southwest. I have been up on the glacier to get a good look at the ice. 'Tis southern ice, and plenty of it slowly coming toward this island. Chopping through the ice in the tent left here by the Duke de Abruzzi we came across the carcass of a dog, which had ended his days there. The Duke left six dogs here. We saw another near the tent. The channels south around Coberg Island are all clear water, and there is now a good opportunity to steam into a safe harbor for the winter. There is a fairly good harbor clear of ice around the south side of Hohenlohe, just six miles south of this island. But we must hold the ship at this point to help insure the success of the journey with sledges to the North Pole, and I have heard no dissenting voices since I made known my decision among my crew, most of whom are experienced men among Arctic ice. All of which shows me they are all ready and willing to do all in their power for the benefit of the future work of going north next spring. All hands employed at the usual work. Covered the frame of the stable, hay and grain tent; the three are joined together. It will be stayed with wire guys to stand the heavy blows, early in the fall. Later the snow will bank up against it, holding it securely. Tomorrow (weather permitting) we will steam to the south end of the island to Cape Auk after a twenty-ton cache of provisions left there by the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition in the spring of 1902. These stores were transported by pony and dog sledges from Alger Island, one of the southern islands, the most northern point reached by that expedition in 1901. Have landed about all the stores for the field party all in good condition. The pack ice is moving slowly north. Scattering ice from it is coming into the bay. 'Tis quite lively in this little corner of rocks and glacier around Camp Abruzzi, so named by Mr. Fiala in honor of the valiant Italian Duke, with two hundred dogs running loose and twenty-three ponies. Six ponies were lost by the unfortunate stampede on landing. So far only one man has fallen into a crevasse and he got out with the assistance of his ice pick. Have of late made a rule that two men should go together when going any distance from the ship.

September 10.—Clear and calm. At 7.30 a. m. got steam and steamed south to Cape Auk for the cache of stores. Mr. Fiala took two of the field party along to help load stores. Here the ground ice was from fifty to seventy-five feet high and very rough, giving no chance to sledge any. Landed a party, then steamed back to the nearest ice to our camp to get all the men who could be spared from the house, as I wanted more men to get the stores on board before night. Can't depend on the weather in this latitude. Just twenty-seven minutes steaming from camp to Cape Auk. Sea all frozen over one inch thick. Tied up to the shore ice in six and one-half fathoms of water, at the nearest point to the cache. Unpacked all stores and formed a line of men and passed them along by hand on board. Arrived at the camp ice at 10.30 p. m. The ice is all solid from Cape Auk east and south. Found the steam pipes near the windlass frozen this morning. One seal was seen in the water today.

September 11.—Moderate southeast winds and warmer today. Pack four and one-half miles to the northwest. All hands busy. Crew sledging the Cape Auk stores to camp. I have been up on the glacier taking a general survey and the more I see of this place for wintering the ship the less I like it. Chief Hartt, with one of his firemen, is chopping through the ice in the duke's tent, looking for the cooking range supposed to have been left there. Our party have utilized about all the frame of this tent they could get at for the stable frame, which is 100 x 20 feet, with a fifteen feet ridge pole. All the birds have flown south. Today I returned to the ship just in time, as the wind came from the north in a strong gust, and parted the spring and stern hawsers. Head wire hawsers held on and she swung around holding by the head. Got steam and steamed into a small bight in the ice, through three inches of young ice and again tied up side to the ice with five hawsers fast. Crew sledged all the rest of the day through the strong gusts which entirely hid them from sight one hundred feet away. The boys are tough and all right. At 8.50 p. m. considerable swell coming in around Cape Saulen. At 10.30 blowing strong from the east. Ship is lying under the high glacier and 'tis not possible to say exactly which quarter it comes from. Thick as mud with snow. At 12 midnight it is blowing in gusts from southeast.

September 12.—Fresh southeast wind with snow drifting the first part of day, latter part more moderate and clear. Commencing to show a little difference in all daylight, and the darkness will come fast enough from now on. The house grows slowly now as there are only a few carpenters who can finish on the inside. Except tinning all around the stalls the stable is ready for the ponies. It begins to look like a camp, but so desolate with only a few rocks sticking up through the snow. Examined the ship's hull inside and out. Excepting a slight leak she is in good condition to commence and make the same trip over again. The new scientific observatory is nearly finished; it is located east of the house on a hill three hundred yards distant. Above freezing all day. All ready to go into winter quarters with the ship. All the crew are well.

Sunday, September 13.—Clear weather. At 8 a. m. wind breezing from southwest which brings in the seas. As we are tied up to the weather side of the ice now, the ship strikes hard against it. At 2 p. m. the wind increasing, we had to get out. Steamed just clear of the ice to the south. Sounded for anchorage and got forty-five fathoms, which was rather deep to heave the anchor, in case the ice came in in a fog, and I am quite sure the ice doesn't wait to accommodate. Went toward the Cape and found twenty-six fathoms, giving just room enough to swing clear of the big ice that had drifted in on the glacier. Now no more thumping for a while. Crew are all on board. Field party are on shore working on their buildings and caching stores, and doing general work. I don't think the six o'clock breakfast is appreciated very much, as it causes our culinary department to turn out at 3 a. m. to get breakfast. I will change it soon as possible and have breakfast during the rest of our stay on the ship at 8 a. m. At 5.30 p. m. sent in the whale boat for the shore party to get their supper. As I can see no pack ice and wind not increasing will lay here for the night. Considerable drift ice came in and drifted by, lodging against the glacier and bay ice. At midnight the wind is the same, only more to the west. Lying at anchor O. K.

SEPTEMBER 14.—Wind west southwest, snowing and quite moderate. Plenty of scattering ice in sight coming in from the west. At 7.15 lowered boat and landed the men to work at the camp. The crew and some of the field party are filling the coal bunkers, taking coal from the main hatchway. Pack ice came in sight with a very slow drift toward the island. At 10.20 A. M. we hove anchor and moved to the eastward and tied up to the ice, just one mile due south of the camp. It is the best place I could find for winter quarters—twenty fathoms of water alongside. From the ship it looks as if we had a little protection from the westerly winds. From the glacier back of the camp it looks like no protection against wind or ice, coming from the westward. At our first dinner in winter quarters we had bear's meat made into balls, which all pronounced very good. Only a few men working on shore after dinner. Today everything looks like winter—snow all blown off the glaciers; shows the blue hard ice and nearly all the rocks are covered with snow. Do not expect to get frozen in solid for some time, for one hundred feet from the bay ice 'tis frozen over six inches thick. As far as I could see from the camp the sea is frozen over again. Finished filling coal bunkers at 11.30 P. M.

SEPTEMBER 15.—Very fine clear weather with the wind east. Pack ice has stopped moving in—now about three and one-half miles distant. We can unload light cases on the new ice alongside, about seven inches thick today. At 9 P. M. thermometer 22° above zero. The dogs have now got used to the camp and have a fine time running over the ice and glacier. So far the ponies have done all the sledging. There are about six good reliable workers, that the crew, who are not used to horses, can use. Ponies and dogs are now having the benefit of the stables. Chief Hartt is on shore fitting stoves with water pipes for Mr. Fiala. He fitted pipes in the galley range running into a cask to melt ice. We get the ice for cooking and drinking off the bay ice. Later will cut it off the glacier, eleven hundred feet away. All hands are in the best of health.

SEPTEMBER 16.—Strong east southeast wind. Thermometer 13° below. Sent down topgallant yards and stripped the crow's-nest cover down to the platform and secured it there for the winter. The nest has fulfilled its mission for this year. Got out stores from the lower hold and put them on the upper deck in case of accident to the ship. The ice has filled in between Cape Saulen and the next islands south, leaving an open hole around the ship, which now is frozen over. All hands on shore today, pushing the work along before the weather gets too cold. 'Twill be a different ship when the field party move into their house at camp. We shall miss them in the cabin. Still more will they be missed from the engine room. There will be many a day no one will be able to go between the ship and camp on account of wind and darkness. Snowing this evening at 7 o'clock. Thermometer 27° below. Barometer keeps high.

SEPTEMBER 17.—Wind moderate southeast and snowing in squalls through the forenoon. Afternoon east northeast, clearing. The ice looks just the same around the ship. A few of the dogs want to get on board. I saw one trying to haul himself up on a rope by his teeth. One of the dogs can climb up an upright ladder—our ship dog, Moses. The dogs will have to be chained most of the time, as they go out hunting far out on the ice which is liable at any time to break off, with wind off shore, and carry them off. Had to leave off outside work today on account of the snow drifting and low temperature. At the ship we are cleaning and fixing up for the winter, and are only waiting for my carpenter to get through on shore to house in the ship fore and aft. The ice broke off in the fresh northeast wind today, about seven hundred feet outside of the ship and drifted off south. Luckily the dogs had come in less than an hour before it cracked off. They would not attempt to go in the water to swim over even if the crack was twenty feet wide, when they came to it.

SEPTEMBER 18.—Moderate northeast wind and clear. Thermometer 5° above. All waterholes frozen over. Pack moving slowly, crushing up all the new ice and ridging it up. Crew are putting the ship's stores out on the bay ice, as I am convinced the ice is safer than the ship. I am keeping two months' provisions on board, on deck. Winter is setting in all right now, and we are behind in our preparations on account of men working at camp, notably the carpenter. The ship is now frozen in so that I can let the chief blow down his boilers and get the salt off and do the necessary work on the engine, that he has been wanting to do since the twentieth of August. Will have to make a hurry-up job as we cannot trust this style of harbor. Will have to keep up steam for some time, after the repairs are made. Should we get blown away without steam up, the chances are 'twould be the last of ship and all hands. Knowing this, I will be anxious until we can get steam once more. Let one of the seamen go on shore to take the night watch, as they wished to have a man who would not go to sleep, let the fire go out and the water pipes freeze, etc. The man's name was Elijah Perry. Ice closed up this evening, the hardest yet. Squeezing itself in all shapes, but did not bring any pressure on the ship as we were a little out of the line of it. Thermometer 18° below at 9 P. M. Air thick with frost and fog. The ship's crew are doing good work all around.

SEPTEMBER 19.—Blowing from the southeast. After three hours of it the ice cracked off at the same place it did the last time and moved off about two miles and stopped. Commenced to make preparations to blow down the boiler. Landing stores on the ice again today in spite of the weather—want to get through with our work. Excepting four, the field party are all on shore doing general work. Finished landing stores on the ice at 4.30 P. M. Commenced to blow down at 10.30 P. M. Thermometer 26°. At midnight wind northwest, light.

SEPTEMBER 20.—At 8 A. M. wind blowing thirty miles an hour northeast and snowing hard. Thermometer 14° above. Four men went through the smother on shore. Lowered the boat's crew with the rails to take pressure off the ship and pointed the yards to the wind. Started a fire in the lower cabin, as no fires in fire room are lighted and we do not get our usual heat from there. Door from the cabin opens directly into the engine room. Three days' steady work night and day will see the work through there. Ice opened out and drifted off again. How far I cannot tell, as 'tis thick with drifting snow all day. No electric lights now, as we run the dynamo by the main boiler. Makes it seem lonely enough, as we have a few small lamps only. No bears seen since our arrival. I judge the south and east winds have held them off, keeping the ice open and away from the islands. Mr. Haven cut a hole through the ice over the propeller, to keep the wheel clear and for water in case of fire on board. The ice was nine inches thick. Sun set clear tonight at 5.30 P. M. Mr. Fiala gave out clothing for the whole voyage through his quartermaster, Mr. Riliette.

SEPTEMBER 21.—Calm and light northeast wind. Clear over the land and thick fog over the ice, with occasional light-ups. Thermometer 1° above this morning. Ice made in propeller hole four inches last night. 'Tis always cleared out once a day. Commenced to house in the ship today and unbent two sails for covering. House on shore nearly finished, so have had our carpenter start in on board ship. Building a wide snow and ice gangway so we can drive a dog team on deck and not unload on the ice. The fireman who was sick has recovered and has now been placed in the deck department, which at present seems to suit him better. Sergeant hauled a load of ashes to put under the ponies for an experiment. The engine room has no visitors now, pending lighting the fires. I notice the working hours are a little shorter on shore. Quite dusky through the middle of the night. Clear, beautiful night, but it's hard to realize we are frozen in the Polar regions in latitude 81° 47′ north.

SEPTEMBER 22.—Calm and light airs, north and east, after 7 A. M., southeast. Very little change in the ice. Outside the pack is moving slowly north, pushing and grinding by the glacier on Cape Auk. Sometime last night one of the boys saw a bear under the ship's stern, looking up at him. Several men started out with rifles and hunted for him until they got tired and came back without seeing any signs of him. The dogs (about ten) never moved. This morning I looked for tracks and saw nothing but dog tracks, so I am quite sure the man must have been a little excited seeing the bear so near him and this bear was one of our large white dogs. The man sticks to it that 'twas a bear. There is only a fire watch kept on the ship now. My steward by mutual consent is to go as steward for the field party at camp, which at present consists of eighteen members, including two of the ship's crew, who are looking out for the ponies. At 8 P. M. snowing. Got steam at 6.30 P. M., and now have our electric lights once again. Ice making a big racket squeezing up off south of us. Thermometer 1° below high, low 3° below.

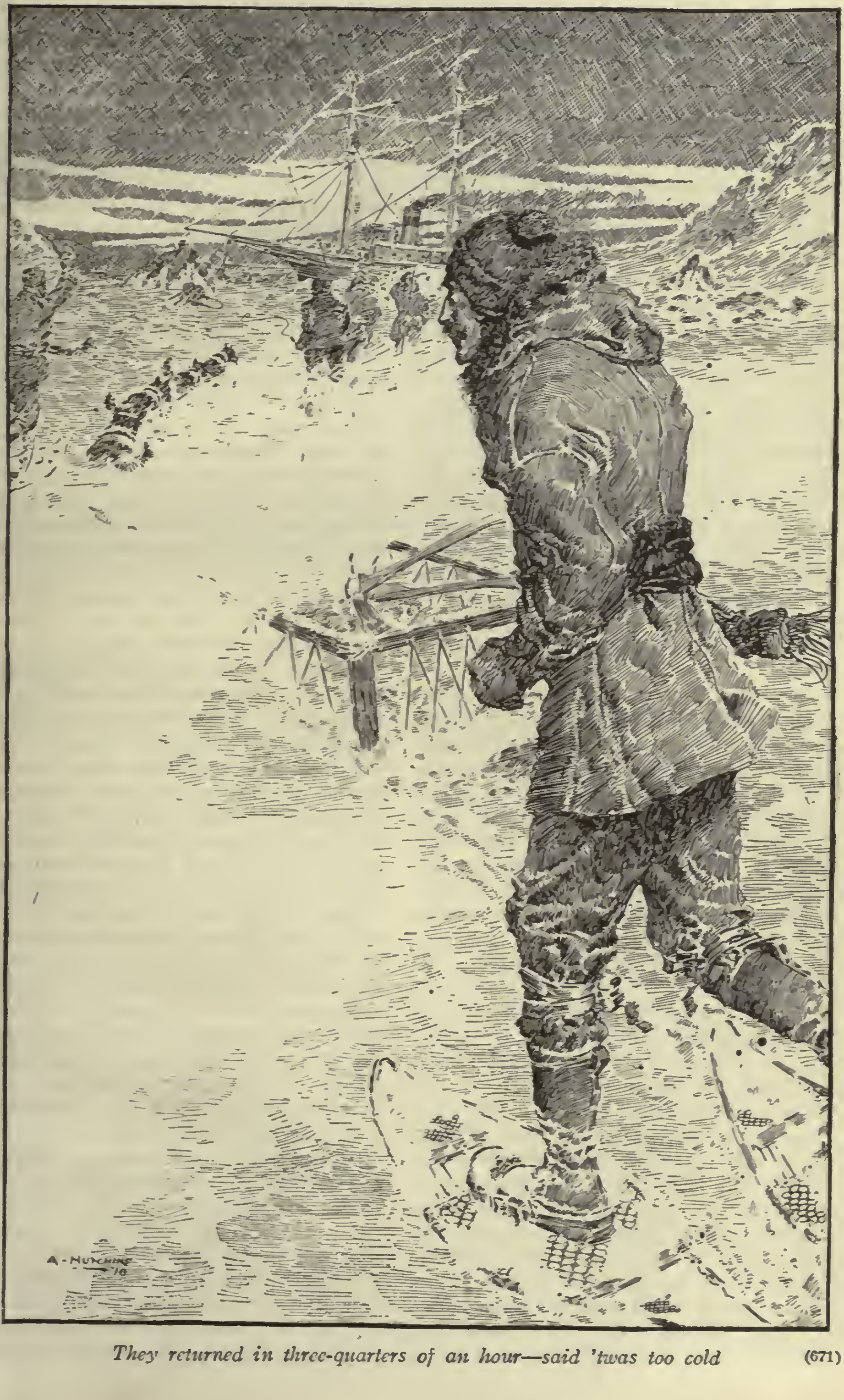
SEPTEMBER 23.—Easterly light winds and clear. Thermometer 2° below. The ice shows considerable pressure since yesterday. All full of high ridges and no holes of water. Put all the boats on the ice alongside. Another bear reported by the night watch. No tracks visible. Truly the bears must have grown wings. No one chased this one off. The field party left the ship today for their mansion at Camp Abruzzi. Took their first meal (dinner) with little ceremony. We had our first alone, with six officers present. Moved the cook and messboy into the cabin, using the room vacated by the doctors. Everybody seems more than satisfied with the new program. Dr. Shockley performed his first operation on shipboard—extracted a tooth for the carpenter, who was all smiles afterward. Very quiet in the cabin and lots of room. The chief is running wires to camp to light the house—one big arc and bulbs.

SEPTEMBER 24.—Wind west northwest, just enough to blow the snow along in good shape. Second Officer Nichols with five men went on the foot of the glacier to cut ice for the winter, stayed three-quarters of an hour and returned—said 'twas too cold. Thermometer 1° below, lowest; 10° above, highest. The fine drift would blow right through ordinary woolen clothes. They were only eleven hundred feet away and I could not begin to see them at work. This morning we had Mr. Peters with us at breakfast. Ice opened out in leads, and they are smoking like volcanoes. Mr. Haven is working on coverings for our house. The sergeant has lost his broom from the "glory hole," and now is on the anxious seat. Brooms are very scarce. The sergeant bought his at Vardo, knowing the ship had none. Playing cards was another order that did not get filled. Some of the party brought cards from America, perhaps enough. The field party have a good library, and on board ship we have one also. The chief and both engineers are running wires. Breakfast served at 6 A. M. at camp and partaken of at 7. I will have breakfast on ship at 7 tomorrow. One side of our house finished from the galley to the taffrail. The wires are connected and electric lights used at the camp house tonight. Mr. Peters is on board for the night. Commenced to bank snow around the ship up to the plank-shear. Ice alongside only about nine inches thick and makes very slowly. Steamer's draught is fourteen feet six inches aft, twelve feet forward. Have not landed any coal from our cargo as the duke's coal is good and plenty of it.

SEPTEMBER 25.—Wind northeast and moderate. Clear most of the day. No change in ice conditions. Went on shore to look at the improvements. Plenty more work to do there yet. The house looks real well. It is divided off in rooms; the galley in the western end using two small cook stoves; a large heating stove in the east end; the main room on the south side with three windows. Some of the rooms have two men, others have three, four or one in them. The stable is connected with the house by a closed passage about one hundred and twenty feet long, made of cases of stores with a canvas top about four feet wide and six and one-half feet high. In very bad weather or at any time this passage can be used.

SEPTEMBER 26.—Northeast winds, moderate with snow. Heavy pack ice going south, grinding by on Cape Saulen, leaving a hole of clear water three miles long and one and a half miles wide, south and west. The doctors came off after what wine was left on board—two cases of red wines, also liquor, a fifteen-gallon keg of New England rum, one of blackberry brandy, one of whiskey, one ten-gallon keg of gin was left. These liquors were ordered for ship's use. At 6 P. M. the wind is strong in gusts. Mr. Fiala took supper on board. Tomorrow change meal hours for the winter. Breakfast 8 A. M., dinner, 12; supper, 5. Two men take the night watch, changing each week.

SEPTEMBER 27.—Wind variable east to north, blowing fresh in squalls lasting about one hour. Snowing a little, and at 8 A. M. calm. Afternoon light airs southwest. Temperature 23° above. Uncomfortably warm


A. HUTCHINS '10

They returned in three-quarters of an hour—said 'twas too cold with the ship housed in. Had to cut a large hole on each side through the canvas for ventilation and clear off all the snow under the coverings as it turned to slush. I find the clear deck much better. The second officer is a little under the weather. Dr. Vaughn came on board for tools. Ice made one-quarter of an inch in the propeller hole last night. Mr. Long, Dr. Seitz, Fiala and Peters were on board toward night.

SEPTEMBER 28.—Light northeast wind and clear; lowest thermometer 8° above, high 23° above. Freezes very little. Soft slush in propeller hole. Pack ice moving slowly north. Mr. Fiala came on board for a short time. The ponies are breaking their chain halters, and the sailors are making wire ones. Perhaps they will hold. The dogs are all looking fine. Did not take them long to pick up. They were hard-looking animals the day we landed them at Teplitz Bay. Peace and quiet reigns at the camp. Even ponies and dogs are at peace. The dogs climb up in the pony mangers on their hay, and make a bed in one end, and the ponies will eat the hay out from under them.

SEPTEMBER 29.—Wind very light, northwest. Very fine weather. Ice has come in from off shore and filled in the open water. Crew off cutting ice on the glacier for the winter. 'Tis fine and clear and makes the best water, being perfectly fresh. The house at camp is too warm and sweats, making it very uncomfortable. On the ship under the house it is perfectly dry and makes a good drying room. Thermometer 34° above. The magnetic house is finished at camp. This will be the last for this winter.

SEPTEMBER 30.—Blowing hard from southeast from 12 midnight to 5.30 A. M., when it let go, and came out very light. This is the way of winds in this latitude. Comes in butt end first and all of a sudden stops blowing, so one never knows when he leaves camp what kind of weather it will be coming back. 'Tis bad enough this time of year, but in winter 'tis dangerous to be caught out even within a quarter of a mile of the camp or ship. The pack moved off five miles during the blow this morning, from Cape Saulen to Hohenlohe Island. This evening the clear water is all frozen over. No movement of the pack after 11 A. M. At 9 A. M. is 10° above. Crew sledging ice to cache alongside the ship. Supposed to have two weeks' supply always on hand. Built a storm entrance to the forecastle and hung doors on each side of the house. Housed in the windlass securely. Last night in looking over my charts I noticed how different the ice made this year from descriptions of other expeditions coming to Franz Josef Land. At 3 P. M. wind east, northeast, blowing hard, but at 8 P. M. lulled a little, and the first assistant engineer, who had been all day working at camp, managed to come off to the ship. At 9 P. M., wind blowing thirty-six miles an hour. Thermometer 16° above. The air is thick with drifting snow. Froze two inches last night. The dogs, which make their home at the ship, are lying under the lee side of the ship. All you can see of them is a little white mound. So long as they have a lee it makes no difference how much snow is covering them. When it gets too heavy they get up and shake themselves, and lie down in the exact spot again.

OCTOBER 1.—Wind northeast, blowing hard up to 7.40 A. M., when it let go all at once. Thermometer 16° above at 9 A. M.; light variable winds. The pack has moved off to the south; how far I cannot tell as 'tis thick with frost-smoke over the water. All the coverings on our house at the ship withstood the blow all right. At 8 P. M. the wind is fresh east southeast and fairly clear. Pack ice out of sight from deck. No one off from the camp today. Distributed tobacco for two weeks to the crew. This blow reached sixty-two miles an hour for a short time. Today the dogs kept on the move and actually seemed to enjoy the flying snow.

OCTOBER 2.—Wind fresh southeast, blowing in gusts. Thermometer 28° above. No ice in sight to north northwest. Pack has drifted out of sight to southwest. At 9.30 A. M., snowing. On the off shore side of the ship ice is eighteen inches thick and one hundred yards wide to where it broke off the last gale. This is the only protection left from the pack coming in. A southwest gale would soon make an end of the "America," without the pack coming in with it. The crew are all out picking out ice on the glacier. All orders are cheerfully obeyed at the ship and no sign to the contrary. Mr. Fiala and Mr. Peters came after a copper heating stove, which was made by the engine department. Several loads of sledge frames were sent off to be altered and put together on board.

October 3.—Fresh east wind through the night. Thermometer 9° above. Saw the sun for the first time for ten days. Pack still out of sight; scattering and long narrow strips in sight only, to the south and west. Crew working on board assorting sled frames, clearing out between decks and under the main hatch. The carpenter and Mr. Haven are getting the stove in position and partitioning off with one of the ship's sails and running wires for lights. A fine night for a change.

October 4.—Light variable winds and calm. Clear at 8 a. m. Thermometer 20° above. Ice unchanged. New ice as far as I could see. At 12 noon it opened out in many narrow leads. Today is Sunday and so far fine. No work today. One party went to Cape Auk over the glacier. Others are on the glacier back of the camp, skiing. The hunting party came across a female bear with two of this year's cubs. They killed the old bear and one cub, and slightly wounded the other. They shot all their cartridges away and Mr. Vedoe returned to the ship for more men and a sledge to bring in the skins and meat and help to find the other cub. This trip the men went over the new ice, about four miles, to Cape Auk. At the Cape the ice was very soft under the glacier foot, and all but one of the six men broke through and got a good ducking. Having plenty of small ropes with them to haul each other out, nothing serious happened to them. They stayed long enough to cache the meat and then hurried back to get dry clothes. When the party arrived the second time they found three bears dead in a heap. Mr. Vedoe's brother, who is one of the field party, had gone over another way, unbeknown to the others. He saw one bear standing with his paws on another one (his mother) which he shot dead and was much surprised to find the other two were already dead.

October 5.—Light and variable winds all through night. At 8 a. m. thermometer 5° above. Ice squeezing up from southwest pressure. Crew cutting ice and working on the sledges. At 2 p. m. Mr. Fiala with about all the field party came off to the ship on horseback, dismounted for a few minutes, then back again to the camp. Did not seem to have much formation. Ponies were rather stubborn and would do as they pleased. Sunday dinner menu: pea soup, broiled grouse, French peas, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, hot rolls, Worcestershire sauce, celery, butter, coffee, English plum pudding with hard sauce.

October 6.—Fresh south southwest winds, moderating through the afternoon. Pack moving from the south has telescoped the young ice, which, with the snow on top and up in ridges, looks like old ice from the distance. Dr. Shackelton and Lieutenant Truden came off with a pony team. Had shafts attached to the sledge. From ship to camp the track is smooth; all the rough ice had broken and gone off before we made fast here. The engine room department is busy making and repairing for the camp folks. At 9 a. m. snowing. Dark nights now. Unless it is fine weather, there is very little traveling between ship and shore. All hands are well.

October 7.—Wind northwest, moderate and snowing. At 9 a. m. thermometer 9° above. The ice is ridged up high (from southwest pressure) since last night at dark. So much young ice south of us the pressure at the ship was small. Had it been water only the ship would have fared hard. Cutting ice from the glacier and stacking there enough until daylight comes in February. Mr. Fiala, with his troop of cavalry, made a flying visit. At 11 p. m. moon breaking through. Thermometer 3° below. Calm.

October 8.—Light variable easterly airs and sun shining. Antone Vedoe, John Vedoe and Buckland went over to Cape Auk after the bear trophies. Left at 10 a. m. with one dog team of eleven dogs. Arrived at ship just before supper with three skins and the meat. First officer went on shore to see about making silk tents for the trail next spring. Mr. Peters off this forenoon looking up an old tent which had been left here to dry. At 8 a. m., thermometer 8° below. Some narrow leads of water showing off in the distance where the ice is opening and shutting. One berg in sight working up from the south. Made three inches of ice in propeller hole last night. The field party's quartermaster, Riliette, came on board to stay until the sledges are completed, as this work comes under his duties. 11 P. M. calm. Moon shining brightly. Thermometer 15° below.

OCTOBER 9.—Light northeast wind, later calm. Air is thick with frost fog. Thermometer 4° below. Mr. Riliette is to have many of the crew as needed. All will be competent men for the needed work. Also the ship's carpenter. All of these men will be under the personal supervision of First Officer Haven, and all work finished must be passed by Riliette. As these sleds are built solely for the purpose of the North Pole dash, every part must be solid. Fast as the sledges are finished they are taken to camp. Two of the steamer's crew are at camp, taking the night watch (same ones mentioned before); seems to be too much work for one man. The cavalry again made us a flying visit. At 9 P. M. thermometer 2° above. Clear night with the wind light southeast. Mr. Fiala and Mr. Peters spent the evening with us.

OCTOBER 10.—Light easterly winds and calms. Thermometer 10° above and clear. Sledging ice to the ship today. Taking advantage of the fine weather. Mr. Haven built a snow wall around the ice at the ship to keep the dogs away from it. Jimmie, the mess boy, thought he would like to ride in the daily cavalry charge to the ship. He managed to stick on the pony riding off, but going back, the pony didn't want him on his back, and had his own way too; the boy came limping back and the pony went galloping into camp. 9 P. M., thermometer 1° above.

OCTOBER 11.—Variable northerly winds, moderate with considerable snow. Have seen far as the camp once today. Thermometer 1° above; low barometer and falling. Lieutenant Truden the only one off from camp. The dogs are hanging around more now the snow gangway is so handy. Today I counted forty on deck at one time. All hands having Sunday's leisure hours. Some are reading, some yarning, but all contented to stay at home this kind of weather. Yesterday succeeded in cutting off a heavy spur of ice which projected across the propeller holes, and had prevented jacking the propeller over. Chief moves it a little every day. Pump once a week by steam. Takes twenty minutes. Cavalry did not come off today. Yesterday they were serenaded by Chief Hartt's band, consisting of bugle, tin pan and accordeon trying to play Yankee Doodle. He hopes next time to do better by them.

OCTOBER 12.—Northwest gale, moderating at 9 A. M. Thermometer zero. At 8 P. M. light southwest wind and clear. Cavalry troop off. Mr. Peters made a visit. Chief put two more electric lights in the carpenter's shop. Mr. Haven and self have been trying to run a hand Singer sewing machine. Mr. Haven is starting in to make the silk tents. The islands south showed up all white today. We don't see them very often this time of the year. The ice remains the same. No water in sight.

OCTOBER 13.—Wind light southeast. At 8 A. M., thermometer 11° above. The ice cracked off, inside the ship, all along the bay ice this morning sounding like a big gun report, caused by the tide falling more than usual. This looks bad for us, as this ice now is liable to go out in a strong east wind, leaving the ship in clear water on the off side. Will have more fasts put out to hold on to the bay ice. This is trouble number 1 come. I do not think any of the crew realize the seriousness of this new condition of affairs. So I will say nothing to stir them up from their sense of security. This is one condition which I overlooked. I had not thought, at first, of ice breaking off between the ship and the land floe. This crack now goes through our gangway. This afternoon there was a small movement of this whole outside ice. On examination I found it moved by the floe eighteen inches, which is proof positive 'tis broken all the way through and will certainly go out; even if it freezes together in the crack 'twill always break off every day with the rise and fall of the tide.

(*To be continued*)

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By— FREDERICK HULZMANN

EASTER brings with it, perhaps, a closer association with music than does even the Yuletide. During the preceding weeks, the martial church music has been intoned with a hushed solemnity in commemoration of the events surrounding Calvary, which in many cases has permeated the home and caused a cessation of our favorite records, except, perhaps, when the small boy steals in the conservatory and "winds 'er up" to hear "Emmaline" while mother and father are absent at Lenten service.

The variety and volume of Easter music are supreme. Nearly all of the best solos and oratorios are obtainable in one form or another in the records of the different companies, and with but little effort an appropriate Easter programme may be arranged. Then, too, with the season of Lent past, there will again be the usual demand for the light and comic selections that constitute a very important part of the record-making industry. A profusion of good numbers in this variety is present on each of the lists for March.

* * *

Six selections by the famous evangelist, Gipsy Smith, form a very interesting part of the Columbia list for the month. Although Mr. Smith has never achieved great fame as a singer, there is a peculiar quality to his voice that seems to carry with it an evangelistic spirit even in these inanimate records. The thousands of people who have heard this talented man speak or sing will find in the Columbia records this month a most satisfying interpretation of his unique method of exhortation. Particularly appropriate for an Easter programme—or, in fact, a complete repository of Lenten music—is afforded in his renditions, "He Lifted Me," Gabriel; "Jesus, the Light of the World," Elderkin; "O Beautiful City of God," Temple; "Saved by Grace," Stebbins; "Kept for Jesus," Sanky, and "Pass It On," Stebbins.

In the "gray" season, also, we can appreciate such music as Chopin's "Funeral March" and Handel's "Dead March," from Saul, which Prince's Band deliver in their usual excellent style. Several other band numbers for the month are quite worthy of mention; the "La Czarine Mazurka" and "Impassioned Dream," by Lacalle's Band, and Sousa's "Invincible Eagle March," Kerry Mills' "Red Wing" and Hermann's "Cocoanut Dance," by the Columbia Band.

Lovers of De Koven's work will welcome his "Robin Hood—Brown October Ale," sung in the faultless baritone of Frank C. Stanley, and "Creole Days," tenor solo by Walter Van Brunt.

The mention of Bob Roberts' name always brings a smile, and his several contributions to the March list are guaranteed to cure the most indigo mood. He begins with an expostulation to "Sadie Salome," wishes "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," declares that "Henry Hudson was a Bold Jack Tar" and launches into the serious question propounded in the refrain of Morse's absurdity, "The Woodchuck Song."

Gumble's popular "Bolo Rag" is converted into a xylophone solo by Schmehl, and Fischer's valse, "Women's Vows," is presented in a novel manner by the efficient trio, Stehl, Henneberg and Schuetze, on violin, flute and harp.

The glorious Hallelujah Chorus from

Handel's "Messiah" is a conspicuous number on the Victor list for the month. No chorus from any oratorio is better known, perhaps, than the Hallelujah, and with the strong support of Sousa's Band the selection is soul-stirring. The Parisian Symphony Orchestra's rendition of the finale, "Danse de Phryne" is a magnificent conclusion of the "Faust" ballet series. On double-faced records are two splendid selections from the famous Fisk University Jubilee Quartet, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Golden Slippers."

The return of Sousa's Band from a transcontinental tour resulted in three European selections, "Florentiner March," "Siamese Patrol" and "Amina." The last, an Egyptian serenade, has met with tremendous success across the water, and makes a deep impression on the lover of Egyptian music. The new singer for the month is Lucy Isabelle Marsh, soprano, well known as a choir singer in New York City, and the Victor world welcomes her initiation in the vocal waltz, "The Swallows." Another of the newer Victor artists, Reed Miller, contributes a popular favorite ballad, "In the Garden of My Heart."

Harry Lauder offers "Mr. John MacKay," "I've Loved Her Ever Since She Was a Baby" and "Bonnie Leezie Lindsay." Ada Jones and Billy Murray join in telling "What Makes the World Go Round"; reverse side of the record, "Down in Sunshine Alley," by the Murray and Hayden Quartet. Especially good also is the Hamilton Hill record, "I'd Rather Say Hello than Say Good-bye" and "The Fireman's Song." The irrepressible Collins and Harlan in "Lyna, Oh, Oh, Miss Lyna" are paired with Murray K. Hill in the catchy "Alphabet Song." The Victor Dance Orchestra puts out a popular barn-dance, "Four Little Sugar Plums."

An admirable achievement in the Victor red seal records is a complete act, in three parts, of Faust, rendered in French by the opera singers Geraldine Farrar, Enrico Caruso and Marcel Journet. Journet himself renders three selections in French, and unites with Caruso in the duet of Flotow, "Solo, Profugo" from "Martha." Three new Slezak records are offered: "The Spring," "There's a Sweeter Empire" and "Heavenly Aida" in German.

The Edison Company has evidently not overlooked the feast of Ireland's patron saint, for their March list includes the rollicking character song, "The Hat My Father Wore Upon St. Patrick's Day," sung by Billy Murray and chorus, and "Irish Blood," composed by Andrew Mack and included by him in several of his plays, sung by Ada Jones. Selections from two of the most popular women humorists of the country are included in the Edison records of this month; Stella Mayhew convulses her listeners with the "coon" dialect in "I'm a Woman of Importance" and Marie Dressler enters the Edison ranks with her own absurdity, "I'm a Goin' to Change My Man."

Elizabeth Wheeler's rendition of "Dreams" wil appeal to the audience which turns away from the negro vernacular in favor of higher-class music. The ballad is sung with a most appropriate visionary ease. "Balmy Night," an arrangement of the song, "Lauschige Nacht," rendered by the Vienna Instrumental Quartet, adds another fascinating number to the lovers of tranquil music. A record that will be hailed with delight by "the younger generation" is the "American Students' Waltzes," by the New York Military Band, composed of the themes of "My Love at the Windows," "Dear Evalina," "The Spanish Guitar," "Climbing, Climbing, Climbing," "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me" and "Ching a Ling Ling." The "King Karl March," by the same organization, is a band selection of unusual spirit.

One of Harry Lauder's latest songs, "The Bounding Sea" is included in the Amberol records; not of the "Sad Sea Wave" variety, but Lauder's own views of the Southern Antarctic explorations. The melancholy strain is present in "When I Get Back to Bonnie Scotland," Lauder's pathetic number for the month.

Five Grand Opera renditions in Italian appear among the Edison Amberol records. Riccardo Martin, tenor, sings a selection from "La Tosca"; Florencio Constantino, tenor, "O Paradiso" (Meyerbeer) from "L'Africaine"; Luigi Lucenti, bass, "Infelice" from "Ernani"; Ester Ferrabini, soprano, "Voi lo Sapete" from "Cavalleria Rusticana"; duet, Ernesto Caronna and Luigi Lucenti, "Suoni la Tromba" from "I Puritani."

IN THE COSY CORNER

EDITOR'S NOTE.—At the suggestion of the members of the Cosy Corner a slight change has been made in the awards; in future two awards of five dollars each will be given, while the remainder of the appropriation will be expended in one dollar prizes. Written contributions will be limited to five hundred words, and may be concerning anything of interest, an automobile incident, a fairy tale, a sailor's yarn, or anything unusual that has happened to the writers or their friends. A snapshot or photograph of special interest will also be gladly received—anything that will make the circle in the glow of the hearth fire "listen and look."

THRILLING CIVIL WAR INCIDENT

BY KATE TANNATT WOODS

A LITTLE experience known only to personal friends has never before appeared in print and may please our Cosy Corner readers as a bit of history.

The Army of the Potomac was in winter quarters at Brandy Station, and for some time I was the only lady at headquarters. Our good adjutant-general, Colonel Hart, invited his wife down, much to my delight, and we ladies were tendered a dinner at one of the division headquarters, commanded by that excellent officer and courteous gentleman, Colonel B. F. Smith, known at West Point as "Beef" Smith to distinguish him from others of the name.

The division was stationed some five miles away, and of course we went on horseback. A true army welcome awaited us with a band of music and a group of officers from other divisions.

The dinner was all one could desire, but I observed that the Adjutant's wife seemed ill at ease while I was radiantly happy and joined in the story-telling and conversation with all the exuberance of a schoolgirl. Mrs. Hart had reason for alarm; her husband had but recently recovered from an almost fatal wound, affecting the liver, making a prescribed diet necessary, and yet he dared all things. When the coffee was brought in, she remarked that "it was poison for him, and he must not have it," but he declared that a long ride home would overcome that. All went well until it was time to return—late in the evening. We had ridden some two miles when our friend was suddenly seized with cramps, and his wife was nearly frantic with anxiety.

With the help of our orderlies we placed him on the ground and then decided that my husband and myself should leave both orderlies there while we would hasten to headquarters for the ambulance and surgeon. Our horses were so accustomed to traveling together that we dashed madly forward and never thought of danger until suddenly from a group of trees a man rushed to my side and with one word "Halt!" placed a pistol close to my left ear. I gave one glance at the horse and man and then signalled to my own faithful mare to "fly." She sprang forward, and as I turned my head I saw by the light of the beclouded moon that the "guerilla" had gone to my husband's side and aimed the pistol at him. There was but one thing to do and that was race for life and help, and this I did. To my joy the Colonel soon came galloping after me and said—"It's our uniform."

While my husband hurried to the General's quarters, I rode to my own, and although I did not fully realize the danger we were in I clasped my baby boy to my heart and prayed that the poor sick man on the roadside might also escape.

It was some time before my husband returned to announce that the Adjutant was safe in his bed and doing well. Good, honest General French, then in command, read both officers a severe lecture for venturing out without side arms, and his suspicions were verified as to the attacking party when we found written on a piece of paper pinned to a tree near headquarters these words:

"I do not fight women and unarmed officers. MOSBY."

Years after, it was my fortune to meet the dashing, daring Colonel Mosby, and I learned that my gold braided jacket and military cape led him to think he could capture two officers, until he saw the riding skirt.

* * *

MOUNTAINS AND POISON OAK

BY H. L. GREEN, M. D.

"'Hum'—What's all this cursing about?" demanded Lieutenant-Colonel L. P. Bradley, in 1878, as he came down Tent Avenue in the camp of his name, out from the Black Hills, South Dakota. "Sergeant, keep better order here."

And the next day it rained. But we struck camp just the same and moved on, just as we had been in the habit of doing every day, gaining about twenty-five miles each day in a northwesterly direction toward the Sioux Indians.

On the day I speak of we went into camp at about 3 P. M., along a charming clear water creek. The country just here was level with considerable mountain vegetation. To the eastward it opened out a considerable distance. To the west stood an immense bare butte with its perpendicular walls deeply seamed, and its expansive flat top. All about us more or less in the distance were mountain peaks one after another as far as the eye could see, with, of course, deep passes between many of them.

Not content to survey these beauties of nature from a distance, as an Indian might, but with that ever-human curiosity to know something beyond, we decided to go into the mountains for a hunt—the writer and one companion.

No Rooseveltian guides for us—oh, no. We didn't know that we didn't know it all—at least I didn't. We passed over arroyos, slopes, mounds, hillsides and a varied country, taking no notice of it nor of directions, in our eager outlook for game.

We separated to cover more territory, so that if one got a deer or moose, the other might bag a grizzly. The few hours between 3 P. M. and dusk did not bring any luck, and as it was rapidly getting dark, and I was now quite alone, except for my horse, I thought I'd better be making for camp. But where were the landmarks? All lost! I rode from one point to another trying to pick up my trail; found it only to lose it. The sun going down, I lost all points of the compass. Riding feverishly to the highest peak in sight revealed only another still higher beyond. Realization of being lost staggers the mind—and in such dangerous surroundings—until the hopelessness of the situation and necessity of meeting it sobers it again. There was nothing to do but bivouac over night and fix with the rising sun the one eastern landmark. And so, after a reconnoiter, I spent an anxious, wakeful night all alone. In the morning, with the east a fixed point, and reasoning that camp was in a southeasterly course, I started to work my way out.

After a time I sat upon my horse like an equestrian statue on the flat top of that bare butte mentioned above as visible from camp, and caught sight of the last two or three white-covered "prairie schooner" wagons disappearing in the mountain cut far to the northeast. Camp had been struck, and these two or three wagons I was just in time to catch a glimpse of. How to get down from that monumental butte was the next difficulty. To make a sweeping detour down its side, corkscrew like, was the only way. Presently fresh hoof tracks caused an Indian scare, but a study of these showed they were my own, and argued the necessity of a wider and bolder detour, which succeeded, and I rode out onto the plain and had clear sailing to the command. A messenger came riding out and met me with a bottle of coffee which seemed to me a whole table d'hote. My horse was about played out, and so was I. I gave him his reins, saluted the commander, and retired to my tent as soon as it was pitched, feverishly nursing a burning face on which I had in some way rubbed poison oak.

* * *

A WHITE "MEDICINE WOMAN"

BY CHARLES L. HERZMAN

The popular actress, Henrietta Crosman, who is this season appearing in a society comedy, "Sham," is a veritable daughter of the regiment. She comes of a military family, and her male ancestors, for many generations back, have served their country in the army or navy with credit and distinction. Her grandfather, General George Crosman, not only served in the Civil War, but was for a time paymaster of the army. Miss Crosman's father, Major George H. Crosman, was with the 10th United States Infantry for many years, and was stationed at various times in Nebraska and Minnesota.

The actress, then a very young girl, spent all her vacations at the army post and was a great favorite with every officer and man in the regiment. She was the particular pet of the old surgeon at the garrison, on account of her great interest in his patients, and though a child she soon became familiar with everything pertaining to "first aid to the injured." It was during one of these summer vacations, when she was spending a few months with her father in camp in Minnesota, that she wandered off by herself in the woods and happened across an Indian brave, who, in some manner, had sustained a gunshot in his wrist and was trying to check the flow of blood with leaves and grass. Hastily bidding him wait, she ran back to camp, secured a supply of salve and bandages, and without mentioning the incident, returned hurriedly to the spot where the redskin was still nursing his injured member. She deftly washed the wound, dressed and bandaged the wrist, and the patient was much relieved.

It happened that the brave whom she had befriended was the chief of a tribe of Indians who inhabited that territory, and several days later a delegation from the tribe, headed by their leader, called at the army post and asked to see the daughter of Major Crosman. When she appeared, the Indian Chief solemnly and formally proclaimed her the "Medicine Woman" of the tribe, and presented her with an assortment of skins, beads and other gifts. This title, to the best of Miss Crosman's knowledge, she still bears. The members of the tribe have kept track of her career ever since, and once every few years she receives a shipment of Indian handiwork from the faithful redskins. Her Navajo rugs and Indian pottery have been admired by all her friends, although she has confided their true source to very few people. Two years ago, when she appeared for one night in Duluth, three of the tribe, one an old Indian and the other two much younger and educated, called on the actress at the hotel, and acknowledged their allegiance to her as their "Medicine Woman."

* * *

RETURNING THANKS

BY GERTRUDE E. MOREHEAD

A little cousin who lived in the city was very fond of visiting her aunt in the big beautiful country where she could run and play so freely and where, as she expressed it, "there were so many live things."

One time she said: "Aunt Kit, I just love to be on the farm, there is always so much to do."

And Aunt Kit smiled and said yes, that was so. The little girl loved the horses and cattle and made special friends with the little colts, one of which would follow her around and chew her sweater. Above all she loved her Aunt Kit. When she was four years old she attended the kindergarten.

At Thanksgiving the teacher told all the little boys and girls to think of something they were especially thankful for, and she would ask each one to tell in turn. When it came Florence's turn she arose from her little chair and said:

"I'm thankful that I've got an Aunt Kit."

It was such a sweet original thing to express thanks for that the teacher told her mamma about it.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

MANY people have seen advance sheets of our March issue, and all agree that it is one of the best — if not the best — we have ever had. Now, we want the candid opinion of our readers. Tell us exactly what you think of this special number, and if you like it, let us know just why. If you don't like it—be equally frank. We wish to know what you think of the remarkable diary of Captain Coffin, published just as he had written it "on the spot," almost within seeing distance of the North Pole. Read with care the summary by the editor on what President Taft has done in his first year. Especially he will wish to know your opinion of that. Tell us whether "Hum" is the sort of serial you like—and if you dislike anything in it be sure to mention what it is. Don't forget to think up your next contribution to "Little Helps" and the "Cosy Corner" departments, because you are editing and running those in person—if they are not just right, the readers are responsible, not the editor or publishers. If the stories have too much thunder let us know. If there are public men we are overlooking, public celebrities you would like to know about, write the editor. He is doing his best, but can always do better when the readers let him know their wishes. And the advertisers are always pleased to hear what you think of their part in the making of a magazine. Let us hear from you.

* * *

THE mud-pie age of childhood indicates the natural trend of civilization. Primitive man found his first building material by mixing water and earth and allowing it to harden in the drying sun.

This is the age of cement. The peculiar adhesive properties of this rock when ground and blended with gravel, cinders, etc., have multiplied its uses during the past few decades, and the present generation finds the application of this infinitely simple building material universal.

The numerous buildings on the farm, formerly constructed of wood, stone and mortar, are now built with this material, which, at smaller cost, will stand generation after generation.

An intensely interesting book has recently been issued by the Atlas Portland Cement Company, with correct information on just how to employ cement in its hundred and one uses on the farm, strongly suggestive of the exhilarating pleasure of "making things" rather than labor. The instructions are simple: gravel or cinders, a bag of cement and water—ingredients which are within the means and convenience of every farmer.

The work of constructing in indissoluble cement a chicken coop, barn stall or feed trough is a fascinating diversion for the agriculturalist of today. Long ago he proved that his knowledge was not confined to planting and harvesting, for he lost no time in adopting cement as an innovation in his building work, and stands ready to learn more.

If you have any possible use for cement—and what land-owner hasn't!—I hope you will send to the Atlas Portland Cement Company offices, Dept. 100, 30 Broad Street, New York City, for their book "Concrete Construction about the Home and on the Farm," 164 pages of useful information, well illustrated, which makes one long for a place and opportunity to try out some of the examples given, and let the natural desire to build things become rampant in the construction of concrete necessities.

The book is not labored with intricate specifications, but contains many interesting examples of what has been done in an experimental way by the novice; for instance: A certain farmer wanted a substantial hitching post. He planted an old stove pipe into the ground and filled it with a mixture of cement and gravel. Upon removing the old tin, he had a round, symmetrical post that "all the king's horses" could not budge.

"Concrete Construction about the Home and on the Farm" is really a revelation worth making some effort to procure; in this case only the expenditure of one penny for a postal card upon which to make the request, if you mention the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

* * *

NOT many months ago the National Bank of Washington celebrated its one-hundredth anniversary. Established in September, 1809, on New Jersey Avenue, between B and C Streets, the National Bank of Washington has been both historically and financially one of the most notable fiduciary institutions of the Capitol City. The charter was obtained from Congress in 1811, and the first account of cash on hand reads curiously, including as it does "$50,000 in Spanish gold, $45,000 in British and Portuguese gold, and $5,600 in American gold." The British captured Washington, August 14, 1814, and on the morning of that day, William A. Bradley, the discount clerk, removed all effects of the bank to Brookville, Maryland, where they remained until Monday, September 3. When the national Capitol lay in ashes, it was wholly due to the patriotic spirit of the banks and citizens of the District of Columbia that Washington remained the capital of the United States. A mass meeting was called, and the Federal Government was offered assistance to rebuild the government buildings. The Treasury was empty and the only banks then existing in the country offering such aid were those of the District of Columbia. A law signed by President Madison authorized a loan of half a million, of which only a quarter million was taken, and of this the Bank of Washington supplied fifty thousand dollars.

The records of the bank form an unique bit of history in themselves, containing such interesting notations as calling attention to the fact that all the board of directors witnessed the ceremony of the opening of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in the year 1835. Among the names of notable depositors one finds there those of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. Year by year this bank has been more closely identified with national history, and the book prepared by President Clarence F. Norment, regarding the anniversary, is a most interesting document.

The vaults and safes of the bank, built entirely of concrete and steel and two stories in height, are absolutely water, fire and burglar proof. They contain, in addition to many millions in actual cash, many records and relics of the past, including crisp unused packages of that postal minor currency, which went out of circulation at the close of the war. Its capital stock is $1,050,000. The directors and officers of the oldest bank in Washington are certainly warranted in feeling a great pride in their connection with so old, successful and reliable an institution as the Bank of Washington.

* * *

SOMETIMES the question is asked of me, "Why do you believe that Washington is the focusal center of the nation? You certainly cannot think that Congress and the various governmental departments are all there is of importance in the United States of America."

The inquirer overlooks the fact that in addition to the physical presence in the capital of the President, Congress and the permanent public servants, it is visited during the year by almost every man of any importance throughout the country. Is there a prominent railroad man, an industrial magnate, anyone high in the ranks of a great organization of labor or capital—does he not find it necessary to keep in physical touch with affairs at Washington?

A chat with a prominent business man, who is for the moment taking a little recreation while he is absorbing the national trend of thought at Washington, is always interesting. In a cosy corner in one of the big hotels I found Mr. E. A. Stuart of Seattle, who is known far and wide as the "Carnation Milk Man." To him occurred the simple idea of preserving the milk of cows fed with the waters and herbage of the evergreen slopes of the Pacific. This idea came to him in connection with his study of the famous condensed milk of Switzerland, where the art of preserving the lacteal fluid was first commercialized. Today "the contented cows of the Pacific Coast," by means of the campaign carried on by Mr. Stuart, are more familiar to the United States users of condensed milk than the labels of the Swiss product. Mr. Stuart is a true type of "the Seattleite," a man of progressive ideas, who has already had business experience extending over the entire West and Southwest, which has enabled him to grasp with a sure and certain hand the commercial situation in all parts of the country. To this experience is added a fund of scientific and practical information that is appreciated at the Agricultural Department, where every effort is being made to protect the food supplies of the nation from impurity. To the care and ability and experience of Mr. Stuart is due the great success which has attended the exploitation of the modern milkman's product. Condensed milk does not sour and become unwholesome, and it can be obtained without enduring the nocturnal disturbances of clattering cans and hurrying milk carts, which formerly robbed the weary city dwellers of their early morning nap.

E. A. STUART

* * *

IMPRESSED with the splendid vocabulary of a chance acquaintance, I was impelled to ask how he managed to make use of so many pertinent words, and reach in language the very nub of the proposition.

"It is all a trade secret," said he. "On my desk I keep a copy of Webster's New International Dictionary—remember it is the new one, because I always want the very latest thing in words. Every time I have a moment to spare I whisk the big book open where I have put a mark, and in that way I make myself familiar with two or three words every day. I know exactly how they are derived and what they have meant and what they mean now, for you know nothing changes so much as a word, even in the pronunciation."

The hint that the dictionary might prove somewhat dry reading brought an emphatic denial:

"Dry—no more dry than a course in language. I would rather study a dictionary any time than take lessons from a master of any language—will know more after I have finished. How many people really know good English? How many persons are aware that since 1843 G. & C. Merriam, of Springfield, Massachusetts, have been assiduously working to keep their dictionary up-to-date and perfect. You make yourself master of four hundred thousand words and you will be the most fluent and up-to-the-second speaker in the United States."

When I reached home I took down my copy of the New International Dictionary and looked it over carefully. While the increase of words may seem almost appalling, the mere addition of new words does not indicate the vital value of the book. It gives not only the erudite language of the professor and the college man, but the vernacular of

Sure—

That one word sums up the advantages of buying Uneeda Biscuit.

You're *sure* of their quality—*sure* of their flavor—*sure* of their goodness—*sure* of their cleanness and freshness. Be *sure* to say

Uneeda Biscuit

(Never sold in bulk)

5¢ *a Package*

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

all the people. Year by year the staff of this dictionary firm have worked under the direction of the late Dr. W. T. Harris, formerly United States Commissioner of Education, and a scientific analysis of every word has been made.

To illustrate the substantial popularity of the Webster's Dictionary, and emphasize the fact that it is not alone for the use of scholars and students, the manager of a booth at a recent exposition insisted that it would pay his firm to put in an exhibit of Webster's New International Dictionary. They doubted it, but the persevering gentleman had his way, and to his surprise sold as many as fifty dictionaries in a single day. Many persons not in educational lines have a desire for knowledge, but are prevented from studying by lack of time; to them this dictionary supplies information in capsule form, easy for assimilation by the busiest man or woman. With the coinage of new words and the rehabilitation of old ones, this new book is in reality an encyclopaedia of information in condensed form.

A great advantage of using a dictionary suggested by my well-informed friend is that a man may gratify his interest in his own specialty by looking up all the words pertaining to his work, his ideas on the subject being wonderfully clarified in this way. One man interested in the throat and its developments in regard to the formation of sound and its relation to musical instruments says he got more information from Webster's New International Dictionary than from any textbook on the subject which he had secured. The publishers are certainly to be congratulated upon their aggressive activity in bringing out a new edition of a work which passes current as the standard authority on the English language.

* * *

THE increased cost o. living is a serious problem in this country, and grows more and more momentous each year. It is a problem that comes home to the family circle, and much assistance with regard to its solution must necessarily be accorded by the women in the home. It is a fact readily recognized that gardening, as carried on in America, is a thoroughly unappreciated opportunity, disregarding the very great share of relief from the high cost of living that proper attention to the garden might bring about.

In the more congested countries abroad, where even the tiniest spot of soil must be carefully nurtured and cultivated in order to bring forth its required yield, gardening has become a science, and in time it must have the same attention in this country. Ninety per cent of the gardens of America are planted to yield one crop, while even this is given only casual attention. Peas, a wholesome and nourishing product of the garden, can be divided into three crops, planting the late crop in the same soil in which the early crop was harvested. The string bean may be handled in the same way, and the radish, if planted every two weeks from early spring to frost, will yield a continuous supply.

Appreciating the possibilities of gardening for the women in the homes, the Peter Henderson Company of New York City, whose name for fifty years has been synonymous with the best seeds in America, has issued a "Garden Guide and Record," for distribution to its customers. In this novel diary are not only the memorandum pages for the convenient notations of the gardener, as to when and how the different products are planted, but full and complete information as to the kinds of soil necessary for the best production of certain vegetables and full directions as to the planting, in order to get the very best results.

The advice in this book, which has been the result of years of study and experiment, will, if followed intelligently, double the production of any garden, and yield a superior product. In many homes, the garden work must necessarily be performed by the young boys of the family, who very often regard this task as drudgery, because their interest and ambition have never been awakened to the possibilities of this art. The growing seed and the ripened product are among the greatest manifestations of nature, and aside from the increase in production that follows scientific gardening, there is high educative value in arousing the enthusiasm of the young people in the home toward the great science of agriculture, the oldest employment of the ages.

This sketch should interest many homes in the subject of getting more out of the garden, and every woman who takes the

Victor
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

New Scotti Records

The great baritone sings with a richness and purity of tone beautiful to hear, and the new Victor process reproduces every detail with absolute fidelity.

Hear Scotti's records of the delightful "Serenade" from Don Giovanni (88194), and the famous "Monologue" from Falstaff (88195), at any Victor dealer's—wonderful records that show the great progress recently made in the art of Victor recording.

And be sure to hear the

Victrola

To get best results, use only Victor Needles with Victor Records

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

time to read the Henderson offer and get their books will soon discover the value of the suggestion, besides doing her part to materially reduce the cost of living.

* * *

PURELY commercial information is sometimes considered "dry" by the uninitiated. No one will ever say that of "The Law of Financial Success," by Edward E. Beals, a book which deals with the fundamental principles of financial success. The touches of philosophy and inspiration that gleam in its pages gives it more the air of a collection of literary essays than a volume associated with the working of business propositions. The book shows that in financial success the condition of the mind is an important factor, and that the best possible foundation is laid in concrete purpose and persistent use of will power.

In disseminating such literature the Fiduciary Company of Chicago are doing their patrons a service that will be appreciated. In these days the people are thinking more, reading more and acting according to those fundamental principles only realized by the select few in former years. The era of enlightenment is not confined to the arts and sciences or to literature, but applies equally to economics, which are so closely related to the three forces just mentioned that they play an important part in all development, whether in education or business. Financial success is an important factor in all general progress, and this little book emphasizes all those inherent principles and ideas which need to be brought into service to advance the interests of the individual and secure collectively the welfare of all the people.

* * *

WHEN it comes to printing presses, there is no part of the machines so sensitive to atmospheric conditions as the rollers. Very often a message comes through the press room, "rollers bu'sted." In obviating this difficulty, which has caused much loss of time and money to printers, no one has been more active than Mr. Herbert M. Bingham, of the great printers' rollers firm, and no one is better fitted to demonstrate the vital importance of a good roller.

"It is the roller," he insists, "that turns the white paper into print, and to do that it must be so sensitive that it will have the proper quality of 'tackiness' in all conditions of humidity."

Every printer knows that there must be winter and summer rollers, just as winter and summer clothing are essential for a human being. Printers' rollers are made to put ink on, and will accept ink as no other medium will, with the exception of the human hand. The important thing is to have it take the ink and distribute it evenly. Rollers are almost human in that they will work today and tomorrow may refuse to obey the will of the operator. At any moment a roller may burst or melt, corresponding with the illness of the human body. In fact, Mr. Bingham insists that a roller must be treated as carefully as a new-born babe, and watched and cared for that it may not be left to the tender mercy of printers' devils. Those who remember inking for a Washington hand-press will recall how one "devil" inked well and another "inked ill." The old custom of making rollers in a country printing office was an event that had the hardy spirit of soap-making about it, and today practically the same process is carried on by machinery. The chemicals and inks and the abuse of a roller have just the same result in good or bad work as they had in the days of good old Ben Franklin.

* * *

CAN you imagine what it means to furnish the homes of one-ninth of the people of this country? Think of making and furnishing 2,000,000 dining tables, or 4,000,000 beds or 20,000,000 chairs. And think of this tremendous quantity of household furnishings being sold on credit—enjoyed and used while they were being paid for.

These figures are furnished by Hartman Furniture & Carpet Company, of Chicago, probably the oldest credit home-furnishing house in the world—established in 1855.

This concern, made famous by its well-known trade mark—"Let Hartman feather the nest"—are sending a beautifully illustrated large catalog to everybody who cares to send for it.

This catalog shows just about everything one could wish for to beautify home—and the credit arrangements are so simple, so convenient, and so private, that people who buy are delighted, to say the least.

717 [illegible] 4/20

MAY 1966
WESBY